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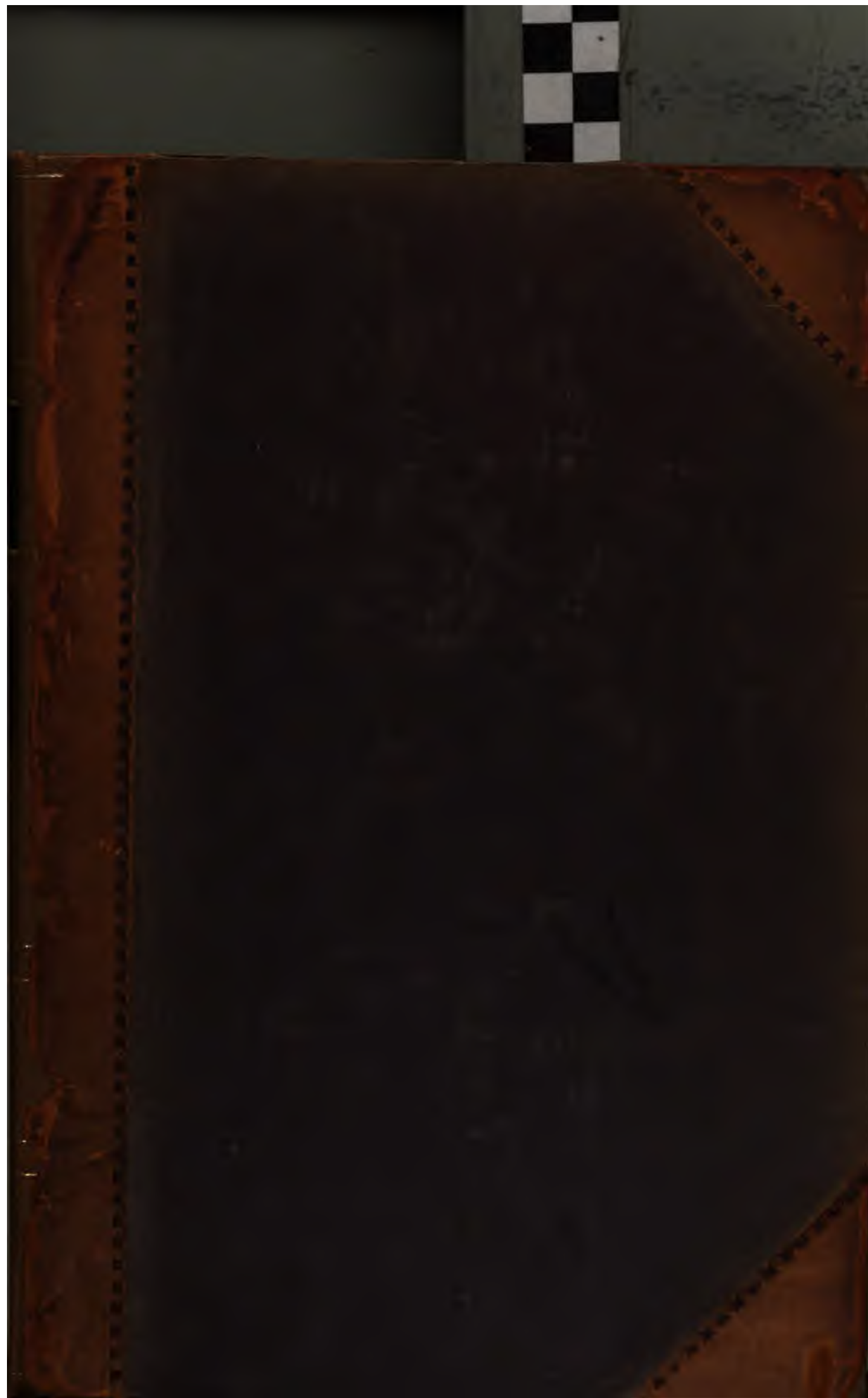
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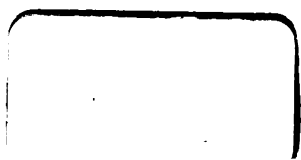
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THE
FAMILY TREASURY
OF
SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE
REV. ANDREW CAMERON,
(FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.")



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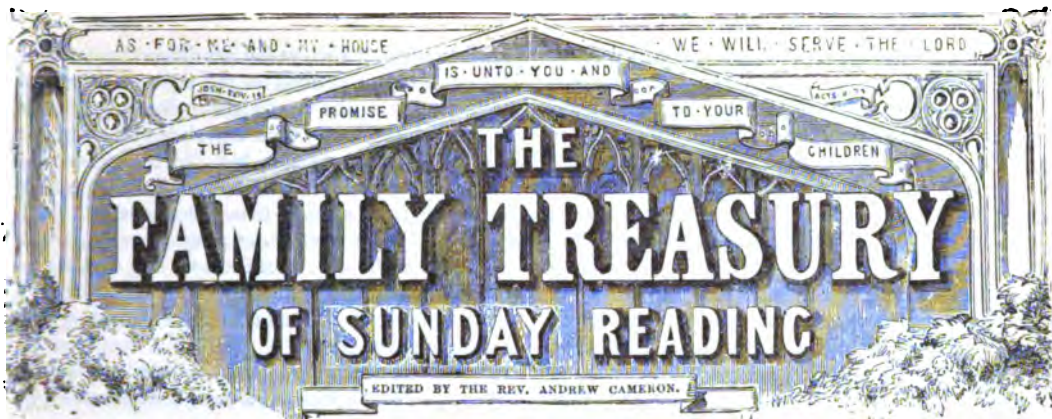
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THE BALANCE STRUCK: A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do."—ECCLES. II. 11.

OUR Lord pronounced the children of this world wise in their generation; and who can doubt that thousands who are lost would be saved, did they bring the same prudence, and diligence, and energy to their eternal, as they do to their temporal interests? In how many people do we see consummate wisdom joined to the greatest folly! They are wise enough to gain the world, and fools enough to lose their souls.

Convince a man that the only way to save his life is to lose his limb, and he does not hesitate an instant between living with one limb and being buried with two. Borne in, pale, yet resolute, he bares the diseased member to the knife—and how does that bleeding, fainting, groaning sufferer teach us to part with our sins rather than with our Saviour. If a life is better than a limb, how much better is heaven than a sin!

Two years ago a man was called to decide between his life and the gains of his lifetime. He stood on the deck of a ship that, coming from Australian gold fields, had—as some all but reach heaven—all but reached home and her harbour in safety. The exiles had coasted along their native shores; to-morrow, husbands would embrace their wives, children their parents, and not a few would realize their dream of returning to pass the calm evening of their days, envied, and happy amid the loved scenes of their youth. It was never more true, that there is much between the cup and the lip. Night came lowering down; and with the night the storm which wrecked ship, and hopes, and fortunes all together. The dawning light but showed them death staring them in the face. The sea ran mountains high—no boat could live in her. One chance remained. Pale women, weeping children, feeble and timid men, must die; but a stout, brave swimmer, with trust in God, and disencumbered of all impediments, might reach the

shore—where hundreds stood ready to dash into the surf, and, seizing, save him. One man was observed to go below. He bound around him a heavy belt, filled with gold, the hard gains of his life, and returned to the deck. One after another, he saw his fellows leap overboard; a brief struggle, and head after head went down—sunk by the gold they had fought hard to gain, and were loath to lose. Slowly he was seen to unbuckle his belt. His hopes had been bound up in it. It was to buy him land; it was the reward of long years of labour and weary exile. What he had endured for it! The sweat of his brow, the hopes of day and the dreams of night, were there. If he parts with it, he is a beggar; but if he keeps it he dies. He poised it in his grasp. Balancing it for a while, his fate trembling in the balance, with one strong desperate effort he flings it into the sea. It sinks with a sullen plunge; and now he follows it—not to sink, but, disencumbered of its weight, to swim, to beat the billows manfully, and, riding on the foaming surge, to reach the shore. Well done! Ay, well done, well chosen; but if a man, as the devil said, who for once spoke God's truth, will give all that he hath for his life, how much more should he give all he hath for his soul. Better to part with gold than with God; to bear a heavy cross than miss a heavenly crown.

Such lessons the children of this world teach the children of the kingdom, and among these, not the least important lesson, the duty of careful self-examination. Was there ever a successful merchant who did not balance his books year by year? I have often noticed, in reading the details of Courts of Bankruptcy, that fortunes are as surely wrecked by carelessness as by wild speculations, or by boundless extravagance. Here is an honest trader bankrupt. Sober, industrious,

anxious to pay every one their own, not living in splendour at other men's expense, he should have thriven and yet this honest man has to take a place beside many rogues—he, and others, throwing the blame on fortune, imputing all to the blind goddess, her capricious temper and unsteady wheel. But the examination comes, and the day declares it—as the day of a greater judgment shall declare the true and unsuspected cause that has wrought the ruin of many a soul. The debtor's books are produced. Last year, the year before, for many years, it appears there has been no balance struck. Fancying that all was right, too careless to think of it, too busy to spare time for it, or too indolent to go through the labour of it, from year to year he has put off taking stock and striking balances, till he strikes upon the rock ahead,—the crash comes, and he opens his eyes on ruin, to find that for years he has been driving a losing trade. He is a bankrupt for want of a balance. And the general practice of men of business, the history of almost every successful merchant, in the custom of year by year examining their books to know how they stand, is a lesson of the highest value. Our salvation may turn on it. People go on fancying, dreaming that all is right when all is wrong, and wake to the truth in hell. Who should not avoid the remotest chance of such a calamity? If men will take such care of their earthly fortunes, how much greater our need at such a time as this to see how we stand with God, and to do with our spiritual what every wise merchant does with his earthly interests—review the year that is gone, hold a court of conscience, and, in the words of the text, “Look on all the things that my hands have wrought, and on the labour that I have laboured to do.”

I. In this review we should inquire what we have done for God.

What has God done for us? In the dew drops that top every spike of grass, sow the sward with orient pearl, and hang like pendent diamonds, sparkling in the sun from every quivering leaf, you see the multitude of his mercies. He has crowned the year with his bounty. Other streams summer may have dried, the cold of winter frozen,—that of his mercies never; it has flowed on day by day, night by night, ever flowing, and largely fed of heavenly showers, sometimes overflowing. To this and that one has the past year brought afflictions? Still how few our miseries to our mercies; how far have our mercies exceeded our afflictions! Let us not write the memory of these on water, and of those on the rock. Who has not to sing of mercy as well as judgment, much more of mercy than of judgment? For every blow, how many blessings! If he smote with one hand, did he not hold up with the other? And which of us can deny, who should not be ready to acknowledge, that however sorely tried, we have been afflicted far less than our iniquities deserved? That ought to silence each murmuring thought, and teach us to be dumb, opening not the mouth. Dumb? No. Let the dumb sing. “Count it all joy,”

says the apostle, “when ye fall into divers temptations.” Faith sees crowns growing on the top of crosses, and plucks roses from the thorny bush. She holds that in her hand which not only turns water into wine—common into new covenant mercies, but Jericho saltness and Marah's bitterness into sweetest streams. What a healing branch this, plucked from the tree of life, “All things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose;” or this, “Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

That is one side of the account current; now look at the other! In the year that is past, what have we done for God? We have had many, daily opportunities of serving him, of speaking for him, working for him, and not sparing ourselves for him who spared not his own Son for us. Yet, how little have we attempted; how much less have we done! In golden harvests the grateful soil gives back to the farmer all it gets; and by the mouths of its ten thousand rivers the earth gives back her lent treasures to the sea, and hence the sea is always full;—but how poor the return we have made to God! There is no moor so barren as our hearts,—they drink up God's blessings as desert sands drink heaven's rain—and it is but here and there our life has a green spot, on whose refreshing verdure the eye can rest with any satisfaction, that calls for the grateful acknowledgment of the apostle, “By grace I am what I am,” by grace I have done what I have done. It is but few days, and few deeds of the year that is past, that will be remembered with any comfort on a death-bed; nor can the best of us review it without feeling that there is no hope out of Christ. We have been unprofitable servants. And if such be the case of those who are not dead to the claims of God, but say, I love the Lord—Bless the Lord, O my soul—I wish, and I have tried to serve him,—what is the case with others? What is the future of a past that has been without God? If the righteous scarcely are saved, where shall the wicked and ungodly appear?

II. In this review we should inquire what we have done for ourselves.

From the summit of his hanging gardens, Nebuchadnezzar swept his eye over the mighty city at his feet, spread out there with its hundred gates of brass, and noble river, and lordly palaces, and busy streets. It kindles at the sight. “Is not this,” he cries, “great Babylon that I have built!” And where is Babylon now? There is a mystic Babylon, against which God seems to be mustering his armies, and ere long the world may hear the cry, “Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen;” but the other has long perished in the wreck of time, and left hardly a wreck behind. “Babylon shall become heaps;” and heaps she is. By the silent river, in the lonely desert, these long clay mounds mark her grave, and remain to give echo to the words, Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!

And if "the harvest is past, and the summer ended, and we are not saved," what other verdict can conscience and truth give on the year that is gone? We have for a text stopped halfway through Solomon's sentence; but in that case we must read it out: "I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

No profit, do you say? I have made large profits this year. My business never paid me better. I have added acres to my lands. I have added hundreds or thousands to my wealth. I have added leaves to my laurel-crown. That is not all, let me say, you have added. You have added difficulties to your salvation; shackles to your limbs; bars to your prison; guilt to your soul; sins to your debt; thorns to your dying pillow. As Samuel Johnson said to Garrick, when the great actor received the great moralist at his country-seat—showing him all its blooming beauties—"Ah, David!" said Johnson solemnly, as he laid a kind hand on the other's shoulder,—"*David, these are the things that make a death-bed terrible.*" Profit! what profit was there to Jonah in his gourd, when its dry leaves strewed the floor of his once green bower, and fell withering at his feet?

They tell how a man who, unable to recall one good thing said or done from morning to noon, from noon to night, exclaimed, "I have lost a day!" But if the year now gone, with all its golden hours, gone never to return, has been spent only on the world and the things of the world,—if "the harvest is past, and the summer is ended, and we are not saved," it is not a day, but a year we have lost.

Not lost, however, by those of us who have made any progress, and still less lost by those who, beginning it in a state of nature, have seen it close in a state of grace. A memorable night that when the ground shook beneath the tramp of millions, and, Moses at her head, Israel took her way out of the land of bondage; a memorable day that when, waking to the voice of Christ, Lazarus left the dusty tomb, its dark silence, and dumb skeletons, for Mary and Martha's arms and the light-some home at Bethany;—more memorable still the year on which a soul passes from death to life, the year that tells the date of a man's second birth.

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Other birth-days cannot be celebrated without chequered feelings. Where are some who once met to wish us years of happiness? We miss familiar faces—this and that place is vacant—and death approaching ourselves, throws his cold shadow on the scene. And, ah, how many celebrate birth-days they shall wish had never been! The lights extinguished—the music silent—the dancers gone—the fair forms of beauty mouldering in the grave,—they shall curse the day they were wont to

pass amid joyous scenes, and games, and merry laughter, saying, as they lift their eyes in torment, "Cursed be the day when I was born—oh, that my mother might have been my grave—wherefore came I forth from the womb," Jeremiah says, "that my days should be consumed with shame?"—they shall say, that I should suffer this torment, be gnawed by this worm that never dieth, burn in these flames that are never quenched. God in mercy save us from such an awful doom!

Though the year is lost, the soul is not lost yet. There is time to be saved—but haste, and away. Up to work, the night is falling; to pray, the door is shutting; to escape, the treacherous sea is creeping round and round you. Believe on Christ! Who believes not is damned; who does is saved.

III. In this review we should inquire what we have done for others.

Our Saviour's whole life is told in this one brief sentence, "He went about doing good." For this end he lived, in this work he died. This drew him from the skies—this sustained him through all his sufferings—for this, "the joy set before him," he wore the thorny crown, he bore the heavy cross. And none are his but those that have been baptized with his baptism;—not you, unless the same mind is in you that was in Jesus Christ.

Suppose, then, that our Saviour had reviewed any year of his busy life, and, doing what the time calls us to, had looked on all the works which his hands had wrought,—what a crowd of miracles and mercies there! How many sinners warned! how many mourners comforted! how many friends and neighbours counselled! how many griefs healed! how many sufferers relieved! what busy days, what blessed hours! his presence carrying sunbeams to darkened homes! mercies springing up like flowers at his feet! How might Jesus unchallenged appropriate the words of Job: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness of me; because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." No wonder that a woman, borne away on a tide of wonder, and admiration, and love, cried, as she fixed her swimming eyes on him, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that gave thee suck!" I believe there was more good crowded into one day of Christ's life, than you will find spread over the life-long history of many of us.

Trying it by this test, what testimony does the past year bear to our Christianity? Two strangers once belonging to other spheres alighted on our world; and both have left their footprints behind them. The poles are not so wide asunder as were their purposes. Satan, rising from the pit, came from hell to ruin it: Jesus, descending from the skies, came from heaven to save it. Each had, and each did his mission. We have ours; and which

of the two do we most resemble? What have we been doing, what have we done, in the year that is gone? Creeping like a serpent into some happy Eden, have we tempted others to fall; or, Christ-like, have we sought to raise the fallen? The tree is known by its fruits. Judge ye. The Lord have mercy on such as, tempting others to sin, have played the devil's part. "Well done, good and faithful servant," shall reward the pains and prayers that sought to raise the fallen and save the lost.

In conclusion,—

1. This review, God's Spirit blessing it, should awaken careless sinners.

If there was no remedy, if you were past redemption, I would no more seek to waken you than I would one sleeping to-night who is to be hanged to-morrow. Let him sleep on and take his rest; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. A boat was once seen driving on along the rapid that hurries to the Falls of Niagara. To the horror of some that watched it from the shore, they saw one aboard, and asleep. They ran, they shouted, they cried. The sleeper woke, and at one wild glance took in all his danger. Yet what won't a man do for his life? To seize the oars, to pull her head round to the shore was the work of an instant. With death in the thunders of the cataract roaring loud and louder in his ear, how he pulled! It was cruel to waken him; there was no hope, unless God had sent down the eagle that was sailing overhead to bear him away upon her wings; the wild waters shot him like an arrow to the brink. As near hell as that, you, you may be saved—plucked from the very brink of ruin. Jesus is mighty and is merciful to save. He can save at the uttermost. He waits. How long shall he wait to hear from your lips the cry of Peter, "Save me; I perish?"

2. This review should stir up God's people.

You are not what you should be—you are not what you might have been. How much further on to Zion, had we never slept! How much further advanced in grace, had we improved each lost opportunity! What difference a single year makes on a thriving child!—alas! how little difference the last has made on us! No wonder. We have often slept when we should have watched; rested, when we should have run; fled, when we should have fought; fallen, when we should have stood. The battle went against us—we did not go to it in the power of prayer, and in the strength of the Lord,—and now the days and year are gone, never, never to return. There is a way, however, to redeem lost time as well as lost fortune and estates. The woodman is at it, who with sturdy arm and gleaming axe makes his blows fall thick on the groaning tree—the rider, who spurs his foaming steed to its utmost mettle—the seaman who, flying from the pirates' guns, shakes out all his canvas, and, under bending spars, plunges and ploughs through the seething deep—the smith who, by the glowing forge, and with the sweat standing on his swarthy brow, plies his

hammer on the ringing anvil, doing in one hour the work of two. So may years be redeemed—the very past re-called—the shadow on Time's dial turned back. Throw your whole souls into this work—throw yourselves on your knees; and till you are safe in Christ, say, with Nehemiah, to whatever asks you down from prayer, "I have a great work to do, therefore I cannot come down."

THIRSTING FOR GOD.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation."—Ps. li. 12.

O FRAGRANCE of the wine
Crushed from out the Bruised Vine,
Come and breathe upon our souls dead and dry!
Oh, rich undying love,
In the heart of God above,
Revive our drooping hearts, or we die.

The world's gold is dross,
And the world's gain is loss;
There is nothing here for human hearts to love;
'Tis sorrow all and sighing,
When the morning hours are flying,
And weariness and sadness when the evening shadows
move.

Quenched is all the fire
Of our heavenward desire;
Our strength is waxing weak, our love is but a name:
Our path is dark and dreary,
Our hearts are weak and weary,
But *Thou* art ever near us, thy power and love the same.

O show to us once more
Thy lasting love and power,
And let us not exhausted thus die beside the way:
Thou hast set us in the road
That leads us home to God,
Thou wilt not, canst not leave us to our enemies a prey.

Yes, we will trust thy grace,
Though we cannot see thy face;
And though thy form be shrouded in the darkness of our
night,
Thou wilt return at length,
Renew our failing strength,
And, in thine own good time, restore thy joyful light.

And O, be with us still,
Though thy hand we do not feel,
And keep us from denying thee, and keep us from de-
spair;
Draw all our thoughts above
In the shadow of thy love,
And our dead souls revive with the dews that answer
prayer.

Dec. 1860.

L. W. M.

A LETTER IN BLACK.*

* * * * *

My poor bereaven friend, I know
 Not how to word it, but would bring
 A little solace for your woe—
 A little love for comforting.
 And yet the best that I can say
 Will only help to sum your loss ;
 I can but lift my look, and pray,
 God help my friend to bear his cross !

I have felt something of your smart,
 And lost the dearest thing e'er wound,
 In love, about a human heart :
 I, too, have life-roots under ground.
 From out my soul hath leapt a cry
 For help, nor God himself could save ;
 And tears still run that nought will dry
 Save death's hand, with the dust o' the grave.

God knows, and we may some day know,
 These hidden secrets of his love ;
 But now the stillness stuns us so,
 Darkly, as in a dream, we move.
 The glad life-pulses come and go ;
 Over our head and at our feet,
 Soft airs are sighing something low—
 The flowers are saying something sweet.

And 'tis a merry world ; the lark
 Is singing over the green corn ;
 Only the house and heart are dark—
 Only the human world forlorn !
 There, in her bridal chamber, lies
 A dear bed-fellow, all in white—
 That purple shadow, under eyes
 Where star-fire swam in liquid night.

Sweet, slippery silver of her talk,
 And music of her laugh so dear,
 Heard in home-ways and wedded walk,
 For many and many a golden year ;
 The singing soul and shining face,
 Daisy-like glad, by roughest road,
 Gone ! with a thousand dearnesses
 That hid themselves for us and glowed.

The waiting angel, patient wife,
 All through the battle at our side—
 That smiled her sweetness on our strife
 For gain, and it was sanctified !
 When waves of trouble beat breast-high,
 And the heart sank, she poured a balm
 That stilled them, and the saddest sky
 Made clear and starry with her calm.

And when the world, with harvest ripe,
 In all its golden fulness lay,
 And God, it seemed, saw fit to wipe,
 Even on earth, our tears away,
 The good, true heart, that, bravely won,
 Must smile up in our face, and fall !
 And all our happy days are done—
 And this the end ! And is this all ?

* * * * *

Dear friend, life beats, though buried 'neath
 Its long black vault of night ; and see
 There trembles through this dark of death
 Starlight of immortality.
 And yet shall dawn the eternal day
 To kiss the eyes of them that sleep ;
 And He shall wipe all tears away
 From tired eyes of them that weep.

'Tis something for the poor bereaven,
 In such a weary world of care,
 To feel that we have friends in heaven :
 Who helped us here may aid us there.
 These yearnings for them set our arc
 Of being widening more and more,
 In circling sweep through outer dark,
 To-day more perfect than before.

So much was left unsaid, the soul
 Must live in other worlds to be ;
 On earth we cannot grasp the whole,
 For that Love has eternity.
 Love deep as death, and rich as rest ;
 Love that was love with all love's might ;
 Level to needs the lowliest,
 Will not be less love at full height.

Though earthly forms be far apart-
 Spirit to spirit may be nigher ;
 The music chord the same at heart,
 Though one should range an octave higher.
 Eyes watch us that we cannot see ;
 Lips warn us which we may not kiss ;
 They wait for us, and starrily
 Lean towards us from heaven's lattices.

We cannot see them face to face ;
 But love is nearness, and they love
 Us yet, nor change with change of place,
 In their more human world above,
 Where love, once leal, hath never ceased,
 And dear eyes never lose their shine,
 And there shall be a marriage feast,
 Where Christ shall once more make the
 wine.

Gerald Massey.

* On receiving intimation of the death of Mrs. Johnstone, Wolflee Massey.

A CHANGED LIFE.

"AUNT JANET," said Lizzie Bruce, "I heard you say last night, 'That was one of my last scrambling days;' it would be when you were a little girl, I know; but were you not lame then, auntie?"

"No," said the old woman she addressed; "and if you call Tom and sit down quietly here, I will tell you a story about how I became a deformed child, instead of a merry, active one like you, and how I became more happy after that than ever I was before."

"You will remember," she said, when they were seated to listen, "the great city of Liverpool which your father took you to see on your way here. He tells me that the house where he and I were born is still standing, but that the garden and orchard are gone, and it is crushed up into what almost seems the heart of the city, which now extends far beyond what was once our quiet home. My father was a master builder, and had got on well in the world, and my mother being an active, tidy woman, you can scarcely imagine a more comfortable home than we had. I had three brothers,—Robert your father, Tom, and Harry, and being their only sister, I joined in all their occupations and amusements; and, indeed, was in all respects very much allowed to follow my own inclination. Thus, as years added strength to the natural pride and selfishness of my heart, I became more impatient of control; and my mother had often to comfort herself by remarking, that she remembered the time when she, too, had a will of her own. When I first came to live here, nothing struck me more than the sudden twilight in our valley. One moment the setting sun would make everything radiant and bright, and the next he would drop behind the mountain, and leave all in cold and cheerless shadow. It was just thus suddenly that the sun of prosperity deserted the home of my childhood. My father had become a shareholder in a mining company, and lost everything in consequence of its failure. From that day everything was changed to us; and what was worst of all, no one seemed to feel much for us. The neighbours had called us proud. I do not think we were, but Scotch ways were different from English ones. We were sufficient for ourselves and did not need them, and we did not care to consider whether they were needing us, so when the day of our calamities came we found that we had no friends. My father could not think of beginning life anew in Liverpool, and it was soon fixed that we must leave for Australia. About a week before we were to sail, a carrier's waggon stopped at the gate, and greatly to our surprise, our grandmother stepped out of it. Old and feeble as she was, she could not let us go without her blessing, neither would she have trusted to other hands the little treasure which she insisted on my father taking, saying that it was his own, having come from him to her. We thought our grandmother's dress and manners very odd; but in truth she had more

real politeness than many far above her in rank, and although she never had much education, she had a quaint and beautiful way of expressing her thoughts, which made her very attractive to children.

"The day before we were to sail, our house had a very dreary look. Everything we had was now in the packing-chests, which stood in the passage. My father was painting our addresses upon them, and my mother labouring at some needlework which had been left to the last, but I was standing listlessly at the window. Now, I had a perverse disposition, which I see common to many self-willed young people. If I offered help myself, I would give it cheerfully and kindly, but I hated to be bid to do anything. I had been noticing how tired my poor mother looked, and was just going to offer to finish the shirt she was working at, when my grandmother said, 'Janet, can you not help your mother?' In a moment all the generosity and pleasure of doing it seemed gone, so I sullenly answered, 'Mother works better than I,' and went out in search of the boys.

"I found them watching the building of a house near ours. The workmen left just then for dinner, and we amused ourselves with a nearer inspection. A long, narrow ladder stood against one of the upper windows. 'Who'll climb that?' said Tom. 'I will,' said I, and began at once to spring lightly up it. It was in vain that they called on me to desist; an obstinate fit was upon me, and higher and higher I went, until I reached the very top. With a shout of triumph I looked down at my brothers, but the glance at the depth, the awful depth below, was too much for me. My head grew dizzy at the sight, and feeling myself falling, I made a desperate, but vain clutch at the wall. The cries of the boys soon brought people to the spot, and I was carried to the hospital, where it was ascertained that I had met with some severe, but not fatal, injury to my spine.

"It was impossible for my parents to remain to watch over me, and they sailed next day with the added burden of this new sorrow. My kind old grandmother was allowed to nurse me in the hospital, and at the end of three months I was able to leave it; but the beauty and strength I had exulted in were gone. I had become a sickly and deformed child.

"There were no railroads in those days, and stage-coaches were too expensive for us, so we returned to my grandmother's Highland home in the same carrier's waggon which had brought her to us. The carrier was a friend of hers, and made us as comfortable as he could among his many boxes and packages. We were more than three weeks on the road, stopping at Glasgow and some of the larger towns. I was too feeble to be much interested in the scenes we were passing through, and often wished that our wanderings were over. When they did end, I had been asleep for some hours; and when, still half dreaming, I opened my eyes upon this lovely valley, I exclaimed, 'Grandmother! is it heaven?' so bright a realization did it seem of the 'everlasting hills,' and the 'green pastures,' and the 'still

waters' of the better country which she loved to speak to me of. Had she lived in my early home, perhaps she would have spoken more of the glorious city, with its golden streets, and shining throng, and open gates, for I perceive that wherever Christ's people dwell they can find something to typify their future inheritance. In those days a journey to the south was a rare thing, and, like the wandering kindred of Naomi, the villagers crowded round us with their kind words of welcome and offers of help, for my grandmother had friends. For a time, the sweet quiet of our country life was very refreshing to me; but as I gained strength I became restless and impatient for change, and longed to be able to run about as of old. 'O Grandmother,' I said one day, 'how can you be contented to sit spinning there for ever?'

"It is not for ever, Janet," she answered; 'but the time was when I wanted change as much as you do, and when I would have thought it hard to know that all my life was to be spent in this little village.'

"And have you been all your life here?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, 'until I came to Liverpool for you. There was never much change in my life. I never became rich or great in any way. I only moved from my father's small cottage to my husband's smaller one, and nothing came to pass of all that I used to think must be before I could call myself happy, but I found Jesus, and then all was changed to me, and I learned that happiness is to be at peace with God.'

"Found Jesus." I had often heard my grandmother use the words before, and never without feeling that what were to me mere vague words were a blessed reality to her. I could tell you many of the sweet home lessons that I learned at that time, and as ice cannot long remain beside fire without being melted by it, even my cold, selfish nature began to give way under the influence of the genial Christianity of my beloved grandmother. In the autumn of that first year of my life with her, our village was thrown into a great excitement by an archery meeting which was held beside us. We did not fail to join the onlookers. There was no end of grand carriages, and gay ladies, and fine gentlemen, and many vain and foolish desires filled my heart as I stood, a poor, deformed little girl among the vulgar crowd.

"There are few things that make us more miserable than such thoughts, and I felt more discontented with my humbled circumstances that evening than I had done for a long time. 'I wonder, grandmother,' I said, 'who was happiest among all these beautiful ladies that we saw?'

"I do not know," she said, 'but you know there was one looking upon the crowd who could have told us.'

"You mean God," I said.

"Yes," she answered; 'and now let us take the Bible and read the description he gives of happy people; and we will find that there might be as many of them standing beside you and me, as among the beau-

tiful ladies you were speaking about,' so she opened the Bible and read,—

"He opened his mouth, and taught them, saying—

"*'Blessed are' (not shall be, you see, Janet, but are)*

—'blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.'

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.'

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.'

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.'

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.'

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.'

She closed the book, but the words remained in my heart. 'It is true,' I thought, 'that all this blessedness is within my reach, and I will not rest till it is mine.'

Perhaps the earnest desires that filled my heart that night would have passed away as others had done before, if they had not been deepened by the events of the next day. I had just come in from school, and was going to assist in preparing our evening meal, when a noise attracted me to the window. A carriage had broken down close to our cottage-door, and while the horses were being disengaged, a lady stepped into our room, and asked leave to rest until the wheel was repaired. She was very fair to look upon, and I recognised her at once as one of the gay company at the meeting of the day before. She asked many questions about the neighbourhood, and was conversing pleasantly with us, when an old gentleman looked in and said, 'Come along, my dear, I have found a much better place than this for you.'

"Thank you, papa," she said, 'but this is very pleasant, and I will just wait here till the carriage is ready for us,' and I felt glad that he went away without her. She looked round our little room. 'I live in London,' she said, 'and have not often been in so small a cottage, but there is something so bright and comfortable about it that I think you must be quite contented and happy.'

"I would not be contented with this for all, dear lady," said my grandmother, 'but it is only a traveller's tent, and I am journeying to heaven.'

A bright change passed over our fair young visitor's face, yet a tear stood in her eye, as she answered, 'Then, indeed, you are happy, and what would all that I have be to me, without the same blessed hope as yours.'

"In a few minutes she was gone, but she had answered some of the questions I had so often asked myself, and I saw that rich and poor are one in Christ, needing the same grace, and sharing the same hope.

"I watched the last glimpse of the carriage as it took the circle of the valley, and then burst into tears. 'O grandmother!' I said 'I wish that I was going to heaven too.'

"'Seek Jesus, my child,' she answered, 'and he will lead you there.'

"'But how? I do not know how,' I said impatiently.

"'Seek him in your heart,' she replied, 'as you have sought many vain things before, with an earnest longing, and he shall satisfy the hungry soul.'

"So from that day I began a pilgrim's journey to the better country, and as lamps are lighted on a dark road before the sun shines forth, so my grandmother and the sweet stranger who had so unexpectedly visited our secluded home were the lights that guided me until the Sun of righteousness arose in my heart, and shone upon my path.

The sun arose,—and this same spot,
So poor and dark before—
This same unvaried, lowly lot,
New brightness wore.

The sun arose,—and all around
Were flowers sweet and fair;
My darkened heart had never found,
Nor sought for there.

The sun arose,—and cast his beams
Around the lonely tomb,
Till resurrection glory seems
To chase its gloom.

The sun arose,—and by his light
Are precious shadows given,
Of better things, still out of sight,
But safe in heaven.

The sun arose,—and sets no more,
Though mists may dim his ray,
But safely guides me to the shore
Of endless day.

4

X. X.

STILL THOU ART MINE.

Yes, thou art mine, still mine, my son,
Whoe'er may think thee lost for ever;
But now thou art not mine alone,
Since He, of life the Lord and Giver,
Who hath a stronger right than mine,
Hath called thee hence, and I resign
To Him my own, my darling boy,
The fulness of my earthly joy.

Ah, were the choice but given to me,

No earthly good, no earthly pleasure,
But willingly would I for thee

Give up, my heart's most cherished treasure.
"Yes," I would say, "still with me stay,
Be thou my dwelling's light alway;
And while love warms this heart of mine,
That love, my darling, shall be thine."

So speaks my heart, and means it well,
But God, the Highest, means it better;
My love is more than tongue can tell,
But in His heart is love still greater.
I am a father, that alone,
He, of all fathers, Head and Crown,
Fountain of being, whence have sprung
All loves that link the old and young.

I long full sorely for my son,
God but awhile the gift was lending,
And now He wills that near the throne
He should abide in bliss unending.
"Alas, my light is quenched," I say;
He saith, "Belovèd! come away,
For ever more with Me to dwell,
And taste of joys unspeakable."

O gracious word,—O sweet decree,—
Holy, beyond our dim foreseeing;
In God's abode no ill can be,
No sorrow of this mortal being.
There come no sickness, want, or care,
Sin casts no fleeting shadow there;
And all God loves and watches o'er,
Are safe from evil evermore.

We parents are full oft oppress
With cares about a child's upbringing;
We work, and plan, and take no rest,
To one bright hope for ever clinging,—
To see them thro' our pains and care
Settled in life with prospects fair;
Yet seldom things fall out as we
In our fond dreams had hoped to see.

How many a youth that promised well,
By the world's breath is blighted wholly;
And, yielding to the tempter's spell,
Soon turns aside to paths of folly.
And o'er it darkly gather then
The frown of God, the scorn of men;
The father weeping tears of shame,
For the lost child who blots his name.

Such evil chance can ne'er be his,
Safe in the dwelling of the Father;
He walks in that fair paradise,
Where Christ his happy saints doth gather.

There his is pleasure unexpressed,
From every heartache he hath rest;
He sees the shining angel band,
Who here, unseen, around us stand.

He hears the song the angels sing,
And with the strain his voice is blending;
He drinks of wisdom from the spring;
He speaks of things all thoughts transcending.
Things none of us can see or know
While in this region dim and low,
Which, strive how hard soe'er, the mind
With all its searching cannot find.

Ah, if afar I could but stand,
And, for a moment, catch but faintly
Thy voice, my son, amid the band
Of worshippers, white-robed and saintly,—
Hear thee the Holy God adore,
Who makes thee holy evermore;
Methinks it would my heart so thrill,
That tears of joy mine eyes would fill.

I could but say, "There blest abide,
And I will cease this weak repining."
My son—oh, wert thou by my side!—
Nay, hush, my heart! And come, thou shining
Swift chariot of the prophet, come,
And bear me upwards to the home
Where he and all the blessed dwell,
And speak of things too high to tell.

So let it be,—God's will is best,—
I bow my head in meek submission;
Thou livest, and art truly blest
In glory's clear and open vision.
In the glad sunshine of His smile
Abide for ever. I the while
Will, with our brethren, onwards fare,
And, in God's time, rejoin thee there.

J. D. B.

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

ON Friday the 13th June we rested in Jerusalem. The expedition to the Dead Sea had tired us much, and in such a country days of absolute rest are as precious as they are necessary. It is delightful to be relieved for a while from the hurry of doing as much as possible, and the responsibility of seeing as much as possible, and just to be quiet, and realize that we are here, in the Holy Land, in Jerusalem, while the fingers are busy drawing or sketching; to go in and out among the sacred names, and acquire a kind of everyday familiarity with the sacred places by the associations of everyday

life; to cease to be a sight-seer, and become, if only for a few hours, a dweller among the old, familiar hallowed scenes. For in the ordinary occupations of daily life there is nothing incongruous with the associations of our faith. The ties that bind us to our sacred histories are no flimsy gossamer of devotional sentiment, which a breath of morning air may blow away, but heart-ties, which familiarity only strengthens; and what we want to feel more is, how everyday the world, and the life, and the men of Bible times were—how like our own—how like ourselves. "Count it not strange as though some strange thing happened unto you;" "Men of like passions with ourselves," is written on every page of that most divine and most human Book, except of One, and of him it is written, "He came eating and drinking," hungering and thirsting, journeying and sleeping, and was in all points tempted as we are, "*yet without sin.*" It is the very familiarity of the scenes and circumstances which detaches into glorious distinctness that spotless character, and yet brings His words and presence home to us with such sustaining power in our own daily life.

Friday being the Mohammedan Sabbath, the gates of Jerusalem were closed at mid-day, whilst the muezzin's call to prayers resounded from the minaret, recalling the long ages of romantic conflict in crusading times, and ringing like a death-knell over the desecrated city, repeating from day to day the doom, "Trodden under foot of the Gentiles."

Yet the city is scarcely as much desecrated now as in the days when scribes and Pharisees, Sadducees and Herodians were its religious men, and Pontius Pilate and Annas the high priest its rulers. We thought of this as we left the city on Saturday evening (June 14th) to remain a day or two on the Mount of Olives. The Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee had been always the two places in the Holy Land I had most longed to see. And now we were going out of Jerusalem to pass a night on Olivet.

We went out at the Zion gate and walked round the outside of the Haram, or sacred enclosure, which we had gone over within some days previously. We passed close under the fragment of the walls at the east end of the temple area, which were the ancient fortifications of the city; the stones are very large, like those from which the arch of the bridge between Moriah and Zion sprang. Of the Temple itself, we know, not one stone was left on another. The way led by the Golden Gate, a gate no longer, but a walled-up gateway, where the old arches rise above the rough masonry which fills them up, a monument of Moslem superstition and of the fears of a religion whose faith is not in itself, but in the swords that defend it.

Not far beyond this, the path from the Zion Gate joins that from the St. Stephen's Gate, and leads down the steep sides of Moriah to the bridge of the Kedron.

Almost every point of the topography of Jerusalem has been, or is, a point of warm debate, especially (as

every one knows) the situation of Calvary. Some believe that the spur of Moriah, where the paths from the Zion and St. Stephen's Gate, after uniting, descend to the bed of the Kedron, is Calvary. To us it was always an endeavour whilst on the spot to avoid perplexing ourselves with discussions about uncertain sites. The certain features of the scenes were so many and so absorbing, and the interest of the general landscape so far greater than precise accuracy as to a few yards of ground, that we took care not to confuse our recollections of the whole scene by entering into discussions as to the exact site of particular events. But this spur of Moriah was so often in our sight, we passed over it so frequently in leaving and re-entering the city, and became so familiar with it during our little sojourn opposite it on Olivet, that it may be well briefly to state a few of the reasons which have led some Biblical topographers to fix on it as the scene of the crucifixion rather than the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In the first place, This point must always have been outside the line of the city walls, which many doubt if the traditional site of the holy sepulchre could ever have been.

Secondly, It is at the same time so close to the city, that priests and Levites standing on the walls of the Temple area, without ceremonially defiling themselves by mingling with a crowd attending an execution, might have seen and heard all that happened.

Thirdly, It is, and always must have been, close to a frequented highway—the road to Bethany, Jericho, and through the Valley of the Kedron in either direction to the south or north. It is difficult to realize that anything went on as usual on that awful day; yet we know that many, perhaps most, men must have been going about their usual pursuits; and that besides “the people that came together to that sight” there were many who “passed by and railed on him, wagging their heads,” as they looked up to the Temple whose destruction he had prophesied, standing close at hand in all its strength and glory, and then to him agonizing on the shameful cross, and so proceeded on their daily errands to Bethany or Siloam just as men of another race do at this day.

Fourthly, All His acquaintance, and the women who followed him from Galilee, could have stood “afar off” across the Kedron valley on the Mount of Olives, quite out of reach of the jeers of that mocking crowd, and yet have “beheld all these things” in every detail.

Fifthly, The place was a Golgotha, the place of a skull, and if the common acceptation given to that term is right, it is equally applicable to this spur of Moriah now. Bones and refuse are scattered about it.

Sixthly, “In the place where He was crucified there was a garden,” and on this spot there is a garden at this day—a garden and tombs.

This point must, no doubt, remain uncertain; but in reading again and again the story of the cross, that spur of Moriah, with its tombs and garden underneath the Temple walls, looking across Gethsemane to the Mount

of Olives, with the road to Bethany passing by it, rises naturally before my mind as the scene where the Cross was raised. Its being a part of Moriah, moreover, gives probability to this view on typical grounds, since thus the Moriah where God provided the lamb instead of Isaac would indeed be the very spot where the Lamb of God, without blemish and without spot, gave himself for us.

It is remarkable that the expression, “mount,” so habitually applied to Calvary, and perpetuated by James Montgomery in his touching hymn on the three sacred mountains, occurs nowhere in the New Testament.

Much of this formed the subject of our conversation as we walked down the steep path to the bridge over the Kedron. The bed of the torrent was dry, but the bridge remained to indicate its force and breadth in the rainy season. It was evening.

“And in the day-time he was teaching in the temple, and at night he went out and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives.” How often, just as the shadows were falling as now over us, and all the hill and valley lying dim except the highest point of Olivet, which glowed in the golden light of the sun setting behind the city, had our Saviour's feet trodden that very pathway.

“And every man went unto his own house. Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives,” not, as we were going, to the shelter of a friendly roof, but to pass whole nights in prayer among the solitudes of that olive-clothed valley, “whither he oftentimes resorted.” We were entering the very sanctuary of his earthly life, the place where he prayed to his Father in secret; such prayer as the 17th of John gives us a glimpse into.

About half-way up the Mount of Olives we branched off from the road to Bethany to the tower whose owner had so hospitably offered to receive us. It was a rough, narrow tower, something in the style of one of the small Border fortresses, or like a tower in a vineyard, a lodge in a “garden of cucumbers.” (Cucumbers, or vegetable marrows, eaten raw, form, we were told, a large portion of the food of the peasants during the intervals of the harvest.)

The lower storey was a kitchen and a stable, with a mere loophole to admit light. Outside the door of this a stone staircase led to the first floor where were the bedroom in which we slept and the sitting-room looking toward the city. Above were two small bed-rooms, and then the flat roof, commanding a very fine view. There we were domiciled for two most happy days, richer in recollections to me than any we spent in the Holy Land, except two or three by the Sea of Galilee. It is difficult to convey their impressions to others. It was *just being there*, and that is much to remember, although little to say.

We took the Sunday literally and conscientiously as a Sabbath—a day of rest—in consideration of fatigues past and future.

In the early morning we saw the first sunbeams from the eastern sky behind us light up the walls and white domes and house-tops of Jerusalem, and creep slowly

down the sides of Moriah to the valley of Jehoshaphat. Then, alone, we wandered quietly up to the top of the hill, to look across the wild hills we had travelled over between Jerusalem and Jericho, to the Dead Sea, glittering at the foot of the mountains of Moab. Afterwards we descended Olivet by the foot-path to Bethany, by the bright green wild fig-trees, and the grey olives which shade it here and there, to the valley of the Kedron. There we lingered some time. We saw the Greek Church which is said to contain the tomb of the Virgin, and the white walls of the Latin Garden of Gethsemane, near which the Greeks are establishing another Gethsemane, in order that their pilgrims may have equal advantages with those of the Latin Church. How quickly we passed by these things, which, if possible, would reduce these sacred scenes to the level of Loretto or the Holy Coat of Treves, you can imagine. They were soon lost sight of, and then we were alone again in the quiet valley, in some retreat of which Gethsemane most certainly was, perhaps in the solitary nook where we sat out of sight, though within sound of the city.

There we rested under the shade of the old olives, with their gnarled black trunks and light leaves. Pomegranates, with their scarlet blossoms, and fig-trees, were scattered here and there; and perhaps the garden whose name is so sacred to us was little more than that.

As it was chosen for a retreat—a place of rest and solitude—it seems more probable that it would be in some winding of the valley such as that we were in, out of sight of ordinary passers-by, than at the junction of the roads where the white walls of the Latin traditional Gethsemane rise. But such discussions did not disturb our minds, as we rested there alone on that bright Sunday morning. We were too surely near the place where, “being in an agony, he prayed the more earnestly,” and said, “Not my will, but thine be done,” to think of anything but that.

“ Though
Fast as evening sunbeams by the sea,
Thy footsteps all in Zion's deep decay
Were blotted from the holy ground; yet dear
Is every stone of her's, for Thou wert surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling, touched thy prostrate brow.
One angel knows it. Oh, might prayer avail
To win that knowledge! Sure each holy vow
Less quickly from the unstable soul would fade,
Offered where Christ in agony was laid.

Might tear of ours once mingle with the blood
That from His aching brow by moonlight fell,
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would brood,
Till they had framed within a guardian spell
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

So dreams the heart, self-flattering, fondly dreams;
Else wherefore, when the bitter waves o'erflow,
Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that streams
From thy dear name, where in His page of woe
It shines, a pale, kind star in winter's sky?
Who vainly reads it there, in vain had seen Him die.”

We reascended the hill, across its terraced sides, to our tower, to rest from the heat of the noon-day sun

under the shade of its thick stone walls. There we dined alone on the cold meat, bread, and dried fruits we had brought from the city, and had a delicious quiet time, reading in the Psalms and Prophets and the Gospels all we could find about the scenes we were in the midst of, and thinking of all at home. We wrote letters, also, to some schools at home, in which we thought the children would attach a special value to a few words actually written on the Mount of Olives; and as we talked and wrote, or sat in happy silence, Jerusalem rose before us across the valley of the Kedron, whilst beneath us fell the sunny slopes of Olivet, dotted here and there with grey olives, fresh green fig-trees, and bright, blossoming pomegranates, each casting its distinct and individual shadow on the warm brown earth, and silently photographing gospel narratives and parables on our mind.

From the window we watched, also, for some time, a shepherd slowly pacing down across the hill before his flock, with a staff in his hand. It was a mixed flock of sheep and goats, and as they strayed hither and thither, though never far from his footsteps, or lingered to crop the scanty herbage or the lower leaves of the shrubs, from time to time he would call them on, and the “sheep knew his voice and followed him.” It was as if the words of the parables had suddenly become things, and passed in a series of living pictures before us.

In the evening we walked to the heights above Bethany with the rest of our party, who had returned from Jerusalem to see the sunset reflected on the hills of Moab. The point which we reached was a breezy, rocky height, which in England would be a grassy heath, just beyond the summit of the Mount of Olives, out of sight of Jerusalem, and overlooking Bethany, so that many think it peculiarly corresponds to the two facts mentioned to determine the scene of the Ascension: “He led them out as far as to Bethany,” and “then returned they to Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet.” If so, it was here on these quiet, breezy heights that the great miracle was wrought which, as has been said, in its majestic simplicity makes even the pomp of Elijah's fiery chariot poor in comparison:—One in human form, by his inherent power overcoming all the laws of the planetary systems, and rising untouched and unattended into the heaven He left to save man.

Bethany was little to the disciples then. Their eyes were far above its olives and white-roofed houses, strained upwards to pierce the cloud which hid their Master from their sight. The gospel history was finished. No longer were Nazareth, or Bethany, or Jerusalem, or Olivet the abode of Jesus, but heaven. The gospel histories were finished, and the history of the Church was beginning. “Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?” sent the apostles back to Jerusalem to live that foundation and type of all Church history recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

On our way back to the tower we met a shepherd carrying a sick lamb on his shoulder; and with this

second parable our Sunday on the Mount of Olives closed.

Early on Monday morning (June 16th), we went once more alone to that sacred height above Bethany, to see the sun rise behind the hills of Moab, and to sketch. I feel as if I knew Bethany and the heights around it quite well. Beautiful, breezy hills they are, with slabs of rock tufted with herbage, reminding us of English downs. The valley on the slopes of which Bethany stands is really lovely—full of grey olives, among which the few pomegranates and figs which grow here and there, look like the fresh green forest-trees in spring amongst dull firs and evergreens. Beyond surge the desolate hills between Jerusalem and Jericho; and beyond again, like a sapphire wall at that early hour, rose the hills of Moab, with the bright line of the Dead Sea just visible at their feet.

The village is very wretched. The dark, rough, flat-roofed hovels looked little like homes. Dogs barked furiously at us from their roofs when we passed through. They are, however, not more miserable than Connemara cabins, and, at all events, there are no pigs, and there is no mud from rain. But certainly there is not a house one could imagine to have been like Martha and Mary's, or one in which you could fancy they could have made our Lord a supper. Yet here that supper was made, one of the few feasts of welcome our earth had for her Lord, where Martha served, and Lazarus, "which had been dead," sat at meat, and Mary broke the alabaster vase of precious ointment, which perfumes her name and the name of Bethany, to all generations, with the fragrance of gratitude and love, so rarely lavished on Him.

Still the hills, and the quiet valley, and the distant mountain range, and the breezy paths over the rocky slopes of Olivet are the very same. An old ruined castle stands at one entrance of the village, built partly of very large, ancient stones. Perhaps these belonged to some of the houses of the old Jewish village; perhaps even to the house whose sorrows and joys are so familiar to us. In all the Holy Land there cannot be a place of deeper and happier interest; and we may well be content that the stones of the earthly dwelling should be scattered, we who hope one day to see its blessed inmates, and to dwell with Martha and Mary and Lazarus in the city which hath foundations,—in the home of "Him who is the life indeed."

E. C.

THE HISTORY OF REVIVALS.

A SKETCH.

PART I.

THE great religious movements of the Reformation bore manifestly and emphatically the revival character. Not single individuals only, but masses of men, awoke at once to spiritual life, under common influences, the means being the pure preaching of the gospel, and the

agent the Almighty Spirit. To dwell on these would be to enter on a very wide field, and one that has been very often traversed. Besides, the Reformation movements included an element of great importance, additional to those which are at work in revivals, as ordinarily understood. At the Reformation men were won over to a new creed, as well as to a new life. This does not make it at all improper to regard the Reformation as a great revival. But a peculiar and separate character did belong to that great movement, so far at least as to justify us in passing it with this brief notice.

After the first force of the Reformation movement had been exhausted, and the new teaching had become generally accepted in the European nations, a large measure of coldness and worldliness began to be manifest in the Churches. In this position of things revivals were greatly needed, and it is natural to look for them in the record of those times. Accordingly, a few instances have usually been named, and are referred to as the precursors of modern revivals. It is right, however, to say that these represent very inadequately the real state of the case. The line drawn is arbitrary. Both in Great Britain and on the Continent there was a multitude of cases (which occur to every reader of detailed histories of the Churches), in which the success attained by particular labourers, or agencies, was so rapid, decisive, and remarkable, that now-a-days it would certainly be set down as a revival. These cases are spread over the whole seventeenth century. This remark applies particularly to the labours of many men, both of the Church and of the Nonconformists in England, whose success is generally noticed, but not particularly described. It applies also to the labours of the Pietists in Germany. What are now commonly singled out as the revivals of those days, were really homogenous parts of a great mass of work, all of which was due to the same influences, bore the same intrinsic character, and produced on society substantially similar effects. When, for instance, we read of the effect of the labours of those preachers, who, about 1650, were sent into Wales by the Parliament; when we read of the change they produced in the moral aspect of the Principality, and of the hundreds or thousands of conversions, it is obvious that this was a revival, and a very important one. But work so substantially similar was doing in many places, and with various degrees of rapidity, that no very special record of the circumstances and details has been preserved.

It is with this explanation that one is to take the references to some particular cases, as the revival movements of those days. Such a movement there was, for instance, in Ayrshire, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, under the ministry of Welsh at Ayr, and afterwards of Dickson at Irvine, and others. Some nervous affections, probably similar to those of which we have lately heard so much as occurring in Ireland, attended this movement, particularly in Stewarton, and was thence called the Stewarton sick-

ness.* After this came the great awakening at Kirk of Shotts, brought about by a single sermon of Livingstone's in 1630. With regard to this revival, we have the testimony of Fleming (who became minister in the neighbourhood about twenty years after), that "near five hundred had at that time a discernible change wrought in them," most of whom stood the test of time. Other movements similar, but less important, took place about the same time in Scotland. A little before the Kirk of Shotts' revival, Ireland became the scene of an awakening perhaps more remarkable. It dates from about 1624, and took place in the county of Antrim, under the ministry of Blair, Cunningham, and other ministers, principally Scotch, then settled in that district. The result seems to have been a decided change in the whole character of the population. During the progress of the work an attempt was made to introduce hysterical and convulsive movements during public worship. These were repressed without much difficulty, and apparently did not re-appear.

Although active evangelistic work was carried on in all the countries of the Reformation during the sixteenth century, still the division and conflict which characterized it were not favourable to religion, and, especially, not favourable to any form of religious influence which depends on communities being tolerably excited in doctrine, and not vehemently agitated about external arrangements. Abroad it early became manifest that the defective arrangements of most continental Churches, in regard to purity, discipline, and government, were injuring the spirituality of religion, and hiding from men the real distinction between Church and world, between faith and unbelief. In the British Churches, after the noble efforts of the first half of the century, and amid the changes, contentions, persecutions, and recriminations of the second half, there grew up a generation that seemed to long only to get away from the atmosphere of their father's interests and conflicts altogether. Accordingly, at the close of the century, the Churches seem to have sunk gradually into a state of worldliness and indifference; and the eighteenth century is proverbial for the secular and unbelieving tone which prevailed during the greater part of it. Without any active discussion of creeds, there came a general disposition to wear them very loosely; and a decidedly glacial period of Church history set in. Abroad, the Pietists in the Evangelical Church and the Moravian brethren (with whatever defects of their own) made head actively against the torpor of the age, and the measure of success given to them approximated sometimes, more or less, to what is distinctively called the "revival" type. In Great Britain many faithful ministers and people laboured hard,† but still the general course was downward. This was not a state of

things favourable to religious life; but if in such a state of things awakening influences are experienced, one may expect the reaction to be of a marked kind. Accordingly, a little before the middle of the century, great revivals occurred both in Great Britain and America.

In England the history of this revival is simply the early history of the Methodists. The movement, indeed, included the labours and triumphs of men who spent all their days within the Church of England (such as Berridge and Grimshaw), and who were led more or less independently to the course they took. Still it was one movement, and the main stream of it is to be traced to one source. It arose from Whitfield, and Wesley, and their coadjutors, preaching with great power and faithfulness the genuine doctrines of the Church of England, in their application to the consciences of men. Whatever peculiarities of procedure or of doctrine are to be ascribed to either of these evangelists, their work was in the main nothing but a hearty republication of the Reformation doctrine, with great faith and expectation, and with a success, which they believed, and most justly believed, to be given them from Heaven. A cordial belief in the main doctrines of the Reformation regained possession of a large part of the English mind, and became spirit and life in the case of many individuals. And this revolution had all the characters of what are more peculiarly called revivals; such as immense emotion propagated through large assemblies, sudden and poignant conviction of sin, professed conversions equally sudden, and, frequently, peculiar nervous affections associated with religious feeling. This great revival has left very great results. It was the reawakening of evangelical life in England; and its consequences are by no means to be sought for in the existing Methodists alone. The evangelical body within the Church of England, and all its activities, may be fairly affiliated to the same movement. Those despised preachers of a hundred years ago, gave, as instruments, the impulse which is still felt in so many parishes and congregations of the Church. In these, no doubt, it displays itself in a more tranquil manner. Yet equally in those who adhere to Methodist peculiarities, and in those who prefer the calmer atmosphere of the Establishment, we see the children of that great revival.

About the same time, that is, from 1740, or a few years earlier, Wales was shaken from end to end under the ministry of Howel Harris, Griffith Jones (of the Established Church), Daniel Rowlands (father of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists), and other vigorous and devoted labourers. As far as can be gathered from the scattered notices to which we have access, Wales has not since that time been long without some revival movements, more or less important and extensive—not so long, for instance, as either the British or the American Churches afterwards were.

Before this awakening had gone far in England, that is, about 1742, a similar awakening appeared in various parts of Scotland. The places where it was most no-

* This particular feature did not occur till about 1630.

† Especially, and with some success, in London, about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

table were Cambuslang and Killyth, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. In these parishes, especially the former, a considerable amount of seriousness had arisen under the ordinary instruction of their ministers, and societies for prayer which had been for some years in existence, had begun to be better attended. After this a deep and sudden concern fell upon the minds of many persons, usually during divine service; sometimes reaching to such a paroxysm of distress, as to cause weeping and crying out. Great pains were taken to instruct those who were thus affected, and to enable them to distinguish between mere emotion and a genuine submission to the truth and will of God. The result was, that several hundred persons gave every reason to believe that this revival had been a turning point in their spiritual history. Others, of course, after some impression and excitement cooled down again to their former temperament; the greater part of these were at no time regarded as converts. It may be proper to say, as the case has often been misrepresented, that nine years after this movement very particular inquiries were instituted, extending over a large district of country, to ascertain how far the persons supposed to be converted still gave evidence of being consistent Christians. The result, as we have stated it above, is as amply testified as a thing of the kind can be supposed to be. The movement was not confined to these two parishes. Many went from other parishes to see and hear what was taking place, and were themselves affected. But besides this, a considerable awakening, more decided in some places than in others, seems to have occurred in many of the midland districts of Scotland, and both in Edinburgh and Glasgow there was a marked increase of religious feeling, especially among the young. About the same time, and afterwards, a revival took place in several parishes in Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire. It is noteworthy that in these, while the moral and spiritual results were as decided as any one could wish, there were no outcries nor any bodily manifestations. Serious deportment and quiet shedding of tears seem to have been the only outward symptoms. During the remainder of the century any spiritual work done in Scotland did not assume the revival form.

Y.

THE CALLING OF CHILDHOOD.

A PICTURE most touching in its tender grace and purity is that of the child Samuel growing up in the shadows of the tabernacle. One that must have thrilled to the heart of many a mother in Israel as she brought her first-born to the altar of God, and that stood singular in its loveliness till the day when a young mother from the old grey town of Bethlehem stood in the Temple courts with her infant son, and dedicated him to God to grow up in fairer promise, not within the sacred cloister, but amid the hills of Galilee.

From his birth, Samuel had been marked out as a

child of grace. Given in answer to prayer, consecrated to God by his pious mother in fulfilment of a vow, employed from earliest childhood in the service of the tabernacle, under the care of the aged high priest, he might be called the nursing of the sanctuary. As he stood at the altar ministering before the Lord, "girded with a linen ephod," his little hands swinging the censer, his fresh clear voice joining in the holy hymn, men could read in that innocent face the signs of an illustrious future, and see that God was training the young Levite for a lifetime of faithful service, for a career of usefulness that would leave a vivid and luminous track behind it. In one sense, the calling of Samuel was an event by itself. It was miraculous, and being so, we have no reason to believe that it will be repeated. Yet we are entitled to regard this calling of the Hebrew child long ago as symbolic of a great spiritual fact, one that holds true in regard to the kingdom of Christ—that there is a calling of God to each of us individually, and especially to the young. These are memorable words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

GOD MAY CALL A CHILD.—If the fact be so, surely it should be deeply impressed on the heart of Christian parents, and said as simply and lovingly as may be to all the children who are found in the house of God, to the very youngest, that they have come to listen to the voice of God speaking to them. I think parents are in danger of forgetting this. There is no doubt that in the great majority of cases, the great spiritual awakening of the soul, that change which we term "conversion to God," comes with a riper age and wider experience; that it is generally attended with such emotions of contrition and self-abasement, such unaccustomed prayerfulness, such a kindling up of ardour, and love, and self-consecration, under the new impulse that has entered into one's life, as seem to have no place in the narrow circle of a child's experience. These solemn glooms and piercing lights seem not in any wise to belong to the little world in which the child lives and breathes from day to day. Strong spiritual convictions which heave, and rend, and shatter, may seem as much out of place there, as volcanic forces and shocks of earthquake in some quiet pastoral vale of our native land.

It is difficult to guard against limiting the methods in which the Spirit of grace and power may work in awakening any one soul to newness of life, even amongst those who have come to full age. I believe that much harm is done unconsciously by fettering His movements, and confining His sovereign operations within straight and rigid lines of theory. Every morning has some new miracle of sunrise; it is the same sun, the same atmosphere, the same earth; yet out of these old materials what everlasting freshness and changefulness do we see in each day's birth and revival! The dawn is always new: no two sunsets are the same; and God divides the light

from the darkness in human spirits in diverse ways. So while, speaking generally, it is not till the mind has grown to some strength and maturity that the decisive change is wrought, it is important to remember that God, in ways we cannot tell, and while we think not of it, may work the blessed work of His grace in the heart of a little child. There are cases in which the young disciple seems to have been baptized of the Spirit from his birth, to have received as an infant the benediction of the lip and hand of Christ. The simple innocence of childhood may be refined and spiritualized into a grave and gentle piety, with its roots in the fear of God and the love of Jesus; the mind in its growth opening to the truth as silently,—we had almost said as naturally, as the flowercup opens to the light. Not only is this the case with those in whom we see a thoughtfulness and saintliness beyond their years, because they are to be early taken home, but in others (for all the good children do not die) who come to serve the will of Heaven in their generation,—who, as they go forth to the cares, and toils, and trials of life, take pure and blessed memories with them, that are a treasure and a safeguard, and keep their early Eden companionship with God and his angels to the last. To such as these we may fitly adapt the words that have been applied to childhood in general,—

"Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine
God being with thee when we know it not."

Once and again this has been seen in the case of the children of many prayers, early dedicated by devout and godly parents to the service of Him who gave them. And surely it would be seen oftener if the spirit of this mother in Israel were seen oftener in the Christian household,—if it were the heart's desire and prayer of parents for their offspring that Christ might be formed in them,—if the command were more regarded, as all the divine commands ought to be, in the light of a promise, "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." And therefore we need not be surprised to find in the word of God not only the calling of peasants to be judges, and shepherds to be kings, and husbandmen and vinedressers to be prophets, and fishermen to be apostles; but the calling of children to be servants of the Most High, that in them, as living epistles, may be visibly written the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Of them, also, is the election of grace,—a godly seed to maintain the unbroken succession of heirs of promise, to bear their part in the perpetual "Hosanna" which rises from the Christian temple, that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings He may perfect praise."

J. D. B.

BE NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL.

A CHRISTIAN man, in prosecuting some good work with humble earnestness and zeal, comes suddenly into somewhat difficult circumstances. His conduct, if he is to

go on, will be liable to very great misrepresentation. The interests and views of others are so mixed up in it that he is almost sure to be attacked and if possible crushed. He sees all this dimly, but not being a man of much ability or resource, he does not know what to do. He goes straight on, and it all falls out. Able and unscrupulous adversaries arise, and transfix him with their sarcasm, or overwhelm him with denunciation. He tries to explain, but fails. He uses false illustrations and weak arguments in his honest endeavour to state the real case, and he is then met by relentless exposure and crushing retort. Even good men are shy of befriending him, and he has no weapons except his own sincerity before God. So he goes on, quietly and humbly; and whatever may be the state of the case in his private dealings with God, outwardly, and in the eyes of his fellow-men, he is overcome.

Another Christian man finds himself, in the work which he is called to do, in somewhat similar circumstances. The adversaries of the good cause take a favourable occasion to attack him, and to try to impede it. He sees clearly the advantage which they seem to have, and he sees too that it is only a seeming and superficial one. So he sets himself to unfold this, and prove it to all men. But he is determined not to do this in a half sort of way. He will not merely defend the right; he will vindicate himself, and crush his adversaries. They have been the aggressors, and they richly deserve exposure. So he buckles himself to the work, and brings in all the resources of logic, and satire, and retort. He exposes their arguments, unveils their motives, ridicules their false illustrations, tramples on their whole attack, and rides triumphantly over the field, scattering shafts of sarcasm all around.

Which of these two was "*overcome of evil*?" s.

THAT YOUR PRAYERS BE NOT HINDERED.

ALL is well with the Christian while his communion with his God and Saviour is not interrupted. And nothing can go well with him when there is interference here. All this life, therefore, should be shaped for maintaining an open way in his heart to the mercy-seat. Whatsoever, either by the word of God, by the general principles of religion, or by actual experience, we know to be unfavourable to the spirit, and unfitting for the exercise of prayer, should be carefully avoided: whatsoever is found to be promotive of them, as sedulously followed. This rule will be found of widest application. The spirit of prayer is affected by the whole range of the daily life. Business and pleasure, society and home-life, all bear upon it; but most of all, the intercourse of home. If our usual temper and deportment at home unfit us for communion with God in prayer, sad is our case. Husband and wife have much to do with each other's growth in grace. Theirs is the inmost circle of earthly relationship, lying next that sacred centre which the Holy Spirit makes his temple in the soul. The heart

when it goeth up to the temple to pray, must pass through this "court of the women." The scenes there witnessed leave the last impression on the mind. The spirit and conduct there prevailing are the prelude to devotion. What if it should be the scene of wrangling, tempting the soul to anger or unkindness? Husband and wife, by spirit of their mutual converse, are wielding the strongest of earthly influence on self and one another. In the world of self-culture and home, life has most to do, and the ruling influence in home-life is the marriage relation. If grace rule there, it will rule everywhere. If that inner court be kept holy, the mercy-seat within the veil is less likely to be defiled. Other influences on the soul are occasional. Those of home are continuous. Others are the scenes through which we pass in walks abroad. These are the atmosphere of the dwelling wherein we abide. If, as the two who walked to Emmaus, husband and wife, in their earthly pilgrimage, do have Jesus as their companion, their mutual influence will indeed be blessed. If they do habitually regard and treat each other "as heirs together of the grace of life," they will separate at the door of their closets in the very "spirit of grace and supplication." But who can pass from domestic strife or unkindness into the presence of the God of peace and love? or how can the gentle dove of heaven brood in the heart amidst bitterness and storms?—*Dr. Tyng.*

QUIETNESS.

CULTIVATE quietness. Many people seem to cultivate the very reverse. They are always in a hurry—always bustling—always rushing about hither and thither, as if they meant to exemplify in their own proper persons the theory of perpetual motion. And then, if everything does not go quite straight, if there is some little hitch which prevents the wheels of daily life from running smoothly, they fuss, and fame, and fret, till they make matters ten times worse. Now, this is a very bad plan. You will rarely find that these people accomplish much. What they build up with one hand, they pull down with the other. They forget that in "quietness and confidence is their strength;" and, moreover, that there is no inherent power in noisy excitement. Far better is it to keep calm, and take things quietly as they come. Do what you can, and what you cannot do leave to God. And when troubles come, leave them to God too. Bend down and let the cloud sweep over you; and when it has passed, look up to the blue heaven beyond it, and thank God that it remains there still. But you will not make the cloud one whit the less dark by being restless and impatient under it.

"Our cross and trial do but press
The heavier for our bitterness."

Rather lie still before God, and let him do with you as seemeth him good; not in the stillness of indifference or stoicism, but the stillness of childlike submission, which leaves One to choose for it who will surely choose

for the best. "Study," then, "to be quiet," alike in doing and in suffering. Pray that God may "calm, and keep you calm," resting in his love, and dwelling in the secret of his presence.—*Christian Daily Life.*

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

THE time for toil has passed; the night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless—yet their weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late;
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat;
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered
leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

Yet do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Atlantic Monthly.

SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

THIS is a common vice with us all—to wish to grow independent. We get a little stock of grace on hand, and we think we will spend our pocket money before we will go again to our Father's treasury. We have a little faith, our Master honours us with enjoyment of his presence; and we grow so great that we cry, "My mountain standeth firm; I shall never be moved." Ah! there is always a trial near at hand. Do we not make most of our trials through our boasting, and do we not kindle our own furnace with the fuel of our pride? If we were more childlike, resting more simply on the Spirit's power, should we not be more happy? Does not God our Father hide his face, because to see his face too much might make us exalted above measure? Does not that thorn tear our flesh, because otherwise we should lie upon the bed of carnal security and sleep all day long? Oh, we might be always on the mountain-top if we had not such dizzy heads and such slippery feet!—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE INCUMBENT OF HAWORTH.*

PART FIRST.

A RECENT celebrity, and of a widely different character from that of the devoted, apostolic, and somewhat eccentric incumbent of Haworth during the middle of the last century, has rendered that locality one of great present attraction to English tourists and travellers. John Newton, with his friend the incumbent in his mind, wrote, more than sixty years ago, "Haworth is one of those obscure places which (like the fishing towns of Galilee, favoured with our Lord's presence) owe all their celebrity to the gospel. Its name would scarcely be known at a distance, were it not connected with the name of Grimshaw." Another source of interest has recently been gathering around it, lords and ladies of high degree, the lovers of literature, the admirers of genius, the curious in details of the life and manners of such as have sprung out of obscurity into a sudden and commanding place in public attention, all eyes have been attracted towards it as the spot where the authoress of "Jane Eyre" penned her bold and original fictions, and where she and her sisters spent their strange sad life, deepened in its sufferings by the sensibility of their genius. It is to its first, and we shall venture to say, higher fame, that the writer of the *Life of William Grimshaw* takes us back. We welcome this fresh rehearsal of a life too precious to be forgotten, and which has never before been told over with such minuteness of detail, and fulness of appreciation, as in the *Memoir* which has just appeared by Mr. Spence Hardy. His volume rolls back the years of a century, and brings us once more into contact with the men and the times of John and Charles Wesley, when they blew the gospel trumpet over the length and breadth of England, and when to hunt a Methodist was no unusual English village sport, curate and rector turning out in full cry in pursuit of the game. We shall endeavour to give our readers some conception of those times, by following the narrative of events traced out in the biography of Grimshaw, recommending the entire volume for the insight it gives into a most important epoch in the religious history of England; and the light it throws upon the labours and life of a man who was in labours abundant, and for the great end that "he might save some."

William Grimshaw was born 3d September 1708, in the village of Brindle, a quiet agricultural village lying between the manufacturing towns of Preston and Blackburn. Of his boyhood we have little further account, than that he was educated at the Grammar School of

Blackburn and Heskin, both in the immediate neighbourhood of his native village. While yet in early life, he had serious thoughts of death, judgment, the sufferings of Christ, the glories of heaven, and the torments of hell! Referring to that period in his after life, he remarks, "That it concerns all people, to take notice that the Holy Ghost begins with us in our infancy, to draw us by his convictive influences towards conversion. This I can bear witness to, and I am persuaded, that if any man will but carefully recollect himself, he can date, as far back as his infancy, the remembrance of many sharp rebukes and upbraidings, checks and terrors of conscience, for having done amiss. He can very well remember several awful and heart-affecting thoughts about a God and judgment, death and eternity, in these tender years." Ripening years did not, at least in appearance, develop these early seeds in the heart of Grimshaw. The good impressions of his youth yielded to the influence of thoughtless companions while a student of Christ's College, Cambridge. It is said, that during that time, though his college attendance was with a view to preparation for the ministry, he became a proficient in wickedness, and that falling into bad company, he learned to drink and swear. On being ordained deacon in 1731, the solemn thoughts of his childhood again returned in their original force, when he was called upon to declare, in the presence of the people, that he regarded himself as "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon himself this office and ministration." It does not appear, however, that these revived impressions were permanent. In his first curacy, at Todmorden, the young curate was more of a pleasant companion than a serious, earnest minister of the word. His delight was in hunting, fishing, and playing cards. He was careful in the observation of outward professional propriety. If his companions swore, he did not; if they drank to excess, he shrank from the vulgarity of intemperance. On Sabbath, his duties as a clergyman were regularly performed; the prayers were read with seriousness, and a sermon was preached. The voice of conscience was thus hushed, and he probably thanked God, as his biographer observes, that he was not as other men, nor even as the too earnest publicans, who were known to be praying in many spots around the parish. The death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, happening during his curacy at Todmorden, re-awakened his conscience. His convictions became so deep and solemn, that they could no longer be set aside. He began in earnestness to seek for power over sin and purity of heart in the methods employed by those who know not

* "William Grimshaw, Incumbent of Haworth, 1742-63," by R. Spence Hardy, Hon. M.R.A.S. London, John Mason, City Road, 1860.

the scriptural doctrine of the forgiveness of sin. He at once gave up the sports and amusements in which he had formerly indulged, and avoided every form of outward transgression. He formed good resolutions, kept two diaries to record the sins of the day, made vows, observed fasts, offered his supplications, and became devotedly attentive to all the duties of the pastorate, yet without peace or rest of mind. It seemed to him to be hard, that when he was doing all he could to please God, the divine favour was still withheld. He feared him as his Master; he had not attained to love him as his Father and his friend.

But the day of his deliverance was at hand. On visiting one of his friends, he met with a book which he opened. As was the custom in those times, in respectable houses a range of pewter dishes adorned the walls. As they shone in their unspotted lustre, they flashed upon a book to which his eye on the instant was drawn. It was Owen on Justification. He took it home, and studied it with diligence and prayer; and was led thereby to see that, however long his present course might be continued, it must be unavailing for his deliverance. He became henceforth willing to renounce himself; every degree of fancied merit and ability, and to embrace Christ only for his all in all. "Oh, what light and comfort," he exclaims, "did I now enjoy in my own soul, and what a taste of the pardoning love of God!" The Bible became a new book to him. Before he knew it only in the letter, but now in its spiritual power; and he afterwards told a friend who visited him, "that had God drawn up his Bible to heaven, and sent him down another, it could not have been newer to him!"

About the period of this great change, Grimshaw was removed from Todmorden, and inducted (May 1742) into the living of Haworth. The village of Haworth is situated upon a declivity that shelves down towards a ravine, along which flows the Worth. It is a long narrow village, says the biographer of Grimshaw, substantially built with brown stone, its appearance in excellent keeping with the bold character of the surrounding scenery. There is one extended street, paved with wrought stones, on which the wooden clogs of the children, rimmed with iron, fall with startling noise as the wild young northerners come to gaze upon the stranger. The street rises with a steepness, that in some places would be supposed to render the higher parts of the village inaccessible to wheeled carriages. Indeed, the neighbouring villages have a legend, such as the country folk of rural localities love to tell, that when the first carriage came to Haworth, not many centuries ago, the astonished people brought out grass and other provender wherewith to feed it, under the supposition that it was some strange animal. To catch the nobler features of this now far-famed spot, the traveller must surmount the hill upon which it stands, and then look around from the elevation thus gained. Before him is a glorious expanse of moor and mountain, stretching onward for miles and miles, with scarcely a dwelling to break the

sense of solitude. The blue heather mantles the plain, darkened here and there by the heaps of turf, or peat, that the lone labourer has prepared for his winter's fuel, and presenting occasional fissures made by the rain-streams, with boulders in their bed.

That the manners of the inhabitants partook of the rugged features of their locality, may be inferred from an incident connected with the patronage of Haworth, which took place at a somewhat later period. The incident affords a good illustration of the rude and rough, but determined expedients by which the north of England men assert their rights. It shows the value they attach to the power of nominating their own minister. It was not unfrequent, the biographer of Grimshaw tells us, for the people in that neighbourhood to oppose the entrance into the church of the minister appointed by the patron of the living; and in some instances, the fury of the mob had only been overcome by the assistance of a party of dragoons. On the occasion of the death of the last incumbent of Haworth, one of the most memorable of these ecclesiastical battles was fought. The vestrymen and people of Haworth maintained that the appointment to the living was conjointly vested in the vicar of Bradford and a number of trustees. The vicar appointed, on his sole authority, the Rev. Samuel Redhead, a clergyman of great respectability and worth. In consequence, on the first Sunday of his attendance "to read himself in," the whole congregation left the church as the second lesson was read, and he and the clerk were left to conclude the service alone. The next Sunday a man rode into the church upon an ass, with a number of old hats piled upon his head. On the third Sunday a chimney sweeper ascended the pulpit steps, and with solemn mockery seemed to nod assent to the sentences of the sermon. On emerging from the church, Mr. Redhead was thrown into a heap of soot prepared for the purpose; and it was with difficulty he made his escape from their rage. This was his last attempt; the mob had conquered; and the *Rev. Patrick Brontë* was appointed in his stead.

On his entrance into his new charge at Haworth, Grimshaw found that the Methodists had been at work in his parish before him. At first he was little disposed to welcome their assistance. The report having reached him of the proposed visit to Haworth of John Nelson, a stone mason, whose name afterwards became great in the sight of thousands, he charged his people not to go near him, as he understood that, wherever the Methodists went, they turned everything upside down. It being shortly afterwards reported that William Darney, a Scotchman, was to preach near Haworth, he resolved to appear at the place appointed, and by publicly confuting his arguments, prevent his parishioners from being thereby led astray. Justification by faith was the subject of Darney's discourse. The peace and consolation to troubled souls from that doctrine was forcibly brought home to the incumbent's mind by the Metho-

dist preacher. He sought further interviews with him, and not far from the parsonage, in a stone quarry, held frequent communings with the Scotchman. The effect of these interviews was soon apparent. His views of Methodism had entirely changed. He had himself received fresh light into the fulness of the privileges of the believer in a free justification. On an early occasion he gave out the hymns when Darney preached, and soon after took a more decided part, by praying in public at one of the services held by the northern evangelist. The shout of the foe was soon heard, "Mad Grimshaw is turned Scotch Will's clerk, and Scotch Will guides and leads mad Grimshaw." But over the convinced, thoroughly awakened, and aroused spirit of Grimshaw, ridicule had no power. He poured forth his full, earnest heart amongst his astonished parishioners; his doctrine that of the early reformers, his energy and power of labour inspired and sustained from the same source. Speedily the church of Haworth was filled to overflowing, multitudes congregating from all the hamlets whence it was possible to reach it. Not satisfied with the usual public ministrations, he commenced a Sabbath evening lecture for the poor and ill-clad—the ragged classes—who would not worship in the presence of their richer neighbours; and to take away from the careless every excuse for not coming to listen to the word of God, he adopted the plan of preaching in the houses of the people, making his monthly circuit among four hamlets under his care, preaching in each three times in the month. As in the course of these cottage ministrations he often came to the very verge of his own bounds, the cottagers of the contiguous parish could not understand why he should not step over the boundary and speak to them, who equally needed to hear the blast of the faithful watchman's trumpet. From numerous farmsteads and hamlets, the cry was heard, "Come over and help us." He could not withstand the appeal. The limit once passed, it was only home duty that prescribed the extent of his future preaching range. From that time he established "two rounds," in which alternately he spent the six days of the week, with the crag for his pulpit, the glen for his oratory, the market-place for his church, and the roused rabble for his auditors. Twelve or fourteen sermons, and sometimes as many as thirty were preached in a week, when he was in full work. He regarded it as an idle week when the tale did not amount to more than a dozen. To preserve those in their profession who had received the truth, he established meetings for private monition and prayer, appointing a leader over each company, who was to give an account to him of the growth or decay of each individual, that he might speak a suitable word to them.

On entering upon the charge of Haworth, he found little attention paid to the observance of the Lord's day. The church was situated at the extremity of the parish, and it was thought the people from the remoter districts would not come so great a distance to worship, unless they had the further inducement of being able to pur-

chase such stores for their families as were not to be procured nearer their own dwellings. Sabbath had become a busy marketing day. To check this desecration, he adopted the most vigorous means. It was the custom in that locality for the church-wardens to leave their pew in the course of the morning service, and visit the public houses, and the usual places of resort for the village idlers, to ascertain whether idlers might be there lurking. Not content with requiring these officers to do their duty, the incumbent was accustomed to leave the church himself when the Psalm before the sermon was sung, and if any were found wandering in the streets, or lounging in the church-yard, they were driven before him into the house of God. It has been said that in this service the horse whip was used, and that on some occasions he told the clerk to give out the 119th Psalm, that he might have the longer time in which to prosecute his search. But this is probably a myth or exaggeration. John Newton relates, that as a friend of his was passing a public house in Haworth, on the Lord's-day, his attention was attracted towards a number of persons who were making their escape from it—some by jumping out of the lower windows, and others by climbing over a wall. At first he supposed from the hurry of their flight that the house must be on fire; but on inquiring the reason of the sudden rush, he found that it all arose from their having discovered the near approach of the parson. At another time, a man was passing the village on his way to call the doctor, when his horse lost a shoe. On applying to the blacksmith to have his loss repaired, the reply was that unless the minister granted leave it could not be done. Grimshaw learning that the case required haste, consented that the horse should be shod.

Horse racing, which had prevailed in his parish, became a principal object of his indignant remonstrance, but apparently to no effect. Notwithstanding his expostulations, when the day came the horses were entered in the list, and the expecting multitude began to gather. But they were doomed to disappointment. An agency was at work on the power of which they had not reckoned. Grimshaw was on his knees in earnest prayer; and—

"God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays."

A storm arose as the crowds were seen hastening along the various pathways that led from valley or village; rain came down in torrents, the race-course was forsaken, and the horse and his rider were alike unable to appear in the field. On the next day the tempest was still in the sky, and when the third day came its dark aspect was unchanged—the rain descended as if the windows of heaven had been opened. The narrator of this incident simply, but significantly remarks, "There have been no races in the neighbourhood of Haworth, from that time till the present day." A ministry of such energy, ceaseless labour, and prayer, was not without the most marked and memorable fruits. It was accompanied with a signal revival, the features of which we shall notice in a continuation of this paper.

ANCIENT ATTESTATIONS TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

IN a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, is an able article on what are technically called the *graffiti* of Pompeii. In plain English, these are the writings upon the street corners and places of public resort, which are now disclosed to the world, and throw great light upon the habits, tastes, and manners of those who formed the populace in this old Roman city. Then, as now, men would write their names, accompanied sometimes with favourite sentiments, upon the elegant columns of the temples and forum, or sometimes whilst lounging upon the sides of the houses at the corners of the streets. Every literary man is acquainted with the ancient inhabitants of Italy, as portrayed by their celebrated poets, historians, and philosophers, and no one can have failed to have remarked, in his intercourse with these celebrated men of antiquity, how the dark taint of heathenism had spread itself over their inner natures, and corrupted their very souls. There may be civilization and refinement without the gospel, but its characteristics are spurious; for man without the light of revelation gropes his way in darkness, and revels in sins which only become the more hideous when contrasted with the elegance and luxury of his outward circumstances.

If the learned and cultivated were so gross and sensuous, what must the rabble have been? We can easily imagine their depth of degradation, and these street writings are indicative of it. Whilst many of them are curious, showing the propensity of men in all ages to deface the most beautiful edifices by pencilling upon them the records of their visits, the scraps of verses and sentiments affixed give insight into the very recesses of their hearts. Whilst many are harmless, many more reveal a depth of depravity scarcely to be conceived, so that in the words of the reviewer—

"It were well if these were the only evidences of the licentious manners of Pompeii which the *graffiti* supply; but there are others of a far more revolting character. Into these, of course, P. Garrucci does not enter; but there can be no doubt that many of the street scribblings fully confirm, if indeed they do not darken, the hateful impressions regarding Pompeian morality which were produced by the pictures, images, and other relics of the city brought to light by earlier explorations.

"The very worst of these revelations, it must be confessed, are borne out by the *graffiti*. We can only understand their presence in a public place by supposing the whole tone of the public mind to be sunk to those lowest depths of hideous and unnatural depravity, of which so awful a picture is drawn in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans."

But whilst the truthfulness of the picture of heathenism, as exhibited in the New Testament, is thus affirmed, another extract from the same article relative to a street writing recently discovered at Rome, opens to our view another striking corroboration of the realities of our holy religion. The worship of the crucified One

was then, as it is now, the great object of the Christian faith, and whilst it excited pagan animosity, and drew forth the contempt and ridicule of the worshippers of their false gods, it indicates how deeply seated in the minds of the followers of the Lord Jesus were then the realities of his death and passion, and how firmly they were convinced of the truthfulness of that which they could easily have scrutinized, and which, if an imposture, they could have readily detected.

"Mention has been made more than once of *graffiti* lately discovered in other localities, and especially at Rome. Of these, the most important have been found in the substruction of the palaces of the Cæsars, recently excavated. It would carry us entirely beyond our allotted limits to describe these in detail. Some of them, indeed, were discovered several years since, and are embodied in P. Garrucci's general collection. But there is one so exceedingly remarkable, and indeed of so deep and peculiar an interest, that it would be unpardonable to pass it over.

"The apartment in which it was found is one of several (now subterranean) chambers on the Palatine, which, in the course of the many alterations and extensions of plan during the progress of the building of the palace, were dismantled and filled up in order to form substructions for a new edifice to be erected on a higher level. The light and air being effectually excluded by this process, the walls have remained to this day in a state of preservation little inferior to that of the buildings of Pompeii. The particular apartment in question having been opened in December 1856, some traces of Greek characters were observed upon the wall; and, on a fuller examination by P. Garrucci, who was attracted to the spot by the news of the discovery, these characters proved to be an explanatory legend written beneath a rude sketch upon the wall, in which P. Garrucci at once recognised a pagan caricature of the crucifixion of our Lord, and of the Christians' worship of their crucified God. This blasphemous sketch represents a figure with arm uplifted and outstretched (as if in the act of kissing the hand, a recognised attitude of worship or adoration*), turned towards a cross, upon which is suspended a human figure with the head of a horse, or perhaps of an *onager*, or wild ass.

"If any doubt can be entertained as to the purport of this sketch, it would be dispelled by the legend underneath:—

'ALEXAMENUS WORSHIPS GOD.'

Who this Alexamenus may have been, and what may have been the special occasion (if, indeed, there were any) of this rude caricature, it is of course impossible now to conjecture. From the name it may be inferred that, like a large proportion of the Christians of Rome in the early centuries, he was a Greek, and perhaps a slave. But whatever may be said as to the individual on whom it was meant to be a satire, the singular *graffito*, thus unexpectedly brought to light after so many centuries, is at once a most interesting illustration of the struggle between the Christianity of that early age and its yet powerful and contemptuous rival, and a literal verification of one of the most striking passages in the 'Apology' of Tertullian. It is impossible to doubt that this blasphemous caricature is, in one of its forms, the actual reality to which Tertullian alludes. It is not alone that this father defends himself and his fellow-Christians from the general charge of

* See Job xxxi. 27; 1 Kings xix. 18; also Juvenal's—

"a facie jactare manus"

having an ass's head as their God, and that he retorts upon the pagans themselves their charge against the Christians of "being superstitious respecting the cross," by showing that the pagans also worshipped the cross when they erected trophies, or took the military oaths upon their standards; he describes something closely resembling the *very picture which we have here before us in this rude graffito*, as a caricature of the Christian worship which was then popular among the pagan calumniators.

"We forbear to touch the higher associations which this strange discovery presses upon the mind. But even as a purely historical monument, the most unimaginative reader will regard it with the deepest interest. It opens to us, with a distinctness which no written record could supply, a glimpse into those dark days of the infant Church, while her divine founder was still 'a folly to the Gentile,' and while it was still possible to present him to the popular mind of paganism under that hideous type of *folly* which is here depicted in all its revolting coarseness. If the *graffito* of the palace of the Cæsars reveals much of this, it suggests yet much more; and its unlooked-for discovery seems to afford reason to hope that, from quarters which are least suspected, light may yet be cast upon a period whose social history has hitherto been all but a blank, or, at least, has only been known in dim and shadowy outline."

THE HISTORY OF REVIVALS.

A SKETCH.

PART II.

BEFORE these movements in Great Britain took place, the great series of American revivals had begun. In no country was there a state of things which one might more naturally expect to prepare the way for extensive movements of this kind. Originally peopled by Puritan settlers, New England contained a population scarcely at all divided in religious belief; trained, perhaps, to higher views than any other people on the earth of the nature and requirements of true religion; and yet, owing to various causes, decidedly and consciously degenerate from the religious fervour and consistency of their fathers. This people, including no great variety of classes, of parties, or of interests, could readily participate in common movements of mind. Moreover, then as now, America was distinguished from all Christian countries, by the extent to which persons who fully shared the common faith, and attended public worship, still abstained from the communion; forbearing to profess themselves members of Christ, as long as they felt that they had not resolved to follow him. In spite of some theories then recently started to countenance an opposite practice, it was, and still is, more the case in America than anywhere else, that men who believe in Christianity, but cannot bring themselves to be Christians, practically confess or own their position. This state of things may be regarded as on the whole advantageous or disadvantageous; but at all events it enables the preacher to close with the consciences of a large part of his audience without ceremony; while their honesty is a perpetual admonition to any members of

the Church who are living in formalism or hypocrisy. Though degenerate from the spirit and practice of their fathers, there was still in the country a large amount of genuine religion, to hand down the image as well as the tradition of a more fervent age. And before the middle of the eighteenth century several able and fervent preachers arose, of that order of men whose devotedness at least is not denied even by those who abuse them most. In these circumstances, after various local awakenings, came the notable revival at Northampton in 1735; notable because it had Jonathan Edwards for its guide, its historian, its apologist, and its critic; notable for the power with which it laid hold of almost the whole population of the place, while many neighbouring places were also extraordinarily moved; notable, lastly, for the purity and brilliancy of its moral and spiritual results. This proved to be the preliminary to a much more extensive movement, which began about the year 1740, partly under the influence of the Tennents and other American ministers, but in a great measure, perhaps chiefly, under the preaching of Whitefield. It extended through all the colonies as far south as Virginia; and till within the last two years it might fairly be regarded as the greatest awakening of human consciences under Protestant preaching that has taken place in any equal space of time since the Reformation. It was remarkable equally for the awakening of persons previously careless, and for the extraordinary impulse given to the religious dispositions of the devout. As to the manifestation of emotion, it varied in different places, very much, apparently, according to the influence exerted by the guiding persons in congregations. In some places there were outcries and faintings during public worship. In other places the movement was not less deep, but more self-control was shown. An immense number of persons were regarded as the "fruits" of this revival, which lasted for nearly two years. Unfortunately, towards the end of this period a devout man of the name of Davenport, who had been regarded as useful in the work, began to urge various devices of irregular zeal, and particularly to lay down fanatical principles as to the mode of judging who were and who were not converted. Churches, which had hitherto accepted thankfully the profession of faith and penitence, made with apparent seriousness and intelligence, and accompanied with corresponding behaviour, referring further trial to the Judge of all, now became torn with dissension about signs of conversion, especially in reference to the conversion of their ministers. This, of course, gave a new direction to men's minds. The confusion was indeed kept from spreading by vigorous and judicious efforts; but the work had been arrested; and in those places where Davenport's principles had found access, the evil could not be cured. Davenport himself, with a candour rare in men of his disposition, became convinced of his mistakes, made the most ample confession of the spiritual pride which had misled him, and laboured to undo his own work, but in vain. Two generations after-

wards, Nettleton found it hopeless to work in some places* where this unhappy spirit had made its home, so inveterate was the influence which had perverted the views and feelings of the Churches in these districts.

After this no very important movement of a similar kind took place till the year 1792, when the modern series of American revivals may be said to have begun. From that period to the present a continuous chain of revivals has marked the history of the American Churches, appearing now in one part of that great country, and now in another, sometimes with quieter and sometimes with more stirring accompaniments. The earliest years of the century, the year 1821 and those which followed, and about the year 1831, may be noticed as particularly signalized by such movements. Their character may be summed up by saying, 1st, That some of the more enthusiastic sects have brought discredit on American revivals by absurdities which have been very unjustly charged upon the whole; 2d, That in newly peopled districts where the ministry was feeble in proportion to the numbers of the inhabitants, and neither religious nor secular education had gone far, revivals which began well have occasionally run out into extravagance, of course with an ultimately unhappy effect on religion. This was the case, for instance, in Kentucky, 1800-1803, where some very curious nervous affections were also developed.† 3d, That all along, the principles applied, whether to awaken consciences, or to guide them when awakened, or to enable men to test their own spiritual condition, were generally speaking the very same in which all true divines of the Reformation concur, applied, of course, with more or less skill in different cases. 4th, That many most important revivals were carried through with great quietness and solemnity, without the least symptom of tumult and disorder; but, 5th, That from about the year 1826 a popular preacher of the name of Finney began to introduce measures tending to produce excitement, and indicating a disposition to rely on the results of mere excitement. These measures for a few years found considerable acceptance in various quarters; were from the first opposed by many leading men of the American Churches, including those who had been most instrumental in previous revivals; and after causing a great deal of bitterness and division, gradually manifested their bad effects and lost what repute they had. It is a fair subject for consideration whether the American Churches may not have shown a disposition to rely too exclusively and lean too strongly to the revival form of spiritual work. But at all events, their long and continuous experience has led to important results. It has enabled the American Church, generally speaking, to arrive at guiding principles as to the best way of dealing with awakenings of this kind; and it has formed a public opinion among in-

telligent Christians, which has enabled them to eliminate from their revivals, at least in the principal religious bodies, unseemly excitement and contagious nervous affections. Thus the genuine nature of revival movements has become clear, and prejudices once naturally entertained have to a large extent given way. Those who desire to see the views of intelligent American Christians on this subject may consult Spragus's *Lectures on Revivals*, republished in this country by Collins many years ago. This volume contains a most valuable appendix of letters by American ministers of all denominations. For an interesting view of the best methods of American revivalism, with some views in the background of those which are less to be applauded, the reader cannot do better than consult the life of Nettleton, republished lately under the editorship of Mr. Bonar.

The course of our sketch has led us to omit till now any notice of the Welsh revival under Charles of Bala. Itinerant schools in this case prepared the way. Remarkable the great disadvantage under which the people were placed for want of ability to read the Bible, Mr. Charles, about 1785, started a system of itinerant teaching. The teachers remained three-quarters of a year in one place, and the classes were attended by adults as well as children. These schools were examined by Mr. Charles, often in the open air before immense numbers of people, generally on their Biblical knowledge. Great interest was awakened; and at length, in 1791, a very great awakening took place. Mr. Charles died in 1814, and to the close of his life a remarkable blessing rested on his labours.*

We do not think it necessary to dwell on more recent revivals in our own country and elsewhere during the present century. It is known that during the first three decades of it revivals occurred in Perthshire and various other parts of the Highlands of Scotland of an eminently satisfactory kind. Afterwards Lowland towns and districts became, here and there, scenes of similar work. At present there are in Great Britain more extensive tokens of religious movement than for very many years. May it prove as deep, spiritual, and lasting as it is extensive, and may it spread and deepen more and more!

Many remarks might be made in regard to the events now sketched. One occurs which has not been sufficiently adverted to; it refers to the results of the more local revivals. It has become very common in some quarters to speak of these results as very evanescent. The impression depends usually on an oversight. It *must appear* as though the results were evanescent by the very nature of the case. Thus, let there be at a given date in any town, village, or circumscribed district, a considerably larger proportion of any denomination than corresponds to the number of that denomination in the country generally. Whatever be the prosperity of that

* On the borders of Rhode Island.

† Its instructive history may be seen in the series of Princeton Essays reprinted by Messrs. Clark.

* For interesting notices of some British Revivals, an account of which is not to be readily found elsewhere, see a small work published by W. Oliphant and Son in 1836, "*Revivals of Religion in the British Isles*."

denomination in the country generally, it will seem to go back in the particular district, because the numbers who leave it will not be replaced in the same proportion from the surrounding districts. So also when a local revival has formed in any place a disproportionate number of lively Christians. These may remain earnest and devoted, but they will not remain *there*. They will gradually remove, die, &c.; they will be replaced by persons of whom the Christians may only be in the proportion which obtains over the country generally. And an observer coming to the place twenty years after will very readily be led to give his testimony in this shape: "I have been at —, and inquired; the revival there has left no fruit at all." It is a testimony founded on a mere blunder.

x.

A LIFE-PARABLE.

POOR Heinrich Müller was a weary boy when he laid down his knapsack and sat to rest under a linden-tree.

The smoke of the city of Hanover rose like a mist in the horizon, but in spite of the extreme flatness of the country, the city itself was still too distant to be seen. That blue mist brought many hopes and fears to the little orphan's heart. Could it be that he would really find a home there in his uncle's house, or would he need to lead still the same, dreary, wandering life that he had done since his mother's death? Heinrich was too tired to be very hopeful, and tears rolled down his cheeks while he ate the dry, black bread that remained in his knapsack. "I will read my parable again," he said to himself, "mother was so fond of it;" and taking from his pocket some stray leaves of a book, he read—

A LIFE-PARABLE.

"Two young travellers stood together, prepared for a journey. They were bound for the same country, and were going on the same road, but it was unlike any that I had seen before. It was intersected by many distinct pathways, and I could see that each traveller had his own appointed one. Some were long and some short, yet each led to the same neighbouring land. All were more or less difficult, but some had so much sunshine that the dazzled eye could not see the toils of the way, while others seemed to lie altogether in the shade.

"The two young travellers still stood hand in hand, but they were soon to part company. One, 'fairer than the sons of men,' had come to guide them on the way, and I wondered when I saw that he placed Lionel on a sunny path, and Gotthold—little, timid Gotthold—he carried to one in deepest shade. I thought that I would have put the little trembler in the sunshine, and, if need be, have sent his stronger comrade to that gloomy pathway, but their heavenly Guide answered me, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.'

"Now, I saw that while he was never far from either

of them, yet his tenderest care was given to my favourite Gotthold. Also, I saw that the child, who at first had cast wistful looks towards the sunny side of the road, was now satisfied, and went along in quiet trust, and I marvelled, until I saw that as the guiding pillar of fire lit up the Israelites' night, so there was a brightness in the shining One by his side that lightened up each successive step of the way he went.

"Poor child, he needed such a Guide, for Want and Sickness, two dreaded foes, kept close beside him, trying to make him halt or fall. After a while he encountered a great storm, and a thick mist of Temptation so darkened the air that I could no longer behold him, but when it cleared away the little traveller was safe. His heavenly Guide was very near to him then, and such a look of holy joy shone upon the child's face that he seemed to have forgotten that Want and Sickness were still tracking his footsteps. As he hastened on, he sang the old pilgrim's hymn with a clear, untroubled voice—

"'Fulness to such a burden is
As go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.'

"'Surely,' I thought, 'this is enough, and the sun will now shine on my little Gotthold's path!' But he did not need so poor a light.

"He had journeyed only a little further when a cloud of thick darkness began to close around him, but ere it hid him from my view, I saw him clinging closer to his beloved Friend, while he cried aloud, 'I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'

"Then I saw him no more, for another suffering child had gone to that land whose inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick,' and I heard the echoes of his welcome home. Then my heart said, 'Behold, we count them happy which endure.'

"All this time Lionel had been basking in the sunshine, till I wondered if so different a journey could lead to the same glorious end, so I turned to observe this other traveller Zionwards.

"The remembrance of that wondrous joy I had sometimes seen in Gotthold, made me expect a radiant look in every face I met upon the sunny side of the road. But it was not so; and least of all, was there any trace of it on Lionel's? Poor child, he had made quite a heavy burden to himself of various glittering baubles he had met with on his journey, for he fancied they were precious stones, while they were but tinsel scattered by an enemy's hand.

"Also, Flattery and Luxury were close beside him—two false-hearted followers they were, but he had mistaken them for friends, and had gladly entered into fellowship with them; and when I saw this I trembled more for him than I had ever done for Gotthold in his darkest days. In a little while the path he was treading took an abrupt turn till it became involved in the same gloom that had darkened all Gotthold's journey. A fierce storm arose; and on one ominous cloud that

came riding across the sky, I read, 'Riches make themselves wings and fly away,' and Lionel trembled as he went into the cloud. When I saw him again, the treasures he had prized were gone, but Flattery and Luxury were also far behind, and I thought that it was a light price at which to have bought off such treacherous foes. The glorious Guide of the travellers was near him now, and he had caught something of Gotthold's look of quiet trust.

"It was not long before the sun rose again upon him more brightly than before. Then Flattery and Luxury once more drew near, but Lionel would not now treat them as friends, and a hard battle he had to fight with them all the rest of the way. A long and toilsome journey he had; and as he marched steadily on, bearing the heat and burden of the day, he must have sometimes wished for the quiet of a shadier path, but his course never turned that way again. As he drew near to the end, this traveller on the sunny side was indeed satisfied with length of days, and was ready to exclaim, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' So, when his work was done, he, too, found an entrance into the courts above, and I saw him no more.

"This life-parable was closed, and I said, 'He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.'"

Heinrich had read his parable and learned its lesson. "I need not fear the shady side any more than Gotthold did," he thought, "for I, too, have Jesus for my Friend and Guide." So he re-adjusted his knapsack, and as he trudged along the dusty highway he wept no more, but began to sing, as Gotthold had done—

A PILGRIM SONG.

I journey along,
On a cloudy day,
Apart from the throng
Of the glad and gay.
But Jesus is near,
More perfectly known,
When we may appear
To travel alone.
Those passing along
With skies ever bright,
Have lost the sweet song
He gives in the night.

X. X.

THE MISSIONARY MARTYR OF DELHI.*

THE martyr roll of the late Indian Mutiny is not yet completed. One after another of the European and native Christians who endured that great fight of afflic-

tion are becoming known to us. Their names and testimonies are being rescued from oblivion, and added to the great company who have not counted their lives dear unto them. In a brief, unpretending, but truly interesting memoir, under the title of "The Missionary Martyr of Delhi," we are presented with a sketch of another of the sufferers of that period, whose missionary life was cut short after two years' service in the Indian field.

In the premature close of the career of John Mackay, the Baptist mission lost a young missionary of highest promise, whose calm, brave, faithful, meek, yet self-reliant spirit indicated a future of great results. Like other eminent men who have gone forth to the heathen, Mackay was of humble origin. Carey was a cobbler, Livingstone a factory-boy, Hunt a Lincolnshire farm-servant: yet what three men can be named who have more indelibly printed on India, on Africa, and the barbarous islands of the Fiji, their names and their works?

Born and brought up in St. Andrews by his parents, who belonged to the working classes, John Mackay was destined to follow in their steps. After some indecision in his choice, working at one time as a weaver, and then indicating a strong inclination to the more adventurous life of a sailor, he settled to the occupation of a stone-mason, yet not till he had received a good English education in the Madras College, and shown a decided liking to his books, and such a proficiency in scholarship as to carry off the highest prizes in all his classes. Even at this period the wish to attend college, and to gratify his thirst for knowledge, had taken possession of his mind, but his spirit was too independent to suffer him to burden his parents, or to admit of his soliciting assistance from any quarter. He resolved, like other minds of natural force and manly strength, to work his own way to the accomplishment of his purpose. In future years, and after knowing the severity of the struggle, he was wont to say that he deliberately preferred the course he had pursued to the seemingly more advantageous one open to young men who possessed the resources of their parents to draw upon. This opinion at least shows the native energy of his character, and that with John Mackay a difficulty was something to be conquered.

For the rough hard life of a stone-mason he was not well adapted. He was a slender, ruddy lad, his biographer tells us, with auburn hair and dark brown eyes; quiet, gentle, and intelligent; silent when glad, with just a shade of pensiveness in his look; his arm and hand liker those of a lady than of a stone-mason. But he liked his employment, took to it, became a cunning user of his chisel, and wrought skilfully and diligently at his trade during the summer and autumn months, that he might pursue his favourite studies during the winter at college. While working at an early period of his apprenticeship in a "squad" of forty or fifty men and boys at the last wing of the United College, within

* The Missionary Martyr of Delhi. A Memoir of the Rev. John Mackay, Baptist missionary, who was killed at Delhi, May 1857. By James Culross, A.M., author of *Lazarus Revived*. London: J. Heaton and Son, 21 Warrick Lane.

A brief and most instructive biography, with its great lesson of self-culture to youth; and setting forth a character of native strength and Christian decision that would have been better known in the mission-field but for the events that prematurely closed the life of its subject.

which he sat as a student a few years after, he gained the friendship of a young fellow-workman of kindred literary tastes, who has since risen to distinction at the Scottish bar. In a letter of this early friend of Mackay's referring to that period, an admirable sketch is given of his young friend, and no little insight afforded into the habits and character of Scottish workmen of the time. "There were twelve or more young men," he says, "in the same position as he and myself at that building, and twice as many journeymen, perhaps; upon the whole a very rough, drunken, and unintellectual set of men. With the exception of Mackay, not one of them that I remember cared to talk about a book, or anything of that sort, though there was abundance of shrewdness among them, and an amazing fertility in practical jokes and coarse wit. Mackay, having no blackguard faculty, was generally reckoned soft; and I am afraid I lay under the same imputation. Having come from the country I was obliged to fight eight or more pitched battles before I could reduce my town comrades to civility; but Mackay quarrelled with no human creature, and there was something in his quiet gentleness that secured him from being made the subject of pranks. We were often together, and at meal hours used to talk about many things. To me his knowledge was wonderful: he spent his leisure hours at Latin and Greek. I regarded him with a sort of veneration then, which has always continued, though its character has altered."

We know of few more encouraging examples to young men struggling under like difficulties in their aspirations after a higher education, than that presented in the life of John Mackay during these years of hard labour, yet of indefatigable, cheerful study. Coming home after his ten hours' hard work, he would get washed and dressed, and have tea or supper; and the rest of the evening, often deep on into the night, was given to his beloved books. He devoured everything that fell in his way excepting works of fiction, which he avoided from principle, and lest his time should be lost for the acquisition of substantial knowledge, not from any deficiency of the imaginative faculty. The love of knowledge was a passion with him. It was to him at that time the *summum bonum* of life. Dr. Livingstone tells us that he found a place for his book on the machinery of the mill where he wrought, "glancing off sentence after sentence as he passed too and fro to unloop or break the spinning threads." To the stonemason no such device was possible. The time devoted by John Mackay to his books was borrowed from his hours of relaxation—oftimes from his hours of needful repose, his wakeful mother finding him frequently far into the night still at his studies, or asleep by the fire with a book in his hand. In this way, without foreign aid, snatching scanty leisure from toil, he taught himself to read Virgil and Cicero with tolerable ease, and the Greek Testament with a little difficulty; acquiring also a considerable amount of general knowledge, besides some acquaintance with the French, German, and

Italian languages. His recollection of these years, even in his Indian home, haunted him like a sweet dream. His life, in spite of his severe toil, was happy—happy as a life can be which is still without the highest source even of earthly felicity,—peace with God. He was a cheerful workman, a keen, impassioned student, had intense pleasure in his studies, and tasted the joy of having a sympathizing friend.

But as yet he knew not the Friend the sinner needs. It was whilst in Edinburgh, about the beginning of the year 1847, whither he had gone to work at the Free Church College, that the tone of his letters underwent a great change, corresponding to a profound and happy change that had passed within his own bosom. A new element then breathed through his letters. He had passed consciously into the enjoyment of peace with God, felt himself standing beneath the awful yet joyful shadow of the cross, and visited by the shining ones as Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress. These letters being destroyed, renders it difficult to trace his religious history. One who knew him well states that he does not think that Mackay could have pointed out the precise time of his conversion, or even traced very certainly the general course by which he had been led; and adds:—"God-taught he undoubtedly was, but in that gradual manner that few understand." From the time of this visit to Edinburgh he yielded his whole soul to the Redeemer, and entered into the enjoyment of settled peace with God. The unexpected death of a brother occurring about the same time helped greatly to deepen his religious life. His own account of the change is this: "From the time I attended Sabbath school to my residence in Edinburgh, I had occasionally been under deep religious impressions; but these speedily subsided, and I was the more easily enabled to pacify my conscience, and sometimes even to persuade myself that I had found peace with God, that my life was free from immorality; and I was even considered by my fellow-workmen as somewhat of a religious turn. But about this time—the time of my residence in Edinburgh—I began gradually to give way to company; everything of a religious nature now vanished from my mind; and even my studies, in which I had formerly so much delighted, began to be neglected and resumed by fits and starts. At last my conscience became thoroughly alarmed. I found enough in my character to prove that I could not be a follower of Christ, and that if I continued in the course I was then pursuing, I must inevitably be eternally ruined. Through the grace of God I was at length enabled to extricate myself from the dangerous company in which I had become entangled, and, I trust, to enter upon a new life." Shortly after this he became a member of the Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of the Revs. Dr. Innes and Mr. Jonathan Watson.

The decisive change that had taken place in Mackay's spiritual character did not abate his passion for study.

It imparted to it a new spirit, and bent it into a single channel. Henceforth he felt he was no longer at liberty to have any other aim but the glory of God. On rare occasions, when he spoke of his inmost thoughts, he confessed it was still his besetting sin that he was prone to value learning for its own sake. But against the temptations of a merely literary enthusiasm he now strove and prayed. His one ambition was to labour and learn for the sake of a greater result. Studies in which he had delighted, but which had only a remote bearing, or none at all, on the ministerial vocation, he laid aside. It was in vain as he passed through college that his friends once and again urged him to work for a degree. Whether right or wrong in his opinion, he regarded the impulses that might have led him to covet such a distinction as among the things which he had left behind when he chose a nobler aim. In this decision he probably judged wisely. He knew himself; and what he believed he ought to do, at whatever sacrifice he did, as a matter of course. From the time of his decided change, the desire of becoming a missionary took possession of his mind. It was not a mere impulse of conversion. It grew with his Christian strength into a settled purpose; but with the reticence that marked his strength, he said nothing about it. The only thing his friends recollect indicative of his purpose of offering himself as a missionary, was his admiration of the apostolic labours and self-denial of Dr. Judson in Burmah. It was not, however, till the autumn of 1854, while supplying the Baptist Church at Arnsby, that he offered himself to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for service in any field they might appoint for him. His earlier purpose seems to have been revived by the associations of the neighbourhood where Fuller and Carey had resided. Hitherto he had been restrained from a final decision by a fear that his feelings in reference to missionary work were of too romantic a nature, and that they might not be sustained by his more mature judgment. How thoroughly his Christian reason approved of his resolution, may be gathered from a letter of this period, in which he writes: "Of late, when the difficulty of getting missionaries has been spoken of in my presence, I have frequently been ashamed that thousands should be ready at any time to hazard their lives in pursuit of vile riches, while so few are willing to do as much for the sake of Christ. I feel I should be doing violence to my conscience by occupying a sphere at home, while the pressing demand for missionaries still remained unanswered." In writing to his mother from Arnsby, he thus vindicates his decision with an earnestness and truth that may lead others to a like act of self-dedication. "So far," he says, "from choosing to become a missionary because I foresaw that I should not be successful at home, the more successful as a preacher I have the prospect of being, only makes the duty of consecrating myself to the missionary cause the more imperative. It appears to me that we have plenty of preachers at home, and more

than plenty. A few could be spared, not only without any loss to religion at home, but with very great benefit, provided they were sent where their services were more required. It would make those who are left behind more devoted; and it is not numbers, but devotedness, that must convert the souls of men. Besides, Christ has expressly commanded his Church to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. It is the duty, therefore, of *some* to go into all the world. But you will perhaps ask, Why should *you* go? If you can be useful at home, why should you leave your native country, your relatives and friends, and go to live in a distant land, where you may be exposed to many hardships and dangers? My dear parents, you can easily perceive that, if every one were to reason in this way, *none* would go to the heathen, and the command of Christ would remain unfulfilled. It is true that I am no more bound to go than others, unless it be that I believe it my duty, while others may not; and then, as the Scriptures say, 'To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.' But we have nothing to do how others act, when we wish to find out how we should act ourselves; neither is it our duty to remain where we are simply useful, and shrink from engaging in a more important enterprise, because it will subject us to some sacrifice. This is not duty at all; it is selfishness. Our duty is to do what we believe will most promote God's glory. 'For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.' The apostle does not say that none *ought* to live to himself; but he considers it as a matter perfectly well understood that no Christian *does* live to himself. I do not know how others may feel, but I could not regard myself as a Christian, were I persuaded that I was living to myself." It was with thoughts like these, but intensified by the ardour, and glowing into eloquence from the imagination of the writer, that Francis Xavier vindicated his mission to the East, when his friends opposed the perils of the Eastern Archipelago to his enterprise. "If these islands," was his eloquent reply, "had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would have courage enough to go thither, nor would all the perils of the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed because there are only souls of men to be gained. And shall Love be less hardy and less generous than Avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison;—it is an honour to which such a sinner as I may not aspire; but this I dare to say, that whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul."

After finishing his theological education at Horton College, one of the institutions of the Baptists, he received his appointment for India, and sailed from Liverpool in the *William Carey*, arriving in Calcutta on the Lord's day, 15th July. His first months in India were spent in Agra, and were devoted to the diligent study of the Hindi, and the careful observation of the

different methods of mission operation. Referring to this subject in a subsequent letter, he offers the following remarks, without venturing to pronounce in favour of any particular mode of mission action. "It would be premature," he says, "in me to express any opinion regarding the state of the mission, and the different plans pursued by missionaries for promoting the cause of the gospel, which things, I perceive from the report of the last May Meetings, are exciting considerable attention. My impressions both of men and of things have changed considerably since I came to India, and are still changing. One conviction, however, has never changed; but all that I have observed has only tended to confirm it, namely, that the true secret of a missionary's success is his self-devotion. I agree for the most part with what Mr. Brock has said in reference to the preaching of the gospel; but I believe, if other missionaries have not succeeded as well as Dr. Judson did, the difference of their success is not to be attributed so much to the difference in the *kind* of their labours, as to the difference of spirit which they manifest. Send out a self-devoted, self-denying, self-sacrificing man,—a man who is willing to submit to any inconvenience, to endure any bodily suffering and bodily labour, provided he can bring souls to Christ, and you don't need to tell such a man what course he ought to pursue. He will soon find that out for himself, as Judson did, and better than any one else can."

It was at Delhi, a city which recent terrible events have made as familiar to us as one of our home capitals, that Mackay was finally stationed. When he passed within its grey granite walls towards the close of the year 1835, no symptom of the tempest appeared that was on the eve of bursting over the heads of its European inhabitants; no trumpet note had sounded of the gathering, the battle, and the siege, that were so imminent. It reposed with its population of more than one hundred and fifty thousand under the peaceful shadow of British rule,—a city of the gorgeous East, rich in the historic glories of the past, and bearing the traces of its ancient grandeur in a palace of unrivalled magnitude and splendour. With a noble native convert, Walayat Ali, who shortly afterwards perished, bearing a testimony for the truth that ranks him in faith and fortitude amongst the primitive confessors, he began his labours in that city. From the very first he liked his work and his field of labour, and had entire faith in the triumph of the gospel throughout India, though he saw the progress was to be slow; and thought that he marked tendencies in the native mind, even after being brought under the influences of the gospel, which would flow away into monstrous errors and absurdities rivalling those of the Greek and Romish Churches. Whilst rapidly proceeding with the acquisition of the Urdu and Hindi, that he might at once address himself to the Mohammedan and Hindu population of Delhi, his labours and his life were cut short by the outbreak that

involved our Indian empire in peril, and clothed so many of our English families in mourning. With characteristic caution, and modest estimation of his own labours, he had written in his last letter, "I have not yet been cheered with any conversions. Many have come professedly as religious inquirers, some as candidates for baptism; but I have generally found that the true object of their inquiry was, how to better their worldly condition. Consequently, when they find no worldly hopes are held out to them, they generally cease to visit us, but we never think of despairing. With a noble cause to advocate, with millions of minds to operate upon, and above all, with the imperishable promises of divine assistance, we cannot but feel that, if we do not ultimately and speedily triumph, the blame must rest with the unfaithful workman." With these words scarcely dry from his pen, "the Missionary Martyr of Delhi" was called to seal his testimony with his blood. Under what precise circumstances he perished is unknown. For some time there was no certain information respecting him. It was known that he had gone down under the first wave of the mutineers that swept Delhi, though it was still hoped he might reappear. But the fact of his death was put beyond doubt, it being ascertained that, with a number of others, he perished in the ruins of a house assailed by the mob and the soldiery.

Though thus early removed from the field, his life was not in vain. The spirit of self-sacrifice never dies. It is transmitted from soul to soul. It passes from the expiring missionary, who, if he has done nothing else, bequeaths an example that perpetuates the race of apostolic men, through whom the world shall finally be subdued.

"LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD."

Mother. What does the Lord mean by the "dead burying their dead?"

Pastor. You saw a funeral pass on the other day to the church-yard. The mourners were all affected with a certain decent sympathy. They followed their neighbour's dust to its kindred dust, and wrapped it up in a winding sheet of dust. One of these felt that, though he might look back to the past with a certain pleasing melancholy pain, his relations to the dead were for ever at an end. These relations had never extended beyond the life that is lived in the body; and they were necessarily ended now that the body and its life were gone. In other words, in his case, a *dead spirit followed a dead body* to the grave. Now look at this man in his home. He has but a dead spirit. He can form no relation that is spiritual, eternal. He loves his little daughter truly, tenderly, passionately. But he loves her only with a natural affection—with a love that cannot follow her beyond the present life. All his tenderness to her, therefore, can effect no more than a "dead

burying the dead;" his life and hers is but a long funeral procession through life to death. With all his kindness and attentions he does but strew with flowers the path that leads from her cradle to her grave. Now, the Saviour says to the man that would follow him, "You would pay to the remains of your father a tribute of natural affection. Good! Go. But remember, as you go, that you are no longer as the mass of men who have no affection but that which is natural and evanescent. They are dead; they bury their dead; they are done with them; that is all. *But you*,—your relation to men is not exhausted by the natural affection, however laudable. You are not to rest contented merely with following dead men from the cradle to the grave. As a follower of mine, it is your office to raise dead men to life by the preaching of my gospel of the kingdom of God. Speak to them the words of that kingdom, by your words and your deeds, that they may live for ever, and that you and they may be united by an affection that can never end. Enter into a new and spiritual relation of sonship to God, so that, when you follow their dust to the dust, you may know that the spirit which you loved has gone before you, in immortal life, to a building of God, 'an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

Mother. Now I begin to understand what Simeon said to Mary.

Pastor. What do you mean?

Mother. When our baby was born, I read of the dedication of Jesus in the Temple; and I was terrified by what the prophet said to the blessed mother of the Lord, "A sword shall pierce through thy own soul also." I knew that the sword *must* pierce through the soul of the son; I felt that it must pierce the heart of his mother. But why, I asked of myself, should it pierce *through* her soul? Why should it utterly kill her? *She was not crucified for us.*

Pastor. Well, I daresay you are wiser, on a mother's text, than John Calvin. Tell me what you have learned from your heart about this piercing. What *was* this piercing,—this piercing *through*?

Mother. Ah, I felt it as soon as I had read the word, with my baby on my lap. The piercing was the wounding, the piercing through was the death, not of the woman, but of the mother in her heart. Even when she heard the prediction of the suffering of her son, she felt a pain like the shadow of death. When, at twelve years of age, he said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" her soul was pierced by the sharp sword of the word; she felt that there was a sense in which he was not her son, and she was not his mother. When she came to him in Cana, with a mother's doting pride, and was answered, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" the sword went deeper still. When, in the madness of her blindness she declared that he was mad, her soul was continually cut and torn by the sword of God's truth against a mother's pride. It was almost pierced through by his renouncing

her, declaring, "Who is my mother? He or she that doeth the will of my Father." But still she clung to her mother's pride. The sword that had pierced her had not pierced her *through*, until she saw him bleeding on Calvary. And then the mother died in her heart, as she looked on her son dead on the cross. Oh sir, I know it! I have felt it. You have watched with me while I saw my child pass away in darkness and terror from the earth.

Pastor. True. But how does this bear upon "the dead burying the dead?"

Mother. I see that you know what I mean. But, since you have asked me, I will tell you. Mary, even in nursing the Saviour, was more or less a dead mother burying a dead son. The natural affection overlaid, and killed, and buried the spiritual. She thought of him as her own more than as God's. You tell us, in your sermons, that every child belongs to God; that every child born into the visible Church belongs to Christ more than to its parents; that its parents, while enjoying the blessedness of the natural affection to their own child, are to hold it in subordination to a spiritual affection to the child as devoted to Christ, and committed to them, to train him up for Christ, as the ministers of God. Well, I feel that Mary must have thought of Jesus more as her own son than as God's; that the human love of the mother of Jesus threatened to supplant in her heart the divine love of the daughter of God; and that for this cause the sword was sent to pierce her through, that she might cease to love her human son, and learn to love her divine Saviour. A human son was given to her in the apostle John. A divine Saviour was fully revealed to her in that hour, when the mother was crucified on the cross that slew the son for her sins. The cross that slew him for her justification—oh, what a heavy one!—killed her for her sanctification,—oh, what a light one! And I think that from that hour the sword never passed through her soul, unless she look down from heaven, and feel a painless sorrow at the sight of idolaters who worship the mother of Jesus as a goddess, instead of blessing as a sister the daughter of God.

Pastor. Well?

Mother. Well, you know what I mean. When my eldest son fell away into open infidelity, you bade me search my past life, whether I had not trained him more for myself than for God. When my youngest daughter was taken away in infancy, you asked me whether it might not have been necessary to take this lamb before me to the fold, in order that I, poor foolish sheep, might give my heart more willingly to God. And now, as often as I look on the lambs that remain, I guard myself against allowing my natural affection to kill and bury the spiritual; I love them more dearly as a mother, because I have learned, by the discipline of the sword, to love them, not only with a natural affection as their mother, but with a spiritual affection as a minister of God.

Pastor. Thank you. You have preached me a sermon which I will not soon forget. M.

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

ANDREW FULLER.

PART FIRST.

THE name of ANDREW FULLER is associated in my mind with the commencement of a very definite era in my existence. His *Letters on Socinianism* was the first book, professing to be a theological treatise, which I ever read; and those who are acquainted with that volume will understand me when I say, that I then came to know, what I had up till that moment (strange, perhaps, to say) hardly conceived to be possible, that a work containing a scientific discussion of points in divinity could be made readable, and interesting, and even engrossing in its attractiveness to a boy. We have since learned to value Fuller for many other things. We think with satisfaction of his services in exposing the evil character and tendency of the hyper-Calvinism in the midst of which he was brought up. We remember with no less interest the intimate connection which he had with the founding and early support of the Serampore Mission. But our first impression of his writings has never lost its freshness—and we still continue to think of him chiefly as the clearest and most interesting theological writer we have ever yet met with.

His life supplies a remarkable illustration of what a single mind may do almost entirely unassisted. And yet, it is impossible to read it without a feeling of intense regret, that one so capable was permitted to enjoy so few advantages. If Andrew Fuller had had education and learning equal to his vigorous understanding, his strong common sense, and his powers of discrimination, there would have been few greater names connected with the sacred literature of England.

He was born February 6, 1754, at Wicken, near Ely, in Cambridgeshire. His parents were in comparatively humble life; and until he was seventeen years of age it seems to have been taken for granted that he was either to follow the occupation of his ancestors, which was that of farming apparently, or go to London or some other city to engage in trade. But in November 1771 an incident occurred which gave a new direction to his thoughts. He had, previously to this, undergone "the great change," joined the Baptist Church at Soham, and spent much of his time in the study of the Bible and of other religious books; and the society of which he was a member being exceedingly small, his talents and acquirements necessarily became known very soon to those who formed it. When, therefore, on a particular Sabbath morning in the month referred to, the Church which had a short while before lost its pastor, and had been depending in the interval for the conduct of its services on one of the deacons, met for public worship, and no one was forthcoming to give a word of exhortation, an application was made to the boy Fuller to meet the emergency. It so happened that on the previous

day his mind had been specially directed to one particular passage of Scripture. He had thought much upon it. His reflections in reference to it had arranged themselves into a train; and he recollected that at the time he imagined he could have discoursed from it. As then the case seemed urgent, and he himself was in a manner prepared, he did with much fear and trembling respond to the appeal. "I rose," says he, "and spoke from Psalm xxx. 5 for about half an hour, with considerable freedom." "After this," he goes on to tell us, "I was again invited to speak, and I did so; but, not enjoying that liberty which I did the first time, I was discouraged, and, though frequently asked, declined all such exercises for more than a year. But early in 1773, I think it was, brother Diver was absent again through an affliction, and I was invited once more to take his place. Being induced to renew the attempt, I spake from these words of the Lord, 'The Son of man came to seek and save that which is lost.' On this occasion, I not only felt greater freedom than I had ever found before, but the attention of the people was fixed, and several young persons in the congregation were impressed with the subject, and afterwards joined the church. *From this time the brethren seemed to entertain an idea of my engaging in the ministry.*" And not to linger here over the details, this idea was in a short while realized. The young evangelist, who, so far as his theology, at least, was concerned, was, in the strictest sense of the term, *self-educated*, who had never been within the walls of an institute or college, and had never sat even for the shortest time at the feet of any teacher of divinity, was ordained, in the spring of 1775, pastor of the Church at Soham, which for several years he had helped to edify. Although he received little or no formal training for the ministry, however, it need scarcely be said that he had his own most efficient "schools and schoolmasters." Such standard theological works as he could lay his hands upon were studied with a care and an independence of thought which speedily placed him on a higher level of knowledge than that which was occupied by many around him who had enjoyed greater advantages, and, in the various controversies into which he was soon led to engage, there was manifested a fulness of information and a ripeness of judgment which must have exceedingly surprised those who were acquainted with his antecedents.

His position as pastor of the Soham Church did not turn out to be very satisfactory. The members of it were high and dry hyper-Calvinists, who entirely disapproved of any appeal being made to the unconverted, while in his mind, even before his ordination, there had appeared the germs of those thoughts to which he afterwards gave expression in his "Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation." A want of hearty sympathy, therefore, between minister and people soon began to show itself. Besides, he had married. Children were growing up around him. His stipend was, at the highest, *thirteen*

pounds a-year! and though he tried to supplement this princely allowance, first by keeping a small shop, next by opening a school, neither effort was so successful as to protect him from the pressure of many difficulties. A friend (the father of the famous Robert Hall) saw his distress, and, rightly judging that he was fitted for a very much higher sphere, turned the attention to him of a vacant congregation in *Kettering*, Northamptonshire. A call was sent to him, accordingly, from this place; and, after much hesitation and long delays (for he clung to Soham with a tenacity of affection which was equally affecting and extraordinary), he made up his mind to accept it. In October 1782 he went to labour for a year on probation, and in the following October he was settled as the regular pastor.

It was some time after he had commenced his ministry in *Kettering* that Mr. Fuller began to be known to a wider world than that in which hitherto he had been content to move. His upbringing among hyper-Calvinists, and the suspicions which were early awakened in his mind that their treatment of the unconverted was derogatory to the gospel, led him to give much of his time to the study of the nature of *faith*, and, having arrived at what he conceived to be a satisfactory conclusion in regard to it, he published a treatise showing the universal obligation of the principle. The work called forth several answers, and he was launched, in consequence, into the troubled sea of controversy. It cannot, however, be said of his controversial writings, as must be said of most of the class, that they have chiefly a local and temporary interest. They are eminently practical in their cast, and the vein of controversy which runs through them in many cases serves even a good purpose—that of giving a liveliness and a precision to the statements which they might not otherwise possess.

Ten years after his settlement at *Kettering* we find Mr. Fuller engaged in another sort of work—a work which gave him more pleasure in the retrospect than any other he had ever taken a part in. This was maturing plans for the formation of the “*Baptist Missionary Society*.”

In the Northamptonshire Association of Ministers to which he belonged, the duty of sending the gospel to the heathen had been often discussed, and prayer offered that a way might be opened for the discharge of it. At length matters were brought to a point. A meeting was held on the 2d of October 1792, at *Kettering*, for the formation of a society, and the now powerful organization which we have named was there launched into existence with a capital of £13, 2s. 6d. Dr. Carey, as is well known, was the first agent of this body, and the lustre of his name will for ever rest upon it as a glory. “My heart,” says Fuller, of this new undertaking,—“my heart has been greatly interested in it. Surely I never felt more genuine love to God and to his cause in my life. I bless God that this work has been a means of reviving my soul, if nothing else comes of it; and many more have obtained a spiritual advantage.”

For the twenty years which followed his time was chiefly occupied with the affairs of the mission. He travelled on its behalf through England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and it was doubtless due to his laborious and unremitting exertions that the work prospered as it did. While thus engaged, however, he felt deeply the injury that was done to his own congregation by his frequent absences; and fain would he have given up the journeys, at least, and remained quietly at home. But this difficulty constantly presented itself. “Our undertaking to India,” said he, “really appeared to me on its commencement to be somewhat like a few men, who were deliberating about the importance of penetrating into a deep mine which had never before been explored. We had no one to guide us; and while we were thus deliberating, Carey, as it were, said, ‘Well, I will go down if *you* will hold the rope.’ But before he went down, he, as it seemed to me, took an oath from each of us at the mouth of the pit, to this effect, that while *we* lived we should *never* let go the rope. You understand me. *There was great responsibility attached to us who began the business.*” Necessity was thus, as he thought, laid upon him, and though he often took a very gloomy view of his engrossing and multifarious engagements, he held on by the rope to the very last.

Much of the interest of this part of his life is connected with the tours which he made on behalf of the society. He was, for example, no fewer than five times in Scotland, and during these visits he was brought into intimate and friendly relations with many of the good men there who, at that time, were also bestirring themselves on the subject of missions. Some of the incidents which occurred in the course of his travels we may have an opportunity of noticing in our next number. Meanwhile, as it is the design of this part merely to give an outline sketch of his external life, all that remains for us to say now, is, that after doing many and great services in the cause of truth and the propagation of the gospel, Andrew Fuller entered into his rest, on May 7, 1815.

He was, says Robert Hall, “a man whose sagacity enabled him to penetrate to the depths of every subject he explored; whose conceptions were so powerful and luminous, that what was recondite and original appeared familiar; what was intricate, easy and perspicuous in his hand; equally successful in enforcing the practical, in stating the theoretical, and discussing the polemical branches of theology; without the advantages of early education he rose to high distinction among the religious writers of the day, and in the midst of a most active and laborious life left monuments of his piety and genius which will survive to distant posterity.”

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

I HAD been reading an old story of romance. The valiant knight advanced to a lofty tree, surrounded by the spell of some nameless sorrow. With his puissant

arm be swung his mighty battle-axe, and cleft the tree open with the blow. From the cleft tree there came forth a beautiful princess, his lady love, who had been shut up in that strange prison by an envious malignant fairy.

I fell asleep, and as I slept, I dreamed. In my dream I saw a stately tree with wide-spreading branches. I and my children dwell beneath its shadow, shielded from the winter's storm and summer's heat. But while thankful for the shelter, and proud of the tree that sheltered me and mine, I felt a great want in my heart, the want of the love of my youth. My husband had reared that shelter, but he himself was imprisoned in the tree; and if I had had a strong arm and sharp axe, I would have cleft it open, though at the cost of its death. I would have joyfully given up its shelter in return for the husband of my youth restored to me, heart to heart, as in the days of old.

When I awoke and thought of my dream, I found the interpretation. The whole universe is such a tree. It is full of God. But though he be seen near to us, yet by nature we have no free intercourse with him, of heart answering to heart, love answering to love. There is between us an "enmity," a "wall of partition," an invisible but impassable barrier, the work of sin. But Jehovah himself has removed that barrier wall. First, the rod of the law smote the Rock of Ages, and there gushed forth the fulness of God's redeeming love. Then, the rod of the gospel smites the rocky heart of man, cleaves it open to admit the love of God, and to be filled with a responding love, which in due time will "spring up" as the living waters from a full fountain. So there is realized a free and blissful communion of sinful men with God the Father in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But by the same sin there was a "wall of partition" between man and man. Not only did Jew and Gentile reciprocally hate and despise one another—nation was against nation, family against family, brother against brother. Even where there was a natural affection, there was no spiritual affection—the free flow and interflow of the love of spirit to spirit, of child of God to child of God. Above all, was this dismal solitude of the spirit felt by us poor women. For the most part we were regarded and treated as slaves; nowhere were we regarded, and honoured, and loved as sister-spirits, the image of the same Father in heaven, the heirs of the same heavenly inheritance, with our brother-men. While they built us a house, and sheltered us and our children, they themselves, alas! and their love were shut up in the tree by a cruel pride of sex. But the gospel has restored the first estate in its blissful glory. While the husband, as head of the house, is "the image and glory of God," yet he is to the wife what Christ is to his Church—a bridegroom, delighting in his bride, not only protecting her and providing for her and her children, but, as the most precious provision of all, continually giving himself, in the free communion of spirit with

spirit, of love answering to love, walking through life by her side, aiding and cheering her, as inhabited by the same spirit, journeying to the same endless home. Such is the constitution of the Christian family.

But I often sadly feel the want of this communion. My husband is a truly Christian man. He loves me as sincerely as when he first led me to his house. And his life is spent in providing for me and mine; he cannot rest while we want a material comfort. But he is so absorbed in providing for our bodies, that he neglects due provision for our souls. I do not mean that he does not pray with us and for us, that he does not give due heed to the godly instruction of the children; but he neglects to give us himself. He shuts himself up in his office through the day, as he must do. But when he comes home at night I often see that he is shut up in his office still; and I sometimes notice a cloud on his brow. I know that he has a brooding care which he conceals from me, thinking to spare me pain. Ah, cruel kindness! that defrauds me of the privilege of bearing the half of his burden, and comforting him so that the other half shall not be felt. I do not want to know his business secrets. But I do long to be admitted to my wife's portion of the cares that oppress his heart. And if that were once given, the rest would follow; I would have the confidence, the confiding love, the spiritual communion, which is my due as a Christian wife. I do not wish to be fondled, and petted, and protected at the expense of a husband's trustful love. He ought to know that, with the kindest intentions, he is treating me, not like a Christian wife, his equal and yoke-fellow, but as a child or a slave. He ought to know that I would far rather wander in poverty with his heart, than wallow in luxury without it. And am I not without his heart, does he not compel my heart to starve for lack of a husband's love, so long as, in his cruel kindness, he keeps himself shut up in the tree?

Tell Christian husbands, to take care that they do not, like heathens, shut themselves up in the tree; and to remember that they are bound to be to their wives, not only the image of God, in ruling and providing, but also the image of Christ, in the intimate fellowship, the free intercourse of love.

And oh! beseech husbands who are not Christians, to consider how they will answer to God for having lived as *no* Christians with their wives; hindering their growth in grace if *they* be Christians; and if they be not, necessarily, with all the might of a husband's place and power, dragging down the wife—whither?

B.

THOUGHTS FROM AN OLD NOTE-BOOK.

"As long as I am in this my tabernacle. . . . Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle."—2 PET. IV. 13, 14.

"*This my tabernacle!*"—what a depth of meaning in the simple yet mysterious expression! This body,—my

dwelling, my home, something which belongs to me, but only an appendage or property distinct from *myself*. Not my dwelling-house, but tabernacle,—a slight, perishable abode, intended only for temporary use, and soon to be dispensed with, or exchanged for a more lasting residence. What varied thoughts arise as I dwell upon that mysterious subject, the union of soul and body, spirit and clay; the strange union now, the strange separation so soon to take place!

Strange union now,—how unlikely, how inconsistent, in some views how unsuitable! This body,—wonderfully constructed indeed, a masterpiece of divine skill and wisdom,—still so frail, so perishable, so liable to accident, suffering, weakness, fatigue, so slow and cumbersome in its movements, so soon to become the prey of corruption—altogether such a clog, and confinement, and hindrance to its spiritual tenant and companion. Then this soul, how passing strange and wonderful a thing,—its properties so various, its powers so great!—even while thus encumbered by flesh and defiled by sin, yet possessing memory to travel over the past, and imagination to grasp the future, with reason, conscience, love, all the faculties and affections which deal with present joys or sorrows. The “thoughts which wander through eternity,”—the intellect which gives birth to new ideas, or feasts upon those of more gifted spirits,—the *mental vision*, which can in a moment transport me far away to scenes and friends from which oceans may now divide, or from whom death may long have separated me,—all this, and much more, how incomprehensible! Yes, it is a strange union now, which confines this subtle, restless, spiritual being within a cottage of clay, ready to be “crushed before the moth.” But in one respect the frail body has the advantage. It has not *sin* to answer for; it may be the agent, but not the prompter: the cause, the spring, the root of moral evil, all lie within. Ah, how surely is sin interwoven with my spiritual self! What cause have I to exclaim, “Who shall deliver me?”

Strange separation also, at last inevitable, and already perhaps near at hand. The union now is so intimate, and has lasted so long, that at times I feel quite unable to contemplate the idea of its dissolution. The thought of being *unclothed*, of entering a purely spiritual world, is overwhelming. Yet how calmly the apostle Peter here speaks of the transition! And perhaps, after all, as Isaac Taylor so beautifully argues, the change to the believer may not be so great or overpowering as he supposes. How often I have found a few days make me feel quite at home in a new locality, where I never was before, which very recently I knew nothing of. My occupations, my duties, and the scenery around, may

be different, but I find myself the same. I shall be *myself* still, whether “in this tabernacle,” or having “put it off.” Oh, for that faith which can anticipate the hour with joy, rather than alarm, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.

“For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.” The reunion yet in prospect between the redeemed soul “made perfect” and the resurrection body—who can conceive its glory, its blessedness!

“BEING LET GO.”

ACTS IV. 23.

“AND being *let go*, they went to *their own company*.” This simple statement presents a beautiful example of the instincts and tendencies of the human nature. We always find that when a man is released from some special engagement—set free from some special demand upon him—in a word, when he is “let go,” he will, most probably, seek the company of those who are most congenial to his tastes. When parade is over, the soldiers betake themselves to their various associates and pursuits. When a school breaks up, the pupils do the same. When the warehouse or counting-house is closed, the young men betake themselves, some to the religious assembly, some to the reading-room, some, alas! to the tavern, the theatre, or the gambling-house. “Being let go,” they are almost sure to go to “their own company.” It is when a man is fully at leisure that you see what his bent and tendencies really are. When he gets free from present claims, you will be able to judge of the pursuits and companions of his heart’s selection. Two men may be seen standing behind the same counter, from eight in the morning till six in the evening; but mark them when the clock strikes six—observe them when “let go”—and you will find one making his way to the tap-room, and the other homewards or to some place of instruction. Thus it is always. “Being let go,” we soon find out “our own company.”

Reader, how do you act when “let go?” What company do you seek? Do you betake yourself to those who, like the assembly in Acts iv., occupy themselves in holy worship, prayer, and praise? Or do you own as your companions the giddy and the thoughtless, the profane and the immoral, the scoffer and the sceptic? Search and see. Just ask yourself, when next you take your seat in the midst of your *own company*, “Would I, at this moment, like to hear ‘the voice of the archangel and the trump of God?’” Where, in such a case, would your “own company” be?—*Anon*.

DR. SCORESBY.*

TO a man of Christian heart and deep religious feeling, there are few things more painful than the reading of biographies. Part of a life—a particular enterprise, or study, or episode—even in the history of a thoroughly worldly man, we may read and enjoy. But a biography, in the nature of it, professes to be a whole; and when we take up most of the biographies of distinguished men, and find them so miserably, and irreparably, and eternally *incomplete*, so far short of the “whole of man,” even in that lowest sense in which every saved sinner is redeemed in Christ from hopeless imperfection, there settles down upon us a profounder sense of melancholy than is produced by almost any other kind of reading. Who has not felt this, for example, in closing the delightful Life of Sydney Smith, so full of lavish wit, and wisdom, and kindness, and geniality, all through; and then, when the end comes, nothing better—nothing higher! After all, disguise it as we may in our graceful modern religionism, death is the test of life. “Call no man happy till after his death,” said an old heathen—how truly! For only then can the life be summed up and the balance struck—on the side of mere vanity and loss, or on that of absolute and surest gain. Is there in all literature anything more touching than the last words of that great and noble astronomer, Tycho Brahe,—“*Ne frustra visisse videar!*” (Lest I seem to have lived in vain.) His biographers record the broken and muttered words of the stout-hearted old man with a protest: “How could he be said to have lived in vain who hath made such solid and grand additions to the sublimest of the sciences?” Alas! those dim and failing eyes saw into a higher region than the sublimest of the sciences could lead him, or than his biographers had courage to follow. May we also not “seem” to have lived in vain, when life for us shall be a thing passing and gone!

Most readers remember Dr. Scoresby in connection with the scaling of icebergs in the North Sea and the measurement of Atlantic waves. But many will remember, too, that he was a devoted clergyman of the Church of England, and not ashamed of the gospel of Christ amid the pursuits and honours of science. On such a life, therefore, we may love to linger, sure that any earthly deficiencies are temporary and partial, and hoping to glean some lessons from its pages for those who remain behind.

WILLIAM SCORESBY was a whaler, and the son of a whaler, his father being a native of the east of Yorkshire.

“Physically, he was tall, weak, and delicate in constitution; mentally, he was timid, anxious, and scrupulously conscientious.” His conscientiousness was doubtless imbibed from his mother, who is said to have been of eminent piety. When ten years of age the child smuggled himself on board his father’s ship, bound for Greenland, which, in a few days after, had the narrowest escape from being captured by a privateer, getting off by the ingenious device of bearing down boldly upon the enemy, and suddenly running out a few guns, so as to induce the belief that she herself was a war-ship in disguise. For some six years after this he attended school at Whitby, then commenced whaling with or for his father, and, at the age of seventeen, had a session at the University of Edinburgh. In 1807 he went with some gun-boats to Copenhagen, in the expedition to capture the fleet there, meeting with many adventures, which he tells with sailor-like simplicity. About this time he began to exhibit that talent for scientific observation which afterwards distinguished him, and made the acquaintance of Sir Joseph Banks and Professors Jameson and Playfair. In 1811 he married, and this appears to have been the occasion of a considerable advance in those pious *tendencies* and aspirations which from his childhood had not wholly left him. These feelings, somewhat hindered by the life of continual adventure which he now led in the north seas, were very much deepened by the ministrations and society of the Rev. Dr. Holloway of Whitby; but Dr. Scoresby, in his autobiography, still considers himself to have been not yet within the kingdom of heaven. But in 1817, after a very unsuccessful voyage, a more important crisis in his mental history was reached.

“On my passage home, the most complete surrender of heart to God, and the most perfect abandonment of reserved sin that I had ever made occurred. It was on Sunday, the 13th of July, and was the effect, I believe, of reading to the sailors, with more than ordinary attention, a sermon of Mr. Burder, from the text,—‘And Elijah came unto all the people and said, *How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him, but if Baal, then follow him*’ (1 Kings xviii. 21). It was in walking the deck, after divine service, that the application of the subject came forcibly to my conscience. I read it with interest; but God now first applied it to my benefit. And the train of thought, being remarkable, deserves to be mentioned.

“I was now nearly approaching home. The view of the English coast, along which we were sailing, produced a train of reflections on expected happiness, checked by the recollection of our scanty cargo, that was productive of much mortification and disappointment to

* Just out, “THE LIFE OF DR. SCORESBY.” By his Nephew, R. E. Scoresby-Jackson, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., &c. Crown 8vo, with Portrait and Illustrations, Price 7s. 6d. T. Nelson and Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

my desire of soon gaining a comfortable independence. Methought God was working against me. My labours for three years had been increasingly unprofitable. They now hardly promised to me the supply of my necessary wants. 'I will leave off the sea,' thought I; 'the little property I have acquired will produce £120 or £150 a year, and on this, with any accidental acquisition from finding out other employment, I may live, in an economical manner at least, entirely on shore. I shall then be no longer exposed to the freaks of fortune, but shall defy all casualties and mortification of unsuccessful voyages, and may have the continued enjoyment of domestic intercourse and blessings of the land.' But my conscience smote me; it suggested, it was not owing to the freaks of fortune that I was no longer prosperous; it was the hand of God; and although I should retire from the sea, that hand could reach me there, reduce me to beggary, and blast all my schemes of happiness, formed independent of my Maker.

"It was now that the sermon of Burder was fully applied to my conscience. I found I was one of those halting between two opinions; I was maintaining a reserve of sin, or refusing the complete surrender of myself to God. My irresolution was manifest to me. I was one of the persons described under the first head of the discourse; being irresolute and undetermined whether to be religious or not. To the question suggested by the text—'If the Lord be God,'—my heart and experience answered, 'The Lord he is God—the Lord he is God.' And the command—'Then follow him'—was impressed on me with such force, by the Spirit of God, I doubt not, that for the first time in my life I felt disposed to make a total surrender of myself, and give myself up unto God."

A year or two after, he writes from Edinburgh (where he remained for some time writing his book on the Arctic regions) to his sister, strongly urging upon her the giving up of all for the rich reward of a new heart given by Christ, concluding thus,—"What I have written is the effect of experience. I have been much indebted for the reading of God's providences to my esteemed friend, Dr. H.; he first led me to discover that every occurrence of life had some particular design, and that all things work together for good to them that fear God. I can truly say that I have found the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. I was never half so happy before I came to this knowledge, and never enjoyed so much of life. Pleasures or enjoyments which are sinful have no temptation for me; but I have yet many rational enjoyments and pleasures,—domestic pleasures, social pleasures, and pleasures afforded by intercourse with great and good men, and, above all, the pleasure derived from a sense of the favour of God, and from a sweet experience of the love of God in the heart, which, indeed, passeth all understanding. I used to fancy that I must give up all enjoyments if I became religious; but now I find that things I used to call pleasures would now dis-

gust me, whilst a multitude of new enjoyments have burst upon me."

It was in the year 1820 that he introduced on board of his ship the regulation as to no fishing on the Sabbath, to the successful working of which he long after published an emphatic testimony. He always kept up the habit of reading prayers and sermons on board ship, and one of his own prayers, offered in name of the whole ship's company, on setting out on a voyage, has been preserved in his biography, and is singularly rich, and humble, and full of unction. We may notice that, during his stay in Edinburgh, on one occasion, he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, and, being invited to meet a party at his house on the Sabbath-day, wrote in reply—"I fear I cannot have the honour of waiting upon you on Sunday at dinner, agreeably to the arrangement you were so kind and polite as to propose. For some years, indeed, I have declined visiting on that day of the week; though I readily and honestly acknowledge that in this instance the privation is greater than on any occasion that ever before occurred."

The chief outward transition in Dr. Scoresby's life was now to be made. In 1823 he left the sea, and studied at Cambridge with a view to the Church. On obtaining orders, he first acted for some time as curate at Bessingby, and was then appointed to the Floating Church at Liverpool, the trustees wisely choosing a man who knew something of a sea life himself. "All," says Dr. Scoresby, "who intimately know sailors, are aware that there is an idiom, not only in their conversation, which is peculiar, forcible, and striking, but likewise in the ordering of their thoughts. Not that this would require sea-phrases so much as nautical illustrations—than which, to a sailor, nothing could be so intelligible or expressive. Yet no landsman can attain the force of that illustration; and, in proof of this, I would venture to say that no landsman can imitate a chapter of the 'Naval Sketch-book.' A simple illustration would expose him to a sailor's ears as certainly as the Ephraimites by their *Sibboleth*." After spending about five years here, he removed to Bedford Chapel, Exeter; where he worked for several years, which were sadly chequered by the death of his two sons at short intervals. From Exeter, upon receiving his degree in divinity from his university after a ten years' probationary course, he was transferred to the position of Vicar of Bradford, where he wrought for some time amid great difficulties and opposition. But on his leaving the town, in June 1847, the chairman of a farewell meeting could enumerate as follows some of his successful exertions:—

"Four schools have been built by the efforts of that gentleman, at a cost of about £4000, and, with one exception, entirely on his own responsibility as to the funds. When Dr. Scoresby came to Bradford, there was not a single child under daily education in connection with the parish church, now about 1500 children were receiving daily instruction, exclusive of some 1200 Sunday scholars. Besides the erection of these schools,

Dr. Scoresby had also undertaken the entire pecuniary responsibility of carrying on all the day, and some of the Sunday-schools, relying only on the children's pence, the annual collections, and, for two or three years, a small contribution by the National Society. Their expenses exceeded the sum of £4000. They were also indebted to Dr. Scoresby for the establishment of the Church Institution, for the expenses of which he was for two or three years solely responsible, besides giving his valuable assistance in lectures, &c. He might also refer to the subdivision of the parish, now in progress; the raising of funds for district churches, as at Ecclehill; and to the introduction of so efficient a body of clergymen into the town."

The remainder of his life Dr. Scoresby spent in Torquay, voluntarily acting as assistant to the Rev. Mr. Wolfe of Upton. In 1856, this was broken in upon by a voyage to Australia, undertaken with the view of making certain verifications of his theory of magnetism in iron ships, the vessel being the ill-fated *Royal Charter*, one of the most magnificent and strongest vessels ever built, but afterwards dashed to pieces on the coast of Wales in a terrific hurricane. In both the outward and homeward voyage Dr. Scoresby acted as chaplain, having, as he said, "a compact parish of four or five hundred souls." After his return home, he went north to Scotland, to lecture to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, and on this visit experienced the first symptoms of his last illness. He returned, however, to Torquay, and in his beautiful villa in that beautiful but fatal spot, wore up under the distressing symptoms of valvular heart-complaint, till the 21st of March 1857. Mr. Wolfe, his pastor or colleague, gives an interesting account of his last visits to the old seaman, *sailor*, and soldier of Christ:—"He said he was quite resigned to the will of his heavenly Father, and was most happy in the thought of death; that he knew Him in whom he believed, and was sure he was able to keep that, even his soul, which he committed to him, safe against the great day. After some further conversation, he broke forth into the most earnest exposition of his own feelings upon the subject of those doctrines and principles which he had inculcated on others. 'My dear friend,' he said, 'I would that all should know the satisfaction and comfort I myself can now derive from those doctrines which I have ever maintained and preached. I thank God I can *now* feel the truth in my own heart as I have declared it to others. I thank God I feel those doctrines *now* to be the truth as it is in Jesus. I have preached *Christian practice and conduct* as well as *faith*, and I *now* see and feel the force of it. I have ever condemned, and I now repeat my condemnation, of the mere sentimentalism of religion,—'Faith without works is dead.' He went on in this strain until he was almost exhausted." On the same occasion he declared emphatically,—"Under the solemn feeling that I am a dying man, under the weakness and oppression of bodily suffering, the Prayers of the Church, in the Book of Common Prayer, are to

me most expressive of my wants and feelings—are most comforting and consoling; and come most appropriately home to me in my sickness and weakness." On his monument in Upton Church are sculptured a ship and anchor, a mariner's compass, and an open Bible; while the remainder of the funds subscribed for a monument were applied to the perpetual endowment of a bed in Torbay Infirmary, to be called THE SCORESBY BED, and to be kept for the use of sick sailors.

Dr. Scoresby belongs to that class of men for whom England is famous—keen, practical workers, unsentimental, but indefatigable. His passion for adventure and travel was extraordinary, and his power of observation marvellous. Nor was his activity in another direction less remarkable. His published works amount to *ninety-one*, nearly thirty of which are sermons or lectures, and the rest scientific monographs. This life of ceaseless activity had no doubt the effect of to some extent rounding away the original individuality of his character, but it must at the same time have tended to keep it healthful and vigorous. His transition from a sea-life to the service of Christ's Church was evidently made from the purest and most disinterested motives, and more, perhaps, from the strong desire to do good in the most direct way, than from the feeling of any internal call or peculiar fitness for the work. His evangelical sentiments are peculiarly strong and uncompromising in their expression, especially at this time of his life; as is usual with those who have received them simply from the pulpit, not grown into them by prolonged personal thought or theological study. His life, indeed, gives us sometimes the puzzling feeling of two distinct lives bound up in one; and the transitions from the mere scientific observer to the mere devout pastor or preacher, and then back again to the mere sailor, are made so suddenly as somewhat to baffle our endeavours to apprehend *the man*. Yet a man evidently there was, saved by God's grace, working steadily and honestly through a long and most active life, keeping his eye fixed on the very highest points proposed to our faith, while his hands were occupied in doing with their might all that lay nearest to them to do.

N.

THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

WHEN the first great Christian revival took place, and the marvellous spectacle was exhibited of unlettered men suddenly gifted with the knowledge of other languages, and preaching to the people assembled from all quarters in Jerusalem with an "utterance" which produced the most startling effects, it is not surprising to hear that the spectators were in doubt, and began to ask one another, "*What meaneth this?*" Happily there was one on the spot who could fully and authoritatively explain the matter to them. Peter rehearsed the whole history of the manifestation, from its remote origin in the free promise of God, to its immediate cause in the

glorification of the Saviour; and having shown the intimate connection subsisting between the shameful act of the crucifixion, in which they had taken a part, and the glorious and unexpected consequences which they were then witnessing, he in a manner sums up the whole in this single and pregnant sentence:—

“Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear.”

We have here the Trinity—the three persons in one Godhead—brought distinctly and prominently under our notice. There is the Father exalting the Son to his own right hand; there is the Son, having finished the work that was given him to do, reascending to the place of glory; and there is the Holy Ghost, or the Holy Spirit, who has a work in the world to do after the Son has left it, in applying the salvation which he purchased, in converting sinners, in perfecting saints, in communicating and sustaining spiritual life. Let us observe what is said in this passage as to the mutual relations of the three persons.

1. In the economy of grace, *the gift of the Holy Spirit is described as being ultimately in the hands of the Father.* “The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things.” “When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send unto you from the Father.” “I will pray the Father, and he will give you another Comforter, who shall abide with you for ever.” Is it a matter of any practical importance to remember this fact? Certainly it is. Every one who has read attentively the many discourses of Jesus reported in the Gospel of John must have been struck with the frequency with which he makes mention of the name of his Father. How was this? What are we to infer from it? This much, at least,—that the honour of the Father was dear to the Son’s heart, and that he would have all his followers understand and recollect that that Father is the fountain and spring of all mercy. Any one, then, who goes to the throne of grace to ask the blessing of the Spirit, and has no eye at all to the fact that with the *Father* especially is the residue of the Spirit, cannot be said to have the mind of Christ, and can hardly expect to be successful in his pleading.

2. Again, it is implied in Peter’s statement that the gift of the Holy Ghost had been made the subject of a *special promise.* It is said of Christ after his resurrection, that, being assembled together with his disciples, he “commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for *the promise of the Father*, which, saith he, ye have heard of me.” And here we have evidence that they had attended to the form of the command which was then addressed to them; for when the effusion of the Holy Ghost did actually take place, this is how they described it to others: “Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and *having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost*, he hath

shed forth this which ye do hear and see.” Now, we are not to suppose that the whole meaning of this expression is exhausted when we have pointed to the prophecy of Joel, and to its fulfilment on the day of Pentecost. The gracious influences of the Spirit are, without a doubt, *a covenant blessing.* Between the Father and the Son, before the beginning of the world, a special agreement was entered into, and the former was, so to speak, under a direct obligation to grant the Spirit whenever the latter had implemented his part of the engagement.

3. Another idea suggested here is, that although the Father is the original spring of these gracious influences, *he does not dispense them immediately out of his own hand.* The contracting parties were not the Father on the one hand, and *the Church* on the other. The covenant was made between the Father and *the Son*; and when the time came for the fulfilling of its conditions, the blessing purchased was, in the first instance, paid into the hands of Him who alone had the right to it—viz., into the hands of the Mediator. And so when we come to inquire how the gracious influences of the Spirit do at last reach the earth, we find that there is but one open channel for them, and that is Christ. He received from the Father the promise of the Spirit, and He shed it down on the Church at Jerusalem. The one dispenser of the gracious rain is the Lord Jesus.

4. Further, there is something specially noticeable about the form of the expression: “Therefore, *being exalted*, he has received the Spirit.” The dispensation of the Spirit is one of Christ’s kingly acts, and doubtless the words are used to set forth that fact; but there is in them also a back look upon that state of humiliation out of which he was raised. It was in consequence of his attaining to a glorious place at his Father’s right hand, after finishing the work that was given him to do, that he got the Spirit to bestow upon his Church. The blessing was procured and purchased by, and as the result of, his rising to the throne which he now occupies. He died and rose again, and ascended up into heaven; and it was then, and not till then, that he acquired the full right to do what he did on the day of Pentecost. The words, “Therefore, being exalted, he hath shed forth this,” take us back upon the whole process of his mediatorial work (of which his exaltation was the crowning or culminating point), and make us feel—what, indeed, was the truth—that the outpouring of the Spirit was the divine assurance or public testimony to the fact that the purchase-money of redemption had to the uttermost farthing been paid. “He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. *Wherefore*” (here is the explanation of Christ’s accession to the kingly dignity; it was not a mere matter of natural and necessary inheritance—it was an honour purchased by his own high and worthy deeds, and it and all that

followed were but rewards suitable and appropriate to his services. Wherefore, *because* he humbled himself, even to the death of the cross) "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." "The Holy Ghost was not yet given," says John, speaking of a time when the cross was still in the distance, "*because that Jesus was not yet glorified.*" The Holy Ghost is now given, says Peter, because the time of his exaltation has come at last.

These are not points of merely speculative interest. Many seem to fancy that the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ are only to be used, as it were, for the procuring of pardon and acceptance, and that the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, whereby they are renewed and sanctified, form a boon over and above, which God, in his pure benevolence, gives to those whom his mercy has saved from death. This is a tremendous mistake. To procure for us the gift of the Holy Ghost was one of the chief ends aimed at in the whole course of the Saviour's work; and if we fail to recognise that gift as a covenant mercy—as a blood-bought blessing—we misunderstand the essential character of the scheme of redemption. Jesus humbled himself, and died, and rose again, and ascended into heaven; and as his reward he received gifts for men, and especially *this gift*. And it is when we most entirely believe this, and when in spirit, as it were, we repeat his sacrifice, approaching the throne of grace under the mantle of the Saviour, in his name and strength and merit, that we have any certainty that we shall get what he got himself. The oil poured on Aaron's head flowed down his dress until it reached even the skirts of his garments. If we cleave to Christ, and come to God with his purple robe cast over us, the blessing of the Spirit given to him will descend likewise upon us.

The sum, then, of the whole matter, so far as we have gone, is this,—the fountain whence the blessing comes is the grace of the Father. The bestowing it upon man was the subject of a high transaction in the counsels of eternity, when the covenant of grace was entered into. King Jesus has the sole right of dispensing it to the necessitous. And he acquired that right by his glorious and complete performance of salvation work.

These points should throw not a little light on the question, *How is an outpouring of the Spirit to be secured?* or, in other words, looking at the same subject from another side, *How is a revival of religion to be promoted?* You hear it very often said in these days that God has been owning the prayer-meeting far more than the pulpit; and that, therefore, in seeking to revive the Church and arouse the world, we ought to be placing less dependence on the formal preaching of the word than on simple and earnest and persevering supplication! Now, it is not difficult to see that there

must be more than confusion of thought here. It were indeed a pity if we were brought to the pass of being obliged to pit one ordinance of God against another, and determine to employ the one at the expense of the other. Especially would it be unfortunate if we were compelled to believe that *preaching* had as an instrument become powerless; for in reading the inspired account given of the first three Christian revivals—those at Jerusalem, and Samaria, and Antioch—I find that that was the grand means employed. But the real truth is this, that the question is not as to the inherent fitness of one ordinance more than of another. Prayer may be leaden-footed and refuse to rise. Preaching may be dull and pointless, and refuse to pierce. Religious conversation may be stale and insipid, and be unfit to edify. It is the *QUALITY* of the instrument which determines its efficiency; and the one quality which above all the rest gives power to any means of grace is, a *hearty and rejoicing recognition of the merit and glory of Jesus Christ*.

When the Spirit was first poured out upon the disciples on the pentecostal Sabbath morning, it may be said in a sense to have been given in answer to prayer; but what was the element in their prayer which wafted it to heaven and made it prevailing? Was it the earnestness of it, or the importunity with which it was day by day presented, or the circumstance that it was a right thing that was asked for? No! It was because *Jesus was glorified* in their thoughts, and they hoped everything from the sufficiency of his atonement and the power of his intercession. They knew that the Father had the blessing. They felt the supreme importance of their speedily receiving it. As the week passed slowly away their desire for the fulfilment of the promise must have grown every moment more intense. But it is not likely that any one of them would for an instant imagine that they had any independent standing before God, or (setting the Saviour aside) could venture to plead with the Father directly for the mercy on the ground of their own weakness or the world's necessity. On the contrary, the thought that would be present to them every moment would be this: Jesus has died; Jesus has risen again; Jesus has ascended; Jesus has entered, for us, within the veil; Jesus is presenting his blood before the mercy-seat; Jesus is now interceding on our behalf for the gift of the Holy Ghost. There had now been secured a right to pour out the Spirit on the world, because Christ was glorified. And *they* were entitled to hope that the Spirit would be poured out on *them*, because they were glorifying Christ.

Prayer of this character may always be expected to prevail. So may always such preaching as was Peter's in Jerusalem, and Philip's in Samaria, (the burden of both was "the Lord Jesus.") And so no less may religious conversation, when the object of it is to awaken in the sinner's heart a hearty sympathy with Paul's confession, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Christ."

"Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he *not*, WITH HIM, also freely give us all things?"

N. L. W.

ON SYMPATHY.*

I WAS struck lately, in reading a domestic tale, with the remark, that one of the characters therein introduced greatly preferred when in distress being *condoled* with to being *consolated*; and I cannot help feeling that she had some reason on her side. Did you never feel annoyed if not hurt by some people, who will persist in endeavouring to make you take the bright view of things, as they call it, and who make vain, though perhaps well-meant attempts to console you, by representing how much worse off some one else is, or how much worse your own case might have been? It may be that it is you who are sullen and wish to nurse your grief, or it may be that you feel that these would-be consolers cannot enter into what makes your grievance a trial to you; but from whatever cause it arises, there is sometimes more sadness than comfort felt from these consolers, and you turn away with a feeling of want of sympathy that closes your heart. Surely it were well to meet sorrow with condolence, with an admission that it is sorrow, and that as such it must be felt and mourned over, with *sympathy*, in short; remembering that though to give consolation to the sorrowing is a delightful privilege, it must be *well-timed* to be of any avail. In the case referred to in the story, the causes of annoyance were chiefly petty domestic cares and small fretting worries; and when the mother is described as worn out with these and seeking sympathy from her daughter, that daughter will persist in treating them lightly, and taking most aggravatingly hopeful views of all her mother's distresses. I suppose I had been in one of the mother's moods when I read the tale, for I could not help feeling provoked with the model daughter, though she was meant to be a representation of that "sunshine in a shady place" which is so delightful in domestic life. I suspect you must condole with before you can console, and that it is sometimes a mistake to try to do the last without the first having been attempted. It is a mysterious thing this sympathy and the comfort of receiving it; the feeling of being understood even when little or nothing is said. Had Job's friends done no more than they did at first, when "none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great," the ironical term of "Job's comforters" had never passed into a proverbial expression. Certainly it is about the worst way to comfort or console, this same plan of showing one in distress that it is all his own fault, and that he has no one to blame but himself; and yet it

is not an uncommon way. I have heard it said that there are some people who dislike to be sympathized with; but I think this is a mistake: they may draw back from the offered sympathy of those they feel cannot understand them or their sorrow, or they may shrink from having a sacred tender feeling abruptly or it may be coarsely condoled with; but real unobtrusive sympathy is surely soothing to all, and though it may not be sought for by some so earnestly as by others, yet it is valued when received and felt to be genuine.

The power of feeling and showing sympathy seems to vary in different individuals even more than the desire for receiving it does; and I sometimes think that this variation arises more from the individual character, mental and moral, of the sympathizing person, than from the nature of the sorrow or joy sympathized with. It is surely not altogether true that we cannot sympathize with what we have never felt; for we may and do imagine what others are feeling, and thus enter into their joy or grief: it is this I mean when I say the mental character of an individual partly determines his power of feeling for others. This use of imagination is a high and holy one, not to be lightly esteemed, profitable for ourselves and comforting to others. Unimaginative commonplace minds can rarely enter into the feelings of those differently constituted or differently tried from themselves, and much of the defective sympathy met with arises from this. Still it is not to be denied, I fear, that selfishness is the chief root of this defect of character, as it is of so many other forms of evil; for the selfish are the least able to feel for others, and they are the last from whom we ever think of seeking sympathy. They are, moreover, not unfrequently the most morbid cravers after it themselves, and the most obtrusive of their own joys, sorrows, or cares, on their fellow-creatures.

Can we cultivate this most desirable power in ourselves, or is it one of those gifts which we only gain slowly and, alas! sadly, by the "discipline of years," by suffering ourselves? Not altogether so, for in proportion as we are enabled to strive against selfishness, and to obey the command, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Phil. ii. 4), so surely will our powers of sympathy be increased, as well as our desire to comfort others. And really the latter is often a vain attempt unless we can and do sympathize with them first. What is it but selfishness that makes the young and light-hearted so often averse to witness suffering, or visit the bereaved and distressed? What is it but another, though more excusable form of the same evil, that makes those in distress turn away or feel pained by the natural and innocent happiness of others not then under the same trials as themselves? We must not forget that sympathy with others implies "rejoicing with those that do rejoice, as well as weeping with those that weep;" and if we are feeling it to be a truth that—

"We have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,"

we shall certainly not turn away in morose sadness from

* From "Homely Hints from the Fireside,"—one of the most genial, sensible, and, in every way, useful little books we have met with for years. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

the happy any more than we shall avoid the sorrowful, lest their grief should mar our enjoyment.

There may be selfishness in those who too eagerly or morbidly crave for sympathy, as there may be pride in others who refuse it, it being sometimes felt as one of those things which "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" but should not the first strive to recollect that others may have joys as well as griefs to be shared in by them; and truly in doing so, they will often find their own hearts comforted, whilst the latter must guard against the danger that lurks under a too fastidious or proud rejection of kindness, of becoming cold and even repulsive to those who certainly mean well, although they may express themselves erroneously. If we feel it delightful to be "sons of consolation," why should we not allow others the privilege of feeling that they too can comfort, or soothe, or sympathize? Alas! how often is the last all we can do, except to commend our friends to Him who, while "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," is also able to give "grace to help in time of need."

The following passage from the *Autobiography of M. A. Schimmelpenninck*, struck me as I read it, from its agreement with what I mean when I say we must console in order to console. She is speaking of some one called Miss P——, and says of her:—

"She had the admirable art, so far as it can be attained independently of religious influence, of dealing with persons under sorrow or nervous depression. How often have I observed that persons depressed in spirits would cheer and brighten under her influence! She often entered the room as if accidentally, listened to the sufferer's sorrow, consoled with it, even enhanced upon it; then she would suggest some slight alleviation for the moment, which could be obtained without labour or occupying much time; then she turned perhaps to indifferent matters, in which the patient might feel self-complacency in interesting himself to oblige her; gradually her conversation assumed a more lively tone, till at length the patient's mind was entirely carried into some other channel, and not unfrequently have I seen a smiling sun burst forth from the thickest cloud. Truly it was a gift for blessing."

Do not you agree with me in feeling that in real sorrow or care, as well as in nervous depression, you would prefer having a visit from one like Miss P——, rather than from one who, as it were, tried to force you into cheerfulness?

OUR DORCAS MEETINGS.—No. V.

TIME—ITS VALUE, AND THE DUTY OF DILIGENTLY IMPROVING IT.

THE 2d of January happened to be one of our Dorcas evenings, and I was glad of the opportunity to call the attention of my young friends to the value of time, and the duty of diligence in employing and improving it aright. The subject had long and deeply impressed my own mind, and I had often been grieved to observe how

little it seemed to be considered by many, especially the young, in all ranks of life.

After the friendly greetings and good wishes suitable to the season, I began by asking for Scripture emblems and illustrations of the short, uncertain character of our mortal life on earth. The memories of my youthful hearers soon supplied a touching catalogue. The fading flower—the dissolving vapour—the passing wind—the shadow that declineth—the dream of the night—the tale that is told,—these, and such as these, describing our brief sojourn in the tabernacle of clay, ready to be "crushed before the moth." "We can hardly," I said, "imagine what were the feelings of the antediluvian fathers, in looking back on the lapse of many centuries; the whole economy and experience of that period must have been so different from the present. But we find the patriarch Jacob, at the close of his pilgrimage of one hundred and thirty years, in his affecting reply to the question of the Egyptian king, numbering his life by days, and calling them 'few and evil.' How much more must we do so, whose number of years seldom exceeds but threescore and ten, while the strength which lengthens the period is in general only added 'labour and sorrow!' Why, then, do I speak of the value and importance of a thing so poor, so short, so precarious?"

An answer was readily given: "Because we must prepare in this life for the life to come."

"Yes; and it is the only time for preparation. We must, each one, live on for ever; and the nature and state of that life in eternity hinges on what passes in this brief life in time. For, on the great day of final judgment, each one shall be judged 'according to the deeds done in the body' here, on earth. If we considered this truly, deeply, as reasonable beings should do, how differently should we value our years, our days! For then we should come to know and feel their real importance. Let a child find a necklace of diamonds to amuse himself with,—how joyously he cuts the string, and chases the glittering playthings through the room! But let a jeweller at that moment enter,—how sharply would he rebuke the thoughtless boy, how eagerly gather up each precious jewel, and earnestly seek through every corner in fear of even one being lost! Our days, our hours, are like these diamonds; and while many a careless trifler is recklessly throwing them away, the soul once awakened to know their real value is watching over them, as treasures which he has now to trade with, and for each of which he will have to render account at last."

And so I showed that we find this view of the subject ever kept before us in the word of God. Although the emblems of mortal life are of so affecting a nature, it is not spoken of as a thing to be despised by ourselves. On the contrary, under the old dispensation, prolonged life is a subject of special promise and earnest prayer. And while, doubtless, this might partly arise from comparative want of clear revelation in regard to a future state of being, it must also imply a strong sense of the great work to be done by man on earth.

That work I considered as twofold: the duty of personal improvement and preparation for eternity; and that of "serving our generation according to the will of God."

"On both of these points," I observed, "we shall find, if we look for them, plain and earnest exhortations and directions in Scripture. What practical directions are given to the people of Israel in regard to many of the ordinary affairs of life! What exhortations and promises are in the Book of Proverbs to the diligent and industrious, and what reproofs to the slothful! The Holy Spirit does not disdain to refer to the instinct of a humble insect, and point her out as an example for our imitation: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise.' We find the apostles, amid all their mental toils and cares, labouring night and day with their own hands (1 Cor. iv. 12; 2 Thess. iii. 8, 9), in order at once not to be burdensome, and to give lessons of industry to the infant Churches. Above all, what an example of unwearied diligence in his great work we have in our all-perfect Pattern, the Lord himself!"

I noticed the striking parables of the talents, the pounds, and the last great judgment of those on the right and left of the King, as illustrating the solemn bearing of time upon eternity; then the apostle's earnest words of warning, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," and other injunctions to diligence, earnestness, watchfulness, throughout the New Testament.

I dwelt particularly on the words (Eph. v. 15, 16), "See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time;" the latter remarkable expression being repeated in another of Paul's epistles. We are told that it may be more literally translated as "buying back the opportunity." "It gives us the idea," I said, "of something we have lost, or are in constant danger of losing, and must anxiously seek to redeem, to recover, to buy back at any price. How much of our little store of precious hours we have already lost! Ah! that is a sad and humbling thought, but let it stir us up to more diligence for the future.

"We may well say, in regard to what we may call the thieves of time, that 'their name is legion;' but let us try to look a few of them in the face. Let me hear what some of the most dangerous are."

The answer first given was "Sleep."

"Yes, for although we must not call the time lost which is rightly given to the most graciously appointed means of restoring the strength and powers of body and mind, yet doubtless much is often taken from mere indolence and self-indulgence, which is nothing short of wasted time. It has always appeared to me a humbling token of the imperfection and weakness of our mortal life, that so much of it *must* be spent in unconsciousness. For many, even of the most energetic and gifted minds, nearly the third part of the twenty-four hours must be passed in total inaction, in order to be fit for exertion during the remainder. Surely a reasonable, intellectual

being, when fairly roused to know the value of time, will be earnestly desirous to redeem all of it that he can from such a state. How is this to be accomplished?"

One girl said, "By sitting up late."

"That is one way, but a very bad one, defeating its own purpose, sure in the end to wear out health and strength. I could tell you many sad instances of its consequences when rashly persisted in. Some of you, who may often be obliged to work at late hours, must know by experience the languor and fatigue of the next morning. There is a far better plan."

"Early rising."

"Yes, and I cannot sufficiently impress upon you the value of this, and the good influence which acquiring the habit now will exert on your future life. There is no hour like that of the morning; whether for quiet devotion, which should ever have the first place, or for any kind of study or mental exercise. Even if you have the time, you will vainly seek for the same mental vigour and ability for either, after the cares and distractions of the day have begun.

"How striking is the example of our Lord in regard to this duty; and how often we find it recorded of the Scripture saints, that they 'rose up early in the morning!' The 'virtuous woman' whom I have so often referred to, is represented as rising 'while it is yet night,' to attend to her domestic duties."

"But," said Fanny, "she must have sat up late also, for we are told that 'her candle goeth not out by night.'"

I could not help smiling at this remark. "I should not recommend you to imitate her in this," I said; "but rather consider the expression as only intended to denote her unwearied diligence, and to show that she allowed herself no more sleep than was absolutely necessary." •

"There is no way of redeeming time more obvious, or more satisfactory, than early rising. One hour each morning is fourteen in a fortnight, and may be called an added *day* for devotion or study; an entire day, too, without the many interruptions which must occur in the course of the same number of hours in ordinary circumstances. Not that I would wish you to deprive yourselves of sufficient sleep, which is especially needful at your age; but seven hours, or seven and a half, are enough in general for any one in good health, and by going to bed at eleven, you may rise at six or half-past six with perfect advantage. If you find it difficult to awake, you cannot spend a little money better than on a small alarm clock, which may now be had for a few shillings.

"Some of you will perhaps tell me that you are obliged to rise early, in order to begin the necessary work of the day. But do you rise early enough to find time for the Scriptures and prayer? Oh, make an effort for *this* also! Do not enter into the world without having first been alone with God—*really*, not merely for a few hurried minutes. Do you recollect what we are told of the lamented Havelock—that at whatever hour

his men were to march, he was always, I think, two hours earlier engaged in devotion! How much of the secret of his 'great strength' may be found in this! I do not bid you imitate him literally (which few constitutions would be able for without injury), but in spirit and in measure."

Various other "thieves of time" were then suggested, and talked over,—as habits of indolence and trifling, dress, worldly amusements, want of order, needless visits and gossiping, foolish reading, what we call day-dreaming or building castles in the air, &c. I showed how most of these might be good or harmless in moderation, and that time is not really lost in healthful recreation, or in cheerful family and rational social intercourse; but in the abuse of either or all, to the neglect of higher duties, and the injury of body and mind.

I then, as on the previous evening, mentioned a few simple rules, the results of my own experience, which might be of practical use in this matter:—

1. Take care of the corners or *fragments* of your time. Bear in mind here, as in all other things, "the power of littles." Many a person who would be ashamed to think of sitting idle for a whole hour, will lose more time than that almost unconsciously, during a day, in small portions. And on the other hand it is astonishing what may be made out of those quarters of hours, which are so often allowed to slip uselessly away. A short trial would convince you of this. Let some simple piece of work, or useful book, be appropriated to those intervals which you know are likely to occur between your regular engagements, when you are alone or in the family, and you will be surprised to see the progress soon made in either.

2. Be *methodical* in laying out your time, so far as this is in your power. We must not be slaves to method, yet I believe nothing of much value, generally speaking, can be accomplished without it. While ever humbly acknowledging ourselves to be at the disposal of our God, yet let us endeavour, looking forward to each day as it arises, to be able to say with the apostle, "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do *this*, or *that*." Even in tedious sickness, as has been well observed, it is wonderful how the weariness of long days may be lightened, by having regular times for such variety of employments as an invalid is capable of. Many of you, I know, have regular duties, dependent more on the arrangements of others than your own. Be faithful and diligent in these, but so far as any of you can choose for yourselves, my earnest advice is to plan beforehand, as seems most suitable, your hours for study, work, or recreation, and keep to them as much as Providence permits. Yet when any higher duty, or providential obstacle alters your arrangements, receive this in a cheerful spirit, as intended for your good in some other way.

3. Endeavour to do things at the *best time*. A little attention will show you the advantage of this. For example, as I have said before, the morning hours are those when the mind is most clear and active. Give the

first and best to God, to prayer and reading of his word; then take such employments as require most attention. Let the times when you are most apt to be tired and dull be given to cheerful family intercourse, needlework, or reading of a lighter kind. Hannah More, that example of useful exertion, suffered much from headaches and other illnesses, and says that in the days when she was fit for nothing else, she could at least look over her papers and *dot the i's*. I was much impressed by this little fact in reading her life, and by the lesson it conveyed. To attempt any special physical or mental effort when illness or fatigue makes us unfit for it, is only to lose our time, and depress our spirits by failure.

4. Give your real *attention* to whatever you are doing. We have scriptural authority for this: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord." You must often have remarked how quickly one person will do the same thing compared with another, and perhaps you may have sometimes said with a sigh, "Oh, if I could but do that as she does!" No doubt there are natural differences of ability, but much is owing to bad habits and want of energy or perseverance in early life. Guard against dawdling hands and a dreaming head; give your mind and heart to the duty of the time, whatever it may be, and your progress will soon be cheering and satisfactory.

5. Avoid hurry and bustle. While anxious not to waste time, *take* what is required to do everything you undertake quietly and well. There is no more true proverb than that which says, "More haste worst speed." When you have finished any employment, put things quietly away into their proper places before you go to another, and you will avoid much vexatious loss of time and temper in seeking them afterwards. Ask the blessing and help of the Lord upon every duty. This of itself will promote composure as well as energy.

6. Have respect to the time of others. Be punctual, be considerate, in regard to this. I have often had my patience greatly tried by the manner in which those who seemed not to value time for themselves were robbing me of mine, either by not keeping appointments, or by prolonging needlessly their visits. When things of this kind occur, consider it as part of your daily discipline, and a lesson of patience, but never be the offending party.

The evening was now so far advanced that I felt much of what I wished to say, in following out the subject, must be deferred to another opportunity. Our minister looked in just as we were about to separate, to offer us the best wishes of the season. He had something kind to say to each one, and his kind looks and words were cheering to us all.

When I mentioned the subject we had been considering, "You could not have a better motto for a New Year, my dear young friends," he said, "than that which Miss—— has been speaking of,—'Redeeming the time.' Let it be your earnest prayer, resolution, and endeavour, to redeem as much as possible during this year, from the

various ways in which conscience and reflection will tell you that it has formerly been wasted. Let life henceforward be, for each of you, more than heretofore life in earnest,—life fully, actively, happily employed in the service of a heavenly Master, not passing away in a mere round of cheerless duties or heartless follies. Begin at once; recollect that youth is the season, so to speak, in which time may be redeemed at a cheap rate, and habits of diligence and energy formed with comparative ease, which, at a later period, could only be obtained by painful, laborious effort. And then the result, after all, would be much less. Like the old story in Roman history of Tarquin and the books of the Sibyl, while the price will in no degree be abated, the gain will be deplorably diminished. How sad is the retrospect, in later life or in the approach of death, of opportunities neglected, and precious seasons of improvement or usefulness lost for ever! Yet even this need not discourage any one from vigorous efforts to redeem what yet remains. I recollect being much impressed by a New Year sermon from one of our gifted Edinburgh ministers, on the story of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still. Without entering into the difficulties of the passage, he viewed it in its practical light, as a remarkable record of prayer heard and answered. And the God of Joshua, he said, is the same God still, and can still do wonders in answer to the prayer of faith. Even for those who feel that the day of life is well-nigh over, that many of its precious hours have been lost, and the shades of evening are advancing, while their work is not half accomplished, he can, as it were, lengthen the daylight, and give grace and strength to do the work of two days in one.

"The idea was consoling to myself, under a depressing sense of past sin and unprofitableness. But better, far better, for you all, not to need such comfort in the degree I did, if now, in the morning of your days, you begin at once diligently to live for the service of Christ on earth, and in preparation for his service in heaven. May the language of the Christian poet be that of each of us here:—

'Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

'Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own,
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.'"

c. c.

THE INCUMBENT OF HAWORTH

PART SECOND.

"THE voice of Grimshaw," says his biographer, "rushed and rolled amongst his astonished parishioners of Haworth, at his entrance upon the duties of his charge, like the peal of thunder over the surrounding moors." But

unlike the thunder, it was not a crash and over. It was a steady, continuous, unintermitting peal. Thirty sermons a-week was not too much for his zeal and strength, and that week he counted as lost in which he numbered fewer than a dozen. Writing to a preacher, Thomas Lee, he says, "I hope your bow abides in full strength, and that you can preach twenty times a-week. If you can preach oftener, do. Preaching is health, food, and physic to me; and why not to thee, my brother? Besides, Tommy, there is great need of preaching now. For iniquity aboundeth, the love of many grows cold, and God's judgments are out on the earth. Tommy, let us preach four times a-day, or thirty times a-week, if you can bear it. It will be all little enough. Our Master well deserves it; yea, and infinitely more. Oh, that we may spend and be spent preaching his everlasting gospel, in converting sinners, and confirming believers!" And yet his sermons were not short. Preaching on one occasion in Manchester, before he ascended the pulpit, the steward, usually called Dicky Barlow, called him aside, and said, "Sir, we feel exceedingly obliged by your kindness in coming to preach to us on this occasion, but allow me to observe that our people here have a great deal of preaching, and a great dislike to long preaching. When our venerable father Wesley comes, he generally concludes the service within the hour." "Mr. Wesley, God bless him!" replied Grimshaw, "he can do more in one hour than I can do in two." With this apology, he preached just two hours. It was a habit he had acquired amongst his own people, who, when he came amongst them, were ignorant and slow of apprehension, and in preaching to whom he knew not how to be explicit enough, or to set his subject in a sufficient variety of lights, till he often wearied them in his inability to satisfy himself. But short or long, his preaching was accompanied with mighty power. Yet not his preaching alone. In his entire circle of parochial work, he had continually recurring fruits of his ministry. If it be often true that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, in the case of Grimshaw, success, if not the reward, was the attendant of his labours; and can we doubt that, if labours such as his, and conducted in his spirit, were characteristic of the ministers of any Church, the gospel would both have a wider diffusion and more glorious triumphs? Can we conceive of such a plan of ministerial work, faithfully, prayerfully, and for years systematically carried out, as is sketched by Grimshaw in the following description of his own parochial labours, without decided results? "The method," he thus speaks of his own operations, "which I, the least and most unworthy of my Lord's ministers, take in my parish is this: I preach the gospel, glad tidings of salvation, to penitent sinners, through faith in Christ's blood only, twice every day the year round—save when I expound the Church Catechism and Thirty-nine Articles, or read the Homilies; which, in substance, I think my duty to do in some part of the year annually on the Lord's day mornings. I have found this practice,

I bless God, of inexpressible benefit to my congregation, which consists, especially in the summer season, of perhaps ten or twelve hundred; or, as some think, of many more souls. We have also prayers and a chapter expounded every Lord's day evening. I visit my parish in twelve several places monthly, convening six, eight, or ten families in each place, allowing any people of the neighbouring parishes that please to attend that exhortation. This I call my monthly visitation. I am now entering into the fifth year of it, and wonderfully has the Lord blessed it. The only thing more are our funeral expositions, and exhortations, and visiting our societies in one or other of the last three days of the month. This I purpose, through the grace of God, to make my constant business in my parish so long as I live."

In his letter to Dr. Gillies of Glasgow, he enters into details of the work of revival that accompanied his labours at Haworth. Then, as in recent revivals, physical demonstrations frequently attended the conviction and awakening of sinners. "It was amazing," he says, "to see and hear what weeping, roaring, and agonies many people were seized with, at the apprehension of their sinful state and the wrath of God." He reckoned, and that at an early period of his ministry, one hundred and twenty souls savingly renewed, whom he formed into little classes after the manner of the Methodists, though at that time he had neither seen nor conversed with any of them. Writing afterwards to Wesley, he says,—“You will desire to know how I do: O dear sir, hearty and happy in the Lord. And how my ministry, or rather the present state of my parish: Blessed be God, flourishing still more and more. Our societies are in general very lively in the Lord; and several others, though not as yet formed in society, are nevertheless come to a sense of the pardoning love of God. Others are under deep concern, or eagerly hungering and thirsting after our dear Redeemer. Two under my own roof are just now under deep convictions, one a girl about eighteen years old, and the other a boy about fourteen; and, I hope, my own little girl, between ten and eleven years old. It is near six months since she first began to show a serious concern for her sinful state."

In reference to the bodily manifestations attendant on conversion, he afterwards wrote: "That soon after the devil observed such crying and distress of soul, and agitation of body to affect people under the word, he also began to seize people under the word with strange, unnatural distortions, convulsions, hideous roaring—to bring, as we plainly saw; contempt and disgrace upon the true work of God; for it is remarkable that the generality of such persons, whatever pretences of repentance they might then make, dwindled away to nothing. For seven years past the crying and agitations in sincere penitents are in a manner ceased, and are rarely seen or heard of. The Lord Jesus now carries on his work in the heart in a still, serious, affecting way; and I trust with as great success as ever since it began." The effect of his ministry was not a mere excitement; it was seen in the holy

conversation of the believer and in the formation of honest character. Acts of kindness and affection were reciprocated between neighbour and neighbour; a love for the word of God, and for secret prayer, began to prevail; and the scenes of many a death-bed told of the power of the truth. One year, in which he buried eighteen persons, he had reason to believe that sixteen of them entered into the kingdom of God.

But the powerful ministry of Grimshaw was not confined to his own parish. He struck out into Lancashire and Cheshire, accompanied by evangelists like-minded with himself. In the course of one of his preaching tours, he was brought into intercourse with a woman, too remarkable to be passed by in this notice of Grimshaw's labours, of the name of Alice Cross, who had opened a church in her house, and where he frequently held service. Alice, as described in the memoir from which we give this sketch, was a woman of great spirit and intrepidity, and a heroine for Christ. Her husband was a quiet, sober man, but, for some time after her conversion, he remained in the old way. When going out to worship, with her straw-hat in one hand and the latch of the door in the other, she would say to him, "John Cross, wilt thou go to heaven with me? If thou wilt not, I am determined not to go to hell with thee." John yielded at last to her good sense and strong appeals: a pulpit was fixed in the largest room of their house; and the messengers of God were made welcome to their fare and farm. When beggars came to the door she told them of the riches that are in Christ Jesus, and kneeling by their side, commended them to the grace of God, and then sent them away, grateful for her charity, and impressed by her earnestness in seeking their soul's good. Nor were the more honourable of the land beyond the reach of her reproofs. On one occasion she stopped the Cheshire hunt, when passing her house, and addressed the horsemen—especially the then Earl of Stamford and Sir Harry Manwaring—who listened to her word, "and rode on." When the expected preacher did not come, though the pulpit was left unoccupied, the congregation was not dismissed without manna, as Alice, in her simple and earnest way, dealt out the bread of life; and strict indeed would have been the discipline that would have prevented her thus standing before the people as the almoner of heaven. She was remarkable for her comeliness, "never wearing a border upon her cap, which was made of linen, pinned in a plait upon her forehead, and tied under her chin." John Pawson says she more nearly resembled one that had come from the happy world of spirits than any other woman he ever saw. She had one of those strongly marked characters which the novelist seizes upon with avidity, and which he converts into a name which becomes a household word more familiar to us than the names of real history. The conversation between William Grimshaw and Alice Cross, when they sat together by the fireside, with honest John nodding sleepily at intervals, tired by his day's work on the farm, could it

have been recorded, would have read like a chapter in the immortal Dream.

It was not always that the heart of Grimshaw was refreshed in his preaching tours by the sympathy and godly converse of an Alice Cross. As he was doing the work, and had cast in his lot with the despised Methodists of the period, he had to bear with them his share of reproach and persecution. It fell upon him most sharply from his own brethren in the ministry. The clergy were on the watch to catch the faults committed by a man whose zeal was a reflection on their own supineness. When it was found that he could not be silenced by legal process, some of his opponents determined that it should be done by a more summary method. Amongst the most unscrupulous of these was the Rev. George White, perpetual curate of Colne and Marsden. Mustering a large mob at Colne, he attacked Grimshaw and John Wesley, who had come there to preach. When in the midst of his sermon at mid-day, the drunken rabble came down the hill, at the foot of which Wesley had planted his pulpit, menacing and threatening him and his friends with clubs and stones. They were headed by one who called himself a deputy-constable, who said he must bring the preacher before the clergyman of the parish. Wesley consented to go, that a riot might be prevented; but was struck at repeatedly on the way, the multitude following cursing and swearing in the most horrid manner, and flourishing a club over his head. White demanded of them, as the condition of their deliverance from the mob, that they should promise not to preach there again. Wesley at length yielded to say that he would not preach at that time. On this White went out to the mob, spoke a few words to them, when their noise for the time ceased. But the evil spirit he had stirred was greater than he could allay. As Wesley and Grimshaw walked out together the mob closed in upon them, tossed them about with great violence, threw Grimshaw down, and covered both of them with mire. The people who had assembled to hear the word of God were treated even with greater cruelty. They had to run for their lives amidst showers of mud and stones, and no regard was paid to either sex or age. Some were trampled in the mire, others dragged by the hair, and many were unmercifully beat with clubs. One was forced to leap from a rock ten or twelve feet into the river, otherwise they would have thrown him in headlong. All the while, White was looking on well pleased, watching his mad associates, without a word to stay them. Of this poor man, the perpetual curate of Colne and Marsden, it is sad to learn, "that he drank himself first into a jail, and then into his grave," though a ray of hope comes from his death-bed, when Newton tells us that when dying he sent for Grimshaw, and expressed his concern for the part he had taken in the outrage against him.

It is a glorious transition to pass from such scenes of enmity to the truth, to the record of its triumphs in the same neighbourhood, on the occasion of a visit of

Whitefield to Haworth. The great preacher had thrice visited Haworth, when in the church-yard there were assembled about six thousand hearers, and in the church above a thousand communicants. One present says of the sacramental season, "that it was most awful," and that many dated their first awakening from that period. At the time of this fourth visit, an incident occurred which the great preacher knew how to use, and which gave additional impression even to his word of power. His text was the solemn one—"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." On the announcement of the text there was a pause, the silence of which was broken by a wild shriek of terror that arose from the midst of the assembled mass. A few moments afterwards, Grimshaw was seen hastening towards the preacher, and was heard saying to him, "Brother Whitefield, you stand amongst the dead and the dying—an immortal soul has been called into eternity; the destroying angel is passing over the congregation: cry aloud, and spare not." It was then announced by the preacher to the people that one of their number had been summoned before the bar of God. The text was repeated, and all listened with awe-stricken countenances, as he read again the words with the emphasis of death upon his lips, "It is appointed unto men once to die." The Countess of Huntingdon and Lady Margaret Ingham were present; and from the spot near which they stood a loud cry was again heard, and it was announced that another of the congregation had fallen by the arrow of the destroyer. Each person there thought the next call might be to himself, and listened as to the voice of his own doom. Whitefield rose to the appalling grandeur of the occasion; there was a solemnity like that which sleeps in the darkened chamber when the struggle of the dying has commenced; and all hearts throbbed and heaved with an intense emotion, as the impenitent sinner was warned of the terribleness of his position, with the wrath of God abiding on him, and but a step between his soul and eternal death.

It is a quieter scene that is presented than in the thronging multitude around Whitefield, when in the course of Grimshaw's itineracy he is brought into intercourse with the well-known author of the "Triumph of Faith,"—the pious Romaine. The same work is going forward, but it is in still air; yet not without the devoted minister suffering much for the truth's sake. What a picture is presented of the solitary witness for the truth, when we are told of Romaine, that in his own church of St. Dunstan's at Aberford, he had often to preach by the light of a single candle, *which he held in his hand*, as the church-wardens would neither light the church nor suffer it to be lighted! Romaine was averse to open-air service, and wrought within the prescribed range of recognised ecclesiastical order, which Grimshaw and his devoted associates had long overleaped. In strength of body, and flexibility of mind, and plain vigour of address, Grimshaw was admirably adapted for the life of the wandering evangelist. One day he was the

guest of the Countess of Huntingdon, and the next sleeping in his own hay-loft, because of the number of strangers at the parsonage, and even cleaning the shoes of the guests. Like Wesley, when one side was sore from the hard pallet on which he lay down, he thanked God that the other side was yet sound. When drenched by the rain, chilled by the wind and frost, with no regular meals, walking far, and riding further, and speaking in the open air to companies of varied characters, he pursued his course with a blithesome spirit, singing songs of praise to his divine Master. "During the space of sixteen years," says Venn, "he was only once suspended from his labours by sickness, though he dared all weathers upon the bleak mountains, and used his body with less compassion than a merciful man would his beast." He would allow himself in no indulgence that even seemed to interfere with his work, or that threatened to come between him and the entire consecration of his every thought to the service of his Master. Possessing a fine cow, of which he was truly proud, he found that the thought of her followed him into the church and hindered his duty. He determined she should no longer ruffle his mind, and announced her for sale. When a farmer came to look at her, on asking the usual question if she had any fault, Grimshaw replied, "Her fault will be no fault to you,—she follows me into the pulpit." A man so self-denying to himself, was not likely to fail in the honest, faithful rebuke of sin in others, or in the frank expression of his mind when occasions called for it. To a lady with whom he was one day conversing, he administered a striking but severe reproof, which his biographer justly says may be of use to some who live in our own times. She had expressed her admiration of a certain minister who was more gifted in talent than in grace. "Madam," said Grimshaw, "I am glad you never saw the devil." When asked why he made this remark, he said, "Because he has greater talents than all the ministers in the world. I am fearful if you were to see him you would fall in love with him, as you seem to have so high a regard for talent without sanctity. Pray do not be led away with the sound of talents. Let the ministry under which Providence has called you never be deserted under the influence of novelty. There dwell, and pray that it may prove to you increasingly edifying, consolatory, and instructive." His faithfulness and ready power, even in the most trying circumstances, strikingly appeared on the occasion on which he was cited before the metropolitan. A complaint being lodged against his intrusion into other folds, his grace announced a confirmation service in Grimshaw's church, expressing a desire to have an interview with him. In the course of the conversation, the prelate, after stating the charge of his preaching where he had a mind, added, "And I learn that your discourses are very loose; that, in fact, you can and do preach about anything. That I may judge for myself of your doctrine and manner of stating it, I give you notice that I shall expect you to preach before me and the clergy present, in two hours

hence, and from the text which I am about to name." The text being named, "Why, my lord," said Grimshaw, "should the congregation be kept out of the sermon for two hours? Send a clergyman to read prayers, and I will begin immediately." Prayers being read, Mr. Grimshaw ascended the pulpit and commenced an extempore prayer for the archbishop, the people, and the young persons about to be confirmed; and so wrestled with God for his assistance and blessing, that the congregation, the clergy, and the prelate were moved to tears. After sermon, when the clergy were gathered, expecting to hear the archbishop's reproof of Grimshaw's extemporaneous effusions, taking him by the hand, with a tremulous voice and faltering tongue he said, "I would to God that all the clergy in my diocese were like this good man." Grimshaw afterwards observed, "I did expect to be turned out of my parish on that occasion; but if I had, I would have joined my friend Wesley, taken my saddle-bags, and gone to one of his poorest circuits."

Two years after this, a malignant fever raging in the village of Haworth brought to a sudden close that life that had been in labours so abundant and so blessed in its work. As he had lived so he died. Being asked how he did, in the midst of his oppressive, feverish sickness; "Happy," was his reply, "as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it." In the twenty-first year of his ministry at Haworth, and the fifty-fifth of his age, he ceased from his work on earth, to enter into his eternal rest.

"TIS TIME TO AWAKE!"

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."
"The night is far spent; the day is at hand."

"Tis time to awake!" for the Day-star of love
That rose o'er your childhood's way,
Beams forth from the fair realms of glory above,
Radiant and clear to-day.

"Tis time to awake!" for life's journey speeds on;
The morn of gladness draws near;
When He who for you hath the victory won,
The Prince of Peace shall appear.

"Tis time to awake!" O wanderers, who roam
Afar from the Shepherd's fold;
Hear soft echoes sounding, like voices from home,
The grave sweet story of old.

"Tis time to awake!" ye who, lingering, stand
Where earth's sunny waters glide:
Go, taste the pure streams of a lovelier land,
And the joy that shall ever abide.

"Tis time to awake!" the call sounds from heaven,
To you, who by Jesus' best,
To his holy keeping your hearts have given,—
Your Saviour, Refuge and Rest.

"Tis time to awake!" showers of golden rain
Now in rich blessing descend;
While the Spirit of love still pleads yet again,—
Your Comforter and your Friend.

"Tis time to awake!" friends! be earnest, arise,
With courage your race to run:
Toil on, as true servants, to win the high prize,
To gain the glad word, "Well done."

"Tis time to awake!" rest on Jesus alone;
His arm, when trial is o'er,
Shall bear you where light, as on earth never shone,
Gilds the bright eternal shore. E. M.

HONEY FROM THE ROCK.

THE traveller through the bleakest and wildest regions of ancient Palestine was sometimes surprised by coming upon a thrifty olive-tree growing on the scanty handful of earth that covers the flinty rocks. Or in the clefts of the rock he would find a busy colony of bees. The hidden comb would be dripping with the luscious outflow of wild honey. To his parched lips how delicious the pressings of the liquid sweetness! And all the more welcome because found in an *unexpected place*.

For it is not from rocks that the famished expect supplies. Bare, bald, bleak, barren is the rock. The eagle may perch on its out-jutting crag, the wild coney may nestle in its clefts, but the golden ears never wave over it, the vine never mantles its rough cheek with purple clusters. Yet out of these very rocks came the dripping honey-comb; and from the crevices crept up the solitary olive. So the wayworn and thirsty traveller did actually and literally "suck honey out of the rock, and oil from the flinty rock" (Deut. xxxii. 13).

The charm of this fact in natural history lies in this—that *blessings are found in unexpected quarters*. This is as true in spiritual history as it is in natural. And no season is so honey-yielding and oil-producing to the Christian as the flinty season of *adversity*. In the first place his religion is more highly prized; in the next place the world is held in less esteem. The affections do not centre then upon gold, or honours, on schemes of secular profit, not even on books or domestic joys. But in Jesus the bereaved soul looks for its purest satisfactions. The honey-comb is there. All sweet graces—the peace that passeth understanding—the godly contentment—the hungering for heaven—the fellowship of the Comforter,—all flow forth from the secret cells that lie hid within that rock of affliction. The believer, with the Bible in his hand and the Saviour in his heart, sits down and draws "honey from the rock."

How wonderfully God discovers to his people their richest joys in the flinty places of bereavement and sorrow! Do I lose my investments in bank stocks or rail-

way shares? Then I go up to my heavenly Father and inquire after my soul's investments in celestial treasures, and find they are all safe. Do I see my fair-weather friends deserting me in some pinching season of adversity? Then I flee the closer to Him who "sticketh closer than a brother." Do I bury up in the grave the darling of my cradle—or the sweet-voiced wife that made for me a sunshine in the shade—or the dear old mother that has beamed on us from her arm-chair for a lifetime? Then upward to my heavenly home and waiting kindred do I look, thankful that there is one home at last into which the spoiler never can penetrate. My thoughts go out towards God the oftener. Heaven seems nearer. Christ is certainly dearer. The closet is more eagerly sought; and life is more disentangled from the harassing cares, vexations, and absorptions of worldliness. How loath we were to be driven away into these dreary, outlying regions of adversity! And yet what delicious flowings of heavenly honey have our souls drawn from the flinty rock!

My brother! you make no greater mistake than when you suppose that the only things for which you ought to be congratulated are prosperous days, and fertile hours in the rich alluvials of life—are cloudless skies, and vernal airs. Those are not your safest hours, nor your most profitable. Do you ever thank God for a hurricane? Yet many a hurricane of trial has driven a sinner to Calvary, and sent a backsliding professor to his forsaken post of duty. Do you thank God for the deluge of sorrow? Yet how many a stubborn, barren heart has been mellowed by the descending floods! Much of the choicest, deepest, holiest portion of your character was engendered in those seasons of your history which called forth the pity and the condolence of thoughtless worldlings about you. You should have been congratulated, instead of being commiserated. You were, indeed, in the rough, jagged places of hardship and calamity. But never, never had your soul such honey offered it, as when the flinty rock was beneath you and the open heavens above you. It was your own fault—as well as your sad misfortune—if you did not feed copiously on the luscious drippings of Christ's honey-comb. When you grew weary by reason of the hardness of your pathway, then did the Everlasting Rest beckon you on the more invitingly. When evil news were dreaded, or were actually received, they but made the glad tidings of the gospel the more precious. When Death opened a grave at your side, he only opened a burial-place in which you might hide away for ever worldliness and sinful idolatries. When evil men vexed you and slandered you, what an onward stretch did your desires make towards that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest! And from the gateway of glory no portion of your earthly pilgrimage will appear to have yielded such agreeable disappointments as those hours of trial when you drew honey out of the rock, and oil from the flinty rock.—*T. L. Cuyler*.

TO THE MEMORY OF "ANNIE."

WHO DIED AT MILAN, JUNE 6, 1860.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him."—JOHN XX. 15.

In the fair gardens of celestial peace
Walketh a gardener in meekness clad;
Fair are the flowers that wreath his dewy locks,
And his mysterious eyes are sweet and sad;

Fair are the silent foldings of his robes,
Falling with saintly calmness to his feet;
And when he walks, each floweret to his will
With living pulse of sweet accord doth beat.

Every green leaf thrills to its tender heart,
In the mild summer radiance of his eye;—
No fear of storm, or cold, or bitter frost,
Shadows the flowerets when their sun is nigh.

And all our pleasant haunts of earthly love
Are nurseries to those gardens of the air;
And his far darting eye, with starry beam
Watcheth the growing of his treasures there.

We call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,
O'erwatched with restless longings night and day;
Forgetful of the high, mysterious right
He holds to bear our cherished plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields
Needs the fair presence of an added flower,
Down sweeps a starry angel in the night;—
At morn, the rose has vanished from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave!
Blank, silent, vacant; but in worlds above—
Like a new star outblossomed in the skies—
The angels hail an added flower of love.

Dear friends, no more upon that lonely mound—
Strewed with the red and yellow autumn leaf—
Drop thou the tear, but raise the fainting eye
Beyond the autumn mists of earthly grief.

Thy garden rose-bud bore within its breast
Those mysteries of colour warm and bright,
That the bleak climate of this lower sphere
Could never waken into form and light.

Yes, the sweet gardener hath borne her hence—
Nor must thou ask to take her thence away;
Thou shalt behold her in some coming hour,
Full blossomed in his fields of cloudless day.

H. B. SOWE.

READING PHILIPPIANS AT PHILIPPI.

BEFORE leaving the scene, I sat down upon one of the prostrate columns and read the Epistle to the Philippians. The recollections, the place, the circumstances, brought home to me the contents with new vividness and power. I had just traversed the road by which Paul and his associates approached the city. The gateway where they entered was within sight. I could hear the rushing of the stream upon the bank of which Paul declared the name of Jesus, and rejoiced over his first converts on a new continent. On my left passed the Egnatian Way, along which Epaphroditus, the bearer of the epistle, hurried with tidings of the apostle from his cell at Rome. The silent Stadium lay before me on the hill-side, of which his illustration reminded the Philippians, as he held up to them his own example for imitation in striving for the imperishable crown, which is to reward the Christian victor. Within the space under my eye must have stood the house where the first disciples were gathered for worship and called on the name of Christ. One of the mounds around me may have been the ruins of the prison which resounded with the praises of Paul and Silas, and which the earthquake shook to its foundations. I thought especially of the moment when the following great words were read and heard here for the first time, and of the myriads since that moment whose souls those words have stirred to their inmost depths, in all generations, and in all parts of the earth; "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus: who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of *things* in heaven, and *things* in earth, and *things* under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." One could not, under such circumstances, repress a new and yet more ardent prayer that the day of this universal recognition may soon come, and, in the meanwhile, that the spirit of the sublime passage may pass more fully into the lives of those who profess and call themselves Christians.—*Dr. Hackett in "Bibliotheca Sacra."*

OUR ONLY HOPE.

IF the soul be safe—if it live by faith in the Son of God—if it fight the good fight of faith, and win the field,—all other losses are not to be reckoned of; we are more than gainers, more than conquerors. But if the soul perish (and it will perish, except it be fed with the word of the gospel; and it will make shipwreck, if Christ sit

not at the stern ; and it will be overcome in the day of battle, if Christ be not its Captain, its Saviour, its Deliverer), then all the world is gone with us ; it had been better for us if we had never been born. Our sins do threaten God's vengeance upon us ; our consciences do accuse us ; the law contains matter of indictment against us ; the devil follows the suit ; all the creatures of God which we have abused, all the callings of God which we have neglected, all the threatenings of God which we have despised, do witness against us. In a word, the Lord sitteth on his throne as Judge—hell openeth her mouth wide, being ready to swallow us up—the world forsaketh us—our friends have no power to help us. What is to be done in this case ? what shift shall we make ? what place of refuge shall we flee to ? Only this is our comfort, that the Son of God became the Son of man, to make us the sons of God ; vile he became, to exalt us ; poor, to enrich us ; a slave, to enfranchise us ; dead, to quicken us ; miserable, to bless us ; lost in the eyes of the world, to save us ; lastly, partaker of our nature, of our infirmity, of our habitation, to advance us to his kingdom and glory.
—*Miles Smith.*

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day ;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say.

And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled :
"Now who but a doating mother
Would think of a thing so wild ?

If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever—'twere well ;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel ;"—

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care,—
If I carry it to the Master
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know ;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between ;

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these ?
Seest not how from morning till evening
He teacheth and healeth disease ?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children ;
Permit them to come unto me !"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee ;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven"—
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

Julia Gill.

REACH HITHER THY FINGER.

Look well upon him,—dost thou not know him ? Why, his hands were pierced, his head was pierced, his side was pierced, his heart was pierced, with the stings of thy sins ; and these marks he retains even after his resurrection, that by these marks thou mightest always know him. Is not the passage to his heart yet standing open ? If thou knowest him not by the face, the voice, the hands ; if thou knowest him not by the tears and bloody sweat, yet look nearer,—thou mayest know him by the heart : that broken, healed heart is his ; that dead, revived heart is his ; that soul-pitying, melting heart is his ; doubtless it can be none but his : love and compassion are its certain signatures. And is not here yet fuel enough for love to feed upon ? Doth not this heart of Christ even snatch thy heart, and almost draw it forth of thy breast ? Canst thou read the history of love any further at once ? Doth not thy throbbing heart here stop to ease itself ? If not, go on, for the field of love is large.—*Ambrose.*

T A N N A *

THE Rev. George Turner has recently published a narrative of nineteen years in Polynesia, the first part of which was spent in the island of Tanna, in the New Hebrides. These nineteen years date from one of the most striking tragedies in the history of missions, the massacre of the Rev. John Williams and his young friend Mr. Harris, on the adjacent island of Erromanga. The very day before his violent death, Mr. Williams had landed in Tanna. Twenty miles to the left lay Erromanga, guiltless as yet of his blood; right opposite the islands of Nina and Futuna, one fifteen and the other twenty miles away; and far to the right, about forty miles, "the beautiful pear-shaped island of Aneiteum." On this island of Tanna, then wholly savage, Mr. Williams had, on the whole, a good reception. At one time he was rather alarmed, when a hundred men with clubs, spears, slings, and bows, surrounded the boat, and held it fast as if determined not to let them away; but by means of "presents, kind forbearance, and God's blessing," all ended well. Three native Samoan teachers were left that night on the island to prepare the way for European missionaries, and Mr. Williams left delighted with this first attempt, and hoping to see better fruits in time to come. Next day he died on the beach at Erromanga, under the clubs of infuriated savages.

We had our share in the guilt of John Williams' martyrdom. The immediate cause of it was the cruel usage of the natives by some white men who had been on the island a short time before in search of sandalwood. This was, and is, far too common in the intercourse of Europeans with the natives; and Mr. Turner gives a painful account of the conduct of a captain of an American vessel, who, upon his men being chased back to their boats by the clubs and spears of natives who had been outraged by their immoralities on shore, at once weighed anchor, and, without any inquiry, fired upon the native villages lying about five hundred yards from the place where the missionaries were left. Had his guns taken effect as they were intended to do, there could be little doubt but Mr. Turner also and his brethren would have been massacred by the wild justice of those whom we somewhat too rashly call "barbarians."

In November 1839, John Williams died. In the following August, Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet, commissioned by the London Missionary Society, hastened to take his place and preach the gospel of Him who prayed

of old, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

The missionaries reached Tanna, and found the Samoan pioneers all safe. They found the natives great thieves, constantly at war, always armed in their savage fashion, and almost naked; yet, on the whole good-humoured, and painted like a nation of Merry-Andrews. For several weeks their time was taken up in building a sixty feet weather-boarded cottage, surrounded by crowds of natives, who stole everything with marvellous ingenuity. And "their stealing was not confined to us. At first we wondered how it was that the women in passing to draw water, or in going to their plantations, had such burdens on their backs. But soon we found out they were obliged to carry about with them all their household valuables, even to the brood of chickens, lest they should be stolen." The language was soon learned, a printing-press set up, hymns composed, and schools opened. Few, however, would attend, and still fewer at the school for girls. They would not enter a house, so Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Nisbet commenced an open air sewing class under the shade of some trees. "The first day only one scholar summoned courage to come. We thought that better than none; so having fitted her little finger with a thimble, we began to initiate her into the mystery of sewing patchwork. Some women gathered round, curious to see this new wonder. Little Maïi was gravely trying to do her best, when the spectators suddenly burst out into a laugh, upon which our little pupil started up, dashed down her work and thimble, burst through the surrounding circle, and fled with the speed of a frightened hare, leaving us looking blank at the issue of our first attempt at school-keeping. The girls, however, soon collected round us, and got so fond of needlework, that we were astonished how quickly they found out the superiority of a fine needle, and would ask for one, saying that the coarse needle spoiled their work." The people were as difficult to get to church as to school. They all promised not to work on the Sabbath, but would never keep their promise. Like the old Samaritans, they would worship the Lord and serve their own gods. "They tried various schemes to please us, and to satisfy their very slender conscience of religious duty." They thought, like more civilized people, that a great deal might be done by proxy. "Was not my wife there?" or, "Was not my little boy there?" they would answer, when asked why they were not worshipping God. But they were always ready to hear when the missionaries came to them; and so the latter began to itinerate, and acquired a knowledge of the whole island.

* "Nineteen Years in Polynesia." By the Rev. George Turner, of the London Missionary Society. London: John Snow. 1861.

The most remarkable thing about Tanna is the mountain on one side of it, near Port Resolution. The interior of it is a vast furnace, and in some places the crust is so thin that, in passing over it, it is like walking on a hot plate. Yet it is covered with houses and villages, and some of these hot places are chosen for the village market place or forum, where the natives lounge and enjoy themselves, and have their night dances. Around the base are hot springs, some even boiling, which the natives make great use of. In some places the men and boys "have only to stand on the rocks, spear their fish, and pitch them behind into the hot spring." Beyond this mountain stands the cone of the volcano, inside which are five smaller craters, from one or other of which there is an explosion every ten minutes. "The hissing, panting, blowing, and strange unearthly sounds from these great gulfs, as you look down and along, are fearful; and presently you are awe-struck with the thundering, deafening roar of an eruption which baffles description. Then up fly the great crimson flakes of liquid lava, which gradually blacken, and consolidate, and descend. More solid blocks of stone fly up with these softer masses, and rise far above them, to a height of two and three hundred feet from the edge of the cup."

But the proper study of mankind, and certainly of the missionary, is man. The people are on the whole a fine race, but unfortunately in a state of continual war with each other. "We were never able to extend our journeys above four miles from our dwelling. At such distances you come to boundaries which are never passed, and beyond which the people speak a different dialect. At one of these boundaries actual war will be going on; at another kidnapping and cooking each other; and at another, all may be peace; but by common consent, they have no dealings with each other." So has sin divided and destroyed men, and made their "natural state" to be a "state of war!" Let us remember that the statements which follow, told by the missionary in quite a business and matter-of-fact way, relate to these islands at the present time, after so much intercourse with Christians real and nominal: "When the body of an enemy is taken, it is dressed for the oven, and sewed up with yams at the next meal. They delight in human flesh, and distribute it in little bits far and near among their friends, as a delicious morsel." They have hardly anything like government, the authority of a chief scarcely extending a stone's throw from his hut; and, as before mentioned, each district is continually fighting with the others. They have no idols, but their gods are called *aremba*, a word which means a *dead man*, and thus points out the origin and nature of their religious worship. A very aged chief is deified after his death, addressed by name, and prayed to on various occasions. First-fruits are presented to them on a rude temporary altar. The chief advances, and prays, "Compassionate father! here is some food for you; eat it; be kind to us on account of it." Then all, by way of

amen, unite in a shout; and continue feasting and dancing, after the manner of the old Syrian idolaters, from mid-day to midnight or far on in the morning. But the real gods at Tanna may be said to be the "disease-makers." This is a sort of priesthood of death, who are firmly believed in and much dreaded. It is believed that they create disease and death by burning *nahak* or rubbish; very much as in ancient Rome and in more recent times witches were believed to do. In Tanna the sorcerer rolls up the vegetable or other rubbish in the form of a cigar, and puts it to the fire to burn gradually. When any person is taken ill, he believes it is some one burning his *nahak*, and asks his friend to go to the door and blow a large conch or other shell to stop the torturer. And in the morning he sends him presents. It is noteworthy that the belief in the system of *nahak*-burning is as firm in the craft as out of it. If a disease-maker is ill himself, he too is convinced that some one is burning his *nahak*, and he too sends presents to those who are supposed to be doing the mischief. "Deceivers and deceived."

While over the earth in general the fires of heathenism are waxing pale, it is remarkable that some of its customs have only recently been introduced into Tanna. *Suttee*, or the strangling of widows, has been imported there only a few years ago, since Mr. Turner was on the island, and it is said to be spreading. An old chief will say as he is dying, "Now, who will go with me?" and to the question (so touching, as showing the craving of the soul going out alone and naked into the void), one and another will reply, "I will." And so they are strangled and pass away together—while it is now eighteen hundred years since Jesus sent his disciples to teach all nations a hope full of immortality, and to preach himself as the resurrection and the life.

On this island of Tanna, Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet, with their wives, remained only *seven months*, when they were driven out in circumstances of great danger. First of all, the priests, or disease-makers tried to burn *nahak* for them. Finding this of no use, and seeing that their craft was in danger, they tried other and more violent means. A chief pretended to be sick, and got the missionaries to pray with him. Just as Mr. Turner rose, he caught the gleam of his tomahawk raised over his head and about to fall; but something restrained the arm, though they afterwards learned that it had been a regularly concerted plot. By this time dysentery had spread very rapidly among the people, which they ascribed to the missionaries; and, singularly enough, while several of their chief opposers perished of it, they and all in their immediate vicinity continued well. On one memorable morning, a great council of the natives was held close to them, in order to attack and exterminate the missionaries all at once. Only one chief had courage to stand up in their defence, and he was of inferior rank. "What harm," said he, "have the missionaries done? They are not disease-makers, they are true men of the true God. They love the whole of us,

and have come here to live for our good. Give up your rage and wicked designs. Go down and get some medicine from the missionaries for your sick friends, and let us all unite in the worship and service of Jehovah, the true God. This will make us all prosperous and happy." They gnashed their teeth at him, and muttered revenge for his daring to oppose them; but the principal chief of the district declined to take an active part in the murder, and a storm of thunder and lightning dispersed the assembly. In a few days, however, the enemy came back, and declared war against the district, in their usual savage way, by beating a boy to death. The natives about the missionaries fought bravely, with Iāru at their head, "an old hero of an hundred fights, blind of an eye, close upon eighty years of age, but still erect and energetic. He remembered Cook, who visited them sixty-nine years before." Deputation after deputation came to the missionaries, wanting them to join in the war, or at least to give them a gun. "It is your war," they said. The missionaries refused. "Then you shall die." "Then," they answered, "we shall not be afraid to die." So for days they lived in the jaws of death, and when, as the only chance of escape, they tried to reach the neighbouring island of Aneiteum in an open boat, they were driven back upon the coast by an adverse sea. The war again raged nearer and nearer to them, and on the last day an attack was made in two places. Suddenly, "like life from the dead," an English ship appeared off the coast, and the missionaries, their wives and children, were snatched from the hand of death.

So Tanna, ignorant and savage, shook off the gospel, and it is yet heathen. The narrative is deeply interesting, taking place in our own time; and the tale is not yet finished. In 1845, the missionaries, making a sort of "encyclical" voyage, landed at Tanna. They found it much in the same state, but a reaction had taken place in their favour. Kuanuan, the same who had stood up, like Nicodemus, in the enraged council and defended the missionaries, was now ready to welcome them. In the midst of heathenism he had "counted the days," kept the Sabbath, and on it with about twenty others worshipped God. Mrs. Turner's old school girls came wading into the water, vying with each other for the first shake of her hand; and when she got into the house, they took their places round her and her little girl Martha. Two days before leaving, Mr. Turner sat beside the lovely village of Maro, and gave beads to the children who crowded round. Yet on that spot, *only a month before*, the Maro people had killed and eaten a poor fellow from an inland tribe, who had ventured to come and take a look at a vessel at anchor. Such are the mingled elements of kindness and savagery to be found in the heathen parts of our beautiful earth.

Next day, before departing (and leaving some native teachers behind him), Mr. Turner preached on the great text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and

thou shalt be saved." This is the last of Tanna in the meantime; for though there are missionaries still upon it, and the gospel is preached, it is still heathen, and the gospel is not yet received.

We may afterwards attend to the results of more extended labours on the part of the same missionary, in Samoa and elsewhere in Polynesia.

S.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

"SON, BE OF GOOD CHEER."

On this point, surely, the world and the world's Saviour are already at one. Good cheer! Christ and those who have no part in Christ agree in that desire. He who has all power in heaven and in earth expressly desires for us the very thing which we all ardently desire for ourselves; shall we not, therefore, all certainly attain it? Not necessarily; there are many methods of pursuing happiness—only one of overtaking it.

Every man has his own way of seeking good cheer. Money, lands, learning, fame, food and drink, company by night or day, amusement, politics, war, and many more, have each its own admirers. But must a man abandon the use of all that now affords him good cheer the moment he becomes a Christian? No, brother; Christ our Saviour has a tender human heart. He rejoiced with them that rejoiced, and wept with them that wept. He reclined with friends and relatives at a marriage feast, and stood with sisters beside their brother's grave, his heart in either case in unison with his company,—rejoicing in that place, sorrowing in this. He takes no pleasure in depriving his creatures of any enjoyment. He gives them all good, and gives it that it may be enjoyed. But he occupies a higher standpoint than we, and commands a wider view. There was plenty of good cheer in Jerusalem when Jesus with his disciples was for the last time approaching it by the way of Bethany and Bethphage. The throng within the city were eating and drinking, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, when he looked down upon them from the hill, and wept. Underneath their merriment he saw unforgiven sin, and over it the charged thunder-cloud of judgment. He could not join in their joy, because he saw that its flickering thorn-flame would soon be quenched in wrath. He wept while they laughed, not because he was against good cheer, but because he was for it.

In like manner that same Jesus looks down upon this city to-day, and sees its multitudes seeking good cheer each in his own way; but he sees beneath and beyond the mirth of fools. He sees sin on the conscience of the man, and its wages written in the book of God. His desire is that we should have good cheer, not in the revelry of a night, but through life, in the hour of

departure, and when the earth and sea shall give up their dead!

In a fertile valley of northern Italy, within the Sardinian territory, on a certain sunny day of spring, groups of country people are gathering,—the young for active sport, and the old for the pleasure of looking on. A troop of horsemen bearing their own king's well-known colours, sweep swiftly across the plain, hurry off the whole multitude, and shut them up within the gloomy grey walls of a neighbouring fortress. Why should their sport be spoiled so rudely, and that, too, by their own friends? A cruel enemy was approaching like a flood, and their own watchful prince carried off his defenceless subjects to a place of safety.

In our nature and for us, Jesus has gone into the heavens. From that height he sees us down in this low place. He takes no delight in the mirth of a thoughtless multitude, while a sea of endless sorrow, held off for a time by long-suffering Omnipotence, threatens every moment to close and cover them. He loves us too truly and too deeply to let us laugh away our day of mercy with sin unpardoned lying on our souls. To heal the sorrows of a human heart, and open there a spring of unfailing joy, one thing, in our Redeemer's view, is needful, but one is enough. It is the *pardon of sin*. The Captain of our salvation would first carry us into the refuge, and permit us to be joyful then.

The charge, openly or covertly made against religion, that it is a disturber of the peace, is in one sense true. Christ's witnesses, representing their benignant Lord, confess frankly that his presence in the heart damps the joy of unrenowned, unforgiven man. He came not to send peace to these, but a sword; and his way is to plunge it into their joints and marrow. He spares not for their crying. But, brother, when you fall and faint, look up and see the face of Jesus bending over you; a divine compassion is beaming through. He has sought and found you, whoever you are, on whose ear this word falls to-day. He has closed with you in the same way as if there were not another sinner in the world needing his compassion. By this word now he holds you, and compels you to listen and look. Here is his offer now made to you. He desires to make you cheerful, and his way of making men cheerful is to forgive their sins. Close with his method, and he will make the result good.

But here is a man whose heart still murmurs, Religion should not make people sad. Laying aside all figures and forms,—making the word bare that through God's gracious help it may go in, I repeat,—*He who is at enmity with God should not be cheerful. Pardon, PARDON is the way to peace.*—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

"GENTLE, AND EASY TO BE ENTREATED."

THESE two features, also, of the heavenly type, may be read on the terrestrial page. This glory of the Lord shines dimly, indeed, but truly, in the life of those who

have been created again in his image. Receiving out of his fulness grace for grace, Christians obtain, among other things, some of "the gentleness of Christ." Those who possess any of it long for more. They speak of virtue being its own reward; and this is eminently true of gentleness. Every one knows how pleasant it is to receive gentle treatment from another; but as of other good things generally, so especially of this, "it is more blessed to give than to receive" it.

Do not, however, expect that when you have believed, the features of Christ's likeness will come down upon you one by one, without any thought or effort on your part. This assimilation to the character of Christ which goes on "within you," gradual as the growth of a mustard-seed, and pervasive as the spread of leaven, is none other than the kingdom of God—that kingdom which suffereth violence, and which the violent take by force. Strive to enter in. Do not count that you have already attained, or are already perfect; but, forgetting the things which are behind, press on to reach this high calling which still attaches to divine wisdom when it has been transferred to the life of believing men,—gentle, and easy to be entreated.

Although the lot of men is, on the whole, much more equal than it seems, yet at certain particular points some have more to bear and do than others. Hard knots occur in some persons as in some trees, while others are constitutionally smoother in the grain. But while I willingly confess that more gnarled natures must endure more pain in the process of being made meek and gentle, I hesitate to own that, in the end, these Christians remain ordinarily more harsh and ungainly than others. On them, indeed, were high, hard places which caught on everything that came near, giving much trouble both to themselves and their neighbours; but when the whole man is brought into subjection to the law of Christ, and placed, accordingly, under the inexorable processes of the Spirit's ministry, these highest, hardest places, are first rubbed down, and become at last, perhaps, the lowest and the smoothest. I think, although it is not a uniform law, it is, notwithstanding, a common experience, to find in the new man a very low place where in the old man there was a mountain-height. "Why should it be thought impossible with you that God should raise the dead?" Why should it be thought impossible, when he undertakes to create a new world or a new man, that every valley should be exalted, and every mountain and hill should be brought low? Where the old was harsh and overbearing, the new may be gentle and easy to be entreated; where the old was timidly yielding, the new may be faithful and bold.

Beware of excusing, either to yourself or others, admitted defects of Christian meekness, by allegations of constitutional peculiarities. Rather, if the high things of nature still remain high, fear lest you be either not under grace, or not growing in it; for "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—*Ibid.*

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD, O ISRAEL."

AMOS IV. 12.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON FOR THE YOUNG, BY THE REV. JOHN EDMOND.*

THE verses that go before contain a sad complaint by God against the people of Israel. They describe the sins of the nation, and their refusal to be reclaimed by many corrections. God tells them, therefore, that he will soon visit them with severe judgments, and bids them prepare to meet him when he comes to punish them. The words, you see, then, are a threatening of near wrath; yet the utterance of that threatening beforehand is in much mercy. Now, God has revealed to us all a time of coming judgment—of his meeting with us to try us—and in like manner he calls on us in loving kindness to be prepared for it.

I daresay, young friends, that a meeting with God has to your mind a sound of what is awful about it. Our hearts naturally are afraid to go near to God. Why is it so? Why is a child that has disobeyed his parent in his absence afraid of that parent's return at eventide? Why does he think the afternoon hours are passing very fast away? Why is a scholar who has committed some offence against rule afraid to meet the teacher's eye? Why is a servant who has been unfaithful to his master afraid to be called to give account of his stewardship? Why is a man, hiding from the officers of justice for some crime against the law, ready to start at every knock which comes to the door of the house where he is staying? Why does a criminal in prison dread the bar, and the judge, and the assize-day? To all these questions the answer is the same. Sin leads in fear. It is this which makes us shrink from meeting the eye of God. To get quit of the misery of this fear, many strive to forget it. They plunge into business, or gaiety, or more sin. But that is madness. How would it fare with a man who tried to quench thirst by falling asleep, or drinking draughts of brine? The sleep would not moisten his parched throat, and the salt sea-wave after momentary feeling of relief would make his agony greater. The text tells us what is the path of wisdom in regard to our future meeting with God. It directs us to think of it, and prepare for it.

In talking with you further about this solemn text, I shall endeavour to show you—

- I. *Why we should prepare to meet God.*
- II. *How we should prepare to meet God.*

I. *Why.*

There are four reasons I shall give :—

1. We cannot avoid meeting him.

Sinners would fain escape meeting with God if they could. Gehazi, when he had gone after Naaman, and told him lies to get money, did not like when Elisha called him into his presence. Adam tried to get out of God's way, when he heard him walking in the garden, after the fall. But he had to come out from behind the trees, and answer God's questions.

"He summoned the guilty fugitives,
And they could not choose but go;
He asked if they had eaten the fruit,
And they durst not answer, No."

Neither can we avoid appearing before God. We cannot avoid dying. Now, death leads the soul directly to God. We must all appear also before the judgment-seat of Christ. No one will be allowed to be absent from the great gathering of the last day. The wicked would fain be still in their graves that day, if Jesus' power would let them. But no one of them all is strong enough to resist his power, and none of them all is too insignificant to be overlooked. The cry from many lips then will be, "Fall on us, ye rocks, and ye mountains, and hide us from the face of the Lamb;" but it will be of no use. There is a passage in the last chapter of this Book of Amos that very strikingly teaches how impossible it is for God's enemies to escape being brought before him. He there says: "Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down: and though they hide themselves on the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them."

2. We cannot excuse ourselves for our sins in God's presence.

Adam tried excuses. So did Eve. So we are all very apt to do. Have not you often, when challenged for a fault, felt apologies rising to your lips? Some one led you to do it, or you could not help it, or you did not intend it, or something of that sort. Now, excuses sometimes pass with men; but God sifts them. It will not be enough before God, to show that we were tempted. For the very fault is, that we did not resist. That frequent excuse, "I could not help it," will not stand in God's presence. It does not stand, indeed, before our own conscience. Did you say something like that the other day? Then you know you did not quite mean that. You meant simply that you were too indolent or

* From "The Children's Church at Home," just issued by our publishers.

careless to help it. In short, you would not. You were led away by some wrong feeling to do otherwise. All excuses come in the end to this,—it was my liking. I was too forgetful, or too bent on gratification, to say No to that. Till you can quite clear yourselves before your consciences you need not dream of putting off God with excuses. No; nor even then, for God is greater than our hearts, and knows things against us which we overlook, and sees hollowness in our excuses which we do not discover.

3. We cannot resist God's power when he will punish us for sin.

See what follows in the next verse, and say, Can you contend with Him "that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, the Lord, the God of hosts, is his name?" You remember the story of King Canute—how to reprove the flattery of his courtiers he made them place his chair one day within tide-mark, as the sea was rising. Then commanding the waves to keep back, nor dare to touch the feet of royalty, he let his followers see, as the waters swelled up all the same, how powerless he was against the great King, who bade the sea ebb and flow at his pleasure. What would become of you if you were to try your arm's strength against a thunderbolt, or to rush on to meet a railway train in full career? But what are those things—sea, lightning, force of steam—to the power of the great God? In God's hand, you cannot struggle out of it. You remember how it fared with Jonah when he "rose up to flee from the presence of the Lord." I remember a good man telling me that he once saw a prisoner condemned to die; and when, after the sentence, he saw the poor man led away by the officers of justice back to the convict-cell, helpless against the might of human law, to wait his doom, he felt what an awful thing it would be to be condemned of God, and removed out of his sight.

4. We cannot, when called to meet God, sue then to get pardon.

You think, perhaps, you will cry for mercy when the judgment-day comes. And it is a blessed thing that there is abundant mercy for sinners. Nor is there a prayer God likes better to hear than that of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But it must be presented at the proper time. The judgment-day is not for mercy, but justice. We must then be dealt with according to our works. On earth a condemned criminal is sometimes pardoned afterwards. But human administration of law, as well as human law, is imperfect; and it becomes sinful men rather to err in showing mercy than in punishing. God himself offers pardon to the condemned criminal while he is in this world. But if the offer be not accepted, then judgment takes the place of mercy, and divine pity itself tells us of no hope of pardon beyond the grave.

Surely these taken together make reasons cogent

enough for obeying the word of our text. Let me now tell you—

II. *How we should prepare to meet God.*

In general, we are to prepare to meet God hereafter by going to him, and having a meeting now. If we seek him in Christ at present, if we go to him as our Father, we need have no fear to meet him as our Judge. He will then himself undertake and plead our case. But to help you, I will break down this general precept into several directions included in it. I would say, then—

1. Meet God, confessing your sins.

How did the prodigal son in the parable do? He said to himself, I will arise and go to my Father, and say, I have sinned; and he arose and did so. When you have done anything against the will of your parents, which is best, think you,—trying to hide the fault, or going humbly to own it? If you got a thorn in your hand, would you act wisely to let it remain and fester; or would it be better to have it taken out at once? When a little child falls and is wounded, how readily the bleeding hand or lip will be shown to the mother's eye! So it is best to go to God, and show our sin-wounds. We must not think, indeed, that if we only confess, we may go on sinning as often as we please. But when we do sin, let us go at once, and with openness and true sorrow say, Father, we have sinned. God asks us to confess our sins. And he promises if we do confess to forgive us. Here is a beautiful text to that effect, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." You recollect how Jesus teaches God's willingness to forgive in the parable of the prodigal son, when he tells us that the father, while his son "was yet a great way off, saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." You may learn also how ready God is to forgive, on confession being made, by reading David's experience in the thirty-second Psalm. This is his account of his own case, "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

2. Meet God pleading for mercy.

I have already cited the publican's prayer. You remember it fits us all. David's prayer was quite like it, when he had sinned, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." It is the right thing, here and now, to call for mercy. And we need have nothing to do with justice at present, except to believe it satisfied by what Jesus did and suffered. Call for mercy, believingly. Do not doubt that there is forgiveness with God. No matter how many and how bad your sins be, God is ready to blot them out. There is a text that says he delights in mercy. It gives him pleasure to show it. He would far rather spare us than strike us. You understand that

you are to ask and expect mercy, for Jesus' sake. Use his name as your plea. Use him as your pleader. The mercy-seat of old was sprinkled with blood. We get mercy now by Christ's bloody cross. If you will not go to God in Christ, you cannot meet him in mercy even now. But "he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

3. Meet God, keeping up communion with him.

A man forgiven is secure against God's anger. But he is not yet ready for meeting God as he will see him on the throne and in heaven. He must be made holy too. God provides for this. The Spirit comes and cleanses the heart. He can do this very quickly. He did it very quickly in the dying thief. But he generally takes longer time. He uses means in doing it. He uses truth. He leads us to use it. You will find, children, that what we constantly think about with pleasure, we come to resemble. If it is bad, it blackens us; if good, it betters us. You will be just what your thoughts most converse about. Meet, then, with God often in your thoughts, and you will be like him. The means of meeting with God in our thoughts are prayer, praise, reading, and hearing the word. Pray as if you were near and talking with God. Read the Bible as if he were near, speaking to you. Read it as a sailor studies his chart at sea, to find out where the rocks lie, and the currents, and the shoals, that he may steer the ship safely through. When I go out to make calls in this great city, I very often study the map first to make sure of my way to the places I wish to reach. If I had got directions in a letter from a friend how to transact for him a piece of business, I would be careful, in referring to the letter, to take pains to understand it, and then to act according to what was written. When you are giving medicine to a sick friend, you are heedful to keep the physician's prescription under your eye, and to follow it. The Bible should be looked at with like practical ends in view; to find out our dangers, to discover the right way, to know our absent Saviour's will, and to be healed by its medicine for souls. When you go to church also, go to meet God. Go to hear, not the minister so much as what God will say to you by him. Those who see God oftenest, and with greatest joy in Zion below, are readiest to meet him in the Zion above.

4. Prepare to meet God, doing his will.

Prayer, reading, and coming to church are means of grace—helps to holiness. Now, the grand preparation for meeting God is being made like him. When people prepare for going to church, they wash themselves and put on clean garments. They have a good emblem in that of what prepares a soul for meeting God. When the people went out to meet Jesus on the day of his riding into Jerusalem, they carried branches of palms, and strewed his way with leaves and garments. When the queen visits distant parts of her empire, the people prepare crowns and wreaths of flowers, and archways of evergreen, and other decorations to meet her eye.

When the bridegroom was coming in ancient wedding-processions, the virgins expecting his arrival trimmed their lamps and went forth to meet him. Let us get ready to meet Jesus with sweet flowers of right feeling, and evergreens of good works, and clear lights of shining graces. Good works are of no use to get pardon, for pardon in its very nature is free. But good works prove pardon, and they prepare for the kingdom. For the kingdom is a kingdom of good working. Whatever country of the world I go to, I must, in order to be at home there, know its language and live according to its climate. It would not do to wear furs, and speak the tongue of the Greenlanders out in Dahomey or Old Calabar. So I must get the language of heaven, and have its habits learned, to be fit to go there. Being in Christ makes death safe, being near him and like him makes death happy.

All these advices come to this,—meet with God now. God himself alone can make you ready for meeting him hereafter. Do not put off. You need not seek any other hour, or any other place than the present. Prepare to meet your God. This is the voice all Scripture and Providence are raising to us. Funerals say it. Sabbaths say it. New moons say it. Winters and summers preach it. Sermons say it. Conscience says it. Oh, hear the voice and live!

THE CHILD TEACHER.

"PLEASE tell me some more about God and about Jesus."

Almost daily these words fell in childish accents upon our ears from the lips of Ella B—, a sweet little girl of seven summers, whom we had learned to love and feel much interest in. Though as lively and affectionate as any child, she never seemed so happy as when listening to the story of the cross, and never wearied in hearing us read to her or tell her of the blessed Saviour who loved little children, and of the home prepared above for all who love him.

We wondered at the uncommon interest in sacred things evinced by one so young. We knew that her parents were far from being religious people—that she had never attended the Sabbath school, and yet she loved her Saviour more than any or all of her friends. "Yes, more than my mother," she said; "and had I not ought to do so?"

Where had she learned so much of Jesus? We had been reading and talking with her when she seemed more thoughtful than usual one day, and she said to us, "I want you to read to me all there is in the Bible about God and about Jesus, and all the prayers," meaning the Psalms, "for when I go home there will be no one to read them to me."

"But," we asked, "would not your mamma read to you if you asked her?"

"I don't know as mamma has any Bible," she art-

lessly replied. "I never see her read it. I am afraid she don't know about Jesus or love him, for she never talks to me about him, nor tells me how to love him and pray to him."

"But who did tell you before you came here?" we inquired.

"Only some little children who had been to Sabbath school; they told me about Jesus, and said that if we were good he would take us to heaven; and oh, I do want to be good, so that Jesus will love me and make me an angel."

Blessings on the heads of these child-teachers, the little ones who had first led that babe to Jesus! Surely a work of grace was begun in that child's heart, for we never knew one so conscientious, or so imbued with the spirit of Jesus. She was indeed a miniature Christian, an example to us all, and so eager to learn, that it was a pleasing task to direct her to Christ and help her walk with him. *Children may become teachers.* Speak of Jesus with your little friends and schoolmates. Above all, *live* like a child of Jesus, and then what lessons you may give!—*Child's Paper.*

THE IDOL AND THE EYED DOLL.

THERE had gone out from Manchester a missionary and his wife to those fair but miserable islands of the Pacific, the Samoan group. Children were born to them in due time, to call forth, more effectually than ever, the sympathy and affection of those in England who "held on to the rope," as Carey said. And a little missionary sewing circle was formed in Manchester to make up a box of clothing, comforts, and memorial gifts for these far off friends in the sea.

When this became known in the households, an old family servant who had spent thirty years of her life with them, and had grown in that time to be one of them, greatly desired to send some present that would be prized by the little ones, the children of the children she had nursed and loved, and followed into their willing exile with her tears and blessings. So she bought a handsome doll, one of those mysterious little constructions which open and shut their eyes on a slight hint; then she went to work upon its wardrobe with a generosity that showed her conviction that dolls at least are not liable to vanity. Morning-dresses, and walking-dresses, dinner-dresses, and ball-dresses, basques, cardinals, &c. &c., until it was necessary to provide a separate smaller box to be enclosed in the larger one, that the rich array might not be marred on the way.

While this kindly little enterprise was growing up in England, another doll had made its appearance in Samoa. Roman Catholic priests arrived there, bent, we fear, more upon defeating the Protestants than upon converting the natives to Christ. They obtained some slight foothold, and opened their wares, not the least important of which was an *image of the Virgin Mary.*

Doubtless its dresses were also rich, and its tresses fair; but, alas, its eyes were fixed.

The priests and this object of their worship were still under discussion, when it was noised abroad that the English people had received a box of gifts from their own country. Far and wide the tidings spread, and all sorts of people crowded thither to see these strange and beautiful things. Among other matters, the doll of course was not forgotten by the children; she was brought forth in her brilliant attire, and put upon the display of her accomplishments. The eyes silently and rapidly shut and opened, to the admiration of untutored Polynesia.

And now, unbidden by the missionaries, but prompt and clear, came this odd but very direct reasoning: "We have seen the god of the Roman Catholics, we have also seen the plaything of the English children; the plaything opens its eyes, but the eyes of the Catholic god are fixed: greater is the plaything of the Protestants than the idol of the Romanists. What must the God of the Protestants be?" And the missionaries declare that, so strong was the hold of these thoughts upon the minds of the people, that the priests could not recover their influence, but were absolutely driven from the island by the doll. The word preached by the missionary had free course, and was well listened to; and the evangelization of the people was thus signally aided by the old servant's kindly gift.

1. How narrow is the base of error, and how precarious its foothold!

2. How constantly God's servants find that they are in his hand, no less in their duties than in their history! They set out to do great things, and accomplish nothing; to do little things, and behold, great things are done.

3. God's blessing alone gives life to any means of service we employ. Let it be *our* business then to be faithful; it is *his* prerogative to be victorious.

THE PRINCE'S FOLLOWER.

LITTLE Ben Potter had been staring with sleepless eyes out of the curtainless window ever since daybreak, but he had not cared to move hand or foot. The fact is, he had gone to bed supperless the night before, and felt rather weak and faint; and as he had no very encouraging prospects for breakfast, he could not make up his mind to get up to another hungry day. So he lay very quietly watching the heavy mist curtains gradually roll away, till the sky became beautifully blue and clear, and the old elm trees waved their golden arms in the yellow autumn sunshine.

"Oh, how I wish it was real gold," sighed poor Ben, "and all those lovely leaves sailing off now and then were bright, golden dollars! Oh, how I would run out and fill my cap full, and then down to the baker's, to buy some of that beautiful white bread and butter!—"

oh, we'd have butter too, and a little tea, perhaps, for dear, sick mother; but oh, dear me," sighed Benny despondingly, "they're nothing but yellow, withered leaves."

Then he shut his eyes and thought of the time when his father was alive, and they lived in such a pleasant place, and had a garden full of roses, and a beautiful brown cow. How long ago it seemed, and how long it was even since his mother had been sick, and could earn no more money by sewing. Yesterday (and Benny's cheeks were crimson) was the first day that he had ever tried to beg. There might be kind people in the world, but he didn't much believe it. At any rate, how angry all the big, well-fed cooks looked when he knocked at the kitchen doors, and sometimes they would slam them so quickly that they nearly pinched his fingers. In one kitchen, he remembered, he saw a little kitten with such a great saucer of nice, sweet milk before her. How sleek and comfortable she looked! But when he asked for something for his poor, sick mother, they gave him such hard crusts, it made his teeth ache just to think of them, and his mother could eat none at all. "Oh dear," cried Benny to himself, "I'll just die before I go begging again!"

A long sigh from the other side of the room made him start up and exclaim, "O mother, are you awake? Did you hear me! I didn't mean exactly *that*. It wasn't so *very* bad."

But Benny's mother did not answer, and he soon saw that she was only groaning in her restless sleep. He lay a few moments longer, busy with his sad thoughts, then, suddenly starting up, he exclaimed—

"I declare, if I didn't forget the prince was coming to-day, and I meant to be up with the first streak of light," and he began hastily to dress himself in his ragged clothes, talking busily to himself all the time.

"I wonder, now, why I wasn't born over the sea in a great palace, with plenty of servants to wait on me, instead of living up four pair of stairs, in this little narrow street. There, now, what a terrible hole at my knee! Oh, if mother only *could* mend it, but I'll just have to pin it up as well as I can. Good-bye, mother," and he gently kissed her; "I'll be back before long."

"Where are you going, Benny?" said she, rousing from her troubled sleep.

"To get some breakfast for you," said the boy cheerily, "and to see the prince. I wish you could see him too, mother."

"I think I shall see him very soon, Benny," said his mother, with a tender look in her sad, faded eyes. "Perhaps this very day."

"Oh no, mother," almost laughed Benny. "Do you think he will come through this narrow street? They wouldn't let him know there was such a mean place in the city. Now, you don't think he'd come here!"

"I shall go to him," she murmured dreamily, "dear Prince of *peace*," and her heavy eyes again closed.

Benny looked very grave. "How much she sleeps," he said to himself, "and she don't know what she says half the time."

His wistful eyes filled with tears, and he turned anxiously away. As he walked down the busy street, he suddenly thought of a grand plan of making his fortune. He had heard that the prince was very kind and generous, and if he could only get near enough to just tell him quickly how sick and poor his mother was, perhaps he would give him something, or, perhaps, better than all, he would make him his little servant, and hire him to follow on and hold his horses, or do something of the kind. The poor, simple child never thought how impossible it would be for such a ragged boy to be allowed to come near the great prince.

After he had the matter all arranged to his satisfaction, Benny's step grew very lively, and as the prince was not coming till afternoon, he tried to find some little job to do by which to earn breakfast for himself and mother. But no one cared to hire such a small, weak boy, and he was becoming almost discouraged, when a kind countryman gave him three large apples. One was eagerly devoured by the hungry boy, but the other two were carried home, and laid carefully by the dear, sick mother, who still slept so strangely and heavily. Then Benny spent a long time busily and painfully trying to darn the worst holes in the faded old clothes, that he might look fit to speak to the prince.

At last afternoon came, and he found himself in the greatest crowd he had ever seen. "I don't care for myself," said little Benny, as he was pushed and jostled about, "but what *shall* I do if my clothes get torn any more?" and he took off his cap, and for safety tucked it under his arm. But after poor Benny had so many knocks and bruises that his courage began to fail, and he only wished to be once more safe at home, suddenly the band burst forth into a most magnificent strain of music. "Oh, what *are* they playing?" cried Benny excitedly.

"Why, that's 'God save the Queen,' you blockhead," cried a large boy standing near.

"God save the Queen," thought Benny; "ah, how beautiful to *pray* in music! I'm sure God will hear that, and *will* save the great Queen. Oh, if somebody would only pray for *my* mother like that;" and Benny, with streaming eyes, said softly, "O God, save the Queen, and *my* dear mother too," and then he wondered if his little trembling prayer went up with the grand music.

"What are you going to do with that bunch of horrid flowers?" cried Jack White behind him suddenly.

Benny looked around. "Why, they're the very best I can find, and I'm going to give them to the Prince, and ask him to let me be his little servant while he stays."

"Hi! hi!" screamed Jack, so loudly that half a dozen of his vagabond friends gathered around in a minute. "What do you think this fellow says?" and

amid shouts of jeering laughter, he disclosed Benny's plan. "Won't the Prince have a gay follower? Won't he be proud, though?"

"That's a *good* joke, old Patchwork," cried another, poking him in the ribs.

"My friends," continued Jack, with much politeness, "I have the honour of introducing the Duke of Rag-tag and Bob-tail."

Benny, with crimson cheeks and a breaking heart, tried hard to get away, but they held him fast, while they showered all manner of jokes upon him, and pulled at his old worn clothes till he was perfectly aghast at the unseemly rents.

There, and now, the Prince was passing by, and Benny's last chance would soon be lost for ever. He clasped his hands, and implored them to let him go.

"Oh yes," screamed Jack. "I'm afraid we are keeping his excellency. He hears his friend, the Prince, calling him. Room there for Lord Ragamuffin!"

Benny's broken-hearted sobs attracted the attention of a gentleman standing near, who exclaimed—

"You young scamps, what are you doing with that poor boy?"

The little teasing mob quickly scattered, and Benny was alone.

"Please, sir," faltered he, "has the Prince passed by?"

"Oh yes, he is quite a long way down the street."

A look of bitter disappointment swept over Benny's worn face.

"Did you want to see him so much?" said the gentleman, kindly.

Benny could not speak, and his new friend, taking him by the hand, led him out of the crowd into a quiet street, and by degrees drew from him all his sad story.

"Don't sob so, my little friend," said he, as Benny finished; "perhaps I can help you as well as the prince."

"Oh, are you very rich and great? Are you one of the prince's servants?"

"Yes," said he, smiling quietly, "I hope I *am* one of the Prince's servants, though not of the one who has just passed by."

"Who, then?" asked Benny, eagerly.

"Oh, a far greater Prince; one of whose kingdom there is no end."

"And will he help *me*?" cried Benny. "Will he let *me* be one of his servants too?"

"Yes, you have only to ask him, and he can do all things, for he is King of kings and Lord of lords."

"Ah," said Benny, with a look of great disappointment, "I know who you mean now. It is the Saviour Prince, and mother and I have prayed to him weeks and weeks, but he will not hear us," and Benny burst into tears.

"But," said the gentleman, kindly "I think he *has* heard you at last, and has sent me to help you and your poor sick mother; show me where she lives."

I have not time to tell you of Benny's extravagant joy, nor what he said to the good *doctor* (for such the gentleman proved to be) on the way home. When they first entered the room, his mother was so still and white that he at first thought she had really gone to see the "Saviour Prince," as she had said in the morning. But no; she was still living, and, after great care, she is now nearly restored to health. Benny has become the doctor's little errand boy, and hasn't been hungry for a fortnight.

But, best of all, Benny has asked the Prince—the *great* Prince—to make him one of his servants, and he studies his Bible every day, that he may learn how to follow him very closely, for he knows he is safer the nearer he is to him.

Dear little Harry, or Charlie, or Mary, or Susy, would not you, too, like to be a follower of the great Prince?—*Congregationalist*.

A WINTER STORY.

ONE cold December evening a family group assembled after dinner in their usual sitting-room. The fire, owing to some neglect of a servant, had been allowed to go out, and was but newly rekindled; the windows had been opened on account of smoke, and the room had rather a chill, comfortless feeling. The young people, one after another, gave way to various expressions of grumbling, and bitter complaints of the cold.

Mrs. Ellis quietly wrapped herself in a shawl, and took her work. Mr. Ellis lighted the gas, rubbed his hands, and sat down to a book.

"Do not poke the fire, Fanny; you will do more harm than good."

"O mamma, will these coals never light! how dreadfully cold it is!"

"Why are you not giving us some music, Ann, as usual?"

"Papa, how can I? my fingers are frozen."

"George, why are you not going to your drawing?"

"Who could hold a pencil, papa, in cold like this?"

"My dear children," said the father gravely, "you really do not know what you are saying. You have no idea what real cold and frozen fingers mean. What is the thermometer just now?"

"Twenty, papa, twelve degrees below the freezing point!"

"What would you think of more, far more degrees than twelve, not below the freezing point, but below zero itself?"

"That must be in the Arctic regions. Surely man could not live in such a place."

"Men *have* lived, and toiled, and nobly suffered there, for the sake of God or their fellows. If you would read but a few pages of the book I am now busy with, you would be quite ashamed of your conduct at this moment."

"Papa," said a younger boy, "will you tell us a story till the room gets warm?"

"Yes, Harry, you deserve it, for you are the only one who has made no complaints of the cold just now."

"Nor I, papa," said the youngest girl; "I only shivered a little, and crept beside mamma on the sofa."

"Very well, come beside me now, and I shall tell you a

real winter story, out of the book I am reading. You all know about Sir John Franklin, and how he and his men were lost in the Arctic regions?"

"Oh yes, papa, you read a good deal to us out of Captain M'Clintock's book."

"Before Captain M'Clintock discovered the real truth of that sad story, various other attempts had been made to find it out, and some crews were very nearly lost themselves in seeking to rescue Franklin. I am reading now the account of one of these expeditions, led by a good and brave man, Dr. Kane, from America. He had made a voyage for this object before, and been obliged to return without success; but in 1855 he set out again, in a small brig, with eighteen bold strong men, who volunteered to accompany him. The long winter came upon them before they had gone so far as they hoped to have done, and the ship was fast frozen up in a bay called Rensselaer Harbour. See, here is a drawing of it, with the sad words below—'*The same ice is round her still.*'"

"Did they never get out, papa?"

"The ship never did, and never will. But you must read the whole story, George, for yourself. I shall only tell you now one of the many terrible dangers from which God delivered the voyagers, by his blessing upon the leader's fortitude and energy:—

"They got through the dark months tolerably well, and as soon as daylight returned began to explore the land, as they had been doing before the darkness came on, in sledges drawn either by men or Esquimaux dogs. Towards the end of March a party of eight men went off on an exploring expedition, with a sledge which they were to draw themselves, carrying a tent, provisions, &c. The weather just then became intensely cold. Eleven days passed, and there was no appearance of their return. Late one night, while those on board ship were busy at work in the cabin, steps were heard on the deck above, and then three of the absent party entered. The first glance at their swollen, haggard faces told a fearful tale, which they were hardly able to give in words. They had left their five comrades on the ice, four of them unable to move. Where? They could not tell—somewhere to the south and east. They had evidently come a long way, and were so completely exhausted, that it was difficult to get them to speak at all.

"Dr. Kane saw in a moment that the only hope of being able to save the lost ones was by setting off with a reserve party at once. He chose nine to accompany him. He made them prepare the lightest, smallest sledge they had, and putting Mr. Ohlsen, the one of the three returned travellers who was most alive, into a bag of fur, they strapped him on the sledge, hoping he might serve as a guide. The thermometer was then forty-six degrees below zero, that is sixty-six degrees colder than to-night, when you, George and Ann, speak of not being able to play or draw in a room with a poor fire.

"They walked on without stopping for sixteen hours, and then felt they were losing their way. Poor Ohlsen had fallen asleep as soon as they began to move, and now, when he awoke, it was evident his mind was affected; he could remember nothing, and could not help them. As he was, however, able to walk, Dr. Kane gave orders to drop the sledge, raise the tent, and bury under ice, for fear of bears, all their provisions, except a small allowance for each person to carry. Only quick motion could keep them from being

frozen, so they moved on, looking around for any traces of their friends. The strongest among them was now in danger of breaking down,—Kane himself fainted twice, in spite of all his efforts to bear up. They could not even melt any ice to quench their thirst, and the snow, when they tried to swallow it, made their mouths bleed as if it had burnt them.

"They were ordered to keep as far separate as possible, to give more chances of making discoveries. They had gone on for eighteen hours, without food or water, when one of the party thought he found something like the track of a sledge, half covered with drifted snow. With trembling hope they tried to follow it out; it led them on,—then they saw the appearance of footmarks, and at length—oh, joyful sight!—a small flag was seen fluttering in the distance. It was from the pole of a tent almost buried in the drift. They had found their poor brethren at last, after a march of twenty-one hours.

"The men stood silently around, and signified that Dr. Kane should be the first to enter. As he crawled into the darkness, there came a burst of welcome from the poor sufferers within—'Doctor, we were expecting you, we were sure you would come!' Then, at the sound of their feeble voices, arose a loud cheer outside, and the brave leader was overcome, and wept tears of joy.

"But that was but for a moment,—there was time now for nothing but action. The terrible journey back was before them, and the thermometer stood seventy-five degrees below freezing. The tent could hold barely eight persons, while there were now fifteen in all. Half of the party took by turns two hours' sleep, and the others kept themselves alive by rapid motion and exertion. They made the sledge into a sort of litter, laying the tent flat upon it, and sewing up the limbs of the sick men in soft skins, covered them with furs and blankets, and fastened them down, leaving only an opening opposite their mouths for breathing. It was four hours before everything could be got ready. Then they all gathered round the sledge, commended themselves in prayer to the mercy of God, and set out on the retreat.

"It was terribly difficult to draw the heavy sledge safely over the rough ice, but all worked bravely, and even poor Mr. Ohlsen was now able to take his turn. They got on wonderfully for some hours, and Dr. Kane hoped they would soon arrive at the half-way place where they had left a tent the day before. But it was still nine miles off, when the whole party seemed suddenly to become completely overpowered, one by one falling on the snow in that fatal sleep, from which, if not aroused, there would be no waking on earth. 'They did not feel the cold now,' they said; 'all they wanted was leave to sleep.' The commander saw that a halt *must* be made. With great difficulty they got the tent, which they had brought with them, raised, but their frozen hands were incapable of lighting a fire. They crowded as many as possible into the shelter, and then Kane pressed forwards with a single companion, in hopes of being able to reach the next refuge, and get some food and water ready before the rest should follow.

"How they got over these nine miles he could hardly tell, but it was a time of terrible suffering. They kept themselves awake by continually speaking, at least repeating words aloud. They were scarcely in their senses, and went on like men in a dream. Both recollected afterwards having seen a bear walking before them, and when they came to the tent it was overturned. They raised it again with great

difficulty, crept into their sleeping bags, and fell asleep at once. When Kane awoke, at the end of three hours, his beard was fast frozen to the covering, as a mass of ice, and his companion had to cut him out with a knife.

"They got some ice melted and food warmed before the arrival of the others, who came up wonderfully restored by a rest of five hours, and as soon as possible, after taking the refreshment, all set out again. The way through the hills of ice was now terribly rough, and had not the sun mercifully shone, and the thermometer risen to four degrees below zero, none could have survived to reach the end of that dreadful journey."

"And did they all get to the ship alive?"

"They did, but by that time they were delirious, as if in a fever. All were very ill afterwards, and in spite of every care two died. The rescue party had been out for seventy-two hours, that is, fully three days and nights, and in all that time only got water twice, and halted for eight hours, half sleeping and the others walking about by turns. It seems little short of a miracle that they got through it in life."

The young people had listened with deep interest, and now gave expression to feelings of sympathy and admiration.

"Yes," said Mr. Ellis, "it is a remarkable story,—a noble example of what hardy and resolute men can do and endure by the help of God. Let us learn useful lessons from it. See the wonderful Providence of our God, preserving them in such dangers, strengthening them for such efforts, guiding them in perplexity, allowing them to reach the lost men in time to save them, and then all together to regain the vessel, when an hour or two more in either case would have been too late. But learn also, that while we trust to Providence, and look up to the Lord for blessing all our endeavours in any time of trouble, we must use every reasonable means for our own relief. So we find Jacob, David, and other saints in Scripture acting, and so acted the brave men of whom I have been speaking. They prayed, I doubt not, but they also laboured, powerfully and vigorously. And observe how they obeyed too. Their commander was well worthy of confidence, and they followed his directions without questioning or hesitation, though often with pain and difficulty. The wisdom which God gave him, and their steady obedience to his orders, saved them all."

The fire was now burning brightly, but George and Ann seemed ashamed to go near it.

"Come, my children," said their father, drawing forward his own chair, "let us thankfully enjoy the mercies our heavenly Father has provided for us. I think you will not complain again when obliged for half an hour to bear a little discomfort. None of you, I trust, are likely ever to be exposed to sufferings such as I have described; but the only way to be able to face manfully such lesser hardships as we may all expect to meet with, is to begin early, when opportunity occurs, to practise endurance and self-denial."

J. L. B.

THINKING.

"I WILL think of it." This is easy to say and simple to do; but do you know, little ones, what great things come of just *thinking*?

And yet thought itself, though very mighty, is nothing we can see or smell, hear, taste, or feel.

A boy named James Watt sat quietly by the fire one evening, doing nothing but watch the tea-kettle lid "dance," as it was moved up and down by the steam from the boiling water. He didn't say anything, but he was thinking how much power there must be in steam if it could move the heavy lid.

He kept thinking about it, and years and years after, when he was a man, he made very important improvements on the steam-engine, that can do as much work as a great many horses, just by the steam of boiling water moving wheels and rods that move machinery in their turn. So when you see steam mills, steam-boats, and railroad cars, you may remember that they never would have been built if it had not been for *thinking*.

When a man is lying awake some night very quiet, would you believe he can be doing what may change the life of a million people? But he may be planning some terrible battle that will bring sorrow into a multitude of homes, and change the fate of a whole nation. You have heard of Napoleon, who was such a great soldier?

About the time Napoleon was thinking of the glory he would get to himself and the French people, and planning long marches and bloody victories, there was a man living in Gloucester, England, who was *thinking* just as earnestly, but of something very different. He was a good man, and believed that we should work for the glory of God and the best good of men, and so he was thinking what he could do to prevent the little children who lived in Gloucester from taking God's holy name in vain, from breaking the Sabbath, and from stealing. Some of them had wicked fathers and mothers, who did these wicked things themselves, and there was no one to teach the children any better.

One Sabbath day Mr. Raikes had occasion to go to a part of the city where was a large pin factory, and a great many people who worked there lived near it. He was shocked and grieved to see the swarms of dirty children in the streets, who were playing rough games, fighting, and swearing. He heard that the farmers who lived a little out of town were obliged to stay at home to watch their fruit-trees on Sundays. They said they had more trouble by thieves on that day than on any other.

Finally, Mr. Raikes thought if he could get these poor little degraded, ignorant ones into a school on Sundays, they would be kept from mischief, and taught something which might make them good men and women. It was very hard work, but he succeeded; and other people, seeing what a good and blessed thing it was, started other Sunday schools, till now, a hundred years after, there is one connected with almost every church in both Great Britain and America. So you see what Mr. Raikes brought about by thinking.

Every person does not have such wonderful and powerful thoughts, but we are all thinking continually, and our thoughts are what make our actions. If we allow evil ones, they will make our lives evil; and pure, happy thoughts, will make pure, happy lives. The best,

indeed the only way, to have good thoughts in our hearts is to have the Holy Spirit there. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Is the Holy Spirit in *your* heart, my young reader? "If any man have *not* the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." And if not his—*whose*?

CHARLIE, AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

ONE summer morning early,
When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee.
And he heard a robin singing
In a tree so tall and high,
On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying,
In the very tree-top there;
Glory! Glory! it is saying,
And that is all its prayer.
But God will surely hear him,
And the angels standing by,
For God is very near him,
Away up in the sky."

"My child! God is no nearer
To robin on the tree,
And does not hear him clearer
Than he does you and me.
For he hears the angels harping
In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birdlings chirping
Down in their leafy nest."

"Mamma, if you should hide me
Away down in the dark,
And leave no lamp beside me,
Would God then have to bark?
And if I whisper lowly,
All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
Would know what 'twas I said?"

"My darling little lisper,
God's light is never dim;
The very lowest whisper
Is always close to him.

Now, the robin's song was filling
The child's soul full of bliss;
The very air was trilling
When his mamma told him this.
And he wished, in childish craving,
For the robin's wings to fly,
To sing on tree-tops waving,
So very near the sky.

Child at Home.

A LESSON FROM A CHILD.

"It is too bad," exclaimed young Emily Grant one Sabbath morning as she sprang from her bed; "another rainy Sunday! I wonder what's the use of having a new silk dress, if one can never wear it; and the water spots mine dreadfully."

It was with a very petulant, discontented look that Emily moved about the room performing her toilet, and it had not left her face even when she rose from her hasty devotions. It seemed to her that she had nothing to be thankful for; everything went wrong; the muffins were burned at breakfast, and even her little brother, when he put his arms around her neck, crumpled her clean collar.

So it was with a spirit as dark and unpleasant as the weather itself, that Emily at length set out for church. In spite of the threatening clouds, she had suffered a momentary gleam of sunshine to beguile her into wearing the new dress; and as she walked along, holding it carefully up from the muddy side-walk, her thoughts were much more intent upon preserving it from contact with the wet, than preparing her spirit to render fit service in the temple of God.

As though to set the climax to her ill-humour, just as she was within sight of the church, but too far off to save the dress, the black clouds rifted, and down came a pelting shower of heavy drops, every one of which left a dark and wrinkled spot upon the delicate silk. Poor Emily's eyes filled with tears of vexation, and she drew her veil hastily over her unlovely-looking face as she entered the door of the church, and went into her father's pew.

There she sat, silent, and thinking rebelliously that she was the most unfortunate girl in the world; everything happened to annoy her, and she did not see what it was she had to be thankful for. Of course she did not hear much of the solemn opening prayer; and when the congregation rose to sing, Emily's usually tuneful voice was silent; she had no heart to join in songs of praise. As she stood with her eyes bent sullenly upon her open book, there came to her ear, clear and distinct through the volume of sound that filled the church, the sweet tones of a child's voice, ringing out full and earnest, as though she were indeed singing with the spirit and the understanding: "Oh, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name."

The chant was familiar enough, but it had a new meaning now to Emily; it came with the voice of rebuke to her repining mood, and she turned to look at the singer whose clear tones rang out the reproofing words so plainly to her ear. It was a little girl with a pale, meagre face, and scanty garments, that proved her to be one of the poor of the earth; yet her face was lighted up with an almost angelic devotion, and it was plain to see that *she* felt that she had cause to be thankful.

"Thanksgiving—praise," thought the conscience-smitten Emily; "if that poor little creature's heart is full of these, how ought it to be with mine? I have every comfort and am tenderly cared for; and yet *my* heart is filled instead with vanity, and fretfulness, and ingratitude."

Emily's eyes again filled with tears; but they were those of shame and sorrow. She knelt reverently as the minister's solemn voice called to prayer, and an earnest supplication rose from the very depths of her heart for pardon, and for grace to take this child's lesson to heart, which had taught her that the "garment of praise" was a more fitting preparation for the house of God than a robe of new and shining silk.

THE LENT HALF-CROWN.

WHEN Charlie Leason was about ten years old, a bright half-crown was given him by his grandfather, to buy anything he pleased for his New-year's present. The boy's mother had that morning taught him the verse, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again," and told him the old story of the good man, who, asking a friend for a little money for a poor man, offered him *good security* for its repayment—thereafter explaining what he meant by quoting this text. The words were running in the boy's mind while on his way to the store to purchase a toy which he had seen in the window of the shop on the previous day.

Just before Charlie reached the store, he met a poor woman who had sometimes washed for his mother, and she seemed to be in great distress.

"What's the matter, Hannah?" said the kind-hearted child.

"O Master Charlie, I've got to be turned into the street this cold morning, and my little Bill so sick too."

"Turned into the street, you and Bill! What for?"

"Because I can't raise my weekly rent. I've just been to see my landlord, and he says it's three days overdue, and he'll not wait another hour. There go the men now to put my bed, and grate, and few things on the side-walk. Oh, what will I do?"

"How much is your rent, Hannah?" asked the boy, with a choking voice.

"It's half-a-crown," said the woman. "It will kill Bill to be put out in this cold, and sure I will die with him."

"No, you won't; no, you shan't," said the tender-hearted child; and feeling in his pocket, he brought forth his treasured half-crown, and placed it quickly in her hand. Seeing she hesitated to keep it, notwithstanding her great need, Charlie told her it was all his own to spend as he pleased, and that he had rather give it to her than have the nicest toy in the store. Then walking away swiftly from the shop windows, which were all full of tempting New-year's presents, he went bravely home to his mother, sure of her approbation.

The first person he met was his grandfather. He had observed Charlie go down the street, and was waiting for his return, that he might see what he had bought. So his first salutation was, "Well, child, what have you done with your money?"

Now, Charlie's grandfather was not a religious man; and the boy knew that, though he sometimes gave money to his relations, he seldom or never bestowed it upon the poor; so he rather disliked to tell him what he had done with his money; but while he hesitated, the verse which he had that morning learned, and the story his mother had told him, came into his mind and helped him to an answer. Looking pleasantly into his grandfather's face, he said, "I've lent it, sir."

"Lent your half-crown, foolish boy? You'll never get it again, I know."

"Oh yes, I shall, grandpa, for I've got a promise to pay."

"You mean a note, I s'pose; but it isn't worth a penny."

"Oh yes, grandpa, it's perfectly good. I am sure about it, for it is in the Bible."

"You mean you've put it there for safe-keeping, eh? Let me see it."

Charlie brought the book and showed him the verse: "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

"So you gave your money to some poor scamp. Well, you'll never see it again. Who's got it, pray?"

"I gave it to Hannah Green, sir;" and Charlie told him her sad story.

"Oh, nonsense!" said his grandfather, "you can't pay poor folks' rent; it's all nonsense. And now you've lost your New-year's present, or will, if I don't make it up to you. Here," he added, as he threw him another half-crown, "seeing your money's gone where you never will get it again, I must give you some more, I s'pose."

"Oh, thank you," said Charlie heartily. "I knew the Lord would pay me again, grandpa, because the Bible says so; but I didn't expect to get it so quick."

"That boy's too much for me," said the old gentleman; and he walked quickly away.—*Child's Paper*.

THE TWO BEARS.

THERE was a great outcry in the nursery, which much disturbed Uncle James reading his morning paper. "Those children are always at it," muttered Uncle James, knitting his shaggy eyebrows, and looking perhaps not so cross as worried. In fact, he was not used to children, and therefore their little squabbles and differences troubled him. He forgot that little brooks did not always run smooth; they *would* dash and splash over the pebbles. By-and-by, as the noise did not hush, Uncle James threw down his paper and rushed up stairs. "Children," he cried, "do you know there must be a couple of bears in this nursery!"

"No, there a'n't," said they, each at a surprised stand still; "no bears here."

"I say there *must* be," cried Uncle James with determination; "I shall have a couple of bears put in here, chained in."

Little Emily bobbed down behind the bed, Maurice got into the closet, Johnie held tighter to his whip; but George stood up with a protecting look, as much as to say, "I'll guard the flock, sir." Uncle James faced the children and the children faced Uncle James. For a moment or two no word was spoken; the nursery was never stiller. Perhaps the children were thinking of the pains of being crunched,

for Maurice asked in a little frightened voice from the closet, "Bears to eat us up, uncle?"

"I *hope* they will eat you up," said Uncle James, "every one of you." This savage wish was almost too much for them.

"I'll tell mother," said Emily, turning quite pale and almost ready to cry.

"I'll whip the bears off," cried Johnie, rallying his courage, and snapping his whip.

"Is that the way you would treat your children, uncle?" asked George; "the Bible says you must do as you would be done by."

"Yes," persisted Uncle James, "I shall always keep two bears in my nursery." Uncle James did not then know, as he had no nursery, how much more easily this was said than done. "Two bears—two bears, boys; two bears, girls!" he repeated. "'Bear and for-bear,' these are their names," he added, smiling.

Ah, those good, gracious bears, that eat you up with kindness! Happy is the nursery which has them.

THE OLD BRIDGE.*

Some time ago I was living in the country. One day I was out walking. I came to a deep, dark river, rushing rapidly down from the mountains to the sea. I could see, far below, the great, deep, black pools, with huge lumps of rock, all broken, and jagged, and worn into fantastic shapes and smooth round edges, by the rush of the water. There were high steep banks on both sides, —so steep that you could neither clamber down the one side nor up the other. The only way to get across was by a rude and rustic bridge, that was made of two round logs with narrow strips of wood nailed across them. The logs were all rotten-looking; many of the little strips of wood had fallen off, and here and there large rusty nails stuck out in places where the wood had rotted off and dropped away. This was the only bridge; and I did not like the look of it. When I stamped on it with my foot, it swayed to and fro, and cracked in a very ugly manner. I thought with myself, if I go over on that bridge it may break with me; and I am sure that if I fall down into that torrent, among these rocks, I shall never rise alive till the resurrection.

While I was standing deliberating, I saw a stout countryman at work in a meadow, over on the other side. I cried out to him, and asked him whether he had ever crossed that bridge? "Oh yes, sir," said he, "very often: I came across it a little while ago; it's all right." I said, "May I trust to it?" "Oh yes," said the man; "it's all right enough, you may safely trust to it." Looking at the man, I saw that he was much stouter and heavier-looking than I, and so I thought, If this bridge could bear you, it will also bear me; and then over I went, trusting to the bridge, and reached the other side in peace and safety.

Now, do you understand what trusting is? I trusted

three ways in that case, and was not deceived in any of them. First I trusted the honest countryman. I thought he looked a decent, truthful sort of man; and so, when he told me that he had gone over that bridge a short while ago, I believed him, I trusted his word. You know he might have lied to me: he might have *said* he went over that bridge, though he did not; and I might have trusted his word and been drowned. But he had no reason for deceiving me; and I thought, by his look, that he was a truthful man, so I put trust in his word, and was not deceived.

Second, I trusted my own opinion. I thought the man looked heavier than I. I argued that if the rotten bridge could bear his weight, it would bear mine. I might have been deceived here again. It was quite possible that I was heavier than the man; and if I had been much heavier, the bridge that bore him might not have borne me: but I trusted to my own judgment, and was not deceived—the bridge did bear me.

And third, I trusted to the rotten-looking bridge. I had good grounds for doing so, and I did so. I put my whole weight upon it. I had no other support whatever. If that bridge had broken down, I should most certainly have fallen into the river below, and been dashed to pieces on the hard ragged rocks. But I trusted the bridge, and it bore me safely, and all was well.

You have these three things to trust to, also, when trusting in God:—You have first to trust the word of another; but that other is the Son of God himself. If you ask him whether he is both able and willing to save you, he will tell you that he is both able and willing. He will tell you that he is able and willing to save unto the uttermost all that come to God through him. None that trust in him are ever put to shame. He cannot lie. He is not only true, but the Truth. You need have no difficulty in trusting to his good word. O Lord God of hosts, blessed is the man, and blessed, above all, is the little child, that putteth his trust in thee.

Second, The Lord Jesus has saved many others. You have to trust to this, that he has saved sinners as great as you. And though your sins be very great, never fear that he has not saved sinners greater than you. He saved Paul, who persecuted his Church, helped the men who stoned God's first martyr to death, and dragged men and women bound to prison, because they loved Jesus. He cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene, and saved her. He saved a thief who was condemned to be crucified. He has saved many that were guilty of all the very worst sins—sins so bad that you hardly know anything about them. So *you* may safely trust to him.

Third, But will the bridge bear you? Ah, you may safely trust to it. The Lord Jesus Christ himself is the bridge. He says, "I am the way; I am the door; I am the Jacob's ladder from earth to heaven." He is *mighty* to save. He is strong. It was he that made this earth, and spun it round, and sent it whirling into space just as easily as you would spin a top. It is his

* From "Trust and be Safe," by the Rev. J. Alexander. Published by Mr. Nowell, Sloane Street, Chelsea.

hand that holds the moon and all the stars in their places by night, and the sun all day. He has all power in heaven and on earth. He overcame the Devil; he grasped Death by the throat, and overcame him too. Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him.

Now, further, I had no great need to cross that old bridge. I could have remained on the side where I was. I might have sat still in peace, and looked down on that river boiling below. But you cannot sit still where you are. To do so is to die. You are on the wrong side: you *must* cross.

Here, where you are, if you are not born again, there are wild beasts to tear and destroy you. You *must* cross, *or die*.

That man, as I said, might have deceived me; but God cannot deceive you. You may put most perfect trust in all that he says to you; and he bids you flee for your life, and do it *now*.

I might have cheated myself, and been lost, by thinking that the man was heavier than I; but you cannot be wrong. Jesus says, "Whosoever will, let him come; and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." And, he says, in special, "Suffer the little children to come:" I will by no means cast *them* out. Jesus loves to carry the little children over in safety. The good Shepherd carries the lambs in his arms. Trust with all your might, and lean on him with your whole weight: you need fear no evil.

Besides all this, I had at the last to trust to a rotten bridge. It was very rotten, and very narrow. It looked very fearful indeed. If you had seen it, it would have made you tremble. But you have to trust to one who is able and mighty. The Lord Jesus is the living one. He never grows old. He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

I got but little by crossing that old bridge. But you get God, and heaven, and glory. You get the sweet song of the angels, the white robes, and the golden crown, and the green palm of the saints. You get all that is glorious in heaven, and you avoid all that is dark and terrible in hell. You go from death to life; you go from the bottom of the cold dark grave to the green earth and glorious sunshine: you go from hell to heaven; from the devil to Jesus Christ; from all evil to all good. And that is a journey you cannot begin too soon: you ought to start *now*, if you have not begun it already; if you have already begun, then you must hold fast the beginning of your confidence steadfast to the end.

You must trust all to Jesus. You must not do a little to save yourself, and expect him to do the rest. All that you do is a hindrance rather than a help. Let me try to make this plain to you.

A little boy falls into the water, and is in danger of being drowned. If he throw himself on his back, lie

perfectly still, and *trust* himself to the water, he will float, and so be saved. But if he struggle, and cry, and try to save himself by his own efforts, he sinks, and is drowned.

Or better still. While the little boy is in the water, and near the point of death, a strong swimmer strikes out to him, and lays hold of him. If the little boy lays hold of the man in return, and simply keeps hold, then it is easy for the man to swim to the shore with him; but if the boy *will* try to save himself, it becomes very difficult indeed, and often quite impossible to save him. He does most to save himself when he *trusts* to the strong one who is saving him. And when he clings very close, and lies very still on the back of the strong swimmer, then they come to the safe shore very speedily together.

Do you now understand what it is to trust in the Lord Jesus? It is to lean your whole weight upon him—to leave the whole guidance of your salvation to him. You are to do work, but not for the purpose of saving yourself; all that you do is to show that you are saved, and to show forth the praise of that God who has saved you.

LONG RACE FOR A BOOK.

Nor many years ago, a Sabbath-school teacher in a remote district met a number of children playing by the roadside. He was much interested in their replies to his questions, and as he left them he handed to each a tract.

After following a lonely path for nearly *two miles*, he heard approaching footsteps, and, turning round, found that he had been followed by a little boy, who had run all that distance to beg a tract for his mother.

"Can you read?" asked the missionary.

"No, sir, but my mother can."

"Will you carry these home, and try to remember what is in them, and pray God to make you a good and useful child?"

"Yes, sir; and I shall never forget your kindness."

The teacher, after giving his little friend some timely words of counsel, went on, and the boy retraced his steps till he had joined his companions, holding up to their delighted gaze a couple of illustrated tracts, which he said the *religion man* had given him.

The "good seed" sown by a trusting hand brought forth precious fruit. The contents of those simple pages so moved that mother's heart that she earnestly sought the Good Shepherd, and found in him peace and pardon. She now rests from her labours, and her released spirit doubtless rejoices in the realms of light; while her son is preparing to be a guide to the wanderer, and a light to them who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

STEADFAST IN PRAYER.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"They continued steadfastly . . . in prayer."—Acts II. 42.

THE water is purest among the mountains where it gushes cold from the rock, or bubbles up at the mossy spring—the nearer to the fountain the clearer is the stream. By every mile it rolls that grows in volume, till the streamlet which a child could leap, has swollen into a broad river, on whose bosom, as it nears the sea, fishermen shoot their nets, and the ships of nations ride. But what it has acquired in depth and breadth it has lost in purity—growing the muddier the further it goes. How like to what happens with Churches ;—the larger they have become, usually becoming more loose in doctrine, more lax in discipline. With an increase of numbers, how often they present an increase of corruptions ! So that if we would find the purest days of many a sect, we must turn our steps back to the period of its rise.

In some respects this is true even of the Christian Church. When young in years and small in numbers, what love, unity, purity, and peace dwelt within her walls ! Since then how have they been shaken by the violence, and filled with the din of controversies ? Here one sect carrying on fierce war against another, and there contending parties within the same body, more like wolves than sheep, worrying, "biting, and devouring" one another. Had an inhabitant of another sphere lighted on this one to see the Church rent into jealous, envious, scowling, angry factions, that, instead of presenting one bold front to a common enemy, were burying their swords in each other's bosoms, how difficult it had been for him to believe that these, the subjects of one King, had a common faith, a common cross, a common Bible, a common hope, a common heaven ; and that the choicest title of their common Sovereign was not the god of war, but the Prince of Peace. Can we contrast what she is now and has for long ages been with her happy state, when the heathen said, See how these Christians love one another, without being ready to cry, How are the mighty fallen ; the weapons of war how are they perished !—How is the gold become dim, how is the most fine gold changed ?

It was not always so. What a picture of Christian unity, love, self-denial, mutual affection, noble devotedness to each other's welfare, and to the great interests of Messiah's kingdom, in the verses that follow the text ; in that community of goods, which politicians have often dreamed of,—aimed at, but Christians only have ever attained to ! In those days the Church was one large, loving family, into whose common treasury each member brought his wealth and wages. Nobody was immensely

rich ; nobody was miserably poor. Riches and rags, splendour and squalidness, did not stand in incongruous conjunction ; worship, as I have seen these, under the same roof, or sit at one communion-table. As all the rivers of earth pour their waters into one sea, and all the roots of a tree convey their nourishment to one stem, and all the veins of the body empty themselves into one heart, from which the tide of blood, borne along the bounding arteries, is sent forth again to be distributed to every member according to its needs—so was it with the Church, the body of Christ. What states have been in name, it was in truth—a commonwealth ; the only instance of one the world ever saw. The people lived for Christ. They regarded their possessions as his, not theirs ; they judged that as a man, when he buys land, buys all—the trees that grow on its surface, and the minerals that lie beneath it—so, when Christ bought them with his blood, he bought all that belonged to them ; and they felt that if Christ gave his life for the poorest saints, they could not do less than share meals and money with them. See what we are told : "They who believed were together, and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need."

There was no command laid on them to do so ; there is no command lies on us to imitate their example. Such a practice, indeed, would now be as undesirable as it is impracticable. Still, though theirs were peculiar circumstances, how ought their conduct—the spirit of their example, and, to adduce a still higher authority, that of Christ, who, with his disciples, had a common purse—to call forth our charity to the poor saints, that we may fill the scantiness of their cup with the overflowings of our own.

There is, however, one marked feature of that early Church recorded in these verses, which we are safe in copying, and are called to copy. In that they set us an example that we should follow their steps. If we would grow the same fruit—a crop as fine in quality and as abundant in quantity, we must apply the same culture to ground or tree. I have seen two plants beneath the glass of a conservatory : this was a mass of flowers, dazzling the eye with their beauty, and filling the whole house with their perfume ; while that, fruitless and flowerless, hung its drooping leaves, and seemed pining into death under a deep decline. Both stood in the same soil, enjoyed the same heat, and had been taken from the same parent stem. Whence the difference ? The cause

of it was not obscure or remote. This had been often, but that, somehow neglected, had been seen seldom watered. Now what water is to thirsty plants, prayer is to the graces of a man or Church. Do we admire, wonder, stand astonished at the love, unity, peace, purity, fruitfulness of the first Christians? The riddle is read, the mystery solved, in these words, "They continued steadfast in prayers."

I. Their employment—prayer.

A refuge in trouble, strength in weakness, armour in battle, our comfort in sorrow, guide in darkness, the wings by which we fly to God, our ladder to climb the skies, prayer is the first sign of conversion. It is the birth-cry of a soul,—like the cry of the new-born, by which the mother knows her child is alive. The dying thief—for where may not a soul be born again?—was converted on the cross; and the first intimation the world had that he who but an hour ago was mocking our dying Lord had become another man, was to see him turning round on the nails to cry, "Lord, remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom." The jailor—nor is he the only man born again there—was converted in the prison; and the first intimation Paul and Silas had of the change was when he cast away his sword, and, calling for a light, sprang into the dungeon, to fall on his knees, and cry, *Sirs, what shall I do to be saved!* Paul himself, like some vagrant's child, was born on the public road, struck down, converted on his way to Damascus; and the change was announced to Ananias in these words, "Behold, he prayeth." *Prayeth!* and it is of such prayers I speak, of course—true prayers—not those of the lip, but of the heart; for no arrows reach yonder sky but prayers shot from heart-strings, when, like a strong bow, the soul, not merely the knee, is bent. A man may say his prayers—say them from lisping infancy to mumbling age, from the cradle to the coffin, yet never once have prayed.

The first true sign of spiritual life, prayer is also the means of maintaining it. A man can as well live physically without breathing, as live spiritually without prayer. There is a class of animals—neither fish nor sea-fowl, that inhabit the deep. It is their home; they never leave it for the shore; yet, though swimming beneath its waves and sounding its darkest depths, they have ever and anon to rise to the surface that they may breathe the air. Without that these monarchs of the deep could not live in the dense element in which they move, and have their being. And something like what they do through a physical necessity, the Christian has to do by a spiritual one. It is by ever and anon ascending to God, by soaring up in prayer into a loftier, purer region for supplies of grace, that he maintains his spiritual life. Prevent these animals from rising to the surface, and they die for want of breath; prevent him from rising to God, and he dies for want of prayer. Give me children, cried the woman, else I die; Let me breathe, says a man gasping, else I die; Let me pray, says the Christian, else I die.

"Now," writes Paul, "abideth faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is charity;" and the fair crown he puts on charity, we may place on the bent head of prayer. Among all the means of grace—sermons, sacraments, Sabbaths, providences, God's word, either read or preached—the greatest of these is prayer. Nor men, nor devils can shut its gates. When every other avenue to God is closed, these stand open—day and night continually. Persecution may drive us from the house of God; the voice of preachers may be silenced in the storm; we may be excluded from the communion table; the Bible, plucked from our hands, may be burned to ashes in Popish flames; all this has happened, and may happen again. These avenues man may close—not this, the door of prayer. The martyr found it open in his lonely dungeon; Daniel in the den of lions; the three children in the fiery furnace; Jonah in the belly of the whale; Paul and Silas in the inner prison—their feet were in the stocks, but their spirits were free; and when his brow is marble cold, and his eyes are glazed and dim, and his ear has lost its hearing, and his tongue its powers of speech, the moving lips and uplifted hands tell the by-standers at a Christian's death-bed that the gates of prayer stand open still. Prayer and a good man part only at the door of heaven; there is but a breath, a groan, a sigh, between earth's prayers and its eternal praise. He rises from his knees to assume the crown, and ascend a throne.

II. Their perseverance in this exercise—they continued stedfastly in prayers.

Prayers which are not answered at the time, nor for long afterwards, may nevertheless be accepted—were he to speak, Christ's reply to a mother, earnest and urgent for a son's conversion, might be such as he gave his own mother, "Woman, my hour is not yet come." Now, God's people are apt to forget this; and that it is with prayer, to borrow an illustration from commercial transactions, as with a bill, which, though accepted, is often not paid till months or years elapse. Our heavenly Father knows best what to give; and also how, and where, and when to give. Were its answer always to follow prayer, as the peal roars upon the flash, I suspect that we would be as ready in spiritual as we are in earthly matters to forget God's hand,—coming to look on our prayers as being the cause of the answer, as much as we are in the habit, without any reference to God, of regarding the flash of lightning as the cause of the peal of thunder.

Besides, if, without respect to other things, the answer were always to follow the prayer, the grand ends of God's providence would often be defeated. Let me illustrate this by reference to the case of the prodigal. It so happened that he was deeply impressed with a sense of his bad, and unfilial conduct. How touchingly is that expressed in his soliloquy, "I will arise and go to my father, and say to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am not worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." But

suppose it had been otherwise, and that by report, or his bold bearing and sullen look, his father knew it to be otherwise, would he have run to meet him? Would he have kissed his cheek? Would he, anticipating his prayers, have granted forgiveness before it was asked; and, in the fulness of a father's joy, the gush of long pent up feelings, would he, as having nothing too good for him, have cried for the fairest robe; bidden music sound, and wine flow, and floors shake to the dancers' feet? A hired servant was the height of that son's hope, the boldest venture of his prayer; and as God in the end will do to his people, would he—taking him to his bosom, restoring him to the place of a son both in his heart and home—have done exceeding abundantly above all that he could ask or think? Certainly not. If the prodigal, though somewhat, had not been fully sensible of his sin, the father would have pursued a different course. God cures souls as we cure bodies—he wounds to heal. And, in the case supposed, this father, in whose portrait Jesus drew an attractive picture of his own Father, would have turned his back on his son at the very time his heart was turning to him. Restraining feelings that struggled to get forth, he would have received him coldly, that he might humble his pride, and make him fit to receive his gracious favour. See how David dealt with Absalom! To say nothing of those that heard it, who ever read that doleful cry, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son," without feeling that David was as tender in heart, as he was true to friendship, and pious to God, and brave in battle; yet when his heart was breaking for the love he had for Absalom, see how he allowed him to stay two whole years in Jerusalem,—refusing to see his face. Look at Joseph's conduct to his brethren! He yearned to make himself known to them, and had forgiven all the moment that he saw them; yet he dealt harshly with them; spoke roughly to them; called them spies; cast them into prison. Nor till conscience, long asleep, woke by this rough hand to reproach them and teach them to reproach themselves, saying, "We are very guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us," not till then did he drop the mask, and with look, and tones that proclaimed their pardon, cry, I am Joseph! Even so, to deepen the humility of those that seek him, to try their faith, to exercise their patience, to quicken their penitence, to fire their ardour, and blow the smoking flax into a burning flame, Jesus, when his heart is overflowing with tenderness, may for a while refuse prayer her answer,—hide himself, nor say, I am Jesus.

And when we pray, and get no answer—knock, and the door is not opened—and putting our ear to it, we catch no approaching footstep, nor sound, nor sign of any one being within, what are we to do? To cease praying? Cease praying! By no means. No more than I would cease swimming for dear life when the rude

wave had plucked my hands from the rock, or, after my feet had touched the blessed sands, bore me back again and out to sea. I am to knock and listen; to stand, and wait till the door of God's heart is opened—importunate as the widow, till then take no rest and give him none. Do so, for what his word teaches you is agreeable to his will, and if you don't get the answer when you are living, you shall get it when you are dead. In prayers, or curses, men sow what often grows above their graves. It is eighteen hundred years since Jesus prayed, "I will that thou whom thou hast given me be with me where I am;" and that prayer gets its answer in every chamber which the dying saint leaves for the gates of glory. It is eighteen hundred years since they cried, "His blood be on us and on our children," and God is answering that curse now in a people scattered and peeled, a hissing, a byeword, and a proverb in all the earth.

Let faith and hope hold up the arms of prayer till they drop powerless at your side in death. Many a parent has entreated God for an ungodly son; nor got his answer till he went to heaven. Some day its door opens; he looks round to see who comes in—and there is his son! Amid rejoicing angels and ringing heavens, the two embrace; and Jesus, seeing of the travail of his soul, rejoicing in this trophy of his cross, hears that burst of paternal joy, "My son that was dead is alive again, that was lost is found."

III. The fruit of prayer.

In standing up before his audience to proclaim salvation, and offer pardon to the guilty—to the guiltiest, by the blood of Jesus,—and by all that is sacred and holy, that is tender and terrible, by love to God and regard to themselves, to urge its cordial and immediate acceptance, how often do the vacant eyes and unmoved demeanour of his hearers—so unlike people under sentence of death getting tidings of a pardon—remind the preacher of the question, Shall horses run upon the rock, shall a man plough there with oxen? Time that sheds snows on our head, draws furrows on our brow; but it is not over bald mountain brows that the husbandman guides his plough. He cultivates the valley, leaving the rocky summits to the eagle, to clouds and roaring tempests.

Bolder than he, the preacher of the gospel casts the seed of the word on stony hearts. God encourages him; saying, Is not my word a fire and hammer to break the stones in pieces? Yet, alas! how often does the result of his most solemn, most startling, most searching appeals but show that he has run his horses on a rock, and ploughed there with oxen?—the only feeling elicited, like the spark which the horse's hoof strikes from the rock, to die the instant of its birth.

It is one thing, however, to speak to men, and another to speak to God—in other words, it is one thing to preach, and an entirely different thing to pray. Who prays, never runs his horses on a rock, nor ploughs there with oxen. When the season has been cold and

backward, when rains fell and prices rose, and farmers desponded and the poor despaired, I have heard people, whose hopes, resting on God's promise, did not rise and fall with the barometer, nor shift with shifting winds, say, We shall have harvest after all. You can safely say so of the labours and fruits of prayer. The answer indeed may be long in coming—years may elapse before the bread we have cast on the waters comes back; but if the vision tarry, wait for it! Why not? We know that some seeds spring as soon almost as they are put into the ground; others lie buried there for months: and in some cases years elapse before they germinate, and rise to teach us that what is dormant is not dead. It is often so with prayer. Before that immortal seed has sprung, the hand that planted it may be mouldering in the dust—the seal of silence lying on the lips that prayed. But though you are not spared to see it grow, it is not lost; it bides its time, God's "set time." In one form or another, in this world or in the next, who sows in tears, sickle in hand, shall reap in joy. He who puts his people's tears into his bottle, will never forget their prayers.

Consider what honour has God put on prayer! The question is not, What can it do? but, What has it not done? It has divided the sea; quenched the violence of fire; shut the mouths of lions; and opened the gates of Paradise. As you would do to that clock, by putting your finger on the pendulum, prayer has gone up to heaven and stopped the sun. It has gone down into the dusty grave, and brought back the dead. It has bound up the clouds; and loosed them again. See yonder the prophet's servant climbing Carmel for the seventh time. There is a speck like a white sail on the rim of the sea. It rises; no bigger at first than a man's hand, it grows, gathers, spreads, till it covers the whole dark vault of heaven; and now, with thunders roaring, lightning flashing, rain pouring from the skies, and foaming cascades leaping from the hills, the king lashes on his startled horses,—flying before the tempest. The prayers of that man who, with girded loins, runs by his chariot, did it—shattered with thunderbolts the bottles of the sky. "Elias," says the apostle, "was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

Are we to expect such answers now? Well, we err more, perhaps, by expecting them too little than too much. When the State or Church appoints fasts and days of prayer for rain in dry, for drought in wet seasons, how few go to prayer with a spark of the faith of that child who was observed going to church prepared for rain. True, there was no cloud in heaven, but God was there; and would to Him we brought to prayer more of the faith that spoke in her answer to those that taunted her, and expressed surprise to see her prepared for change of weather: "We are going to pray for rain,

and I expect God will hear and send it." If we expected more, we should get more; and this is especially true of prayers that, seeking better harvests than sickles reap, plead and urge such promises as these, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit on thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, and as willows by the water-courses."

It is by men on their knees the door of heaven is opened. Prayer is the key. The Spirit yields to prayer. Look at our Lord's baptism. Side by side John and he stand in Jordan stream. He afterwards bowed his head to death; and now he bowed it to a servant's hand. Baptized by John—the greater by the less—he leaves the water. Not there, but on the bank, where, as Luke tells us, he engaged in prayer, the eyes of the spectators catch a dove-like object; and in that form—dropping with expanded wings till it rests upon his head, he receives the Spirit. And how were the disciples engaged at Pentecost when they received the Holy Ghost? That day of days found them all in one place; and in prayer. Suddenly, though no breath stirred the leaves of the aspen, or bent the reeds that stood in the shallows of the sleeping lake, there came a sound, as when the wind roars through the winter forests; every man started and raised his head to cry, What is that? but was struck dumb to see the sign of the Spirit's presence, and the power of prayer—a tongue of fire resting on every head. Once more they are met,—met like a crew on the deck when their vessel, reeling in the sea, is driving on a horrid reef. The Church is in danger. The preaching of the gospel is forbidden. Hanging over destruction, his poor people cry to the Lord. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and his anointed; but he that sits in heaven laughs, the Lord has them in derision. Suddenly when the Church, in her distress, cries to the Lord, the house where she is met, struck by no reeling earthquake, feels such shock as when a ship takes the sand. It rocks to its foundations; and they who feared, perhaps, that they and the hopes of a lost world were to be buried in a common ruin, find themselves filled with the Holy Ghost. And who would be so filled, or who would have others filled, let him pray. "To your tents, O Israel!" was an old cry; now it should be, whether they seek their own or others' salvation, To your knees, O men! The Spirit comes to the call of prayer.

Now is the time, the day, the hour for it. There is nothing too great you may not get in this world; and nothing too little you shall not be refused in the next. Here God will give pardon to the greatest sins, his saving mercy to the greatest sinners; there the man that now rejects the cross of Christ and the crown of glory, shall lift up his eyes in torment—nor get a drop of water to cool his burning tongue. Seek the Lord, therefore, while he is to be found; and continue steadfastly in prayer.

SAMOA.

SAMOA is not one island, but many—being the native name of the group called the “Navigators.” They are lovely islands, with mountains from 2000 to 4000 feet high, and surrounded by coral reefs; and with a Malayan population of about 35,000. In 1787 La Perouse landed on these shores, and the natives, for some real or fancied injury, slew ten of his men. For fifty years after this the place was dreaded by voyagers; but when the missionaries, Williams and Barth, arrived with Tahitian teachers in 1830, they were delighted to find the people quite friendly. It was a crisis in Samoan history. Tamafaiinga, who was supposed to have within him the spirit of one of the principal war gods, had just been killed. Before any other warlike impostor could claim the succession to this divine incarnation or *possession*, the missionaries arrived; and after many struggles and difficulties, the God of “the men who had burst through the heavens” began to be feared.

Among the early hindrances to Christianity was one which is both curious and instructive. The news that the Samoans were favourable to Christianity spread among the whaling and other ships in the Pacific, and here and there an adventurous sailor would find his way on shore, and set up for a priest of the new religion. A chief thought it added vastly to his importance to have an adopted *white son* in his train for this purpose; but in most cases it was hardly a step in advance of heathenism. The people were delivered from some of their old superstitions, but they transferred them to the white man's god, whom they were not taught to know as the God of holiness. A native tells the story thus about himself:—“The new religion was spreading in our village. One after another joined, ate the incarnations of the spirits, no harm followed, and so I determined to join. The sea-eel and the sea-spider were the incarnations of the gods to whom our family prayed. I went to the white man's house—he was said to be a Portuguese. I told him I was come to say I was now of his religion, and would henceforth worship his god. After this I cooked and ate a piece of the eel and of the sea-spider. Night came on, and there I lay, feeling whether any disease was commencing. The night passed, and the following day, and other days; I felt quite well, and so concluded that the white man's god was more powerful than the gods of Samoa.” . . . “There was nothing forbidden; plurality of wives, and other heathen customs, remained as they were. Nothing was required but to meet together for a month in the year, for worship, feasting, and fun.” For some time this continued. It was the *fashion* to have a foreign religion, and the fashion carried it, until at last an old woman giving out that she was an incarnation of the “Son of God,” many, to their ruin, followed this Joanna Southcott of Polynesia. Even to this day these mistakes perplex the people, though now (through ten missionaries and two hundred and twelve native teachers, under the oversight of the Lon-

don Missionary Society) a true and large work is being done.

The aggregate of Church members (not rashly admitted) is 2796, and of candidates for Church fellowship 2892. The people, once heathen, contribute for the support of their pastors and teachers £560 annually, and send £650 to the funds of the London Missionary Society. The plan adopted by the Rev. George Turner and his coadjutors was that of a Mission Seminary, in which they might teach native students, who should afterwards teach their fellow-countrymen. At the end of the fifteenth year the number of young men thus sent forth had amounted to 263. The Mission Institute is self-supporting; and the account, both of its internal economy and of the course of instruction given, possesses great and permanent interest. The entire Bible has been carefully translated, and Mr. Turner is at present carrying through the press, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, an edition of 10,000 copies, to be taken out to the expectant Samoans. May God send forth his light with his truth!

In Mr. Turner's book on Polynesia, which we noticed last month, he gives full details as to the old manners and customs of Samoa, while yet heathen. We cannot take note of all these; but some are very interesting, and we begin with some of those that relate to the great common fact of death. The Samoans, like almost all nations, have the custom of wailing for the departed immediately after they expire, also “rending their garments,” beating themselves with stones, and making what they call an “offering of blood” for the dead. While the body is in the house all are “unclean until the evening,” and touch no food by day; the fifth day is a “day of purification,” and on it they wash their face and hands, and become “clean.” Each buries his dead in the private burying-place of his fathers, which they call “the fast resting-place.” It is spread with mats, like an ordinary couch; and there the Samoans “rest in their beds,” with their heads laid to the sunrising and their feet stretched to the west. Sometimes, in the case of people of rank, they “make a very great burning” for the dead, kindling great fires all round the body, and the grave, and the house of the deceased. The unburied (as in the old Greek and Roman times) occasion great concern. They think the spirit haunts them everywhere, and, like the heroes in Homer, hear the “shrill, thin voice” of the wandering ghost wailing, “Oh, how cold!” In Rome of old, when the body was not found, the mourning friends satisfied themselves with a *tumulus inanis*, or empty tomb; the Samoans, on the other hand, think it possible in such a case to obtain the soul of the deceased. “On the beach, near where a person had been drowned, or on the battle-field, where another fell, might be seen, sitting in silence, a group of five or six, and one a few yards before them with a sheet of native cloth spread out on the ground before him.” He was praying to the god of the family to send them *the soul*, and the first thing that lighted on the sheet—

grasshopper, butterfly, ant. or anything else—was carefully wrapped up, and solemnly buried, as if it were really the spirit of the dead.

The grave, however, is not the Hades of the Samoans. Its entrance was supposed to be a circular basin among the rocks, at the west end of the westmost island, where the day went down. A band of spirits, they believed, waited for each dying person, and carried his soul with them to the *Fafa*, or pool through which they plunged together into the nether world. In this region there was supposed to be another earth and sky, where the dead, with real bodies, went on planting, fishing, and cooking, as in the present life. But at night they changed their forms, and became like a confused collection of sparks of fire, and thus visited their former places of abode—fleeing from the approach of day back to their dwellings in the deep. The chiefs had a separate Elysium, or house of death, which was supported, not by columns of stone or wood, but by the mighty dead; who became thus literally, in the words of Job, the “pillars of hell.” In the midst of them reclined Saveasilneo, their king of hades, with “all the chief ones of the nations” round him, the upper part of his body towering among them, while his extremities stretched in huge Python-like coils deep into the abyss. In place of such a paradise as this, the missionaries found it interesting and effective to preach His gospel who says, alike to the great man and the mean, “Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.”

Besides these stories of death, the Samoans have a disjointed mythology. Men did not exactly spring from dust; but a huge plant, that grew on the primeval rock, decomposed into *worms*, and these became men and women. Their poetic account of the early history of the earth is strangely like that to which, by the aid of the Bible and geology, we are coming. Thus we are told how “the low rocks fought with the high rocks; the low were beaten, and the high rocks conquered. The ground rocks fought with the earth; the ground rocks were beaten, and the earth conquered. The earth fought with the small stones; the earth was beaten, and the small stones conquered. The small stones fought with the small grass; the stones were beaten, and the grass conquered. The trees fought with the creepers; the trees were beaten, and the creepers conquered. *And then began the wars of men.*”

They have also a sort of didactic mythology, of which we may give two examples. Of old the rat had wings, and the bat had none. The bat said to the rat, “Just let me try on your wings for a little.” The rat lent the bat his wings; off flew the bat, and never came back with them again. Hence a common Samoan proverb. Again, the bananas once held their heads erect, but having quarrelled with the plantain, fought and were beaten, and have ever since hung their heads. Hence an old Samoan in a missionary meeting likened “the cause of Jesus” to the plantain erect to heaven, before which all its enemies must bow.

The Samoans were polytheists rather than idolaters. Each one had his own god, the choice being fixed by whoever happened to be invoked at the moment of birth. These gods appeared in different animals, which were, therefore, sacred to the individual, and could not be eaten by him though they might be by others. “If a man found a dead owl by the roadside, and if that happened to be the incarnation of his god, he would sit down and weep over it, and beat his forehead with stones till the blood flowed.” There were many public priests, but each man was priest in his own family. Before the evening meal, he took the cup of *ava* in his hand, poured a little of it on the ground as a drink offering, and amid deep silence, said aloud, “Here is *ava* for you, O gods!” There was also the “offering of flaming fire at the approach of night.” Calling upon some one to blow up the fire and make it blaze, and begging all to be silent, the head of the family prayed thus:—

“This light is for you, O king, and gods superior and inferior! this light is for you all. Be propitious to this family; give life to all; and may your presence be prosperity. Let our children be blessed and multiplied. Regard our poverty; and send us food to eat, and cloth to keep us warm. Keep away from us sailing gods, lest they come and cause disease and death.”

It is hardly possible to read this perverted prayer without remembering how the early Greek Christians, at the lighting of the evening lamp, prayed to Christ as the “Light from the immortal Father;” and Mr. Turner remarks that, amid the vagaries of Samoan superstition, there was much to prepare the heathen mind for the pure and holy doctrines of truth. “Now, the evening meal is commenced by thanking the one living and true God for his goodness, and is generally followed by family worship, in conducting which they praise God, read the Scriptures, and unite in prayer.” So may all false shadows of the true, in every land of heathendom, break and scatter before the rising sun, and either merge into that better light, or flit into the past and be forgotten!

3.

DAVID SANDEMAN.

PART FIRST.

EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION.

WHEN man sharpens a sickle it is that it may do his work in the field white and ready for harvest. When he constructs a machine at vast expenditure, and through long years of invention and toil, it is that it may labour for him in some proportion to its complexity and cost. God alone seems prodigal of his instruments. He prepares them through long years, yet casts them aside on a sudden; fits them exquisitely for work, yet at the moment of their completed preparation, supercedes or suspends their operation. John the Baptist, “the greatest of men born of women,” after thirty years’ training in the solitudes of Judea, is allowed but

six brief months of service, when he is shut up in prison and left to be beheaded at midnight by the axe of the executioner. James, the brother of the beloved disciple, a companion of the Lord, a witness of his glory in the transfiguration, and of his agony in Gethsemane, and endowed from on high with all gifts and grace for the apostleship, falls while but on the threshold of his ministry before the hand of Herod "stretched forth to vex certain of the Church." A Henry Martyn, burning with the zeal of an apostle, droops and dies at the moment that Persia is opening to him the possibility of a conquest for his Lord. David Sandeman, with like fervour of love, and soul on fire for the conversion of China, has left all behind, kindred, country, pleasant picturesque estate, is already at Amoy, has cleared his first difficulties in the acquisition of a new tongue, is fitting like a bow to an arrow for his work, when in manifestation of a sovereignty which we adore, but cannot understand, his life is cut short and his mission ended before he has entered upon his labours. Yet his life is no failure. He who gives not an account of his ways to any, shows enough in those blossoms that go up as the dust to draw towards them our wondering eyes. Their early death gathers around them a more loving and intense gaze. He who reads the memoir of David Sandeman needs no argument to assure him that he did not live in vain. He will learn that though arrested in his work for China, his life had its great mission and lesson. May it not be that even for that land there will arise many "baptized for the dead!"

From the deeply-interesting memoir that has just appeared,* we learn that David Sandeman was the second son of George Sandeman, Esq. of Bonskied, and was born at Perth 23d April 1826. The pleasant residence of this prosperous family was Springland, close to the river Tay, within a mile of the town, and not far from a locality renowned in Scottish history, the old palace of Scone, where the kings of Scotland used to be crowned. From infancy he was of a quiet, sedate temperament. As a boy, he was not much given to engage in the usual boyish games; yet loved bolder and more manly exercises, being an expert swimmer, rider, and skater. At school he was more distinguished by perseverance than quickness, often outstripping cleverer boys by his conscientious industry. The study in which he especially excelled was mathematics, a study which he seems to have prosecuted through life, as we find him in China commissioning a friend to send him a copy of the *Principia*. It was not till his eighteenth year he experienced the decisive change of heart that issued in an entire and solemn consecration of himself to the missionary cause. From infancy he had been taught to know the Scriptures, and had around him in the home of his childhood and youth those who loved and adorned the gospel by their holy lives. A mother's prayers had

ascended for his conversion, the searching, awakening book had been dropped in his way or put into his hand, the word of parental and pious counsel had fallen upon his ear, and his young steps conducted to the sanctuary, where he heard the most faithful and impressive preaching. Still, for eighteen years, according to his own decisive testimony, his soul was dead to God. "During all that time," he remarks in his retrospect of it, "my conduct was never influenced by the thought of his existence as a person, or of anything I did being pleasing or displeasing to him. An undefined sense of duty, my parents, masters, emulation among my fellow-students, carnal lusts, and, above all, self; these, I believe, were my gods, at least they held all the place where God should have been. I was satisfied or happy entirely as I managed to please or displease them. . . . I went smoothly on in utter disregard of Christ. I never honoured him as God, as my Creator, my Judge, my risen Redeemer. I was a decent rebel, outwardly respectable, but, in reality, a despiser of Christ."

No single instrument was honoured in his conversion. Many sowers had sown the seed in his heart. A word from his mother dropped shortly before the period appears to have been the proximate cause. "David, did you ever give yourself to Christ? You have no right to remain one week without loving him." The word was spoken with a view to his joining in the communion of the Church. His honest conviction was that he was not willing unreservedly to give himself to the Lord. He desired to go to the communion-table, yet knew that he ought not to go in an unconverted state. Occupied with these thoughts he retired to his room for prayer, and whilst alone and engaged in the review of his spiritual condition, his heart was drawn out "by the omnipotent hand of God to think simply of Christ and his willingness to receive all who have a true wish to come to him." That evening, for the first time, he felt his soul anchored on the Rock of Ages. "Where am I now? what is this?" were his first words of adoring wonder. "Heart and hand, and all that I have is thine! Begone, poor world!" Next Sabbath found him seated at the table of his Lord.

It was not the impulse of an hour that was given to David Sandeman in that closet solitude. The interview of that evening with the Father of his spirit ruled his life. He was henceforth a man of prayer, of self-sacrifice, of unceasing devoted service. Though he had much to learn he was now one of wisdom's children. The three mottoes of his life from that day became—"LOOKING UNTO JESUS," "MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE," "WHOSE I AM, AND WHOM I SERVE."

More than ten years passed from that day before he formally entered upon the field of missions. A course of study had to be gone through in preparation for the ministry; and not a few preliminary steps had to be taken before his path to the ministry lay perfectly open. Yet from the hour of his conversion he was not only a missionary in spirit, but in deed. He had drunk of the

* Memoir of the Life and Brief Ministry of the Rev. David Sandeman, Missionary to China. By the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar. London: James Nisbet & Co.

cup of salvation, and he hastened and delayed not to pass it to lips that were still athirst. Like Paul he straightway preached—felt his commission in the fact of his own conversion to open blind eyes. To the cotters of his father's estate, to the neighbours around the family residence, to the traveller he met by the way, to the associates in the Manchester warehouse where he was training to business, he straightway preached Christ. His tongue was unloosed to speak of his praise, as his face shone in the light of his new peace and joy. In his earlier days his friends were wont to mark an expression of countenance that indicated something sombre in his character. After his conversion the cloud was lifted from his brow. The glory of God in the face of Jesus shed gladness through his heart, a gladness that his companions often took notice of, and which they felt to be infectious. One who knew him well remarked, "It was the love of Jesus that first put that smile on his face which never left it." So early as his first communion season his new life was cast into what was its subsequent characteristic trait—an *intense desire to be of use to others*. On meeting him as he came from that communion table a friend asked him, "Were you happy?" "So happy that I fear to trust it. What a salvation! *Shall not life be spent in proclaiming it?*" His life was the embodied utterance of his soul in that hour—

"Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I burn."

The very first entries in his journal present to us the characteristic traits of his spiritual mind and life—*prayerfulness* and *labour for souls*. "I wish," he writes, "that more progress were visible, but it is in truth a pure impossibility for man in his own strength to begin or to maintain a walk with God. My evil passions and wicked heart are continually interfering and leading me off almost before I am aware of it. 'Pray without ceasing.' O Lord, give me a more earnest, prayerful spirit for my dear unconverted friends. If I would but think seriously of their condition, that each of them is continually fighting against his Lord, inflicting new wounds on Jesus's breast, and yet it is the very hand which they are wounding that prevents them dropping into everlasting misery! How can I rest one moment while I do assuredly know that such is the case? O Lord Jesus, show them but a spark of thy incomprehensible love and then they will be changed. Thou holdest every man's heart in thy hand. O Lord, if it be thy will, change their hearts. Would it not be for thy everlasting glory? O Lord, give me no rest till I have done all that man can do. And surely I cannot doubt but that thou wilt be graciously pleased to answer; for 'this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us.'"

The most instructive parts of his journal are the statements of his experience in relation to the healthful in-

fluence upon his own soul of efforts made on behalf of others. In him was a happy union of prayerfulness and promptitude for service, and in the union he found the strength of his own soul. Prayer and effort, and effort and prayer were the business of his Christian life. They reacted on each other, prayer on his work and his work on prayer, and both in maintaining his spiritual health and abounding joy. He received to impart and in imparting received. The seed he cast liberally abroad returned in full sheaves to the sower. "I find," says he, "that unless I am continually doing something for the souls of unthinking sinners, my love becomes cold, and a deadening effect is the result, which soon spreads into everything." And again, "I find almost invariably that the more I am engaged in doing something for the good of others the happier I am in my mind." Ought it to be otherwise? The word of God is bread to strengthen for labour. If eaten as a spiritual luxury, as a self-enjoying spiritual epicureism, to what can it turn but like dainty feeding to the weakening of the frame. With David Sandeman it was strong meat making him stronger as he fed upon it and fed others.

In his continual watchfulness to serve we see much of the peculiar ability of Richard Knill, as well as of his promptitude. Love was the fire that threw off from the hearts of both burning coals. They loved much. Their utterance was the outward sign of an invisible grace. With Richard Knill the love that spoke was in alliance with a sharper, quicker intellect. Yet in many of the impromptu sayings and doings of David Sandeman, we see both Knill's love and boldness. A friend of his youth tells an anecdote of those days that illustrates this. Delighting as he did in vigorous exercise and gymnastic feats, he one day, in a walk with two companions, joined for a few minutes in the amusement of leaping over the stile at one corner of the old Queen's Park. While his companions failed, he cleared the stile so easily and gracefully as to draw forth the admiration of a dragoon who stood by. When about to walk on Mr. Sandeman turned to the soldier, got him into conversation, and spoke of the perils and honours of a life like his. Then suddenly drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "There is something far better yet! It is to be a soldier of Jesus Christ. Are you that?" The dragoon looked with wonder on the man of muscle and sinew who could thus speak to his soul, and shook hands at parting evidently deeply interested. Scenes like these, the narrator adds, were continually recurring; but this power of gracefully turning every little event into a means of usefulness could exist only in one whose natural atmosphere was the love of God, and in whose soul there was an uninterrupted gravitation towards his divine Saviour.

One day, in harvest, finding by the roadside a woman cutting grass, he plucked a head of wheat, and told her how a corn of wheat must die before that beautiful head could spring up, and that so Christ must needs die ere we could be saved. The woman was astonished, and

the young missionary went on his way, praying that the Lord might send his word to her heart. So continually did he act upon his favourite text, "Whose I am, and whom I serve," that in a brief summer excursion in the west of Scotland, a companion of his journey informs us, that he believes that he must have spoken to not less than *five hundred persons* in the course of their pedestrian excursion, and that when opportunity occurred he was as direct and ready in addressing the rich as the poor.

It will encourage those who have experienced the difficulty of this service, yet who would watch for souls, to learn that David Sandeman had much to overcome ere he attained the freedom and readiness he ultimately reached. It was in him more the gift of grace than of nature. He traded with his talent and gained more. Let the Christian reader do likewise, and as his heart is enlarged his tongue will be unloosed; as the rock is smitten the waters will gush forth. Listen to his experience, and if all difficulties do not disappear in the work, it will become both more easy and pleasant as we cultivate his spirit. "It is undoubtedly," he says, "the case that there is a secret reluctance to speak plainly to unthinking men, unless we are specially endued with a sense of eternal things, and that so strongly as to conquer the natural evil of the heart. But if there is much secret striving with God, and then going in his strength boldly to the work, many a seeming difficulty will vanish; we are strengthened above what we thought, and a sense of divine things is experienced brighter and clearer than ever before. God has wonderfully connected praying and acting. If we pray to be enabled to speak the truth to dying sinners, and do not, when opportunity occurs, actively engage in doing something for them, the effect is to deaden our minds. It is saying, 'I go,' and going not. Many Christians fall into a lethargic state from this cause."

MAXIMUS.

MANY, if God should make them kings,
Might not disgrace the throne he gave,
How few who could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave.

I hold him great who, for love's sake,
Can give, with generous, earnest will,—
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I prize the instinct that can turn
From vain pretence with proud disdain;
Yet more I prize a simple heart
Paying credulity with pain.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;—
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light—
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.

Adelaide Anne Procter.
(*Legends and Lyrics, Second Series.*)

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

THE TWO VALLEYS—HINNOM AND JEHOSHAPHAT.

It was pleasant to return to our cool rooms in Simeon Rosenthal's hotel on Mount Zion, after leaving Bethany and the Mount of Olives. The entrance to our inn was through a courtyard, where we always dismounted at the foot of a rude flight of stone steps, which led over the flat roofs of the lower rooms to the vaulted hall where we took our meals. This room had a window looking over the city. Pigeons ventured near sometimes, and perched on the window sill, and three times a day a cool reviving breeze came in from the sea or the mountains. A little beyond the door of the sitting-room two or three steps descended through a door in a low wall into a garden on a lower roof, from which an arched doorway opened into our bedroom, another large, airy room, with thick walls, and one of those cool, vaulted roofs which form the domes so characteristic of the cities in the south of Palestine. These rooms were furnished much in the same way as in a moderate German hotel. Above them rose one higher roof, from which we had our first view, over the roofs of Jerusalem, of the Temple precincts, thence of the large open reservoirs beside them, and the three brown summits of the Mount of Olives beyond. And now the names so familiar to our hearts had become pictures familiar to our eyes. It is difficult to give any idea of the charm of feeling these sacred names becoming everyday realities—solid, actual, familiar things blended with daily life—and thus giving in our minds a deeper reality, and therefore a tenderer sacredness, to the great events and the holy presence which have consecrated them.

In the afternoon we called on Miss Cooper at her Industrial School for Jewesses, and then went out by St. Stephen's Gate, and, descending into the Kedron Valley,

took the path towards the village of Siloam. We passed the curious pyramidal mausoleum, half hewn out of the rock and half built on it, called the Tomb of Absalom, on which it is a traditional custom for the wayfarer to cast a stone as he passes, in token of his detestation of Absalom's undutiful rebellion. The strength and endurance of the tradition says much for the impression made by the family order and reverence so deeply stamped on the Bible. The fact of that sad history of filial ingratitude and punishment has been so strongly felt that tradition has had to find it a locality, and has given it possession of one of the many unknown and empty tombs which surround the fallen city.

Other massive rock-hewn mausoleums are beside Absalom's Tomb, and the sides of the valley everywhere, especially at this its narrowest part, were pierced with the cave-tombs of many races. If everywhere it is true that the dead laid beneath the soil far outnumber the living who tread it, a hundredfold is this the case with Jerusalem. Now a poor, thinly-peopled Turkish town, once the royal, the sacred city of a prosperous nation, the bones of generations of kings and warriors, of the slain of five besieging armies and their victims, mingle with the dust of her hills and valleys. And, besides this, the tradition of the Moslem religion, so long dominant in the East, coincides with the faith of the Jew in fixing the Valley of Jehoshaphat as the scene of the final judgment, and thus makes it a favourite burial-ground for both. The ignorant Jew, it is said, believes that, as all are to rise in this place, the bodies of the dead will have to work their way underground like moles from their various burial-places to the sides of the Mount of Olives, and therefore many an aged Jew will totter to Jerusalem to die, preferring to perform this inevitable journey at any cost in his life, rather than after death. Moslem eyes are fixed on the broken column projecting from the walls of the Temple enclosure over the Kedron Valley, as Mohammed's throne of judgment. But, whether led by wild and grovelling traditions, by a false sacred book, or by the inspired pages of Divine prophecy, on this valley, on these slopes the gaze of the followers of the three religions is fixed, expecting that sacred feet are to stand again on the Mount of Olives, that all nations shall be gathered here to judgment, and this lonely, desolate valley of the dead be thronged with eager, trembling life. "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision"—in *this* valley of the judgment of God, Jehoshaphat! Whatever differences may exist among Christians as to prophetic interpretation, nothing can lessen the solemnity which invests the only place in the world to which the minds of Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians turn with equal interest and the same overwhelming anticipation.

From the Valley of the Kedron we ascended the desolate slopes of Mount Zion, a strange scramble over ploughed fields and among old, dry wells, tombs, and pits, which made it necessary to walk very warily. From this waste, uninhabited side of the old royal hill we

looked across the ravine of Hinnom to the Hill of Evil Counsel, with its craggy sides and cave tombs. Tradition marks this as the death-place of the traitor Judas. On the other side the green gardens of the king lay beneath us, below the "Pool of Siloam," and above, beyond the many foldings of the brown intervening hills, rose the blue mountains of Moab.

We began to know our way quite well about the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. It was remarkable how our interest deepened in proportion to our familiarity with the scenes, as in some measure we passed out of the condition of sight-seers, with every sense alert for novelties, into the quieter frame of ordinary inhabitants.

This Valley of Hinnom we had more than once traversed, painfully toiling through the track paved with a deep mass of loose stones, which forms its only road, from its head, near the Jaffa Gate, to its junction with the Valley of Jehoshaphat at the steepest angle of Moriah. The upper part is called the Valley of Gihon, and commences in a slight depression of the table land at the west of the city, gradually deepening into a narrow, shady ravine beneath Zion and Moriah. At the head are a series of three large tanks or reservoirs, in successive stages, excavated in the rock. It is supposed these were the Pools of Gihon; they were now quite dry. The lower part of the valley is precipitous; its craggy sides are caverned with tombs, and opposite Zion it is hemmed in by the Hill of Evil Counsel, haunted with the terrible memory of Aeldama.

It is a remarkable thing, even in this wonderful allegorical land, that the Holy City should be fenced on two sides by valleys, one of which is looked on by the adherents of three religions as the scene of the final judgment, whilst the name of the other is used by our Lord himself to indicate the place of final doom*—Jehoshaphat and Gehenna.

Strangely different are the associations of these two valleys. The Valley of Kedron, linked with the tenderest and most solemn memories in the earthly life of our Lord, watered by the brook over which he so often passed on his way to Bethany; once crossed by the joyous throng hailing his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, made glad with children's hosannas, and strewn with festive palms and garments; and, more than all, hiding somewhere in its tranquil bosom the garden of his frequent prayers and his midnight agony. The Valley of Hinnom, on the other hand, black with the darkest associations of the cruel heathenism adopted by the Jews from the earliest races of Canaan, echoing to all time with the piteous wails of the little children burned alive in its gloomy depths, the cries of the victims having been drowned at intervals by the tabrets of the priests and worshippers collected in its groves. In the days succeeding the captivity, when Pagan idolatry ceased to be the sin of the Jewish nation, horror at its past scenes of torture and crime made it a

* Matthew v. 22 (Greek).

place it seemed reverence to desecrate. The bodies of malefactors and the carcasses of animals were thrown into it; and, to prevent its polluted air infecting the city, funeral fires burned there night and day. Thus Gehenna, the ravine of Hinnom, with its terrific images of continual corruption and unquenched fires, is used by our Lord himself as the type of that place where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched.

Imagine a Christian of Apostolic times standing at the angle of Mount Zion on which we stood, and in one glance sweeping those two valleys: the ravine of Hinnom on one side, glaring with its fearful fires, made typical by the voice of Him who, knowing the terrible abysses which skirt our mortal life, deemed it the highest compassion to unveil them; with the dreadful story of Judas haunting its precipitous sides—Gehenna, the dark valley of the shadow of the second death: on the other side the Valley of the Kedron, sacred with the memories of redemption, the nights of the Saviour's prayer, the garden of his redeeming agony, where he tasted how bitter the cup of our curse was, and held it fast, and drank it to the dregs—the scene, perhaps, of his future manifestation in glory, when his feet should stand on the Mount of Olives. Then think with what feelings such a Christian would return to the city, to plead with the multitudes there for whom the Redeemer's tears had fallen and his blood had been shed, to turn from the doom so certain and so fearfully pictured, to the salvation also so certain, so dearly bought, so free to all who would listen and believe.

And do not we Christians of these days all stand, as it were, at such an angle of the City of God, with judgment and redemption as plainly in our sight? And shall we be less earnest?

One strong contrast between Oriental and European cities must strike all Eastern travellers, and this is especially the case with Jerusalem. There are no suburbs. There is no easy intermingling of town and country life, —the city overflowing into the country in villas and suburban villages, the country blending with the city in market-gardens, parks, and groves. Immediately outside the gates of Jerusalem you are in a solitude, almost in a desert. Pits, and ruins, and heaps of rubbish lie on all sides, wild Bedouins meet you, and neglected wastes surround you. In some measure this must, of course, be the result of bad government, the insecurity of life, which compels men to seek the defence of numbers, and the insecurity of property, which paralyzes industry. Yet there are traces in the Bible of a similar state of things, partly, no doubt, from similar causes, but partly, also, to be attributed to the hilly nature of the country. Close to the Jaffa Gate were deep, unguarded pits, and one very deep one especially, which often reminded us of the danger which our Lord appealed to as so familiar to the Pharisees who sought to entangle him. "If any of you have an ox or an ass, and it fall into a pit," was a catastrophe evidently as common in those days as it must be now. The cement which lines an underground

water tank cracks, and it becomes a broken cistern, and is abandoned, leaving its open mouth a snare to all unwary animals; wells are dried up with the same result.

Evidently, also, a few minutes sufficed to bring our Saviour from the crowded city into those "desert places" which he so habitually sought for prayer, thus practically proving to us that no abstraction of mind will compensate for being absolutely and consciously alone with God in secret prayer, when that is possible.

This was our last walk in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, our last survey of the two valleys of doom and redemption, of Gehenna and Gethsemane, which so mystically skirt the earthly Jerusalem, "the city of the great King."

E. C.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

"SLEEP ON NOW AND TAKE YOUR REST."

WHAT a melancholy meaning that "Sleep on now" has, if only we understand it aright. It is not that He was now approving or allowing that drowsiness of spirit in which they were holden still; far from it. But the import of the words we may take to have been this: The opportunity is past and gone. Even if you should at length shake off this clinging sloth, yet now it would profit nothing in this matter. Other opportunities of service may indeed occur, but this one is gone, and for ever; the moment, with all its rich possibilities of service—the golden moment, has fled; the battle has been fought without you; the victory has been won without you. You may sleep on now and take your rest, for the time when your watching and waking would have profited has passed away.

Ah, brethren, how bitterly must the three apostles, fervent lovers of their Lord, although greatly wanting now, have subsequently mourned that they should have failed their Lord in such a moment as that—a moment which never in the history of their lives, which never in the history of the world, could return again; how must they have resolved not to slight, but to make much of, every future occasion of high devotion to him which should present itself to them, lest that too, by a carnal drowsiness, through the same unreadiness of spirit, should slip by and escape them for ever. And my desire is, that we should take this lesson home with us to-day—namely, that special occasions for serving God and his Church, for bringing glory to him, are in their very nature swift of passage, and, when they are past, often irrecoverable; that, if we are wanting in watchfulness to recognise them, and in what I may call the grace of Christian promptitude to seize them and make them our own at once, we cannot afterwards recall them—we cannot, by any self-willed efforts of our own, reproduce the combination of circumstances under which they offered themselves to us. Does not this, at every turn of our lives, approve itself true?

How often, for instance, in our daily life, in the social

intercourse which we hold with our fellow-men, if we will not bear witness for Christ on the moment, we cannot do so at all. If we will not throw ourselves into the gap at the instant, then, while we are deliberating, while we are mustering our tardy forces, the gap is closed, and it becomes impossible for us to do at all what we would not do at once. The stream of conversation flows on, and cannot be brought back to the point where it then was. The pernicious maxim was left unreprieved—the word dishonourable to God, or injurious to his servants, to his truth, was suffered to pass by unrebuked; and it must continue so now, for that word which we would not speak at once we cannot now speak at all. We may sleep on and take our rest, for the time when we might have served God and the cause of his truth in this matter is past.

Nor does it fare otherwise with acts of kindness and deeds of love. It is, indeed, quite true of these, that, in one shape or another, they may always be done by those who have any mind or affection to them. In a world of woe like ours, the stripped and wounded traveller lies ever in the way, if only there be the good Samaritan to see him and to help him. But it is not the less true that many precious opportunities of binding up wounds, strengthening the weak, comforting the mourner, may escape us unimproved, and, having once escaped, may have passed from us for ever; for they are as guests from another world, whom, if we do not invite to turn in upon the instant when they show themselves to us, we may afterwards follow, but we shall not overtake them, least of all shall we persuade to turn back again at our bidding. The need which we might have helped, but did not, another has helped in our stead; or it has outgrown all human help, because we would not help it in time. The prayers which we might have offered for a suffering brother in the hour of his sore temptation or his pain, with which we might have helped him, he has struggled through without them, or has passed, it may be, into a world where they cannot reach to aid him.

Nor will it fare otherwise in regard of our own spiritual life. We have great need of watchfulness to turn to present and immediate account God's manifold dealings with us. When the heart is deeply stirred by feelings of gratitude and joy, we must seek to direct those feelings into their due channel at once, or else they will run to waste, and the blessing which they might have brought will escape us altogether. We must seek to embody them at the time in some distinct act of thanksgiving and praise—in the dedication, it may be, of some special portion of our substance to the service of God, or to the needs of his saints; or else, if we do not give diligence to embody our gratitude at once, we scarcely shall do so at a later day, when, in the very necessity of things, the high tides of our grateful thanksgiving shall have somewhat ebbcd and abated.

And if this behoves in the time of a great joy, it behoves still more in the time of a great sorrow, which, as such, ought also to be the time of a great holiness. The

fruits of such a time—the peaceable fruits of righteousness which that season was intended to bear for us, must be gathered at once; or if they are not thus gathered by us at once, they will not be at all. The mere onward course of time, the succession of events, the business of the world, will inevitably rob us of that sorrow, deaden at least the quickness and liveliness of it. If, then, when that sorrow was fresh and new, we did not use it—we did not compel it to yield up its blessing to us, the sweet which it had as well as the bitter, at a later day we shall seek in vain to extract from it that spiritual profit with which once it was charged for us to the full.—*R. C. Trench, D.D.*

THE RAGGED-SCHOOL TEACHER.

ON arriving, one winter evening, at a town where I was occasionally in the habit of spending a few weeks, I was met by the tidings of a sad accident which had occurred that day. The teacher of a small ragged school (recently established), and a little girl, his most promising pupil, had been drowned a few hours before, by the breaking of the ice on a small loch which she was attempting to cross. The event had caused considerable excitement, and was everybody's theme for the time. When calling next day for a friend, I asked if she knew any particulars of the accident, or anything about the teacher.

"Oh yes," was her reply; "I was with his poor mother when his body was carried in."

"His mother! Then you knew her before?"

"I had not seen her before," she replied; "but last time I was in —, some friends asked me if I knew about the ragged school here. They were interested in it, they said, because the only son of a former much-valued servant had gone to be teacher, and she had accompanied him, being now a widow, and chiefly dependent on him for support. He was a young man of rare excellence, they said; and no wonder, for his mother was truly a saint. He had been engaged in some trade, but had taught in a Sabbath school from early boyhood. His peculiar talent for teaching had there become known. It was seen that somehow or other he could control the most riotous. He interested them and touched their feelings, and won the respect alike of teachers and pupils. And when Miss — formed her benevolent purpose of gathering together a few neglected outcast children, to be fed, and clothed, and trained, and cared for, she was advised to put them under his care. And he and his mother have now gone to —, my friends added. She is in weak health, and knows nobody there; perhaps you'll kindly call for her when you return. I readily promised to do so, and several times after coming home I meant to go, but put it off, as one too often does. But yesterday morning, by a strange enough coincidence, a letter came announcing the death of a member of that family. I instantly thought of the faithful old servant who was interested

in all their joys and sorrows, and resolved to call for her in the afternoon. But before the afternoon came there was another death to announce to the lonely widow; for when, with a beating heart, I walked towards her cottage, I knew that a crowd would soon follow me, bearing the lifeless body of her son. I was spared the pain of being the first to break the sad news. Two Christian friends were sitting beside her. They had told her that means were being used to restore her son to life; and when I went in she was saying, 'Oh, go and see how he is—never mind me! Oh, go and see about my laddie!' So one of them went, and we who remained persuaded her to go to bed, as she was faint, and cold, and bewildered. We tried to prepare her for the fatal news, which we knew he would bring on his return. So when he came in and said her son was with God, she made no reply—only a faint moan now and then showed that she was conscious. He began to pray with her, whilst I went into the inner room—her son's room—to prepare it for its now lifeless inmate. It was as he had left it. The book he had been reading lay on the little table—the chair stood in front as he had risen from it. I soon heard the steps approaching outside, and returned to the poor mother. We got her to turn her face to the wall, for we could not bear that she should catch a glimpse of that pale face, which would never more beam with intelligence and love, and that form, so long looked on with pleasure, now carried in cold and motionless. But who could shut out from a mother's ears the sound of these footsteps? They laid him on the bed, from which he had risen strong and buoyant but a few hours before. His face made an impression on me which I shall never forget."

"Was it so ghastly?" I said.

"Ghastly! oh no—so beautiful. There was not exactly a smile, but a bright look; it seemed as if (I hardly know how to express it)—as if some glorious being had beckoned to him, and his face had beamed a response. The female teacher was standing beside me. I pointed to his face. 'Ah, yes,' she said; 'I've seen many a pleasant look on his face, but never one like that.' There was something in her look and tone of voice which touched me, and I could not help watching her. I saw she did not weep, nor stand stricken and powerless. On the contrary, her eyes seemed to note everything that had to be done, and her hands went diligently about their work. She put everything in its right place, moving quietly and steadily. Yet somehow her actions seemed mechanical, and her rigid face, and the very firmness and precision of her movements, made me think that the quietness was only on the surface, and that there was terrible inward emotion kept down by a strong hand. I drew close to her. 'Have you many friends here?' I said. 'I had one friend,' she replied—'one friend; and he lies there.' Her breast heaved, but in a moment she was calm again. When everything needful was done, we left the two mourners to weep together over the sudden stroke, which

had left the one childless, and the other widowed in heart. He whom they loved had, almost without a death-pang, passed into the world of endless sunshine. His was the bright side of death; its darkness and shadow had fallen upon them. But that God who had already done so much both for him and for them was still with them, and their great sorrow but drew them nearer to him. No hand but his could dry their tears—no voice but his could speak peace to their hearts. Next day several of the children were led in, one by one, to see all that remained of their much-loved teacher. The sight of his well-known face (on which a sweet and joyous look still lingered), with all its tender and hallowed associations, stirred the fountains of love and sorrow in their young hearts. They wept piteously, and sobbed out broken words about his past kindness. Some of them clung to the bed, on which he, whose loss they so passionately lamented, lay stretched in calm, unconscious repose; whilst one or two neither sobbed nor spoke, but stood as if awe-struck in the presence of death."

"And what of the little girl?" was my next question.

"The little girl was one of the best pupils in the school. Her previous condition did not differ from that of the class usually met with in such schools. But she had made great progress in her lessons, and had become so docile, so trustworthy and affectionate, that although only twelve years old, she had been intrusted in some degree with the care of the younger children. She was eager to learn about the Saviour, and her heart, first moved by the love of her teachers, seemed gradually to open to that higher love which had originated theirs. She liked her texts and verses, and would on no account part with the little religious books which were given her. But on the night before the accident, when her mother called to see her, she brought all her little books and gave them to her, beseeching her to read them, and think of what they said. Little did either of them know that it was her dying testimony.

"There had been snow on the ground for several days, and on the morning of the fatal occurrence the sky looked dark and cloudy. 'You'll not go a long walk to-day,' said the teacher's mother to him; 'you'd better just take the children to the pond, I think.' And he did so. The ice seemed solid and firm, and they crossed and recrossed several times. They were then about to return home. All the children left the ice except little B——, who, getting suddenly timid, stood helplessly near the middle of the pond. Perhaps she had heard the ice cracking, or had felt it giving way.

"Mr. — went towards her, holding out his hand. The additional weight hastened the catastrophe. The ice gave way, and opened on all sides. Mr. — flung his plaid to the female teacher, who called out to him to save himself, as she saw with agony that two lives were to be lost instead of one. But he thought only of

rescuing the child. Once he had her on the edge of the ice, but in trying to turn round she overbalanced herself, and both went down together. Miss ——— tried to throw his plaid towards him (he was so near the shore), but he was unable to catch it. She called to the children to run for help, but they only clung around her, and their loud cries did not alarm the passers by, as they thought they were at play.

"Assistance came, however, but too late. The bodies were brought to the surface, and every effort was made to restore animation, but in vain. Their spirits had fled. The teacher had gone home to God, taking with him the once ignorant and destitute child. He had tried to save her earthly life, and had only lost his own; but we believe that he had been the means of leading her to seek that better life, on the full enjoyment of which they had now entered together."

This was my friend's story, told with the earnest tones and gestures of an eye-witness. My feelings were more deeply stirred than is usual at a morning visit, and I could not refrain from going soon after to see the mother of the young man whose death was so much deplored. She was feeble and deeply-stricken, but looked quite calm and placid. Both her manner and her words evinced the most entire resignation. She said:—

"I've had six of a family, five of them died very young, but he lived to be my hope and comfort. I thought he would have laid my head in the grave, but the Lord's will be done."

After talking for some time, she said:—

"The Lord is good and gracious; he has been kind to me and my bairns. I prayed that they might all be saved from sin, and made happy for ever, and I believe that he has answered my prayers. I had mony a wish for my laddie, and they're all more than fulfilled now. He is with Jesus, and like him; what more could I desire? And I'll no be lang ahint him."

And she did not long survive him, for in less than a year her chastened and submissive spirit had also joined the blessed company who have "come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The school passed into other hands, but it was long before the children ceased to mourn for their late teacher. And he was missed, too, in other departments of work. Not long before his death he had been asked to take the charge of some district meetings, commenced for the purpose of bringing religious truth to those who were utterly ignorant of it, or averse to its claims. The clergyman who had planned these meetings, and put them under the care of the ragged-school teacher, said, with much satisfaction in reference to him, "And now I've got the right man in the right place"—so apparent in his character were the qualities which fit a man for dealing with those who know nothing of truth or goodness, and the evils of whose nature have never been restrained. For he sought to follow in the steps of that Master who, although infinitely pure and holy himself,

yet drew near in unutterable love and pity to the chief of sinners, bringing his blood to cleanse away all their sin, his infinite wisdom into contact with their ignorance, and using his divine power to melt their hard and stubborn hearts, and regenerate their whole moral nature. No wonder that one who lived in constant fellowship with Christ should show disinterested love to men, or that he should be wise and patient, gentle, yet firm, ever seeking their highest good, and thus giving to others a dim reflection of those graces which shone so brightly in his Lord. It may interest some to know that the book which my friend found on his table, and which he seemed to have been reading, was Dr. Guthrie's "Gospel in Ezekiel." The mark was between the 14th and 15th pages. Strangely enough, at the bottom of the 15th page the words occur with which I close my little narrative:—

"As surely as yon planet worlds that roll and shine above us, draw radiance from the sun around which they move, so surely shall they shine who spend and are spent in Jesus' service; they shall share his honours, and shine in his lustre. The man, however lowly his condition, who, some way between his cradle and the tomb, has converted even one soul to God, has not lived in vain, nor laboured for nought, but has achieved a great work. He may be well content to go down into the grave by men unpraised, by the world unknown. His works, if they have not preceded, shall follow him; and needing no tablet raised among mouldering bones and tombstones, he has a monument to his memory, where there are neither griefs nor groans, more costly than brass or marble. Others may have filled the world with the breath of their name; he has helped to fill heaven. Others may have won an earthly renown, but he who, one himself, has sought to make others Christians; who, reaching the rock himself, draws another—a perishing child, brother, friend, neighbour—up; plucked from the flood himself, pulls another out; who has leaped into the depths that he might rise with a pearl, and set it lustrous in Jesus' crown;—he is the man who shall wear heaven's brightest honours, and to whom before all else the Lord will say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'" M. A.

EVEN ME.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,—
Even me.

Pass me not, O God my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,—
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;
 Let me live and cling to thee;
 Fain I'm longing for thy favour;
 While thou'rt calling, calling me,—
 Even *me*.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,—
 Even *me*.

Have I long in sin been sleeping—
 Long been slighting, grieving thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh! forgive and rescue me,—
 Even *me*.

Love of God, so pure and changeless!
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free!
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless!—
 Magnify it all in me,—
 Even *me*.

Pass me not—thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh! bless me,—
 Even *me*.

—*Hymns for the Church on Earth.*

JERICHO.

MANY a broad track beaten by the tramp of armies, and many a by-path worn by saintly feet, meet and cross upon the open plain into which the valley of the Jordan widens, when the river, after foaming and leaping down the long gorge from Tiberias, flows with deep and rapid current towards the Dead Sea. Long before the "desert wearied tribes" crossed the cloven river over against Jericho, and went up through the mountain-glens to possess their goodly heritage, the towers and bulwarks of a stately city of Canaan rose above the thick ever-green forest that overspread the plain. From his lofty watch-tower on the blue ridges of Moab, their dying law-giver "beheld the land of Judah, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar." And from the first days of the Hebrew settlement onward through centuries of varying fortune, the name of Jericho acquired an ominous renown, a fateful interest, which still lingered round it when the Great Prophet of the Church passed under the wayside sycamore, and brought salvation to one of its many homes.

In the heart of a fruitful region, and at the entrance of two of the main passes into the inland country of Palestine, Jericho became a position of critical importance in the wars of Israel. It was the first heathen stronghold that arrested the march of Joshua from the

banks of Jordan; and under its massive ramparts the armies of God learned how they were to wage their appointed warfare,—not by might, nor by power, but "by faith the walls of Jericho fell down." The city was laid utterly desolate, and the site branded as a lasting monument of vengeance by a curse on the man who should attempt to raise it from its ruins. Not till the days of Ahab was the sacred interdict broken through, and the doom fulfilled in the person of Hiel the Bethelite, who "laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in Segub his youngest son, according to the word of the Lord." Soon after we find a school of the prophets established there, and the place was visited by Elijah in his memorable journey to the scene of his translation. The situation of the city was pleasant, but "the water was naught, and the ground barren," till Elisha, at the request of the townsmen, healed the bitter spring by casting salt into its waters. About two miles from the modern village, where some scattered ruins mark the site of the ancient city, a large fountain, now called the "spring of the Sultan," but long known as "Elisha's well," gushes up at the foot of some low hills. Its square basin is overshadowed by a luxuriant fig-tree, and pours forth a clear and copious stream, which branches through the plain, and marks its course everywhere by streaks and clumps of the brightest verdure. To this limpid source, along with the waters of another spring, the plain of Jordan owes all its fertility. Van de Velde speaks of "the splendid gush of water" which this fountain sends through the plain; and the thick, dark woods around it he describes as forming the most romantic forest scenery he had seen in Palestine.

Long after Elisha's time, the highway-side near the city was the scene of another miracle, when our Lord, with a crowd thronging round him, "stood still" at the cry of blind Bartimeus, and restored his sight. At this period Jericho had attained its highest degree of splendour and prosperity. The well-watered tract, with its forests of palm and balsam trees stretching for miles, yielded royal revenues, and its richness and beauty made it a possession coveted by kings. The love-sick Roman bestowed it as a princely appanage on Cleopatra, hanging the costly jewel in the ear of the fair Egyptian, to be dissolved and drunk at some luxurious banquet on the Nile. On the sunny slopes of Jericho, and in its ever-verdant glades, all the luscious fruits of the East reddened and mellowed; and in the hot summer air beds of spikenard and camphire, calamus and myrrh, mingled their incense-steam of spice with the fragrance of its thickets of roses. It was a "place where heaven's breath smelt wooingly,"—a "heavenly country," as Josephus calls it, whose description of its delicious climate and natural loveliness reminds one of his finely-touched picture of the happy region which bloomed on the shore of Gennesareth. The city was the favourite winter residence of Herod the Great, and was embellished by him with many fair and majestic structures.

He built a palace and a fortress, and a magnificent circus, in which, when he lay on his death-bed, he ordered the Jewish nobles to be confined, and massacred on his decease, that the whole nation might be put into mourning. During the siege of Jerusalem Jericho was destroyed by the Romans; and after it was rebuilt it survived with many vicissitudes to the troublous times of the Crusades, struggling for life and gradually fading, till it has now dwindled into a wretched village, which, at some distance from the ancient site, preserves the shadow of the name of Herod's royal city.

This hamlet, which is called Er-Riha, consists of a few mud hovels and Bedouin tents, and is one of the most miserable in Palestine. One palm-tree, the last survivor of the ancient forest, was to be seen in 1838, but has now disappeared. The soil may be as fruitful, and the climate as genial as of old, but the labour of the vintager and husbandman has ceased, and the garden of Palestine has become a wilderness. The springs and rivulets which still flow through it give it a look of greenness and fertility, which contrasts with the bare mountain ranges which surround it; but it is the fruitless luxuriance of a wild and untrained nature. The glades of "tangled forest-shrub," with the rills trickling through them, are said to "recall the scenery of an English park."

The brooks are thickly skirted with nebbuk-trees,—the Spina Christi,—of whose long pliant twigs it is supposed the crown of thorns was made. Dr. Robinson identifies the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by ravens, with the Wady Kelt, a deep glen, through which a mountain torrent, streaked with verdure, bursts into the plain.

The only striking relic of antiquity in the neighbourhood is a square castellated structure overlooking the village, and pointed out to the crowd of pilgrims, who flock every year to bathe in Jordan, as the house of Zaccheus. This, of course, is quite apocryphal, the building being probably a stronghold of the age of the Crusades. As long as the solitary palm-tree stood near the village, it was venerated as the sycamore-tree into which the owner of this castle had climbed,—a fair sample of the value of the monkish traditions of Palestine.

The most impressive point of interest connected with Jericho is the long descent, through a succession of wild and gloomy ravines, by which it is approached from Jerusalem, illustrating, as it does, with singular force and clearness the incidents of the parable of the Good Samaritan. The road winds through the bottom of savage gorges, or rises steeply along the edge of precipices, only to sink deeper into narrow passes and glens still more desolate, cloven through naked cliffs of limestone. Here, without an escort, sometimes with one,

the traveller may still "fall among thieves;" and none can pass that way, through the heart of these stern and rugged solitudes, without a sensation of awe and peril. A particular part of the road, the scene of many a murder, was called *the red* or *bloody way*; and here in Jerome's time a fort was placed with a Roman garrison, for the protection of travellers. "The region," says an American writer, "is so scarred, gashed, and torn, that no work of mankind can save it from perpetual desolation. It is a wilderness more hopeless than the desert. If I were left alone in the midst of it, I should lie down and await death without thought or hope of rescue." The heat reflected from those ghastly walls of rock, the sultry ash-coloured vapour brooding over the white hollows like the smoke of a furnace, with no breath of air to lift it, the scorching sirocco blowing in fiery gusts, render the "going down" into the Jordan valley a most fatiguing journey; and the frightful sterility and silence of the place gives one an impression, till then unfelt, of the horrors of the situation in which a traveller would find himself stretched bleeding by the wayside and left to die.

Yet apart from the excitement and glow of emotion which must be kindled by passing over ground so memorable, a higher and more enduring good may be reaped by the thoughtful student of God's word, and borne away with him as an heritage for ever. A firmer grasp of spiritual truth, a deeper and clearer insight into the spirit of the gospel, may be gained on a spot like this, where the mind is strangely opened to the power and tenderness of the sacred story with which it is associated. It will surely remind him, that as He of whom the Good Samaritan was a type had passed along this rugged way in his earthly day of foot-wandering and weariness, there is no path of life so arduous and lonesome, no road of suffering so strange and fearful, that his servants may not hope to find his presence still and for ever there, as a guide in difficulty, a light in darkness, and a help in trouble. And does it not teach the sinner, burdened with his guilt, lying by the world's wayside wounded, weary, helpless, uncared for by man, that there is no extremity of spiritual distress so great, no corner of God's earth so hidden and dark, that the cry of his anguish cannot reach the ear of the Good Physician, and bring him near to "heal the broken in heart, and bind up their wounds?"

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars;
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live

J. D. B.

PROFESSOR GEORGE WILSON.

PART FIRST.

DR. GEORGE WILSON of Edinburgh, one of the most amiable and delightful of men, passed away upwards of a year ago from hundreds who loved him on earth. These, and thousands beside, will be gladdened to find him, though dead, yet speaking, in a most interesting memoir written by a surviving sister. In a magazine intended for Sabbath reading, we cannot enter into all the details of his active and various life, or follow the elastic play of a mind that had, to the last, much that was boyish and feminine in it. Those who have the opportunity of doing so will derive much pleasure and profit from a perusal of the whole; but there is so much in Dr. Wilson's life, especially towards its close, that is so directly fitted to instruct and attract all survivors with the highest kind of instruction and the most enduring and blessed attraction, that we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of referring to it. Even as a natural man, the track of this gentle spirit among his fellow-men was like "a line of light" across a broken sea. But this biography reveals, what all did not know, how much and how truly his path was that of the "shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His last years are full of desires and hopes to engage more directly and fully in the work of drawing others Godwards than his avocations allowed him to do. These aspirations to build the temple of the Lord seemed to have been partially disappointed by a too early death; but the hands of sisterly affection have supplied his "lack of service;" and it was accepted in that it was in his heart, and fulfilled now that he is gone.

He was born (and lived and died) in Edinburgh. Of his earliest years there is no account, his wishes for the "autobiography of a baby" not being likely to be ever realized, and any attempts, (like that of Augustine), to fill up the void by guessing, being abundantly unsuccessful. But as to the boy there is large information. Active, happy, a great walker, a great reader, full of stories, full of observation, full of fun, friendship, good nature, and good-humour, he loved all things about him—relatives, friends, acquaintances, dogs, cats, and white mice. At the age of fourteen, having chosen the profession of medicine, he was apprenticed in the Royal Infirmary, and suffered there some harm and loss. "Ah me!" he says afterwards, "when I recall some of the enforced companions of my apprentice days, I feel that I would make the greatest sacrifices rather than permit a youth dear to me to encounter similar temptations." Yet though he felt this so keenly, or rather *because* he felt this so keenly, the injury actually done to him seems to have been slight,

and he passed through the years of his medical and other studies happily and well. In the words which he himself used with regard to a friend, "The dew of his youth was still upon him. The corrupting breath of the world had not tainted his freshness, or its cold touch chilled him. His eager eyes looked forth on a rich and boundless future. Young men of genius and tastes like his own had become his attached friends. Seniors of the highest repute welcomed him as a pupil. Libraries and museums of the greatest value were open to him daily. His shortest walks were through the streets of a city which delighted his artist-eye, and had a strange fascination for him." During his studies he turned his attention especially to chemistry, on which subject, after taking his degree, he became a lecturer. And now all the hopes of his life culminated, only to be suddenly thrown down. Disease and intense suffering in the foot compelled him to give up all work, and soon after (in the year 1843) it became evident that, to save life, amputation must be performed. Nor was it at all certain that the operation might not itself produce the fatal result, which without it was unavoidable. In this darkness and distress George Wilson first turned to God. "When I was recently struggling in a great fight of afflictions, soul and body racked and anguished, my life hanging in the balance, and eternity in prospect, I prayed to God for light and help, and my prayer was heard and answered." His great and best friend at this time, and ever after, was John Cairns, now Dr. Cairns of Berwick. "I remember," says Dr. Cairns, "with vivid accuracy, the earnestness with which, on the last occasion I saw him before the operation, he spoke of the danger before him, and of the great anxiety, mingled with trembling hope in Christ, which he showed as to his spiritual state. He took the Bible, asked me to read and explain or enforce some passage, and then pray. The remembrance of that day survives while the multitude of other conversations have left only a vague impression of progress and saving enlightenment."

He suffered terribly at the operation, and never forgot the occasion. "The season always comes back to me as a very solemn one; yet if, like Jacob, I halt as I walk, I trust that, like him, I come out of that awful wrestling with a blessing I never received before." So from a slow recovery, as his friend tells us, "he came forth with a spirit strengthened from heaven, to bear the life-long burden of a feeble body, and to accept life on the most disadvantageous terms as a blessed and divine ministry. The inward man had gained infinitely more than the outward man had lost; and, with all his originally noble qualities exalted, there was found a

humility, a gentleness, a patience, a self-forgetfulness, and a dedication of life to Christian ends and uses, which henceforth made every place and work sacred."

This was a year, not only of personal, but of relative trials, and while he rejoiced habitually with them that rejoiced, he was ever ready, and often called, to weep with them that wept. Thus, on his first going out, when saying, "I can now walk the streets alone, trusting to my stick only for support. This is a great deal, like a new life to me. Crocuses, and snow-drops, and hepaticas are growing old, and tulips and hyacinths flinging forth their flowers"—he adds, with regard to a cousin dying of consumption, "It would sadden you to hear James dwell on the loveliness of green parks filled with violets and buttercups, and spring flowers, as on things which he will never see. Where he is going he will see 'better things than these,' and these may not be wanting also." A month after, his friend died, and he writes to Dr. Cairns, "I never knew how much I loved him till now, how worthy he was of being loved, how unkind I often was to him. I have tried in vain all last week to get through a little needful work. Had it been hand-work I could have done it; but I had to think and write, and my mind wandered always to the thought of my dear cousin taken away. I can unburden my heart to you, and confess that I have wept more this week than ever before since childhood, without fearing you will think me less a man or a Christian for that." But six years after he was able to say, "If I often feel that a fine ethereal genius like his would have done much to exalt and refine my nature, had we lived together, yet life was to him such a bitter, dreary wilderness, that I could not wish him back, whatever might be the gain to me. To die and be with Christ, was for him, above all my lost ones, far better than any career of earthly life could have been."

Before going on to the ten years of active life that followed, let us take a charming and characteristic description of the cottage near Morningside, where, after these sorrows, he spent the summer. He called it Sleepy Hollow, and says in a letter, "This is a most sweet spot, and no day is more delightful here than Sabbath. I miss the prayers of my brethren much; the sermons far less. Here I have hosts of preceptors, who lift up a stave whenever they have a mind, and I never lift staves at them. The blackbirds begin to know me, and a little bird (name unknown), on a tree above my head, sings a *Te Deum laudamus* of three notes, of which I never tire. The delight I feel in gazing at flowers and insects, and watching the trees grow, the shadows on the hills, and the changing aspects of the sky, I shall never be able to make any one understand. I can give it no utterance in words. I am sure, however, that it is innocent, healthful, and though I am slow to use solemn words needlessly, even holy, for this garden has been to me an oratory, such as no other place has been. I spent this forenoon reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, onwards to the end of

Genesis. It is long since I read it through, and though no part of the Bible is better known to me, or more tenderly remembered in connection with happy childhood (perhaps, indeed, for that very reason), it moved me almost to tears. I felt the *hysterica passio*, the gulp in the throat, and should have fairly wept had I attempted to read it aloud. The dignity, simplicity, and pathos of the scene have never, I imagine, been excelled, and the wonderful way in which the old romantic story momentarily reveals God himself shaping all its events to the most important, but far-distant issues, and yet leaves the human interest in the tale to go forth unchecked by the awe or even sense of the supernatural, struck me to-day as it never did before. I spent two hours, which fled away, in reading the account and thinking over it, ending with the grand prophecy of Jacob as to the destinies of his descendants, which always seems to me to resound like the triumphal march of an army going forth conquering and to conquer. For the blessing of Jacob on Ephraim and Manasseh I have another and a more subdued feeling. Many a time, when I was a child, and in early youth, has mother invoked on my head and my twin-brother's, as we slept together, the benediction,—'The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.' That prayer has been answered in full for one of them, who bade me farewell some twelve years ago, in assured hope of a blessed resurrection, and the other rejoices to know that he is the child of many prayers."

From this period to the close of life, he was an active worker, as a lecturer and a scientific and literary man, under the greatest physical difficulties. "While lecturing ten, eleven, or more hours weekly, sometimes with pulse at one hundred and fifty, it was frequently with torturing setons and open blister wounds;" but with that "unconquerable gaiety of heart" which overflowed everything, he made light of these "bosom friends," as he called them. Besides lecturing to his students, he occasionally gave lectures to educational and religious institutions. "I have too much wrought only at science and literature, hoping to secure a position which would enable me to serve Christ effectually. But many things warn me that my life will be a short one, and that what I can do must be done swiftly." At one of these lectures in Edinburgh, a city missionary "came up to me before the lecture commenced, and said apologetically, 'We generally begin with prayer; have you any objection to our doing so now?'" I at once said 'No;' and he offered up (what Scotch prayers on *such* occasions are not always) a brief, expressive, singularly appropriate prayer, in which he prayed for me *as a chemist*. I cannot tell you how I was touched. I said in my secret heart, 'I'll give him another lecture for that.' We chemists are generally held to be men who, provided we can tell ink from blacking when asked, do not require moral characters. No doubt, we get our share of the prayers for all sorts and conditions of men, but I want something more. The day I hope will come when,

without cant, or formality, or hypocrisy, a class and its teacher will together ask God's blessing on their work before they begin. If we can't be Christians in all our daily work, of what worth is our Christianity?"

There are two very striking passages in the biography, where this most tolerant and loving of men expresses from his heart the sadness he felt in looking out upon those who had no true Christian hope or work. "I rejoice," he writes to his friend Dr. Gladstone, "to hear of your success with the young men. God bless you in your work! It is worth all other work, and far beyond all Greek and Roman fame, all literary or scientific triumphs. And yet it is quite compatible with both. Douglas Jerrold's life is most sad to read. In many respects it gave me a far higher estimate of him morally than I had had before. Indeed, I did not pretend to know nor to judge him, but I fancied him to have been a less loveable, domestic person than he was. But what a pagan look-out! What an ethnic view of this world and the next! He might as well have been born in the days of Socrates or Seneca as in these days, for any good Christ's coming apparently did him. There is something unspeakably sad in his life, and it was better than that of many a *littérateur*. The ferocity of attack on cant and hypocrisy; the *girding* at religion, which they cannot leave alone; above all, the dreary, meagre, cheerless, formal faith, and the dim and doubtful prospect for the future, are features in that *littérateur* life most saddening and disheartening. And the men of science, are they better? . . . Standing in that maddest of all attitudes, with finger pointed to this religious body and that body, as if at the day of judgment it would avail them anything that the Baptists were bigoted, and the Quakers self-righteous!"

To his friend, Mr. Alexander Macmillan of Cambridge, he had written in 1850, "In what you say of Christ and his example, I cordially join. It is a blessed thing, as a friend said to me, to have a creed; not that any man will be bettered by adopting one, unless it is his soul's belief. I mourn, however, over many whom I know, who are always learning, and never coming to a knowledge of the truth; who are bewailing the bigotry, narrowness, and effeteness of modern Churches, and seeking for some new catholicon to heal all. Far be it from me to defend our religious bodies from many of the charges made against them. Men are both worse and better than their creeds, which are but imperfect standards by which to try them. Religion should be a life, not a doctrine; and if we cannot find what it should be as the former, from the life of our blessed Lord and Saviour, I know not where we shall find it. Often do I think of those startling words, 'When the Son of man cometh, will he find faith on the earth?' If men, instead of fretting themselves because their neighbours are foolish religionists, would leave them and their real or supposed follies alone, and go to Him who is all wisdom, and all holiness, and all love, they would find differences of creed adjust themselves in the light of that

love of God, and that love of our neighbour as ourselves, which are the fulfilling of the law. I rejoice that I have a creed with which I can face death and eternity, and which makes this life often a joyous worship, and always a patient endurance. My prayer is for a closer union to Christ my Saviour; to be able to say, as St. Thomas did, with my whole heart, 'My Lord and my God;' to realize to the fullest, his personality and his humanity; and to walk in his steps as a lowly follower, and disciple, and servant. For all my friends, as for myself, I ever ask this blessing."

ELUCIDATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

No. I.

"Have ye never read what David did? . . . How he went into the house of God, in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shew-bread."—MARK II. 23, 26.

Of the three evangelists who notice the incident of the disciples plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath, and what our Lord said in vindication of them, St. Mark alone brings in the name of Abiathar; the others give simply Christ's appeal to the case of David, as having in a great strait obtained for himself and his companions the hallowed bread of the sanctuary and eaten it. The mention here of Abiathar, and the coupling of his name with the title of high priest, involves the allusion in some difficulty, since the passage which relates the historical transaction most distinctly associates the office of high priest at the time with Ahimelech the father—not with Abiathar the son (1 Sam. xxii.). And in order to explicate this difficulty, commentators have usually resorted to arbitrary suppositions,—such as that Ahimelech probably bore also the name of Abiathar, or that the expression may mean only in the *presence* of Abiathar, who afterwards became high priest, not that he was at the time in the actual discharge of its functions; while others charge the text with inaccuracy, and assert the passage in the Gospel to be in manifest contrariety with the facts recorded in Samuel. There is no need, however, for betaking to any such unwarranted suppositions or rash conclusions. The passage as it stands admits of a perfectly natural explanation, if only the current language of our Lord's time respecting the priesthood is correctly understood and properly applied.

In order to perceive this aright, it must be known and borne in mind, that between the close of the Old Testament period and the commencement of the New, a marked change had taken place in the affairs of the priesthood, and the relation in which its leading members stood to the Jewish commonwealth. A simply English reader of the Bible can scarcely fail, if reading with attention, to discern certain signs of the change. In the last book of the Old Testament (Malachi), the priesthood as a class appear in a poor and depressed condition,—without political influence, without much even of religious consideration, held in small esteem by the people, and frequently defrauded of their legal dues. But the moment

we open the writings of the New Testament we find an entirely different state of things: the priestly class has now risen to the highest position of respect and authority; the people everywhere stand in awe of them; and though the supreme power was wielded by others, yet the direction of local interests, and to a considerable extent the management also of civil affairs, had come to be in priestly hands. This altered and more influential position was the result of the Maccabean struggles, which were mainly conducted by distinguished members of the priesthood, and which were so thoroughly successful in regard to their immediate object, that not only was the practical independence of the nation achieved, but the priesthood became the virtual heads of the commonwealth, and the high priest even bore for generations the name of king. Hence the historian Josephus, in the account he gives of his own life, lays particular stress on his priestly descent, especially by his mother's side, for she belonged to the Asmonean family of the priesthood, which, he says, "had both the office of the high priesthood and the dignity of a king for a long time together;" so that he felt entitled to represent himself as being "of the royal blood." After the conquest of Judea by the Romans, this undue political ascendancy on the part of the priesthood—not warranted by the law, and at variance with the tenor and spirit of its provisions—again gave way, but only in respect to the higher functions of government; and much of the ordinary administration of civil as well as sacred matters remained under their control. As a matter of course, the distinctions among the priesthood themselves underwent a certain modification: the distance practically narrowed itself between the official head of the entire order and those who shared with him in his administrative functions; while the members of this ruling body, the associates and partners of the high priest, necessarily rose above the common ranks of the priesthood, and in some sense occupied the position of a higher grade.

Now, the language in current use quite naturally formed itself after this new state of things; and instead of one high priest, as in earlier times, there were many who, in common parlance, went by the name of high priests. This is disguised to the English reader of the New Testament by the term *chief* priests being substituted for *high* priests. But the word in the original is the same; and it is only by its being used in the singular, and in an emphatical manner (most commonly by having the article prefixed—the high priest), that we know it to be meant of him who enjoyed the supreme honours of the priesthood. So used were the evangelists to this application of the term, that it sometimes drops from them in connections in which at first sight it scarcely seems to suit; as at Luke iii. 2, where, among the public personages existing at the time of John Baptist's appearance, we read, "in the days of high-priest Annas and Caiaphas" (so it stands in all the ancient copies without exception, and so it should stand in our Bibles); or again, at Acts xix. 14, where certain exorcists are

designated "the seven sons of Sceva, a Jew, high priest,"—high, that is, in the sense of chief, as it is properly rendered in the English Bible: their father held the rank of a chief priest.

To apply all this to the passage before us, we have simply to regard our Lord as using the expression *high* or *chief* priest in the more general and popular sense, which it so commonly bore in his day, in order to see the perfect propriety of the language employed respecting Abiathar. It was when Abiathar held the place of a chief priest (there is no article in the original) that David approached the courts of God's house, and obtained the shew-bread. This is simply what he tells us; and when so understood, there is scarcely even the shadow of a difficulty. For although Ahimelech might still more peculiarly and emphatically have been referred to under that designation, yet as we know comparatively nothing of Ahimelech, while Abiathar enjoyed a life-long connection with David, and was manifestly a full-grown man, in the regular exercise of priestly functions at the time in question, it was both natural and fitting that he, rather than his father, should be named. Not only David, who ate the bread, but Abiathar also, who, as a chief priest at the time, had a charge at the tabernacle while it was given, had an honourable standing in the eyes of those with whom our Lord was contending. How could they justly dispute a principle which had received the joint sanction of their greatest king and his most confidential priest? This is what our Lord meant to press,—what his language, when viewed in accordance with the usage of the time, was specially adapted for pressing; and no forced or fanciful suppositions are required to explicate the meaning. P. F.

THE WORLD HARVEST.

THEY are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare,
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing the seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go;
Rich will the harvest be!

And some are sowing the seeds of pain,
Of late remorse, and in maddened brain,
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from their soil again;
Dark will the harvest be!

Sown in darkness or sown in light,
Sown in weakness or sown in might,
Sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broad work-field or the shadowy path,
Sure will the harvest be! *Amos*

MEMORIALS OF THE BOLTON FAMILY.*

It is not on the assumption of the distinguished place of Mr. Bolton as a preacher and minister in England or America, that this volume, with its touching "memorials" of a faithful worker and his saintly beloved wife, is now published. We do not object to the biographies of men who were not distinguished. It is a relief to escape from the lives of men of world-wide fame into some of the quieter nooks and corners of human life, and learn how those who were not amongst the stars of their day, shined within their narrower circles a stiller, but not less hallowed light. We have admired the prize flowers of a horticultural exhibition around which were gathered the pride of a country, yet have we never plucked sweeter ones than from the rural ally, or hedgerow, or untrodden downs.

It is too much assumed that biography should limit itself to *great* men. It were perhaps more true to say that it finds its least instructive function when its subject is the illustrious dead. What we need from the lives that have been lived are examples that will teach us how to live more wisely,—lives that approach to our own in social position, talents, capacities, trials, and opportunities. Great men, like the stars that shine in the high heavens, are too far above us to light our common pathway on the earth. To show how "to do good in the family and in the Church *in ways open to all*," is the professed design of the Memorials of Mr. and Mrs. Bolton. "Our simple object," says the able and excellent author of the "Memorials," "is to furnish some ordinary accounts of Christian character in the various relations and circumstances of life, some more of those providential displays perpetually occurring in the experience of the Lord's people, some more answers to prayer, some more tributes to the faithfulness of our covenant God—in the full persuasion that, just because they are ordinary, they are more likely to prove useful." The following sketch from the volume will show how truly the writer has accomplished what he proposes to himself, in the memorials of his attached departed relatives.

Robert Bolton, who is the chief subject of these "Memorials," was an American by birth, and was born in Savannah, Georgia, September 1788. He was a descendant of the ancient Puritan divine of that name, whose work, which bears the awakening title of "The Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven," is still read amongst us. Of this well-known ancestor, the characteristic anecdote was preserved in the family, that when on his death-bed he summoned his children around him, and charged them, in the most earnest yet affectionate manner "that none of them

should dare to think of meeting him at the great tribunal in an unregenerated state." The father of Mr. Bolton, an extensive and successful cotton planter in the South, appears to have been a man worthy of his descent from the great Puritan. When on a journey, and yet at the early age of forty-five, he was attacked with an inflammation of the lungs, which in a few days proved fatal. On his death-bed he dictated the following letter to his young family, which we cannot abstain from inserting here, it is so remarkable for its calmness and Christian sense, and for the light it throws on the convictions of the good men of the Southern States of that time on their duty to their slaves and their responsibility as owners of property in man:—

"My dear children,—Being about to be called by my heavenly Father to my eternal home, and leaving you in a world full of vice and wickedness, I feel it my duty to enjoin you to remember your God and Saviour while you are young, and to walk in his ordinances. . . . Study the Holy Scriptures; read them with attention, and they will furnish you with a fund of wholesome and saving knowledge. Other books you can read to improve your understanding, but this to improve your heart. Never suffer the poor and distressed to depart from your door with a frown. Remember you are only stewards, and woe be unto those that are unfaithful to their trust! Be kind to your servants: know that they are not your slaves by right, but by custom. God made all free; but man, in his depraved state, enslaves his fellow-man. Therefore it is your duty to make that servitude more a pleasure than a burden. I trust we shall all meet in a happier world through a gracious Redeemer, so at present I bid you farewell."

His will contained the following striking injunctions: "I strictly forbid a public sale of my negroes, either for the purpose of division or for any other reason: if they must be disposed of, they shall choose their own masters. I give to my son Robert my gold watch, that he may know how time passes, and to teach him to improve it. I give to my son James my silver-mounted small sword (a sword that had been presented to him by General Washington), never to be unsheathed but in a virtuous cause. To which ever of my sons may be inclined to much company and drinking I give my portrait, strictly enjoining the unfortunate youth to give it the most conspicuous place in his dining-room, that when he views it, he may recollect that it represents a father who never was intoxicated, and whose detestation of that vice should restrain his sons from the practice of it."

We are not surprised when told of such a man that when captured on the occasion of the British attack on Savannah, 1778, and placed on board a prisoners' ship, he was suffered to escape by the negro guard, who recognised him; and who, to make sure of his safety, not only watched for the proper opportunity to liberate his prisoner, but swam with him across the river on his back.

* "Footsteps of the Flock: Memorials of the Rev. Robert Bolton, Rector of Pelham, U. S., and Chaplain to the Earl of Ducie; and of Mrs. Bolton." By the Rev. W. J. Bolton, A.M., Curate of St. James, Brighton. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co, 33 Paternoster Row. 1860.

Mr. Bolton was old enough at the death of his father to feel the loss, and to recollect how great an impression it made upon his mind. It was chiefly, however, to his mother's influence at that time that his first decided religious feelings were to be traced. After the loss of his father she took him much into her room; and, especially on Sabbath morning before going to church, would ask him to read hymns to her, often saying with a mother's fondness, "What would I not give to see you a minister of Jesus Christ!" This desire she was not destined to see realized. She was too soon for her children called to follow their father, being struck with paralysis about two years after his death, under which she lingered only a few days and expired. On her removal Robert found a spiritual counsellor in the family coachman, a pious man of colour, who, in his zeal, seems never to have lost an opportunity of speaking a word in or out of season to his young master. While Andrew Marshall, for that was the worthy negro's name, was cleaning down the horses in the stable, or driving the family out into the country, there was sure to be something for "Massa Robert" if he were but by his side. "Massa Robert must be a Christian," he would say; "I pray every day for young massa to be good minister of Jesus Christ." These pious suggestions, offered with the utmost respect, and backed by a thorough consistency of character, told upon the youthful mind, and led with other things to Mr. Bolton's early establishment in grace. His father's kindness to his slaves, and labours in their instruction, had the high reward of one of the despised class becoming the instrument of the conversion of the future head of the family. Nor must we omit the fact, mentioned in these memorials, that Andrew was eventually elected the pastor of the first congregation of black people in Savannah; and Mr. Bolton, then in England, had the pleasure of assisting him by sending him out Matthew Henry's Commentary, and other works, which were thankfully received, and well used. Years after this, on revisiting his native place, Mr. Bolton found the old man, then with snow-white hair, holding on his way, having lived down much persecution, and regularly and efficiently serving a congregation of a thousand souls. Being at that time an ordained clergyman of the Episcopal Church of America, he proposed to officiate for him, to which the venerable man, though himself a Baptist, humbly and gladly assented. The place of worship was crowded, and never was there a more attentive audience. At the conclusion of the service, an aged coloured person, who had once been a servant in the family, was heard to exclaim, with the usual animation of her race, "Only to think of my hearing Massa Robert preach, and that to my satisfaction too!"

Many years had to pass in Mr. Bolton's life, and with more than their usual vicissitudes, before the event occurred which we have now narrated. Though he never appears at any time to have abandoned his mother's early and fond thought that he should be a

minister of Jesus Christ, his course of youthful training was but partially directed to that object. Being his own master, and possessed of ample means, after studying a while under a tutor at Newark, U. S., he terminated his brief course by a voyage across the Atlantic, embarking in one of his own vessels bound for Liverpool. While making his tour through England, it was his happiness to be introduced to one whose name stood high for half a century amongst her great preachers and evangelical lights. Mr. Jay of Bath was at that time in the full tide of his popularity and usefulness; Burke, Sheridan, and other celebrities had not only listened to, but praised him. Hannah More and William Wilberforce never lost an opportunity of waiting on his ministry. When Bishop Shirley heard him, he pronounced him an extraordinary man, whose commanding energy of manner and weight of style gave authority to what he said, and whose utterances attested themselves to be the result of much thinking and prayer. Into the family circle of this eminent minister our young American traveller found an introduction and a cordial welcome. The affability of Mr. Jay's manners, the cheerfulness of his mind, and the instruction of his conversation, made it a privilege to be admitted into the inner sanctuary of life at Percy Place. He shone no less in private than in public life. Young Bolton felt the atmosphere to be a congenial one. Describing afterwards his own feelings during his stay under Mr. Jay's roof, he says: "Everything in his family pleased and profited me. I saw religion in its loveliest form; and my mind already tending towards the ministry, it seemed to me that which I should desire above all things." A war threatening at that time between America and Britain, cut short the visit of the traveller, and recalled him to his native Savannah. But on returning it was with lingering looks towards the family of Mr. Jay. Whilst at Bath he had been interested in more than the conversation of its distinguished minister. Mr. Jay's eldest daughter had unconsciously drawn to herself the affections of the young American. Of this daughter her father thus speaks in his autobiography: "My first born was a daughter, and named Anne, after her mother. She seemed one of those who are sanctified from the womb; and instead of being averse to any of the duties required of her in her training, she appeared naturally and without admonition to fall in with them. When she was only seven years old, and we went away from home for a few days, the little creature not waiting for any intimation from us, read a chapter and a prayer every morning and evening with the servants." She had a thoughtful, beautiful countenance, the expression of the innocence of her mind, of her truthfulness, serenity, and sensibility. When Mr. Jay in after life heard of any of her acts of devotion and self sacrifice, he would exclaim, his eyes swimming with tears, "Noble creature!" As the crown of her attractions there was in her the grace of a genuine, though retiring piety. This was the wife which Mr. Bolton

when in England chose for himself, and which God in his providence had provided for him. When he returned to the United States he wrote to Mr. Jay, making known his feelings and his wishes. The reply encouraged his hopes, provided he settled in England, and he were accepted of his daughter. The following year finds him in England, and the son-in-law of Mr. Jay. His wife seemed just the complement he needed, meeting his wants, sharing his burdens, and encouraging him in every good and holy enterprise. Forty years afterwards he thus affectionately and with the freshness of first love and its youthfulness, addresses his wife during a temporary absence from home:—"From my Wilderness, Monday.—Yes! though there are plenty of roses around me, yet it is a wilderness without my rose, and though I have two or three of your buds with me, it only makes me more sensible of my loss. Well, I must bear it as well as I can, knowing that the change will benefit you, and please the kind friends with whom you are staying."

For a season a course of unbounded prosperity lay before Mr. and Mrs. Bolton. His purpose of devoting himself exclusively to the Christian ministry was for a time suspended. It was judged by Mr. Jay and others that as there was a great need of pious laymen of wealth and influence, that he should establish himself in Liverpool as a merchant. Whilst residing there, his heart and hand were open to assist in every Christian and benevolent work, and his house the ready home of the Christian missionary who might be waiting for the vessel that was to carry him to his distant field of labour. Even then he occasionally exercised the function of the lay preacher, as may be inferred from the following characteristic note of Rowland Hill, addressed to him in January 1819:—"I am truly glad at heart that you have taken again to the work of fighting. It really concerned me when it was supposed you meant to step down from being an ambassador of Christ, to be a mere trading merchant in this world's goods. There is nothing more beneficial to the credit of religion than when persons of independent property can take up the sacred standard, that the world may be convinced that there are some noble souls that can give themselves up to the work of God, for the sake of no other gain than the gain of souls. In this work, my dear sir, may you go on and prosper, and may you have souls for your hire in large abundance. This will be honourable here. Down with the devil's kingdom as fast as you can. While men-made parsons do nothing, God-made ministers shall do wonders."

The mercantile crash of 1820 changed the future course of Mr. Bolton's life. Like others of the Liverpool merchants of that period who went to bed rich and rose up beggars, he experienced that riches take to themselves wings and flee away. Collecting together the wreck of his fortune, secured by a marriage settlement amounting to about £300 a-year, he turned his thoughts, whither all along his desire had been, to the

Christian ministry. In this purpose he found his former correspondent, Rowland Hill, ready to cheer him on, as well as sustain him by his sympathy. Writing to Mr. Bolton at this time, he says, "I have been informed that times in America are even worse than with us; and yet that we may be weaned from this present evil world they are not worse than they should be. Such is the carnality of our affection, that when things go well below, we are prone to forget better things above, though we are so positively told that to be carnally minded is death, and to be spiritually minded is life and peace. If you and your family are the worse for these bad times, yet I trust the souls of men shall be the better for it. If instead of being the rich American merchant, you should be the poor humble preacher of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the result will be a blessed one. One single soul called by your instrumentality will ultimately prove a greater treasure than the possession of a thousand such poor worlds as this."

The trial that swept from Mr. and Mrs. Bolton their worldly fortune took nothing else with it. It left to both the peace which an earthly storm could not shake, and the calm energy that could address itself to the duties of their altered position. It was after it had passed over them that Mrs. Bolton records in her diary, "I never felt so much enjoyment in religion as I have done for this past year; so that at times I have said, 'This is no delusion; and I must be interested in it, or I should not be thus happy.' I feel that I can leave *all* in the hands of my Redeemer and Saviour; and, though I serve him with faltering steps and in much weakness, yet I do endeavour, I do long and pray, to be more holy. This heart, though hard still, is, I trust, softened. *Affliction* has not been altogether lost upon me." A sphere of ministerial duty was not long of opening to Mr. Bolton. In a small Independent congregation in the favourite and picturesque village of Henley-on-Thames, he found his first charge. Whilst hesitating as to his acceptance of the call, he tells us he strangely dreamt that he saw a round tablet, on which was simply engraven, "And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father, and I am but a little child, and know not how to go out or come in" (1 Kings iii. 7). The text, if not the vision, decided his mind, and he became pastor of the congregation. Whilst labouring amongst its members with fidelity and acceptance, and visible saving fruits, he assisted in carrying the gospel into the neighbouring hamlets, where there was neither church nor chapel, and where the population was growing up in heathenism. Visiting Wargrave, he met with a reception such as Wesley was accustomed to in his preaching tours nearly a century before. Having assembled once and again the people of Wargrave in the market-place for open-air service, the clergyman of the place became exasperated at the concourse, and in a public place threatened to horsewhip Mr. Bolton if he ever met him. A lady hired men "of the baser sort" to put down the "fanatical"

movement. Six young men, issuing from a public house, followed by a rabble, bore a bucket of beer and mugs in their hands, and claimed the bench immediately in front of Mr. Bolton, which had already been occupied by some of his hearers. The bench being yielded, they began their drunken songs, and, stepping towards Mr. Bolton, asked him "if he was not dry," at the same time pretending to offer him some beer. When an attempt was made to pray, rotten vegetables were thrown into Mr. Bolton's face, and the hymn that was commenced was drowned in the shouts of these sons of Belial. Notwithstanding this outrage, Mr. Bolton persevered, planted the seeds of a Church in this outcast village, and had the satisfaction, before leaving Henley for the United States, of opening in it a chapel for the permanent preaching of the gospel.

The largeness of his family, and the difficulty of providing for his sons in England, had induced him for some time to contemplate a removal to America. It was a new position Mr. Bolton occupied when, returning to his native land, he found himself the pastor of an *Episcopal* congregation. Yet it was in harmony with his character. Mr. Bolton was neither Dissenter nor Churchman. He was the zealot of no section, believing with Cecil, as that great man once expressed himself to a lady when told by her that she was about to leave the Dissenters and come into the Church,—“Madam,” was his reply, “you are coming *from* nothing *to* nothing.” Mr. Bolton seemed to have embraced the form that most conveniently and freely at the time allowed of his preaching the word. Finding the Episcopal church in the part of America where he settled vacant, he stepped into it at the call of the congregation, and was re-ordained by the bishop, his only scruple being his submission to the second imposition of hands. A small and beautiful property which he purchased in the vicinity of his charge, and on which he erected a handsome stone edifice, became afterwards well known in New York under the name of Pelham Priory, where Mrs. Bolton and her daughters conducted an educational institution, the aim of which was to lay the foundation of education in vital godliness. In the management of her own large family she was a high example of a Christian mother. As her children were in succession put into her arms, she received them with the command, “Take this child and nurse it for me.” She began from the first in the right way by continual prayer. Let some of the expressions in her diary be observed: “Lord, hear the prayer of a mother.” Again, “What responsibilities do I feel in my children!” Is she absent for a few days from home?—she writes, “I am absent from my dear children. Lord, teach them by thy Holy Spirit on the morrow.” Does she return?—she says, “I have been reading to my dear children an account of one of the loveliest of thy saints, Harriet Vivian, who was to glorify God by her early departure amidst all that could make life attractive.” Does one of her sons go forth into life?—she follows him with her prayers: “Our

dear J—— has left the parental roof, and is now on the wide waters. May his father's God be his God! Lord, preserve him, and make him thine! Oh! the anxiety I feel about our dear children; but this is uppermost, that they may be thine.” To another at school she writes: “I send you Thomason's life; do read it attentively. He was a lovely character—pious even when at school. I was so pleased with it, that it led me afresh to pray for you, that such a marked blessing may descend upon our endeavours for you. . . . I often think, too, of what good Bishop M'Ilvaine said to me when visiting us at Henley—‘Have you no son who wishes to enter the Church?’ I replied, ‘I wish I had; it would be the joy of my heart.’” Four of the sons of her prayers and faithful instructions became and now are ministers of the gospel. Of all her children—thirteen in number—she could afterwards say, in writing to a friend, “I know it will rejoice your hearts, and awaken your gratitude to God on our behalf, that all our dear children have given themselves to God. There is not one of them of whom we have not a pleasing hope that they are the Lord's. Think how all this cheers our hearts under all our sorrows.” The prayer, with its preamble, so beautifully inscribed by the pious Bishop Meade of Virginia in the family album, on the occasion of his visit to Pelham Priory, had its full accomplishment. “I once met,” wrote the good bishop, “with the description of a picture, which set forth the ascension of a happy family to heaven. Deep and wide was the canvas, covering one side of a room, for the family was large. On it might be seen traced father, mother, sons, and daughters, all rising upwards, with hands and eyes lifted towards heaven, and the light of heaven beaming upon them. O happy sight! But, alas! as the delighted eye fell towards the bottom of the picture, what a sight was there! One was there sinking and disappearing; but still, as he sank, his eyes and hands were lifted up towards the ascending ones, and you might almost hear him crying, ‘My father, my mother, my dear brothers and sisters, will you leave me?’ Ah, wretched sight! When the picture of Pelham family is drawn by a faithful artist, may there be no such unhappy object on which the eye shall fall, but,—

‘When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.’”

Happy mother! that could write, “All our children have given themselves to God.” Her life's great work was well accomplished. And yet an important work remained for her on behalf of the families of others. Without interfering with the family character of her own household, one or two, and then others, were joined to her training of her own daughters, until Pelham Priory became, as it continues to be, one of the most important educational establishments in the United States. On the failure of Mr. Bolton's health she returned with him to England. Some years of useful-

ness were still before her husband as private chaplain to Earl Ducie, in whom he found a congenial Christian spirit. It was not until she could record, "Forty and six years this day (May 8th, 1857) have we been united, and still spared to each other," that the trouble of Mr. Bolton assumed the alarming symptoms that foretold the severance of this long, endeared connection. His death was truly a falling asleep; his end was, like his life, a calm, patient resting in Jesus. Within less than two years she who had shared so largely in his heavenly hopes was reunited with him in their enjoyment. The last entry in her journal of forty-four years was a testimony to the faithfulness of God—"Lord, I feel so *overwhelmed at thy goodness to me!*"—and her last words to her daughters were the expression of her confidence that the same faithfulness would be extended to them. Calling one of them to her side before she ceased to breathe, she gave to her, and the others standing around, her parting legacy in the text, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths."

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

ANDREW FULLER.

PART SECOND.

THE outward life of Andrew Fuller was not very eventful, as we have shown in the first part of this sketch. But his spiritual history is full of instructive incident, and we shall make no apology for going much more into detail in speaking of it.

There were difficulties lying in the way of *his* getting into the kingdom which few now-a-days are called to encounter. He was brought up, it will be remembered, among a sect of hyper-Calvinists who held, to say the least of it, very unattractive views of the relations of the gospel to the unconverted. In the chapel which he attended, as long as he was reckoned an unbeliever, not a word of any sort was addressed to him from the pulpit. The Church edified itself. The Christians present had bread provided for *them*. But those that were without were treated as mere spectators, who had no direct concern either in the preaching or in the worship. One consequence of this was that when the boy Fuller (he was only fifteen when the crisis came) was awakened to deep anxiety about his soul's salvation, he could not bring himself to believe in free grace, or in the perfect willingness of Christ to receive him. "As near as I can remember in the early part of these services," he says, "when I subscribed to the justice of God in my condemnation, and thought of the Saviour of sinners, I had then relinquished every false confidence, believed my help to be only in him, and approved of salvation by grace alone through his death; and if at that time I had known that any poor sinner MIGHT warrantably have trusted in him for salvation, I conceived I should have done so, and have found rest to my soul sooner than I did." As it

was, he imagined that the sinner required to have some kind of *qualification* to entitle him to believe; and being conscious that he had no qualification, he was kept struggling in the slough for a considerable time, and was only preserved from giving over the contest in utter despair by the consideration of the unquestionably worse condition into which, in that case, he would sink back. At last he thought of the resolution of Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." He paused, and repeated the words over and over again. Each repetition seemed to kindle a ray of hope mixed with a determination, *if he might*, to cast his perishing soul upon the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, to be both pardoned and purified. Like Esther, who went into the king's presence *contrary to the law*, and at the hazard of her own life, he felt, as he tells us, reduced to an extremity. He must run, though he did perish. "Yet," he adds, "it was not altogether from a dread of wrath that I fled to this refuge, for I well remember that I felt something attracting in the Saviour. . . . However it was, I was determined to cast myself upon Christ, thinking, peradventure, he would save my soul; and if not, I could but be lost. In this way I continued above an hour, weeping and supplicating mercy for the Saviour's sake; and as the eye of the mind was more and more fixed on him, my guilt and fears were gradually and insensibly removed."

The reality and greatness of this change were soon made manifest in an unmistakeable way to his own consciousness. How blessed to be able, unaffectedly, to use language like this:—

"Having found rest for my soul in the cross of Christ, I was now conscious of my being the subject of repentance, faith, and love. When I thought of my past life, I abhorred myself, and repented as in dust and ashes; and when I thought of the gospel way of salvation, I drank it in, as cold water is imbibed by a thirsty soul. My heart felt one with Christ, and dead to every object around me. I had *thought* I had found the joys of salvation heretofore; but now I *knew* I had found them, and was conscious that I had passed from death unto life. *Yet even now my mind was not so engaged in reflecting upon my own feelings as upon the objects which occasioned them.*"

What adds to the interest of this account is the fact that the victory was achieved without any human help. The boy of fifteen had no Christian friend to assist him in the solution of the perplexing problem raised by the peculiar views of the gospel to which he had been accustomed. Even after his conversion he continued to keep the experience through which he had passed a secret. "My mind was now at rest in Christ," he says, "yet I had never spoken to any one on the subject, nor did I think of doing so for the present." But it is with the love of God in the heart, as it was with the Saviour when he came to a house and "would have no man know it." *It cannot be hid*; and the new spirit which animated Fuller betrayed itself without his being sensible

of it. There was a poor man who used to travel three miles to his place of worship. He was a truly good man,—and the earnest youth, when he began to seek Christ, felt a strange pleasure in being in his company ;—I say, a strange pleasure, for though he would run miles to overtake him, when he did reach his side he had nothing to say. In the autumn of the year which witnesses Fuller's entrance into the kingdom, this man became his father's thrasher—an arrangement which he regarded with great delight. He had no intention, however, of being more confidential with him than he had been with others. But whether the thrasher saw some alteration in him as he went about his business, or how it was, he talked to him rather freely, and he then told him all his heart. After that, other Christians conversed with him, and invited him to their prayer meetings. He went, and in course of time took part in their religious exercises ; “and,” he tells us, “it was in this incidental way, and not from my own intention, that I became known among serious people.”

The particular course followed in this instance we could not, of course, commend for general imitation. It is probably best for every one that has been awakened to soul concern, to seek at once the help and advice of experienced Christians ; it is certainly best for those who have found Christ to confess him as soon as possible before men. But here, in a very remarkable way, the child was father of the man. In his quietly resolving to fight his own battles—to struggle on along the narrow way without asking aid from man—we see foreshadowed that independence of spirit which appeared afterwards in his refusing to accept anything upon trust, in his studying every subject submitted to him very thoroughly for himself, and in his being satisfied with conclusions only when they were recognised as clear and certain by his own mind. We may safely say that there are very few theological writers, indeed, who took less upon mere authority than Andrew Fuller, or who more completely *thought out* what they undertook to teach.

From the time of his conversion, which took place in the end of 1769, till the death of his child, which occurred in the summer of 1786, we have the period of greatest *fervour* in Fuller's religious history. At the latter date, as we shall afterwards see, he fell into what he himself calls a backsliding state, which lasted for two or three years. And when his soul was again revived, and “his youth renewed like the eagle's,” his constant activity in the service of the Missionary Society, and, in particular, his ceaseless travels from place to place, if they did not in reality damage his spiritual interests (as we do not believe they did), at least prevented the *manifestation* of the same fervency of feeling which appeared at the outset of his Christian pilgrimage. This peculiarity in the life of Fuller has been noticed as characterizing the lives of other good men also ; and it cannot be doubted that a wrong inference is sometimes drawn from it. When piety, which was intensely and even

passionately earnest in youth, sobers down and becomes quiet in old age, it is too often concluded that this is a case, not of progress in the divine life, but of sad and sorrowful decay, when it may be, in fact, nothing of the kind. Fervour of feeling depends in great measure upon temperament ; and, as a general rule, it may be expected that extravagant expressions of devoted personal attachment to Christ will be found in the diaries of the young and ardent, rather than in those of persons older and less excitable. *Faith* and not *feeling* is the radical and essential element of piety. If there is a manifest decay of the former then that is sure evidence of a falling away. But if all we can say of a man is that he is less fervid than he used to be,—there are so many things which tend to affect our fervour,—that we ought certainly to hesitate before drawing a purely unfavourable inference from that. At the same time, it is a beautiful thing to contemplate, warm and hearty Christian affection ; and, in consequence, the first part of Fuller's religious history—the time of his first love—has, undoubtedly, as a study of spiritual life, the deepest interest for us. Let us, then, single out some of its more prominent features.

Fuller was only a boy of sixteen when he became known as a professed follower of Jesus Christ. The temptations, therefore, which assailed him at the outset, were “Boy's Temptations.” For example, as the spring of 1770 came on, the young people of the town met as usual in the evenings for youthful exercises ; and on the occasion of a wake or a feast, there were special “on-goings.” In these the young disciple had formerly taken his part. Now, however, he shunned them as injurious to his spiritual “interests ;” and he tells us, that to avoid being drawn into them, or being harassed by even the sound of them reaching his ears, he began a practice which he continued with great peace and comfort for several years. “Whenever a feast or holiday occurred, instead of sitting at home by myself, I went to a neighbouring village to visit some Christian friend, and returned when all was over. By this step I was delivered from those mental participations in folly which had given me so much uneasiness. *Thus the seasons of temptation became to me times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.*” This was, indeed, being more than a conqueror—turning what might have been an occasion of sin into a means of grace. It was a walking in the Spirit, that he might not be seduced into fulfilling the lusts of the flesh.

His ministry at Soham commenced some five years after his conversion, and doubtless this event marked the beginning of a new era in his spiritual history. To one who had already found the greatest enjoyment in theological reading, it must have been peculiarly pleasant to think that the study of divinity would now become part of his business ; and such a man could not engage in such a study without more than merely intellectual profit. But this was not the only way in which his new work told upon his soul's interest. If he was

soon made acquainted with the joys of a pastor's occupations, he soon learned what were its trials also. His were not common ones. Besides those which all earnest ministers must have more or less, he had those of an unsympathizing people, and of an utterly inadequate temporal provision. The diary which he kept during part of the time he was in this place, and which is given in his biography, exhibits, in a very instructive way, the exercises of his mind under these circumstances. It shows him deeply concerned about the prosperity of religion in his own heart, and tremblingly anxious about the preservation of the ark of God, and the triumphs of the cause and kingdom of Christ in the world. Only one illustration of his singular disinterestedness—his subordination of all selfish considerations to the higher ones of the will of God and the welfare of his people—can we find space here to notice. It has been already mentioned that after having laboured without being much appreciated at Soham for a number of years, he received an invitation to settle in the much more satisfactory town of Kettering. To almost every on-looker his course was palpably clear. He was upon a starving allowance; his services were not esteemed at a very high rate by many; he had no reason to think that, if he remained, matters would materially mend. But it was to him an awfully solemn thing to sever the bond which connected him with his first charge. He feared lest he should run counter in any way to the mind of the Spirit; and it was not till his way was made so plain to himself that it appeared clear that he would fight against God not to pursue it, that he in the end consented to submit to the translation. "Men who fear not God," says Dr. Ryland, "would risk the welfare of a nation with fewer searchings of heart, than it cost him to determine whether he should leave a little Dissenting church, scarcely containing forty members besides himself and his wife."

But one or two extracts from the diary will best enable the reader, who is yet unacquainted with him, to form an idea for himself as to what manner of man he at this time was.

"My soul has been dejected to-day in thinking on the plague of the human heart. Through the glass of my depravity I see, oh, I see the preciousness of that blood which flowed on Calvary! Oh, that the ideas I have had to-night were indelibly written on my heart! *But, alas! one hour of sin will, I fear, efface them all.*"

"Oh, that I could retain the ideas I have had to-day! I thought God was such an infinitely lovely being, that it was a great sin not to love him with our whole hearts. I thought one perpetual flame of supreme love was his natural due from every intelligent creature, and that the want of such love merits damnation."

"Sin, how deceitful! While we may obtain an apparent victory over one sin, we may be insensibly enslaved to another; it may seem to flee before us, like the Benjamites before Israel, and yet retain an ambushment to fall upon our rear."

"To-night, while I prayed to Him, how sweet has Colossians i. 19 been to me. That which has pleased the Father pleases me. I am glad all fulness dwells in him. It is not fit it should dwell in me, nor that I should have the keeping of my own stock. Oh, for some heavenly clue to guide me to the fulness of Christ."

"A hard heart is a symptom of distance between God and us. As the Lord is nigh to those who are of a *broken* heart, so he is far from those who are of a hard heart."

These examples illustrate the character of this first part of Fuller's spiritual life very imperfectly, but they give, at least we may hope, some general idea of it! They prove, at any rate, the genuineness and greatness of that change which, in the morning of his days, he had the happiness to undergo.

N. L. W.

A MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

"EDWARD," said Mrs. Stanley, one morning, "I wish you would take a walk with me this afternoon, to make a call at Mount Vernon."

"Willingly, if I can get my studies over in time."

He did so in the course of a few hours, and they set out together.

"I am glad you proposed this visit, Frances, for in fact I have been reproving myself for having been so long of going. It is sad," he added, "to feel how little real intercourse we ministers often have with our people."

"We have no carriage, you know, my dear, and it is not every day you have leisure enough for so long a walk as this."

"Not every day, certainly; but yet many days when I have not taken it. I fear the true reason is that the Selbys are not attractive or congenial to me. He is cold and stiff, and she too sweet and patronizing, and both, I feel, so worldly in their ideas and tastes. But all this should make a faithful pastor only more anxious to be useful to them, as souls for whom he must give account."

"But Mrs. Selby makes a Christian profession."

"She does, and perhaps I am uncharitable in doubting its reality."

"I feel interested just now about Alice, the eldest girl at home. I have good hopes that she is thinking seriously."

"Indeed? I rejoice to hear it; but what makes you hope so? It is not very long since she was confirmed, and I recollect nothing particular about her then, except that she appeared to know the truth as far as the understanding was concerned."

"Ever since her visit to London last autumn, I have observed a change in her dress and manner—so much more of gentleness and quietness, and in church such real attention."

"Who would have expected such effects from a London visit!"

"She told me she had been latterly there with relatives of her father, who were not gay people, and she spoke with much interest of some week-day lectures, and missionary meetings that they had attended. Last Sunday, I saw that she was weeping, when you preached in the evening on the text, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' I met the Selbys in going out of church. Mrs. Selby observed in her own way, 'What a fine sermon your husband has given us this evening!' But Alice pressed my hand, and said in a low voice, 'O Mrs. Stanley, how difficult it is to know what our real motives are at times!'"

"Perhaps she is in some difficulty, poor girl, and would be the better for our help and counsel. You must ask her to spend a day with us soon."

Mount Vernon was a pretty villa, situated on a rising ground, which commanded fine views both up and down the valley. Everything in the house and grounds showed at once wealth and good taste.

Mrs. Selby and her daughter were together in the drawing-room when Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were announced. A glance sufficed to show that something unpleasant had been under discussion. The young lady had evidently been weeping, and hardly attempting an apology, she left the apartment as the visitors entered.

Mrs. Selby looked flushed and discomposed, but received her friends with politeness. They talked for some time on the weather and ordinary topics, and then in regard to some absent members of the Selby family.

"I hope you have good accounts," said Mr. Stanley, "of your sons in India?"

"Excellent, both well, and all we could wish. Mr. Selby heard lately, through some friends of the governor, that James, the engineer, is considered quite a rising young man in the service."

"You have, indeed, much cause for thankfulness, in the goodness of God to you as a family hitherto."

"Yes, Mr. Stanley," but, she hesitated, and then went on hurriedly, "we have our trials too. You must have seen that I had been agitated this morning. I cannot conceal from you, and as our pastor you ought to know, that we are grieved and disappointed about Alice at present."

"I am much surprised; surely nothing in her conduct that is wrong, or undutiful?"

"Can you imagine it? she wishes to leave us all, and go to India as a missionary!"

"A missionary! Miss Alice!" both visitors exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise.

"You may well be astonished. With her education, her advantages, to think of throwing herself away in such a manner!"

"It is the post of honour in the Master's service," replied Mr. Stanley, quietly; "but I did not know that Miss Alice had been so seriously impressed as to lead her thoughts in this direction."

"I was aware she had been under religious impressions for some time, and, of course, I rejoiced in it.

But that these feelings should lead her to fancies of this kind I never dreamed of."

"She is surely too young, too delicate."

"Yes, her age, her health, everything, makes it out of the question. I hope you will help us to bring her to more rational views. You may fancy what a trial it has been."

"How long is it," said Mr. Stanley, "since your daughter began to speak of this plan?"

"Some months ago, a proposal of marriage was made to her, in every way desirable, and her father and myself were much annoyed by the unaccountable way in which she refused to accept it. Then I began to suspect some other attachment."

"Another attachment! Then Miss Selby is not thinking of going alone?"

"Mr. Stanley, did you suppose she had quite lost her senses?"

"Such things have been," he replied, "and every year increases the demand for female agency abroad. But certainly, I should not have considered your daughter a suitable or likely person for such a task. To go as the wife of a missionary is quite another affair. May I ask who is the gentleman?"

"Mr. Rivers," replied Mrs. Selby coldly.

"Is that the young man who spent last Christmas with you? I was greatly prepossessed by what I saw of him; but I thought he was intended for the Church at home."

"So did we, of course. Frank had got acquainted with him at Cambridge, and took a great fancy for him, and asked leave to bring him here. Alice and he were a good deal together, but I never thought of anything between them beyond ordinary acquaintance, till her strange conduct in opposing our wishes as to the other matter."

"And has Mr. Rivers decided on going to the missionary field of labour?"

"Yes. We were greatly astonished when Frank wrote to us some time ago, that his friend had given up really good prospects of getting on in the Church, and had placed himself at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society. We wondered and exclaimed at his extravagant, and I may say undutiful conduct, in thinking of leaving his widowed mother and sister in this way. I recollect Alice was silent, and did not seem to enter into the discussion. But it came like a thunderbolt upon me, when a fortnight ago she brought me a letter from him, telling that he expected to be appointed to India, and actually asking her to accompany him!"

"Does his mother object to his leaving her?"

"Well, he says not. I fancy she is an enthusiast like himself; but I consider that no excuse for his deserting her."

"How did you feel, when your eldest son left you for India?"

"I was much affected, of course; but you know he

was not my only son. And besides, I should have thought it inexcusable to have allowed my own feelings to stand in the way of his taking advantage of such an opening as it was, such prospects of preferment in the service of his country."

"Perhaps Mrs. Rivers feels in the same way in regard to a still higher service."

"But surely, Mr. Stanley, the young man can be just as useful to the cause of Christ at home. What need of faithful ministers in our own land! We, who are so favoured in this place, can hardly realize the wants elsewhere."

He smiled at the implied compliment.

"True, there is much spiritual need at home; but is there not much *more* abroad? I think only a glance is needed at a missionary map to settle that point."

"If you think it so important, Mr. S., why were you not a missionary?"

"There are comparatively few, I consider, who are really qualified, physically and mentally, for such a post of duty, and I doubt whether I am one of them. Besides, before I seriously entertained the question, Providence seemed to have appointed my lot otherwise."

"I am sure *we* have reason to congratulate ourselves that it was so."

"But you must consider, that to go as a missionary, or a missionary's wife to India, is not going to a savage land, nor even to the India of earlier years. You must not allow your fears for Miss Alice to be grounded on the experience of Harriet Newell or Ann Judson. May I take the liberty of asking what reply you have made to Mr. Rivers' proposal?"

"My husband was at first really angry, more so than I have often seen him. But poor Alice was in such distress that I was softened, and at last got him to be so also. He would hear of no engagement, but allowed that if Mr. R. got a good living in this country, the thing might be thought of. I really considered this great kindness, for Alice was always a favourite with her father, and he hoped she would have made a good settlement. Charles Rivers, though a gentlemanly, agreeable young man, is of no family, and has only got through his studies by assistance from friends."

"And what has been his reply?"

"That we have not yet learned; it was only yesterday Mr. Selby gave Alice leave to write."

At this moment some new visitors were announced, and the Stanleys were not sorry for the excuse to take leave. They discussed the subject as they walked home.

"I shall be really anxious, Edward, to hear the decision of that young man. What will you expect?"

"It will entirely depend upon whether or not he has the true missionary spirit. If he has, he will go to India, though it should be with a breaking heart. If not, he will allow himself to be persuaded that he can be as useful at home, and remain there."

"And could you blame him? Surely the temptation

would be great, and surely there is abundant room in our own land for the employment of all a Christian pastor's time and energy."

"True, and I desire to blame or judge no one. But still I repeat, if young Rivers does this, it shows he has thought of the missionary life without the real missionary spirit."

"And what do you consider that to be?"

"When a believer, who has himself experienced the power of grace and the joy of faith in Christ, has such an overpowering sense of love and compassion for those who have no man to care for their souls, as will lead him to use every effort, to make any sacrifice, in order to be instrumental, directly or indirectly, in conveying to them the glad tidings of salvation."

"But may not this be felt at home?"

"Certainly, but it will then lead to earnest effort in behalf of the *home heathen*. For it is towards the *heathen*, those who are in real ignorance of saving truth, and have no one to instruct them, that this longing compassion is peculiarly extended. Many a true missionary in heart has never been beyond his native land, his native town even. But he will be praying and labouring there, not among those who hear the gospel every Sabbath, but those who are living without hope and without God. Such a missionary was Sarah Martin, while still a dressmaker, and John Campbell, while still an ironmonger. Many a useful and honoured servant of Christ in the ministry has little of this spirit, according to my view of what it implies. In his efforts, plans, prayers, he generally 'dwells among his own people.' He seldom, comparatively speaking, makes the heathen the subject of earnest wrestling with God, or pleading with men. He is, perhaps almost unconsciously, fearful of lessening the interest and exertions of his flock in behalf of home concerns, by bringing before them, in real earnestness, the state of the destitute millions of India and Africa. He is a faithful pastor, but not a missionary."

"Edward, would you have made a good one?"

"Not in many respects, at least for the foreign field. I want some essential qualifications, mental and physical. My health and nerves are not sufficiently strong, and I have no talent for acquiring languages. It is a great mistake to suppose that piety and zeal alone are enough to qualify a man for becoming a useful messenger to the heathen,—a mistake for which the Churches of Christ have sometimes dearly paid. A really efficient working missionary, even in our own land, requires to have strong health and cheerful spirits, a physical constitution which can stand fatigue and endure privations, and a spirit that can hope and bear up against discouragement or disappointments; together with much of what we call *tact*, judiciousness, and knowledge of human nature. Then in foreign lands peculiar talents are called for besides, especially that of learning to speak and write a new language with facility. But the true spirit may be felt in the

heart, and proved in the life, in many a case where much direct effort is impracticable."

"Who do you consider the first of modern missionaries?"

"I have long thought that veteran hero, Dr. Judson of Burmah. And you remember his motto, *Devoted for life*. I have often contrasted his conduct with that of others in our own day, who enter the missionary service for a term of years, and afterwards, without any very imperative call of health or duty, return to home and private life. I cannot understand this. I cannot understand how any Christian, who has once learned to speak of Jesus in a foreign tongue, can be content to speak of him in English, to English hearers only."

"Then you consider the claims of the foreign field greater than those of home?"

"I do, upon the few whom God has qualified to entertain the question, when choosing their own department of labour. And this not because souls in one place are of more individual value than in another, but because the proportion of those destitute of the knowledge of salvation is so immeasurably greater abroad, and that of fitting labourers there so deplorably few. Perhaps not one Christian would be a suitable and efficient missionary abroad, out of twenty who might work usefully at home. Therefore, how the twentieth, who feels that Providence has qualified him for either service, and who has liberty of choice, can hesitate in his decision, if he truly desires to serve Christ with all his powers, I cannot comprehend. Yet some of those, at whose conduct I have wondered, may after all be more devoted and more blessed than myself. Only I repeat, they cannot have what I consider to be the missionary spirit."

"Poor Alice Selby! will she feel thus?"

"It does not at all follow that she is a missionary in heart, poor girl, though willing to become the wife of one. Probably young Rivers has not made a prudent choice in this matter, and it may be well for him if his wishes are disappointed."

"I have had a visit from Miss Selby this morning," said Mrs. Stanley one afternoon to her husband, as he returned from a walk, some days after their visit to Mount Vernon.

"Have you? Did she speak of her own affairs?"

"Yes, quite frankly. And the result is what you will approve of. She read to me part of a really beautiful letter from her friend, in which he says, that though his heart will ever be hers, he feels he could not be happy even in her society, if for the sake of that alone, he drew back from the vows he has plighted of special service to his heavenly Master."

"Poor girl!"

"She said she knew it would be so, and could not desire it otherwise. But she was, of course, much depressed, and spoke with tears of her fears that her own religion was not sincere, and that not love for Christ and souls, but attachment to a fellow-creature, had been

the motive for her late conduct and wishes. I told her there was nothing sinful in the latter feeling, and that the reality of grace in her heart would be proved and tested by the way in which she bore this trial, and sought to serve the Lord still, in the sphere of home duties and opportunities."

"You spoke truly. If God intends these young persons for one another, he will in his Providence remove present obstacles, and meantime this disappointment may be much blessed to them both. But Rivers has decided rightly and wisely. For what has our Lord himself said, 'There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or riches, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life.'"

d. c.

IN DUE SEASON YE SHALL REAP IF YE FAINT NOT.

TRULY it is often the waiting for this *due* season that we feel so disheartening; we would so like to see the good effects of our labour now, to get the harvest whenever we have sowed the seed. But all good is slow in progress, and it must be in faith on the word, "Ye shall reap if ye faint not," that we go on. This slow growth of good applies to our own progress in the spiritual life as much as to our endeavours to benefit others by word or deed, temporally or spiritually, and often when impatient at our own inability "to do the things that we would," we feel as if it were hopeless to strive any longer. Nay, in *due* season we shall reap, so faint not. Then remember that although you do not see any good arising from your labour, you are not therefore to conclude that no good is doing. Some seeds are longer in springing up than others, but they are not lying dormant; they are slowly, very slowly it may be, germinating, but they will appear above ground in "due season." It may be that you will not see the fruit of your work; sometimes, you know, God takes this method of "hiding pride from our eyes," but it is not lost labour for all that. You may be but the means of preparing the way, and another may come and seem to do all the good, but your part was as necessary first as his was last; "one soweth and another reapeth."

You say "that it is most discouraging to find that you have done harm where you wished to do good, and that sometimes you feel as if it were so difficult to do any real good that you are tempted to give up attempting it." Many a time, indeed, we are reduced to the thought that if we ourselves have derived benefit from making efforts for others, that is all we can say. Well, is not that something? first, a little humbling, very good for us, but not pleasant, I grant, and then some good to ourselves in the way of self-denial, consideration for others, and the desire to help them, so it has not been all harm that has resulted from our unsuccessful efforts. Then you cannot deny that you do every now and then

get a little encouragement to go on ; why, only remember how many you may have been the means of stirring up, both by your example and by interesting them in your sick poor, so that they, too, are entering the field of useful labour, and you may thus feel encouraged and cheered on. The little beginnings of good seem too trifling to count, but they widen, and spread around, and include in their circle both the helpers and the helped, for it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive." As has been well said, "we may do our least actions as we sow small seeds, knowing that a self-multiplying power is in them. Dorcas is no more, but the influence of her example is gone into all the earth. Instead of working with one pair of hands in her solitary room, she is now sitting in a thousand places, making garments for the poor with many thousands of hands." I can give also my full sympathy in your confessions of finding too often that it is dull work, that you fear you are losing your interest in it, and that you feel you are indeed wearying in well-doing. Perhaps you do need a little rest and variety, and when thus weary, why should you not take it? But even when conscious that you are not weary, but simply uninterested, and therefore apt to get spiritless, do not reproach yourself too severely for this. There is necessarily a good deal of what may be called routine work about everything we undertake, and it is not possible to feel the same interest in it as in other parts of our occupations, but it must be done, nevertheless, and somebody must do it ; so take heart again, and remember that by undertaking the dull tasks occasionally, or even regularly, you may perhaps be setting free others to get on with more important and imposing parts of the work, others better fitted to do them than yourself. After all, these are but secondary motives, and cannot at all times be turned to for encouragement, and for reviving our flagging energies. We need deeper as well as higher sources from which to draw, and may we not find them in the messages sent by our Lord to the Churches in the opening chapters of Revelation? The oft-repeated "I know thy works," may well cheer our hearts, when we thus learn that our Saviour himself looks down with interest on what his servants do ; and the high and holy motive he ascribes to the Church of Ephesus may well be our strength in days of despondency. "For my name's sake thou hast laboured and hast not fainted," for the love you bear to him, for the honour of his name, not for the praise of men, not for the gratitude of those you served, not even for the reward of seeing your work crowned with success, but "for his name's sake thou hast laboured." Well may those whose motive this is turn again and again to the blessed words, "I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience," and draw thence solace and strength. Whatever your work be, he knows it ; conscious you are that "you have but a little strength," he knows that too ; or, it may be that sometimes all you can say is that you "have borne and have patience," he knows that it is so, and since it is all done or suf-

fered for "his name's sake," fear not that you shall ever find this reason fail you as a reviving cordial and an animating motive ; and doubt not that even the cup of cold water given in his name shall not go unrewarded.

Perhaps one reason for your present discouragement may be, that you expected to find it always easy and pleasant to work for your Lord, and are angry at yourself for the sloth and selfishness that too often make duty a burden. You feel that since you dare so seldom say, "For thy name's sake I have done it," so you have no right to the comfort of thinking that he knows your works. But look again at all these gracious messages and warnings, and see if it is pleasant easy work there commended. Is it not rather sympathy expressed for labour, work, service, patience, and not fainting? and are not all the gracious rewards promised to "him that *overcometh*," and how can we overcome without striving, how win a victory without fighting!

I feel that in thus endeavouring to encourage others I have "drawn the bow at a venture," but even if my words are not what you require, and fail to cheer you, I cannot have erred in giving you these passages of Scripture to think upon. Often have I felt when able to visit among the poor, how feeble and insufficient were all my attempts to speak a word in season, but it always was a comfort to recollect that if I had read a passage from God's word, or even quoted a text from it, I might then plead the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto I sent it." So let the command and promise I began with, and the gracious words of sympathy and counsel I end with, be refreshing springs to you ; and when you drink thereof, may you indeed "run and not be weary, and walk and not faint."—*Homely Hints.*

AN UPRIGHT LIFE.

WHAT a safeguard is there in a really unblemished life, in its contact with other men! How brave it makes a man, how fearless, how undaunted in word and action, to have on the armour of righteousness! *He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.* He will not have to remind himself, when duty calls, "I cannot say that, lest I open myself to such a retort." He will not have to consider with himself, when duty calls, how he can avoid provoking such or such a taunt, or rousing against himself such or such a recrimination. He can go on his way, bearing a manful and perhaps a powerful testimony for the right and against the wrong ; he can lie down and rise up, he can walk abroad and take his rest, none making him afraid ; above all, he, if he be also a Christian in his heart, can command for his Master's cause that tribute of silent (or not always silent) respect, which the world itself, in our land and age, has ever ready for the man whose consistency it has tested and not found wanting.

Some may hear me to-day, who are still young enough to maintain or to lose this first armour. Young men, boys, yes children, can understand this at which I am aiming. I charge it upon you, that you indulge in yourselves no vague peradventures that, after going a little way, or for a little while, wrong in moral matters, matters of deceitfulness and truth, of undutifulness or obedience, of debt or honesty, of vice or purity, you may recover yourselves, and be good men and good Christians in time to live, or at least in time to die. Be quite sure of one thing, and remember it, God helping you, all your life long, that no person who has ever fallen into definite sin can be quite the same ever again; that his sin will most certainly *find him out*; find him out in weakness, or find him out in suffering, or find him out in shame; so that he will regret it to the very end of his days, even if, by God's great grace, he does not perish in it for ever.—*Vaughan*.

TENDER TIES.

WE all have tender ties to earth and time. Children it may be, or brothers, both in the flesh and in the spirit, are twined closely round our hearts. We are needful to them. This is felt on both sides now, and will be felt more tenderly when the hour of separation is drawing near. How shall that pang be softened to both parties, —to him who is departing, and to those who remain? In one way only: the desire to depart and to be with Christ will do it, and nothing else will. How good it is,—how necessary to have that hope and trust now! How dreary to be drifting down toward those dark and tempestuous narrows before the anchor of the soul has been thrown within the veil, and fastened there on Jesus!

Paul's "strait" is the only easy position on the earth; oh, to be in it! If you are held by both of these bonds you will not fear a fall on either side. Although your life, instead of being in your Father's hands, were at the disposal of your worst enemy, in his utmost effort to do you harm, he would be shut up between these two,—either to keep you a while longer in Christ's work, or send you sooner to Christ's presence. That were indeed a charmed life that should tremble evenly in the blessed balance;—this way, we shall do good to men; that way, we shall be with the Lord.—*Arnot*.

HOW SAFE!

How safe is a sinful man who has simply, wholly cast himself on Jesus! The Redeemer loves his own with a love that cannot die. He that keepeth Israel slumbers not nor sleeps. The sun even in his absence holds up the earth all night, and at his coming also brings the day. So Christ keeps a soul intrusted to him while it lies in darkness, and then dawns on that darkness with the light of life. The love of a Saviour unseen reaches as far and holds as firmly as the law by which central suns

grasp tributary worlds. His coming is like the morning; as sweet and as sure.

Fear not, little flock; the good Shepherd knows his sheep all by name. He is absent, but he thinks of you. He feels your weight, and bears it. He longs to have you, and will not want you. He remained on the mountain-top only until his disciples fully felt their own need; and then he brought deliverance. Let none refuse the consolation on the one hand, or the reproof on the other, on the ground that the danger and the deliverance were both seen and temporal things. Our Redeemer became bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, that he might come closer to us, and that he might come closer to him. The transactions of that night on the Sea of Galilee and the mountain by its shore reveal the heart of Jesus more clearly than his coming to the world, or his intercession in heaven, because they are bodily human, and palpable to sense. The longing of his human heart that night towards his absent brethren, and his goings, as God, upon the waters to find and save them, mark the line on which his love is running still. The compassion which he felt and the help which he rendered to these poor men are graven here as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, that I, in this latter day of time, may know his readiness to pity and ransom me. These lines show how the heart of our Redeemer lies. In that direction his love goes out, and it goes to the uttermost. To-day he is as able and as glad to save from a deeper, darker sea.—*Ibid.*

A MARTYRDOM.

TREAD lightly on his ashes; for he fell*
Heart-full of love to God and all mankind!
Little it needs the Muse his fate should tell,
In lofty ode or elegy refined,
To touch the soul and move the ingenuous mind.

His chosen was to fix the bridal morn;
Her fleet, light step already traced the dew,
As to the moorland trysting-place she drew—
Blythe as a lark sprung from the braided corn—
To list his voice, and low-breathed vows renew
To him whose love and troth full well she knew.

The spoiler came before her, and she found
Her lover stark and cold—the fell deed done—
His spirit fled, his blood upon the ground,
His Bible next his heart; for he was one
Who feared his God and bore a grudge to none.

Far thence the slayers, all unmoved in aught,
To other deeds accursed struck their way,
The while, poor soul! with anguish deep o'erfraught,
Prone by her lover's side she sank to pray—
Wild waverings, unrevealed till the great JUDGMENT-DAY!
Songs of the Covenant Times.

* William Adam, Midwellwood.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

MANY years had passed since a rumour which had gone abroad through the hill-country of Judah had drawn the eyes of the dwellers in that sequestered region to one of its households. The echoes of that thrilling "Benedictus," which had marked the infant son, of a venerable priest as a child of wondrous destinies, and encircled his brow with a nimbus of mystic glory, had long died away. Zacharias and Elisabeth, after rejoicing for a season in the light which had blessed the evening of their days, have departed in peace, and from the quiet home of his childhood, he who had been greeted as "the prophet of the Highest," has gone forth into the strange world beyond the upland valley, has vanished from the eyes of the hamlet, and perchance been forgotten, — forgotten in the village as the memory of that other Child, with whose birth his own had been linked so strangely, is by this time in the Temple which had heard the "Nunc Dimittis" of Simeon. These two lives—how far sundered all this long interval of thirty years had they been; how diverse in their outward aspect and colouring do they appear to us as we look back upon them now! The one, sombre, visionary, companionless, spent in wandering amid the rocks and woods of the desert, and by the mountain brooks of Judah:—the other, a gentle and beautiful home life, passed in lowly, cheerful service, winning to itself day by day the favour of men by its meek and virginal holiness, known and loved in all the dwellings of Nazareth. Yet each was thus in training for the special work to which he had been consecrated from his birth. The spirit of the mission given to each was stamped upon his life from its beginning, moulding his nature to the element it was to work in,—the one, to stand apart from men, withdrawn from the sweet charities of life within the circle of his rigid vow, moving their souls to fear by his isolation and passionless severity,—the other, to go forth amongst them in kindly sympathy and frank-hearted fellowship, their companion alike in genial and sorrowful hours, entering into their dwellings, sitting at their tables, watching by their sick-beds, weeping at their graves (Matt. xi. 18, 19).

The long preparation is over, and suddenly the land is startled by the cry of warning, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" At first it is but a rumour amongst the peasant folk, in the thinly-peopled districts along the course of the Jordan, of the mysterious stranger that has appeared no one knows whence, of his wild ascetic look, his coarse and shaggy attire, his flashing eye, his solemn, fervent, heart-thrilling words. Then as it spreads from village to village, crowds are thronging to the spot,—the sacred ground on which cen-

turies some old moss-grown stones had marked the scene of Israel's passage through the river. The neighbouring towns send forth their eager population, and ere long in the streets and temple cloisters of Jerusalem the fame of the great preacher is common talk, and men gather with rapt attention round one who has seen him, and can repeat some of those terse and weighty words which in their vivid imagery seem to glow with prophetic inspiration. It was a vast and strangely blended congregation that must in those days have been gathered there, —peasants and citizens, Roman legionaries and Jewish tax-gatherers,—shepherds from the hills of Gilead, sun-browned vine-dressers from the fruitful levels of Jericho, fishermen from the Sea of Galilee,—priests and lawyers from the Temple schools, the Pharisee with his sacred amulet and deep blue fringes, the Sadducee with his hard, cold eye and sceptic sneer,—the grey-bearded Essene from his convent among the Dead Sea ravines, leaning on his palm-staff, side by side with the dissolute Herodian, who wore his loose-girt tunic in the style of Antioch or Corinth, and here and there some wayfaring Samaritan in the skirts of the assemblage,—all looks rivetted on the man in whom one of the old hermit-prophets seemed to stand in living effigy before them. No wonder that as they felt the spell of his burning words, one amongst those ancient messengers of Heaven, the luminaries of that glorious past when Israel was a nation, should be specially recalled—the man who of all had left the deepest impress of his character on the traditions of his people, who had confronted a king in his hour of evil triumph, and called down fire from heaven on the Altar of the broken covenant. So must Elijah have stood that day before the awe-struck tribes on Carmel, the same trace of an austere life in deserts imprinted on his wasted features, the same fire of fervid zeal burning in his eyes, the same oracular grandeur and majesty in his words, charged with the burden of menace and doom. Only that here there was something more—words of gracious promise and hope recurring like an undertone in the graver strain—the coming or presence of One who was to do a blessed work on earth—the announcement of the kingdom of the Messiah, for which all true Hebrew hearts were longing as the restoration of their national freedom and glory. And thus, as they gazed on the preacher of repentance in his mantle of camel's hair and leathern girdle, and the wild unshorn locks of the Nazarene vow, it was not strange that the last words which a prophet had ever spoken in Israel should come, into many a mind, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the

Lord." This must be he—the great Elijah whom our fathers knew, whose footprints once were seen on the shore of Jordan—the hero-saint for whom the law of death was suspended, made immortal for this, that as the herald of deliverance he might come down amongst his people on the banks of the sacred river whence the fiery chariot had borne him up to heaven.

How deep and general this impression was may be inferred from the fact, that a deputation of the Sanhedrim, "priests and Levites," was sent from Jerusalem to put the question, "Who art thou? art thou Elias?" He said, "I am not." Not the man Elijah—the ancient prophet renewing his ministry in a second miraculous avatar, as they deemed—but the Elijah-prophet of whom the last Hebrew seer had said, "Behold I will send my angel, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the Angel of the covenant." In the spirit and power of Elijah the messenger had come; by no other words could the style and aim of the Baptist's mission be more fitly characterized. It was a ministry of awakening, of conviction, of revival,—one that should startle the conscience into voice, and move a pulse of spiritual emotion in the heart, and break down the hard and stubborn soul in contrition for its sin, and then, by a peculiar rite, set upon it the seal of the baptism of repentance—the preparation for that remission and purifying which could only come from Him who was to baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. A work in its own nature incomplete and initiatory—its crowning ordinance typifying another baptism without which it could have no spiritual force, its inner grace only meant to quicken the soul into expectation of that highest grace which was to speak the word of redemption, to seal to the penitent the divine fact of forgiveness, and his adoption into the elect family of God. Baptism had been known in the Jewish Church before, but only as the lustral rite by which proselytes had been received into its communion, one that never was administered to a freeborn son of Israel. In the Baptist's ministry it acquired a new significance. It became the vestibule that led from the Hebrew temple to the Church of Christ; he who stood there in a dim religious light confessed his sin, and in token of his true repentance the waters of baptism were sprinkled on his brow, but not till Jesus found him there and said, 'Thy sins be forgiven,' and clothed him in the white robe of a new discipleship, could he pass within into marvellous light, and with a conscience cleansed by the blood of sprinkling, stand in the midst of the congregation singing praise to God.

Viewed in this aspect, it is evident wherein lay the peculiar dignity and sacredness of the Baptist's work. It was the border ground between the two dispensations, where the light and darkness were divided. Standing on the partition line between the law and the gospel, he may be said to be the last of prophets and the first of evangelists. Like a prophet, his first word was, He

is coming; like an apostle his last word was, He is come! In him the whisper of prophecy swelled into clear utterance and far-ringing vibration like the voice of a silver trumpet. And he who had begun his career of pure and single-hearted service with the herald's proclamation, *Prepare ye the way of the Lord!* was honoured first to unfold to the eyes of men the scroll of the evangel, and read its opening words. It was his to make the sacred announcement which holds, as in a heading of illuminated capitals, the whole truth of the gospel—words signalized by constant allusion as the italics of inspiration—the text from which Peter preached the sermon of Pentecost, and Paul discoursed in the shadow of the Parthenon—the truth before which lying creeds and proud philosophies fell down and gave up the ghost, —*BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD.*

The Christ was no longer a symbol hidden under veils of mystic imagery, but a living presence, the Word made flesh, and dwelling among us full of grace and truth. Looking on "Jesus as he walked," the Forerunner said this,—unmasked the Antitype in whom the oldest and deepest symbol of faith, the blood of sacrifice, found interpretation. In that hour the temple, with its smoking altars and its ancient priestly orders, vanished away, and on its site Jesus stood alone, uplifted on the cross of redemption. Thus, amid the departing shadows of the old economy, the herald-prophet stands towering in his simple grandeur over all the prophets who went before him, like one of those lofty mountains round whose side the mists of morning fold and cling, while high up in purer air their peaks are touched and brightened by the first rays of the rising sun.

Having uttered the name of Jesus, the Baptist felt that his earthly work was done. He had borne witness of that light. He had abased the proud and exalted the lowly with a glorious hope, making a level path through the land for the chariot of the King, preparing a people for the coming of the Lord. He might have received honour from men, had he cared for it. No slight temptations were his to swerve from the straight and rugged line of duty that had been traced out for him. Had a spark of earthly ambition been in that true and stainless nature, any desire for the making of a splendid name, or starting on what men call a brilliant career, the enthusiasm of disciples, the favour of the multitude would have kindled it into a flame, amid the acclamations of a nation, the prophet of the wilderness, might have swept on in a triumphal progress from the banks of the Jordan to the gates of Jerusalem. There was a time when the people were in expectation, and "all men mused in their hearts of John whether he were the Christ or no." And then he answered, "I indeed baptize with water, but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." He was "a burning and a shining light," and men "were willing for a season to rejoice in his

light." Yet more gladly than ever man rejoiced in a great renown did he feel himself eclipsed by the growing brightness of the Light of the world. Singular in the distinction that he was the only prophet whose coming prophets had foretold, he professed to be nothing more than a Voice, not caring that his own earthly name should be spoken by the lips of men once he had uttered the name of Jesus, nor that their glance should linger on him for a moment after he had pointed them to Him.

Thus "John fulfilled his course." His ministry rung the gospel into the world; and as the summoning Sabbath bell ceases its proclamation once the worshippers are gathered within hearing of the preacher's living voice, the lowly son of Zacharias, having drawn together a multitude of contrite, suffering, weary souls to hear the Apostle of grace and truth, silently passes away from the sight, and, if it may be, from the memories of men. "He must increase, but I must decrease." He had heard the Bridegroom's voice, and his joy, therefore, was fulfilled.

It is not probable that the public ministry of the Baptist extended over more than a few months. There is good ground, at least, to conclude that it closed within the year. He was but shown to the people and withdrawn. Very different the manner of its close, and of his disappearance from open view, from that in which the great Eremite, his predecessor, closed his ministry and his life together. For the horses of fire and chariots of fire that whirled the Tishbite up in a mist of glory, we see sudden and portentous shadows descending on the Baptist's path, days of adversity and peril, a time of lingering captivity amid the prison glooms of Machærus. A strange, and as it might seem to us a mournful contrast between his early and his later days is this exchange of the solitude of the wilderness for the solitude of the dungeon. We think of the noble captive languishing in the darksome vault, for the free air he had breathed as he roamed the Judean woodland, and quenched his thirst from the mountain brook in those years of youthful inspiration, doomed to stagnate and droop amid close, unwholesome vapours, shut up and shackled within iron wards and walls of stone. It stirs us almost to tearful emotion to think of him as there, that elected servant of the Highest in the grasp of a licentious tyrant—the man with God's oil of consecration on his head the victim of one of those base and grovelling natures to whom God sometimes casts the crowns of earth—to think of a life like his closing there and thus. Looking at the outward side of things, men might have pronounced it a failure, a wretched and impotent close to a magnificent beginning. They might point to the preacher on whose lips thousands had hung, who had been borne so high on the springtide of popular favour, stranded there in the cold and dreary eve of life, with the tide ebbed from him, silent, powerless, forsaken, pining away in a felon's cell. But we may measure what the world calls failures by what it calls suc-

cess. There were two brilliant successes and two notable failures recorded in history about this time. To Tiberius Cæsar came the imperial purple and orb,—to Herod, the diadem of Galilee;—to John the Baptist, the axe,—to Jesus Christ, the cross. Surely God thinks little of crowns and sceptres when we see to whom he leaves them, much of affliction and suffering when we see for whom he reserves them.

We may be sure that no dungeon grate could keep the light of heaven from shining into his heart. The praying soul has always its windows open to the Jerusalem above. The celestial visions and voices which had come to him in his sleep under the mountain cedars or on the desert stones could still visit and refresh the captive in his slumbers. The foot of the ladder on which angels come and go, has rested as often on the stone floor of earth's prisons, as on the marble pavement of its temples. If suffering for loyalty to an earthly king could inspire the words, how much more truly might they be spoken by the fettered confessor whose only crime is loyalty to his God:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I am happy in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone who soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

The heavy shadows of captivity might dim his eagle eye; but we know that they could not dull the unquenchable fire of zeal that burned in his fearless soul. Once and again the Tetrarch of Galilee quailed before the man who sternly rebuked his sin, whom neither smiles nor frowns could tempt nor terrify into silence. The echoes of that warning voice from the dungeons beneath his feet rang through his guilty conscience, as he sat at the banquet with his lords and high captains around him, and his paramour at his side, with a clearness that the music and revelry could not drown.

It has been sometimes thought that in the circumstance of his sending two of his disciples to Jesus with the inquiry, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" there may be traced the effect of disappointment depressing the Baptist's spirit, and clouding over his faith for a time. It would be hard to believe that John could have a moment's doubt of the Messiahship of Jesus, whom he must have known, on hearing of his mighty works, to be the chosen one on whom he had seen the Holy Ghost descend and abide. We cannot doubt that the mission was intended for the confirmation of the faith of his disciples, though it may be that John had some hope of drawing from the Saviour's lips a fuller declaration of His divine character and work than He had as yet given. John may have wondered that the kingdom of heaven, of which he had said so much, had not been more openly proclaimed, and the eyes of all Israel turned to the Redeemer, but his

faith in Jesus as the King of Zion, the bringer of salvation, could not waver for a moment. The answer of Jesus, in which he referred to the miracles that were the seals of his ministry (for "John did no miracle"), and especially to the fact that to the poor the gospel was preached, while it brought out into clearer prominence the spiritual glory of His kingdom, was meant to gladden the longing heart of the Forerunner with tidings of the hope, and peace, and joy it was silently bringing to the souls of men.

With such a message from the lips of Jesus the Baptist could willingly die. That night, in Herod's inner prison, he could sing his "Nunc Dimittis" more joyfully than ever. He had fulfilled his service—he had heard the Bridegroom's voice—he was needed no more on earth, and the sooner death could come the more welcome it would be, as the angel of deliverance, bidding him rise up, unfastening his chains, leading his spirit past all earthly wards and barriers, and out by the iron gate that opens on the broad and shining street of the city of God.

Yet a few days more, and as the revel was at its height in the royal hall, the drunken satrap found himself in a rash moment committed to his crime, bound in conscience to keep to a wanton the word which he had broken to his God. The grim headsman went and returned—swiftly had he done his bloody work—but, unseen by him and them, the fiery chariot had in that brief interval descended and risen again from the martyr's dungeon door. By the hands of weeping disciples the lifeless form of their master was taken up and laid in a tomb. Where we know not: somewhere in the mould of Canaan, where so much hallowed dust has mouldered, there was given him a sepulchre; but the spot is as profoundly hidden from us as the grave that God made for Moses among the hills of Moab,—as the tomb that held the body of the Holiest One that ever died on earth. The tomb may be unmarked when the name is to be held in everlasting remembrance. And such reverence, and honour, and love wait through ages on the memory of the son of Zacharias. Never from the Christian mind can time efface the name of him who poured the mystic waters on the head of the Redeemer, who first pointed the eye of the beloved disciple to his Lord, who, in the words he spake to him by the Jordan, is a Voice crying for ever, in the wilderness of the world to sinful and weary souls, Behold the Lamb of God!

"Verily, I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: NOTWITHSTANDING, HE THAT IS LEAST IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS GREATER THAN HE." The greatest of those born of women is, as such, less than the least of those who are born of the Spirit. The highest prophet's seat in the earthly temple is lower than the lowest in which a little child sits in the Kingdom of Grace, for he sits there at the feet of Christ.

J. D. B.

PROFESSOR GEORGE WILSON.

PART SECOND.

AFTER his appointment to the chair of Technology, he writes that he purposed "to slave less, and now only help religious meetings, or strictly professional ones," and adds, what may be regarded as a full account of his life during all these years, "I live from day to day, feeling no hold upon life, but happy many times, and for long hours, although my temperament is not one which even the choicest mercies could rob of its native inquietude and sensitiveness. But all is well. I have great holes in my heart, and dreary voids in my affections; but on this side the grave they cannot be filled, and I will work as hard as I can till the manumission comes." These words express comprehensively the real nature of the man, which lay under, and fed as from deep fountains, the unfailing geniality and kindness of his manner. The "native inquietude" of which he speaks most men would not perceive in him; but his biographer justly remarks that excitable temperaments like his cannot but have times of depression. "My roving fancy," he tells John Cairns, "is ever building castles in the air, or digging dungeons in the nether depths. Well! well! there is a cure even for that, and for the benefit of poor dreamers like me it has been written that 'neither height nor depth' shall be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. You need not tell me I am wrong in my exegesis; if I were right, I should not say it to such a dweller in the Interpreter's house as you. But I am right so far as regards myself, at this present moment."

The effect of advancing years and of middle age on such a temperament is beautifully and instructively touched in a letter to the same friend of his heart, "I met this day-week a lady whom I have not seen since I was some seventeen, nor was there anything to bridge over the long space between our two meetings. It has set me to meditate a great deal, this glimpse of myself at seventeen, with all that filled the years onwards to thirty-two obliterated; and I realize better than I might otherwise have done, what a changed being I am. I lament not the loss of my vivacity, for I had more than enough of that volatile ingredient, and can well afford to let some of it evaporate. One thing, however, does alarm me, the fear, namely, lest I should settle down into a sombre, prosaic mortal, leading a dawdling, semi-valetudinarian, coddling life, which were worse even than the alternate and unequal rises and falls of my youthful, wayward moods. The fires of my heart, which once blazed, are all burned out, or deliberately extinguished; and without making vows, which would be foolish and even sinful, I feel every day the circle of my imaginative roving shorten its diameter, and the thirst of my earlier ambition cease, although, like the thirst of a fever-patient, it has never been slaked. All this is well, if the empty heart be filled by Him who should from the first have been its occupant; but I have seen

in others, and I fear in myself, an exchange of dissipation of mind for unprofitable idleness, and this the more that my mode of life carries me out of the busy current, in which I formerly at least struggled to swim, and my health has embayed me in a side pool, little influenced by the tide."

Do we wish to know what made George Wilson the most beloved of men in his native city? His biography makes it plain enough, "he loved much." His own many afflictions did not bruise his heart, but it bled at every pore for the distresses of others, even as it gushed forth rejoicingly in their joy. Perhaps the most touching things in this book are his laments when feeling as if "all the brave, and young, and fair were dying, and a mere wreck like me allowed to float on." "I have given up making idols," he exclaims; "they are all taken away. Harry (a cousin's child) I thought of as full of life and energy; and destined, with that remarkable mechanical genius of his, to become great, and good, and famous, long, long after I had found rest in the grave. He was so beautiful—the most beautiful boy I ever saw—so loving, so lovable, what had Death to do with him? Was I not here and others, who had digged for death as for hidden treasure, and could even rejoice at the prospect of going to be with Christ, which for us is far better than a dying life here, that he should be summoned and we left! I have asked myself the same question regarding the death of Mackenzie, and still more regarding the loss of Edward Forbes, whose death is universally felt to be a public calamity. But I can find no answer, and expect none on this side the grave. I am learning, I hope, more and more to trust God, and to put faith in Christ; and to leave these, and a thousand other black mysteries to be explained, if God please, hereafter, and if it does not so please him, to be left unexplained." And the year before his death, while rusticated at Innerleithen, beside "the rippling Tweed and the quiet hills," and preparing the memoir of a friend of whom he says, "I loved him far better than ever I told him," he writes, "The reading of Ed. Forbes's papers continually brings before me the fate of my fellow-students, and often saddens me beyond endurance. I would lose heart and hope myself but for the hope of an endless and blessed life beyond the grave; yet is not the life of Christ enough to show us that on this earth sorrow and suffering are the appointed rule for most (I do not say for all), and may we not suffer with him that we may rise in glory with him also? May the blessed Saviour lead us in his own bleeding footsteps to the rest that remaineth for the children of God!"

His own end was now approaching, unknown, yet continually anticipated by one who was "dying daily" even in a physical sense. Full of genial activity, and exuberant fun, and active kindliness, as usual, he went on from day to day feeling the light of truth shining brighter and warmer on his face. On his return to town at the commencement of a session, he writes to Dr. Cairns, the friend who had been and was so much to

him:—"Greatly do I desire to see you, greatly wish to have a long, long talk about heaven and earth, the world that is, and the world that is to be. . . . Come to see us as soon as you can, and give me the benefit of a long Christian gossip with you. The way of life grows, blessed be God, clearer and clearer to me, and I know Christ better and better, though there is much darkness and despondency still, and weak faith, and downright sin. But I am thankful for much light and peace, and hope for more."

In writing to his friend, Daniel Macmillan, he had quaintly expressed the various effects of affliction, "The furnace of affliction puffs away some men in black smoke, and hardens others into useless slugs, and melts a few into clear glass. May it refine us into gold seven times purified, ready to be fashioned into vessels for the Master's use." And like the effect of affliction is that of the habitual prospect of death. In a letter to the same friend, in 1848, he says, "I have been reading lately, with great sadness, the Memorials of Charles Lamb and the Life of Keats. There is something in the noble brotherly love of Charles to brighten, and hallow, and relieve the former; but Keats's death-bed is the blackness of midnight, unmitigated by one ray of light. "God keep you and me from such a death-bed! We may have physical agonies as great to endure. It is the common lot. I feel that our heavenly Father can better choose for us than we can for ourselves, of what we should die; but I pray our blessed Lord and Master to be with us in our last fight with the last enemy, and to give us the victory. If he does, what shall pain be but like other bitter medicines, the preparative for the unbroken health of an endless life?"

To many men the constant gazing into the face of the last enemy would have acted as an extinguisher of faith and love; by the grace of God it was not so to him. "Amid much thoughtlessness and forgetfulness of God, and many sins which exact their own punishment, and many which seem far too light to me, though in God's eye they are not light, I have a rejoicing feeling that a greater peace of mind and surer hope in Christ are mine, than was the case some years ago. If it please God to grant me longer life, my prayer is for more freedom from engrossing earthly cares, that I may do more to serve my blessed Lord and Master. And if I am not to live, may I die able to say that I know in whom I believe."

In November 1859 the inflammation which had so often seized upon his lungs returned unappeasably, and he sank into lassitude and prostration. A great craving for quiet and stillness marked the last hours. The twenty-third Psalm, and the promises of the Apocalypse "to him that overcometh" were read to him; then, by his own desire, passages from various secular papers. His friend, Dr. Cairns, now arrived, and prayed with him, while he said in great weakness, "I am in the hands of a good and kind Redeemer. I rejoice in that every way;" and the only smiles that were seen on his

face in those days of prostration were when his dearly loved friend put the question, "Is all peace?" His last articulate words, in answer to his sister's whisper, "You are going home, dear," were, "I've been an unworthy servant of a worthy and gracious Master," and then the last change appeared on the countenance, and the low breathing sank insensibly into peace. "Kneeling around the bed, a thanksgiving was offered, that for him the Saviour's prayer was answered, 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am;' and then the pent-up agony broke forth, for to each had this beloved one been dearer than life."

We have allowed Dr. Wilson to speak so largely in his own words that there is no occasion to draw any moral from his life. Three things only we may note; but the illustration of them we shall again intrust to himself. The first is that that Christian life, which seemed to the onlooker mere sunshine and geniality, began in a view of the other and darker side. Was this a false thing or a wrong? "They accuse Christians of a selfish caring for their own souls. They forget that in this world every man must take wages; that no amateurs are permitted; that invisibly beside us stand at every moment the Lord of Light and the Prince of Darkness, to press into our hands the wages we have earned, whether we will or no; and that beyond the gates of death they will appear in their own persons and give us the last instalment, those abiding wages which shall multiply themselves through eternity."

Then, secondly, what was the character of the life into which, thus redeemed from death, he entered? "In spite of many disheartening and even distressing things, and cares, and fears, and sins, I have tasted so largely of the mercies of God; the all-attractiveness of the blessed Saviour's character, and the perfection of his example, have risen more recently into such prominence before me; and the sense of a higher presence, enabling me to enter into communion with God, and to pray acceptably unto him, has so filled my heart, that the things of this life arrange themselves according to a new perspective, and seem much smaller and further off than they did before."

So while, according to his own pithy expression, he was "resigned to live" and prepared to die, he also commended Christ to the love and faith of others. He did it by the daily beauty of an unselfish life, expanding continually in the soft sunshine of love, and he did it also in words such as we have here already recorded, or as he addressed to the students of that medical science which he so much loved. "I adjure you to remember that the head of our profession is Christ. He left all men an example that they should follow his steps; but he left it specially to us. It is well that the statues of Hippocrates and Esculapius should stand outside of our College of Physicians, but the living image of our Saviour should be enshrined in our hearts. . . . He is not ashamed to call us brethren. May none of us be ashamed to call him Lord! May we all confess him be-

fore men, that he may confess us before the angels in heaven!"

For those who survive, such exhortations as these remain, that we may follow in the steps of the redeemed; but for the faithful dead there is what may be best uttered in the words of a profound and noble poet of ancient days:—"For you is paradise opened, the tree of life is planted, the time to come is prepared, plenteousness is made ready, a city is builded, and rest is allowed, yea, perfect goodness and wisdom; the root of evil is sealed up from you, weakness and the moth is hid from you, and corruption is fled into hell to be forgotten; sorrows are passed, and in the end is showed the treasure of immortality."

s.

ELUCIDATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

No. II.

"Jesus answered, I have told you that I am he. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way: that the saying might be fulfilled which he spake, Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none."—JOHN xviii. 8, 9.

A FEELING somewhat akin, perhaps, to disappointment, will be at times experienced by thoughtful readers, when looking at this alleged fulfilment of a word of Christ—as if our Lord's interposition to save his disciples from the mere outward violence of a Jewish rabble, belonged to a lower territory than that which was referred to in his intercessory prayer, when he spake to the Father of having kept those whom the Father had given to him. The words themselves, indeed, which he uttered on the occasion, taken in their original connection, seem plainly to point in a higher direction. "Those thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition, that the Scripture might be fulfilled." In that sense in which Judas had not been kept, the others were kept; but had not such keeping respect to the soul, rather than to the body? Was it not as regards the possession of *spiritual* life that he was lost, while they were kept? Undoubtedly it was; and even the bodily destruction which Judas shortly afterwards brought upon himself was but the consequence and sign of that deeper and more fearful destruction which had already passed over his spiritual being. But if so, how should the evangelist have so readily coupled with a provision for the *temporal* safety of the disciples the profound saying of Jesus? Why might they not have been taken with their Master here, and yet not been lost in the sense meant in his declaration?

There are occasional passages in the Gospels, and in none more than in the Gospel by John, in which application is made of portions of Scripture to events or circumstances, which have an apparent superficiality about them—an outwardness that looks rather like the symbol of the proper accomplishment, than that accomplishment itself. Yet it will always be found in such cases, that the specific accomplishment indicated is a perfectly valid one, as far as it goes; and not only so, but that it is of such a nature as, when thoughtfully

considered, virtually infers whatever more of depth and inwardness can justly be associated with it. Take as an example the application made in the next chapter of this Gospel of Zechariah (xiii. 10.), "They shall look on him whom they pierced." The evangelist refers to this passage in connection with the piercing of our Lord's side by the soldier's spear, at which there came out blood and water. He does not say precisely, that in the one there was a fulfilment of the other; he merely says, that it had been so written in a particular Scripture; but this undoubtedly implies, that he regarded the Scripture as properly bearing on the subject, and that in the bodily piercing there was a true, as well as palpable realization of it. Yet the merest child in spiritual discernment must see that the meaning of the prophecy reaches far deeper—points to the piercing of the Redeemer's soul with unutterable anguish, by the sins which brought him to the accursed tree. But did not the actual piercing of his side also imply as much? It did not stand alone, but was the closing act of the most fearful tragedy ever enacted on the earth,—in the course of which the very heart of Jesus had burst under the mighty burden of guilt and wrath that lay on it. So that the piercing of the body was at once the sequel and the sign of a profounder piercing, which went along with it, and in the one the other was reflected.

It is somewhat after the same manner that the passage before us has commonly been interpreted. The merely outward and corporeal preservation of our Lord's disciples has been viewed as, at least, a certain keeping of them, and a proof that whatever more was needed or might be implied, in the word of Jesus to the Father, would be afforded. So, for example, it is put by Tholuck, "A friendly solicitude was shown by our Lord for his disciples in the midst of his own danger, so that in this respect also John means to say the word of our Lord received a fulfilment. It is impossible that the evangelist could have been ignorant that spiritual protection is the subject of the language of the passage; but he means to say, that the words had providentially their fulfilment in this sense also." Yet as thus stated, it can scarcely be said to be an appropriate sense—not, at least, a sense so related to that which is conceived to be the strictly proper one as to form a necessary portion and a fit symbol of it. It may, however, be so viewed, and we have no doubt was so viewed by the evangelist himself, when he represented Christ as seeking here for his disciples what was necessary to the fulfilment of his own words regarding them. He might, and, we believe, did see, in their brief outward separation from him, the requisite condition of their spiritual preservation; and it was less for safety from bodily peril, than for security against spiritual apostasy, that liberty was obtained for them to go away.

Let us endeavour to realize the peculiar circumstances of the time. It was, no doubt, a terrible disaster to the cause of Jesus, that he, the Great Shepherd, should be smitten by the rod of ungodly men, and his little flock

scattered from him. But how much worse still had it been, if the violent tempest which then burst forth had not been so far restrained in its fury as to allow them to be scattered—if it had swept them also away to the place of trial and condemnation! Jesus himself was thoroughly prepared to stand the fiery ordeal that awaited him. His omniscient eye perceived clearly beforehand what was approaching; and, supported by the might and holiness of Heaven, he could receive without faltering or dismay the shock that fell on him. But it was otherwise with his disciples. From the abiding weakness of their faith and the carnality of their views, they were sure to faint in the conflict. The most courageous and intrepid amongst them, when only hanging around the borders of the struggle, was betrayed into the most shameful denials of his Master. And what, then, might have been expected if he and his fellow-disciples had been mercilessly swept along in the current—exposed, like their Master, to every mark of shame and insult, and called by an infuriated mob to make their choice between recantation or death? Who can doubt as to what, in such a case, should have been the issue! They would assuredly have been lost to the cause of Jesus; the adversary would have triumphed over them. Their safety at that perilous moment lay in their flight. And that Jesus should have so far controlled the tumultuous elements around him as to say with effect, "Let these go their way," was but adopting the necessary precaution to keep them from falling, and thereby securing the fulfilment of his own word.

That the evangelist, then, should have made such an application of the saying of Christ, when rightly considered, was an evidence, not of a superficial, but rather of a profound look into the nature and tendencies of things. And the occasion itself, saying and fulfilment together, what a striking proof does it not afford of the watchful care and fidelity of the Shepherd of souls! It exhibits, by means of an instructive example, the provision he makes for the spiritual safety of his people, and how, even when apparently leaving them to their fate, he is secretly bending the current of events so as best to work out his purposes of grace in their behalf. All the saints, it tells us, are in his hand; still in it, and faithfully kept by it, when to outward seeming, and, perhaps, also to inward sense, it appears to be quitting its grasp of them. But viewing the matter in another aspect—in the connection so strongly marked by the evangelist between the spiritual safety of the disciples and the outward ordering of Providence to secure it—there is involved for all Christ's people a call to the exercise of a vigilant and cautious spirit in respect to temptations. It is true, a living faith can rise above the most adverse and trying circumstances in providence. But circumstances still have a most potent influence; they too often tell with a most disastrous effect; and it is the part of true Christian humility and wisdom to beware of going needlessly into situations which, from their nature, are sure to put faith to a perilous test. Even

that is not enough ; for it is often things of comparatively little moment in themselves which form, practically to us, the turning-point of life in the wrong direction. Though weak in other respects, they may, in respect to our state of mind, be attended with results the most pernicious. Let our prayer, therefore, ever ascend to God that he would order our lot according to his own infinite wisdom, so that we may not be led into temptation, but delivered from evil.

F. F.

ST. JOHN OF THE GOLDEN-MOUTH:

A PROTESTANT PILGRIMAGE TO HIS SHRINE.

IN degrading them into demi-gods, the Romish Church has really bereaved the Church of her saints. When I begin to adore them, I cease to enjoy with them the fellowship of the Holy Catholic Church ; I no longer look into the heart of a man, who has thought, and felt, and lived like me, compassed about with infirmities like mine. The Reformation has restored her saints to the Church, bidden us seek spiritual fellowship with their spirits in their recorded thoughts and words, taught us to travel in spirit to their true and only shrines, the works in which, though dead, they ever speak. Let us not wantonly exclude ourselves from this privilege ; let us continue in practice to sing, among the "glorious things" said of Zion, the city of our God, that this man and that of the world's true heroes, of God's true saints, was born there. The present article is intended as a memorial of one of these, John, for his eloquence surnamed Chrysostom, or Golden-mouth ; as represented by his little treatise "On the Priesthood," and to some extent representing the age he lived in.

The great orator of the ancient Church was born in 354, the same year with Augustine, the greatest of her doctors. This was not the only point of correspondence between the star of the East and the star of the West. Chrysostom and Augustine both were born of noble parents ; both at an early age were bereaved of their fathers ; both enjoyed the inestimable blessing of the guardian care of truly Christian mothers, though Monica, the mother of Augustine, has far eclipsed in fame the reputation of Chrysostom's mother, Anthusa. John received the best education, secular and sacred, that the age could furnish, and gave early indications of that genius which he afterwards laid as a living sacrifice on the altar of God. While yet a youth, he devoted himself to a monastic life, and buried himself alive in a cave of the desert. At the end of two years, in his twenty-seventh year, he was made a deacon ; and four years after, a presbyter of Antioch, his native city, where and when his bright career as a preacher began. Twelve years after this (398), in his glorious prime, he was translated, much against his will, to the patriarchate of Constantinople. In this lofty position he distinguished himself, not only by his unwearied labours and unrivalled power as a preacher, but by the fervour of his

benevolence, spending his wealth and his life in succouring the distressed, and of his zeal for the extension and purification of God's house, sending missionaries to the heathen, and rousing the deadly enmity of the imperial court and of the degenerate clergy, by his unsparing denunciation of prevalent corruptions, and his efforts to restore the ancient discipline of the Church. He was consequently persecuted for righteousness' sake, was twice unlawfully deposed from his office, twice tyrannically banished from his flock, and died at last in exile in the fifty-fourth year of his age, A.D. 407. His work "On the priesthood" belongs to the earlier period of his life, when he was a humble presbyter at Antioch. But our notes on the book will refer to the whole life of which it represents a part.

It is a significant fact, that a large portion of this work on the priesthood is occupied with the subject of preaching. The work of preaching occupied a corresponding place in the lives and labours of Chrysostom, Augustine, Athanasius, Ambrose, Nazianzen, and other true saints and bishops of that age. Of the eleven folio volumes of the Parisian edition of Chrysostom's works, almost the whole is filled with sermons and other public discourses. The Council of Trent has declared that preaching is the chief work of a bishop. This declaration is not mere impudence, rising to sublimity ; it represents a traditional impression made upon the mind of the Church by the labours of her fathers, and still continuing to linger long after the bishops had ceased to preach.

It is interesting to observe, from Chrysostom's instructions on this noble office, that in his day as in ours the preacher had to be on his guard against the temptation to "fine preaching,"—a temptation presented by the thirst of unspiritual minds for mere theatrical amusement—a thirst which is gratified by the stage tricks and clap-trap of pulpit rhetoricians. For this "fine preaching," Chrysostom, like St. Paul, and all truly great Christians, great orators, great men, cherished a just disdain ; although his own compositions have not escaped the reproach of being tainted with the meretricious taste of a degenerate age. He recommends a noble and masculine simplicity, as became an admirer at once of St. Paul and of Demosthenes. As the basis of all good preaching, he demands a vigorous and cultivated intellect, capable of grappling with the controversies of the age—capable of dealing with the manifold weaknesses and wants of the heart, and filled with the word of Christ. He combats the fanaticism which would have neither cultivation nor learning in the preacher, by the truth, that as speech and reasoning are the only instruments by which a man can reach and move the souls of men, the preacher ought to possess these instruments in their utmost possible perfection ; somewhat in the strain of him who answered the statement, "God has no need of my learning," by the counter-statement, "God has no need of your ignorance." He rebuts the objection drawn from the words of St. Paul

(1 Cor. ii. 1, 2), by showing that what the apostle disclaims is the vain, artificial eloquence and philosophy run after at Corinth, and that, in point of true eloquence and wisdom, and an earnest employment of every legitimate weapon of argument and persuasion, the magnanimous apostle has never been surpassed.

Above all, we note the precepts and practice of this prince of preachers regarding the *matter* of preaching. While instructing the preacher to "keep abreast of his age," he appears to have no idea of anything to be preached but the word of God. He pronounces a fervent eulogy on Paul, as being, by his "adamantine" epistles, the pillar and ground of all the Churches. He largely quotes from Scripture to show that not only the preachers of his own age, but even the evangelists of the apostolic age were bound to search the Scriptures, as the bread of the Church's life. And the practical conclusion of his argument for the culture and furnishing of the mind is: "See, then, that the word of Christ dwell in you richly." His own discourses amply illustrate his precepts. These discourses, like those of his great contemporaries in the pulpit, were, for the most part, a running commentary on portions of Scripture; somewhat like the voluminous commentaries of our first reformers. We fear that this laudable practice—of exposition of paragraphs of the Bible—does not now prevail to nearly the same extent among the Churches of the Reformation. Again, Chrysostom's expositions were *real* expositions; he was one of the reformers of exposition, from the absurd allegorizing of Origen and his school, who brought out of Scripture just what they chose to put into it. He faithfully and honestly endeavours to find out, and to say with all his might, just what the word of God has given him to say; and his renown as a preacher rebukes the folly of those preachers who are not contented with the plain truth as God has given it, who disdain the labour of Grammar and Lexicon, of comparing spiritual things with spiritual, and grasp at the fame of originality, or at rigid completeness of system, by corrupting the divine word with arbitrary fancies and interpretations of their own devising. But another remark suggests itself in this same connection. The Church of Rome forbids the use of the Scriptures to the people; commands her doctors to interpret them only *in her sense*, and declares that the only authentic edition is the Vulgate. Chrysostom and his contemporaries press upon all men the duty of reading the word of God for themselves, publicly lecture to the people over large portions of Scripture, and, like Protestant ministers, are determined in their interpretations wholly and solely by the word of God itself. As to the Vulgate, in Chrysostom's time it was completed, probably by Jerome. But for three hundred years before, this only authentic edition, with its hundreds of errors, was not in possession of the Church. Poor Church, she had *only* the original Scriptures, as they came from the pen of inspiration! It is not in the least likely that Chrysostom ever used

this "authentic" version; for aught that we can learn, he never saw it or heard of it; and, if he had had it in his hands, we know that rather than rest upon an indifferent translation in a foreign language, he would read the Greek originals in his mother tongue.

He instructs the preacher to make himself master of the controversy with Jews and Manichæans. There is no mention made of the pagan religion, only of a pagan philosophy. Ten years before Chrysostom was born, Christianity was established in the Roman empire by Constantine the Great, and paganism ceased to be the religion of the state. When Chrysostom was a boy at school, an attempt was made to re-instate the old religion by the Emperor Julian the Apostate. The attempt proved a failure. And, under a series of Christian emperors, Christianity triumphed more and more widely, so that, before the end of our author's life, the old religion was professed only by isolated individuals, or by the rustic inhabitants of secluded villages and hamlets (hence, as is well-known, the name of *pagan*, "villager").

But while the old paganism was thus disappearing before the advancing triumphs of the Church, a new paganism was springing up in her bosom. The lifetime of Chrysostom witnessed the definitive adoption of most of those corruptions in doctrine and practice which constituted the half-religion, half-poetry of the middle ages, which was condensed into a theological system by the Council of Trent, and which prevails to this day in the baptized paganism of the Greek and Roman Churches. It is true that the peculiar pretensions of the Bishop of Rome to a universal supremacy had not yet been heard of, and would have been listened to with a smile of derision. Some time before this, a Bishop of Rome had been severely dealt with by Saint Cyprian, for *appearing* to claim a superiority over one of his brother bishops. Pope Zozimus, a contemporary of Chrysostom, was compelled to retract the sanction which, in his ignorance, he had given to the Pelagian heresy. Chrysostom himself, as Patriarch of Constantinople, occupied, along with the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch, a position in relation to the Romish bishop of brotherly equality and independence; although, at the first, there was conceded to the Bishop of Rome a certain precedence in rank, as having his seat in the old imperial city. Soon after, however, as the new Rome began to eclipse the old, the patriarchs of Constantinople began to claim the precedence; one of them went so far as to call himself "universal bishop"—an *appellation which was rebuked by Pope Leo the Great, as a plain proof that the man who adopted it was Antichrist*. Yet the lifetime of Chrysostom witnessed the extinction of the liberties of the Christian people and ministry, under the ecclesiastical tyranny of the episcopate, which order, by a just retribution, was itself subjected to the occasional tyranny of the emperor and his officers. Thus we learn, from the little book before us, that in his early life the presbyters were elected by the people; we know from other sources that the bishop had not altogether ceased to be simply

the permanent moderator of presbytery, first among equals. But before the end of our author's life, the free voice of the people and the free action of the presbyters, had been finally suppressed; and the emperors had not only called two of the four great councils of the fourth and fifth centuries, but had begun, in many respects, directly or indirectly, to assume a controlling power over the peculiar officers and functions of the Church.

The worship of the Church had been corrupted by the introduction of image-worship and saint-worship, the latter in avowed imitation of the pagan worship, and intended to wean pagans from their demi-gods by presenting a set of demi-gods in the Church; generally, the worship of the Church had degenerated into a sensuous "will-worship." In the treatise before us, Chrysostom speaks of a religious order of widows and virgins, now represented by our nunneries. One of its six books is devoted to the subject of Monachism, as a recognised institution of the Church, invested with peculiar sacredness and sanctity. He himself, as we have said, was a monk for two years. One of the most interesting passages in his work is its account of the pathetic pleading of his mother, when she discovered that the cruel system was likely to bereave her of her only son.

Soon after, he gives us a curious illustration of the power of a false system in blinding and enslaving a truly noble Christian heart. He entrapped his dear friend Basil into the ministry by a lying trick, which a man of the world would blush to own in our day; and yet which Saint John Chrysostom acknowledges, not only without blushing for the meanness, but with unconcealed self-gratulation. He himself was entrapped by a similar trick into the patriarchate of Constantinople. It is singular, that, of the two detailed commandments of the second table which admit of no exception (the 7th and the 9th), the one has been set aside by the practice of men of the world, and the other by the practice and theory of a corrupted Church. As worldlings have always looked on impurity as a venial folly, so the Church had by this time taught and practised the detestable maxim, that lying is not only lawful, but laudable, if it be for the glory of God and the good of the Church. Chrysostom shared in the sin and shame of his age. But his flight and concealment of himself when he was elected to the ministry, and his invincible repugnance to come to Constantinople, we must in justice ascribe to the personal virtue, the Christian humility of the man.

With corruptions in the practice of an age or Church are associated, all but invariably, corruptions in doctrine. In the days of Chrysostom, the Church had deeply corrupted the whole saving doctrine of grace. Her great controversy regarding the person of Christ appears to have done nothing to purify her faith regarding his redeeming work. The heresy of Pelagius, which Augustine had to combat soon after our great orator was laid in his grave, was but a systematic development of errors that had long been mingling with all Church doctrines and institutions. The evangelical church-historian delights

to find evidence in Chrysostom's works to show that he did believe and preach the gospel. And so, no doubt, he did; so did all the true saints of the Church. But the gospel, the evangelical system proper, of salvation only by grace, did not as at the Reformation boldly appear as the sum and substance, the life and soul of what they believed and proclaimed. Even Augustine, the doctor of grace, never appreciated as Luther and his brother reformers did, the due place and value, as the sun of Christian theology, of the doctrine of justification by faith. And, though the truth appear by glimpses in the writings of his illustrious contemporary, yet, in the whole strain of his life and his teaching, it too plainly appears that he groped in the advancing twilight of the dark age of the Church; that he attached an undue importance to ceremonial and other works of man; that he had but a clouded and imperfect view of the sole, sovereign efficacy of the grace of God in Christ. Thus, for example, as we have seen, he became a monk. On the very title page of his treatise, we see that he regards the Christian ministry as a priesthood; and in the body of the work we find that he regards that ministry not only with a holy reverence, but with a superstitious awe; and speaks of it as if it were invested with a true sacerdotal power of mediation between God and men. And along with this popish ritualism we find in him traces of popish Pelagianism. Thus, in his argument for the use of cultivated reason in preaching, he appears to forget that the preacher's reason is *only* an instrument, that the power is only of God. In rebutting the objection from the words of St. Paul, he not only employs the argument already noticed, but also this: That the case of Paul is not in point, because he had the power of working miracles, and the miracles themselves compelled conviction and assent—as if a true faith could be produced without the inward illumination of the Spirit, as if we had not the promise of that Spirit as truly as Paul the preacher.

But he was a true and noble saint of God; his new birth is one of the glorious things said of Zion; his sins have now been cleansed, his vision has been cleared, and the word which he searched and preached on earth, he beholds and praises in the cloudless light of the Jerusalem above. This is the conviction wrought in us by a review of his actual character, and deeds, and words. It is easy for us in our brighter light to detect his errors. Do we emulate his virtues? his unwearied labours? his heroic love? With our brighter faith, can we show a brighter practice, a brighter evidence of being born into the city of God?

M.

OUR DORCAS MEETINGS.—No. VI.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME—MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

I EXPRESSED my hope, at our next evening meeting, that my young friends had been endeavouring, during the past fortnight, to keep the subject of our last conversation in view, and reduce to practice some of the

hints I had given them. Some smiled, others looked down, none took courage to speak, till Fanny, with a blush, told me she had been rising half an hour earlier than formerly every morning.

"Well, that is a good beginning; you have gained seven whole hours for some useful purpose; and I believe you will have spent them well, for we value whatever has cost us trouble to attain, and in these cold mornings the effort of rising even half an hour sooner would be considerable at first. So I am sure you would have grudged to make it for any trifling purpose."

"Papa has been wishing me to read Milner's Church History this winter, and I did not think I had time for it; but now I have begun it before breakfast."

"A most excellent occupation for the time you have thus 'redeemed.'"

"And Miss Morton" (looking at one of the girls) "has begun to knit a purse for her brother, in the time between prayers and breakfast, when she used to do nothing; and she says it is half finished already."

Of this also I highly approved, and one or two other little efforts and plans of a similar kind were mentioned and talked over.

I then read our Lord's parable of the nobleman and his servants (Luke xix. 12-27), and made some remarks upon it, showing, among other things, how the pound might be understood as signifying our time, which, in a certain sense, is distributed alike to all; for to every one it may be said, while life is prolonged on earth, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" For this gift each one must render account at last, and the judgment pronounced on the servant who made no effort to improve his share, may teach us that even mere idleness, or inaction, which some consider a trifling fault, is a positive sin in the Master's sight.

I then referred to what I had previously said of the double aim which we ought ever to have in the employment of time—our personal improvement, spiritual and mental—and the duty of usefulness to others and to the cause of Christ.

"I do not intend at present," I said, "to dwell much on the point which yet I feel to be the most important of all,—that of spiritual diligence and progress. From our valued minister, on Sabbath, and at his own class, you receive instructions in regard to eternal concerns better far than I could give. Our meetings here are not, strictly speaking, for religious instruction, though I desire to keep it also in view. Let me only solemnly remind you, dear young friends, that while many things which we speak of together here, are useful, desirable, agreeable, deserving and claiming your attention, yet *one thing is needful*—to have an interest in Christ secured for eternity! Oh, let this be your first, your chief concern. Let other things be set aside till this is settled; let everything else be neglected rather than this. And recollect that after you have cause to believe that, through grace, you are indeed 'passed from death unto life,' you are not to rest there, but to seek, by the

diligent use of all God's appointed means, to *grow* in grace and in knowledge.

"At present I shall take it for granted that you are giving personal religion the first place in your regard, and shall rather speak of how, *as Christians*, we ought to improve time for cultivating and strengthening those mental powers which God has given us. A well-informed, well-regulated mind,—what a treasure that is! and one which, by God's blessing on your own efforts, the busiest and humblest among you may possess.

"Let us look for instances in Scripture where mental cultivation was added to spiritual graces. Can you give me one?"

"Moses."

"Yes; he was 'learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.' He had every advantage of early education, as far as mental accomplishment was known in those days, and he profited by it. And he must often have reaped the benefit, when called in after life to govern and direct an ignorant and self-willed people."

The next example given was David.

"David's must, indeed, have been a singularly gifted and attractive mind. His education was probably much less intellectual than that of Moses; and much less time had been bestowed upon it, as at a very early age we find him engaged in 'keeping the sheep.' He appears to have especially excelled in what we now call the fine arts—music and poetry. And how greatly has the Spirit of God made use of these his natural and acquired endowments, when fully sanctified and consecrated, for the delight and consolation of the Church in all after ages! But I think you have not yet mentioned the highest Scriptural example, in a mere man, of mental cultivation."

"Solomon."

"Yes; the intellectual attainments of Moses were added, in his case, to the more elegant accomplishments of his father David. In commerce, architecture, natural history, as well as poetry and music, he was equally at home. No wonder that 'his fame was in all nations round about,' and that from 'all people' he had admiring visitors. And although we are told that this 'wisdom and understanding and largeness of heart' were in a peculiar manner the gift of God, we have no reason to suppose that this was bestowed in any supernatural or miraculous way, without the ordinary means of diligent study. Alas! we might read some sad though profitable lessons from his latter history; but on this I shall not now dwell."

I then showed how, from these and other Scripture examples, including that of our Lord himself, who in his human nature condescended to "grow in wisdom" as well as in stature, it appears plain that Christians ought not to despise mental acquirements and accomplishments, but should cultivate them as God gives opportunity. And I pointed out the cheering truth, that while all personal attractions of a merely external kind, dependent on youth and health for their continuance,

must soon fade and lose their power to please, the resources and enjoyments of the mind may be constantly increasing and acquiring new powers of giving pleasure and benefit to ourselves and others, to the very close of life,—so long, at least, as God sees good to preserve our faculties entire. What delightful instances of this are often found in aged Christians; and how marvelously the soul is sometimes permitted to assert its superior nature, and triumph over bodily weakness and decay! Nor can we doubt that in this as in other things we are sowing seed in time to be reaped in eternity. For all our mental faculties, and the use we have made of them, we must render account at last; and the blessedness and glory in the Father's house will be apportioned to each child of God, according to his capacity of receiving them.

"Women," I said, "are naturally more in danger of wasting time and thought on trifles than men are. It is our duty to be much occupied with what, in one sense, are 'little things;' it is our temptation to be engrossed by them, so as to neglect nobler objects of attention. With regard to all subjects which it is suitable and desirable for us to study, our minds are, I believe, quite as capable of cultivation as those of the majority of our brethren. I have no wish to see any of you philosophers, lawyers, doctors; but I earnestly desire that each of you may become, according to your station and circumstances, an intelligent, well-informed, or accomplished woman, and thus possess unfailing resources for the future, of enjoyment to yourselves and usefulness to others, whether Providence appoint for you the state of married or single life."

We then had some conversation on the wonderful nature of the human mind—its various properties, faculties, affections—the will, the understanding, memory, conscience, &c., &c. The train of thought suggested seemed new to most of my young friends, and as they listened and asked questions, the usual work of the evening was almost at a stand. But I had neither the ability nor the desire to lead them far into the depths of moral philosophy, and so returned to a more practical view of the subject.

I gave, as formerly, a few special directions of a simple and practical kind.

1. Do not be discouraged by difficulties in the pursuit of mental improvement. I know that some of you will be ready to tell me, "I have no time,"—"I have small abilities,"—"I have a bad memory,"—"I have no money to buy books,"—"How can I attend to my mind, when occupied constantly in working with my hands?" and so on. There may be much truth in all this, and yet no reason for discouragement, far less despondency. It is amazing what can be done—what *has* been done, in numberless instances—when the mind is fairly roused and set to work, in the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." Why should not any of you succeed, as others have in the same, or in worse circumstances? The old saying holds true still, "What man

has done, man may do." Keep in mind what we said last evening in regard to "redeeming the time," and especially its corners and fragments, which may be all some of you can have to dispose of for intellectual improvement, and of giving such real attention to whatever you are engaged in as will enable you to make much use of a little while. Recollect that although education, in the true meaning of the word, may continue all through life, and you should never consider yourselves too old to learn, yet youth is as it were the season of spring in the mental world, most favourable for exertion, when the seeds of truth and knowledge are to be diligently sown, when memory is strongest, and the energies most at command. Never forget, as I have said before, "the power of littles;" and though what you may be able to read or to learn appears small from day to day, you will soon find, on looking back, that your progress is real and satisfactory.

2. Inquire in earnest in what you are most deficient, and aim steadily at improvement there. If you really desire to gain useful knowledge, be not afraid to look your own ignorance in the face, nor ashamed to confess it. Perhaps, from early disadvantages, some of you may be behind others in the very rudiments of education. Such I would entreat to endeavour at once, by every possible means, to regain the lost ground. Without a thorough power of reading and writing easily, and a fair knowledge of ordinary arithmetic, you can never hope to make a good figure in any station of life, and mental improvement, if not impossible, will be hindered at every step. A friend lately wrote to me that she had been much vexed by the folly of a young woman, who, after having been a year in her service, was discovered to be extremely deficient in both reading and writing. In the kindest way the lady spoke to her on the subject, advised her to lose no time in beginning to learn, and offered to give her a lesson as often as she wished. The girl seemed grateful, but evidently excessively annoyed that her ignorance had been found out, and was so afraid of her fellow-servants suspecting how she was employed, that it was only occasionally, in the most private manner, she would come to her mistress for a lesson. Of course, it was impossible in this way to do much; and when, at the end of another year, circumstances made my friend make a change in her establishment, the poor girl had made but little progress; and thus, by her own false shame, had lost an opportunity of improvement such as it is not likely she will ever again have in her power.

But I hope few, if any of you, are wanting in the foundations of education. Then consider what other subjects you are least acquainted with, as history (that of Scripture first), geography, natural history, &c., and try how you can best increase your information on these points. As to what are commonly called *accomplishments*, probably few of you may have leisure to acquire them. Yet music, vocal at least, is now brought in a great measure within reach of all; nor can there be a

more delightful recreation, in its proper place, for those who possess a good voice and ear. But with regard to music, drawing, or the study of a new language, I would advise you to think well before you begin, because, unless you have a decided taste or talent for such pursuits, time in your position may be much better bestowed than in acquiring an imperfect knowledge of them. The study of the works of God, what we call natural history or science, all of you should keep in view; and so much is now written and spoken regarding this in a cheap and popular way, that any one who desires it may now acquire a degree of knowledge which not many years ago was only within reach of the wealthy and the learned.

3. Be careful how and what you read. For the most of you, whose school days are over, and who have not leisure to attend classes and lectures, books must be the great means of acquiring new information. Be careful, be prayerful in your selection. And if, unknowingly, you have begun an author whose sentiments you perceive to be sceptical, unscriptural, or immoral, close the book at once, however fascinating in other respects. For to read on would be voluntarily to take poison into your mind and soul, from the deadly effects of which you might be long of recovering. Make a strong effort to resist the attractions of fiction, and give your time to books of real value. The periodical literature of our day is thought by many persons to be carried too far, and in danger of destroying habits of steady, solid reading; but for those who have only a small amount of time or money at command, it is a great comfort to be able to secure so much information in so cheap and portable a form as can be found in our standard publications of this kind. But in regard to these, also, I would say, whether religious or literary, read them steadily and thoughtfully, not merely glancing them over.

4. Be ready to learn *something* anywhere, and from any one you meet with. I do not mean as a regular lesson; but it has been well remarked that we can hardly come in contact with any person who is not, on some subject or other, intellectual or practical, better informed than ourselves;—and by taking a little pains to find out where lies the knowledge of our companion, we may be quietly increasing our own store. Of course this is especially true in regard to the young, and a humble, intelligent mind, will gain much by recollecting and acting upon it.

5. Learn to *think*—no easy task afterwards, unless begun and persevered in during youthful years. Endeavour, with divine assistance, to disentangle your mind from the crowd of trifling, unconnected ideas and imaginations ever passing through it, and to fix your thoughts, from time to time, on some matter of real importance. Even for the busiest among you, such opportunities will generally be found in the course of each day, when, though your hands may be occupied, your thoughts are lawfully at liberty. Nor need you be at a loss, surely, for a subject of profitable consideration.

I might say much of the way in which writing may be applied to the same object, by such as have leisure for it.

6. Remember that no efforts, in this or any other cause, will succeed without the blessing of God upon them; that we can only expect this blessing while in the path of duty; and that the duty of seeking our own mental improvement must often give way to others of yet higher claims. No book written by man, however useful in itself, will be made a blessing to you, if for it the Book of God is neglected. No course of study, however desirable, is right for you to pursue, if, in order to do so, the immediate claims of home, of whatever kind, must be set aside. But recollect, for your encouragement, that self-improvement may often be much forwarded by what seem unlikely means, and that the pearls of knowledge will be found in many unexpected corners by those who diligently seek them. c. c.

THE LEAVEN OF FALSE DOCTRINE.*

"Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."—MATT. xvi. 6.

THE danger against which Christ warns the apostles is false doctrine. He says nothing about the sword of persecution, or the open breach of the ten commandments, or the love of money, or the love of pleasure. All these things no doubt were perils and snares to which the souls of the apostles were exposed. Against these things, however, our Lord raises no warning voice here. His warning is confined to one single point,—“The leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees.” We are not left to conjecture what our Lord meant by that word “leaven.” The Holy Ghost, a few verses after the very text on which I am now dwelling, tells us plainly that by leaven was meant the “doctrine” of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees.

Let us try to understand what we mean when we speak of the “doctrine of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees.” Without a clear understanding of this point the whole paper you are now reading will be useless.

The doctrine of the Pharisees may be summed up in three words,—they were formalists, tradition-worshippers, and self-righteous. They attached such weight to the traditions of men that they practically regarded them as of more importance than the inspired writings of the Old Testament. They valued themselves upon excessive strictness in their attention to all the ceremonial requirements of the Mosaic law. They thought much of being descended from Abraham; they said in their hearts, “We have Abraham for our father.” They fancied because they had Abraham for their father, that they were not in peril of hell like other men; and that their descent from him was a kind of title to heaven.

* From “Beware of False Doctrine.” An invaluable tract by Mr. Ryle.

They attached great value to washings and ceremonial purifyings of the body, and believed that the very touching of the dead body of a fly or gnat would defile them. They made a great ado about the outward parts of religion, and such things as could be seen of men. They made broad their phylacteries, and enlarged the fringes of their garments. They prided themselves on paying great honour to dead saints, and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous. They were very zealous to make proselytes. They thought much of having power, rank, and pre-eminence, and of being called by men, "Rabbi, Rabbi." These things, and many such-like things, the Pharisees did.

All this time, remember, they did not formally deny any part of the Old Testament Scripture. But they brought in, over and above it, so much of human invention, that they virtually put Scripture aside, and buried it under their own traditions. And of this sort of religion, our Lord says to the apostles, "Take heed and beware."

The doctrine of the Sadducees, on the other hand, may be summed up in three words,—free-thinking, scepticism, and rationalism. Their creed was one far less popular than that of the Pharisees, and, therefore, we find them less often mentioned in the New Testament Scriptures. So far as we can judge from the New Testament, they appear to have held the doctrine of degrees of inspiration. At all events they attached exceeding value to the Pentateuch above the other parts of the Old Testament, if indeed they did not altogether ignore the latter. They believed that there was no resurrection, no angel, and no spirit. They tried to laugh men out of their belief in these things, by supposing hard cases, and bringing forward difficult questions. We have an instance of their mode of argument in the case which they propounded to our Lord of the woman who had had seven husbands, when they asked, "In the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the seven?" And in this way they probably hoped, by rendering religion absurd, and its chief doctrines ridiculous, to make men altogether give up the faith they had received from the Scriptures.

All this time, remember, we may not say that the Sadducees were downright infidels,—this they were not. We may not say they denied revelation altogether,—this they did not do. They observed the law of Moses. Many of them were found among the priests in the times described in the Acts of the Apostles. But the practical effect of their teaching was to shake men's faith in any revelation, and to throw a cloud of doubt over men's minds, which was only one degree better than infidelity. And of all such kind of doctrine—free-thinking, scepticism, rationalism—our Lord says, "Take heed and beware."

Now the question arises, Why did our Lord Jesus Christ deliver this warning? He knew, no doubt, that within forty years the schools of the Pharisees and the Sadducees would be completely overthrown. He that

knew all things from the beginning, knew perfectly well that in forty years Jerusalem, with its magnificent temple, would be destroyed, and the Jews scattered over the face of the earth. Why then do we find him giving this warning about the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees?

I believe that our Lord delivered this solemn warning for the perpetual benefit of that Church which he came on earth to found. He spoke with a prophetic knowledge. He knew well the diseases to which human nature is always liable. He foresaw that the two great plagues of his Church upon earth would always be the doctrine of the Pharisees and the doctrine of the Sadducees. He knew that these would be the upper and nether mill stones, between which his truth would be perpetually crushed and bruised until he came the second time. He knew that there always would be Pharisees in spirit, and Sadducees in spirit, among professing Christians. He knew that their succession would never fail, and their generation never become extinct,—that though the names of Pharisees and Sadducees were no more, yet their principles would always exist. He knew that during the time that the Church lasts, until his return, there would always be some that would add to the word, and some that would subtract from it,—some that would stifle it, by adding to it other things, and some that would bleed it to death, by subtracting from its principal truths. And this is the reason why we find him delivering this solemn warning. "Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."

And now comes the question, Had not our Lord Jesus Christ good reason to give this warning? I appeal to all who know anything of Church history, Was there not indeed a cause? I appeal to all who remember what took place soon after the apostles were dead. Do we not read that in the Church of Christ there rose up two distinct parties,—one ever inclined to err, like the Arians, in holding less than the truth,—the other ever inclined to err, like the relic worshippers and saint worshippers, in holding more than the truth as it is in Jesus? Do we not see the same thing coming out in after times, in the form of Romanism on the one side, and Socinianism on the other? Do we not read in the history of our own Church of two great parties, the nonjurors on the one side, and the latitudinarians on the other? These are ancient things. Time and space make it impossible for me to enter more fully into them. They are things well known to all who are familiar with records of past days. There always have been these two great parties,—the party representing the principles of the Pharisee, and the party representing the principles of the Sadducee. And therefore our Lord had good cause to say of these two great principles, "Take heed and beware."

But I desire to bring the subject near to you at the present moment. I ask you to consider whether warnings like this are not especially needed in these times in which our lot is cast. We have, undoubtedly, much

to be thankful for in England. We have made great advances in arts and sciences. We have much of the form and show of morality and religion. But I ask anybody who can see beyond his own door, or his own fireside, whether we do not live in the midst of dangers from false doctrine?

We have amongst us, on the one side, a school of men, who, wittingly or unwittingly, are paving the way into the Church of Rome,—a school that professes to draw its principles from primitive tradition, the writings of the Fathers, and the voice of the Church;—a school that talks and writes so much about the Church, the ministry, and the sacraments, that it makes them like Aaron's rod swallow up everything else in Christianity;—a school that attaches vast importance to the outward form and ceremonial of religion,—to gestures, postures, bowings, crosses, piscinas, sedilia, credence-tables, rood screens, albs, tunics, chasubles, altar cloths, and many other like things, about which not a word is to be found in the Holy Scriptures. When we examine the proceedings of that school, there can be but one conclusion concerning them. I believe, whatever be the meaning and intention of its teachers, that upon them has fallen the mantle of the Pharisees.

We have, on the other hand, a school of men who, wittingly or unwittingly, appear to pave the way to Socinianism;—a school which holds strange views about the plenary inspiration of Holy Scripture,—strange views about the doctrine of sacrifice and the Atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—strange views about the eternity of punishment, and God's love to man; a school strong in negatives, but very weak in positives,—skilful in raising doubts, but impotent in laying them,—clever in unsettling and unscrewing men's faith, but powerless to offer any firm rest for the sole of our foot. And whether the leaders of this school mean it or not, I believe that on them has fallen the mantle of the Sadducees.

These things sound harsh. It saves a vast deal of trouble to shut our eyes and say, "I see no danger," and because it is not seen, therefore not to believe it. It is easy to stop our ears and say, "I hear nothing," and because we hear nothing, therefore to feel no alarm. But we know well who they are that rejoice over the state of things we have to deplore in some quarters of our own Church. We know what the Roman Catholic thinks. We know what the Socinian thinks. The Roman Catholic rejoices over the rise of the Tractarian party. The Socinian rejoices over the rise of men who teach such views as those lately set forth about the atonement and inspiration. They would not rejoice as they do, if they did not see their work being done, and their cause being helped forward. The danger, I believe, is far greater than we are apt to suppose. The books that are read in many quarters, are most mischievous. The tone of thought on religious subjects, among many classes, and especially among the higher ranks, is deeply unsatisfactory. The plague is abroad. If we love life,

we ought to search our own hearts, and try our own faith, and make sure that we stand on the right foundation. Above all, we ought to take heed that we ourselves do not imbibe the poison of false doctrine, and go back from our first love.

I feel deeply the painfulness of speaking out on these subjects. I know well that plain speaking about false doctrine is very unpopular, and that the speaker must be content to find himself thought very uncharitable, very troublesome, and very narrow minded. Thousands of people can never distinguish differences in religion. To them a clergyman is a clergyman, and a sermon is a sermon, and as to any difference between one minister and another, or one doctrine and another, they are utterly unable to understand it. I cannot expect such people to approve of any warning against false doctrine. I must make up my mind to meet with their disapprobation, and must bear it as I best can.

But I will ask any honest-minded, unprejudiced Bible reader to turn to the New Testament and see what he will find there. He will find many plain warnings against false doctrine. "Beware of false prophets."—"Beware lest any man spoil you by philosophy and vain deceit."—"Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines."—"Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God" (Matt. vii. 15; Col. ii. 8; Heb. xiii. 9; 1 John iv. 1.) He will find a large part of several inspired epistles taken up with elaborate explanations of true doctrine and warnings against false teaching. I ask whether it is possible for a minister who takes the Bible for his rule of faith, to avoid giving warnings against doctrinal error.

Finally, I ask any one to mark what is going on in England at this very day. I ask whether it is not true that hundreds have left the Established Church and joined the Church of Rome within the last thirty years? I ask whether it is not true hundreds remain within our pale, who in heart are little better than Romanists, and who ought, if they were consistent, to walk in the steps of Newman and Manning, and go to their own place. I ask again whether it is not true that scores of young men, both at Oxford and Cambridge, are spoiled and ruined by the withering influence of scepticism, and have lost all positive principles in religion. Sneers at religious newspapers, loud declarations of dislike to "parties," high sounding, vague phrases about "deep thinking, broad views, new light, and the effete weakness of certain schools of theology," make up the whole Christianity of many of the rising generation. And yet, in the face of these notorious facts, men cry out, "Hold your peace about false doctrine. Let false doctrine alone!"—I cannot hold my peace. Faith in the Word of God, love to the souls of men, the vows I took when I was ordained, alike call on me to bear witness against the errors of the day. And I believe that the saying of our Lord is eminently a truth for the times, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

"HE SAVED OTHERS."

WHEN SCORN, and hate, and bitter envious pride
Hurled all their darts against the Crucified,
Found they no fault but this in him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches knew;
On withered limbs they fell like heavenly dew;
The dead have felt them, and have lived anew:
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou canst not raise them to thy thorn-crowned brow,
Nor on them thy parched lips and forehead bow:
"He saved others!"

That voice from out their graves the dead hath stirred;
Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they heard;
For every woe it had a healing word:
"He saved others!"

For all thou hadst deep tones of sympathy—
Hast thou no word for this thine agony?
Thou pitiedst all; doth no man pity thee?
"He saved others!"

So many fettered hearts thy touch hath freed,
Physician! and thy wounds unstaunched must bleed;
Hast thou no balm for this thy sorest need?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from thee could rend the sky,
One word from thee, and low those mockers lie;
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And savest us.

—*The Three Wakings.*

THE COMMON SALVATION.

WHEREFORE is this called the *common* salvation?—Three reasons may perhaps be assigned for this.

1. It is in that which all the sacred writers, notwithstanding their diversity of ages and gifts, are agreed in teaching. The Old Testament writers understood it less than the New; but they all died in the faith of it. They "testified of the sufferings of Christ, and of the glory that should follow. To him gave all the prophets witness."

2. It is that which is addressed to sinners in common, without distinction of character or nation. The messages of grace under the Old Testament were principally addressed to a single nation; but under the

gospel they are addressed to all nations, to "every creature." The gospel feast is spread, and all are pressed to partake of it, whatever has been their previous character.

3. It is that in which all believers, notwithstanding their different attainments and advantages, are in substance agreed. There may be great darkness, imperfections, and error, and many prejudices for and against distinctive names; but let the doctrine of the cross be stated simply, and it must approve itself to a renewed heart. A real Christian cannot object to either of these things which may be considered as belonging to the common salvation—to the necessity of it, the vicarious medium of it, the freeness of it, or the holy efficacy of it. Let us therefore "give all diligence" in attending to "the common salvation."—*A. Fuller.*

ALL NEED SUPPLIED.

My soul is like a hungry and a thirsty child, and I need his love and consolations for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need him as a good and faithful shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove, pursued by a hawk, and I need his wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need his cross to lay hold of and wind myself about it; I am a sinner, and I need his righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need his holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need his solace; I am ignorant, and need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of His Holy Spirit. In no situation, and at no time, can I do without him. Do I pray? he must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the divine tribunal? he must be my advocate. Am I in affliction? he must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? he must defend me. When I am forsaken, he must be my support; when dying, my life; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection.

Well, then, I will rather part with all the world, and all that it contains, than with thee, my Saviour; and, God be thanked, I know that thou, too, art not willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; thou hast righteousness, and I sin; thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst. Use me then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose, and in whatever way, thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel; fill it with thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with thy love. Take my heart for thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of thy name; my love, and all my powers, for the advancement of thy honour and the service of thy believing people. And never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say, Jesus needs me, and I him, and so we suit each other."—*Old German Author.*

CORNELIUS THE CENTURION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT,
Author of "Illustrations of the Book of Proverbs," &c.

... "Peter, who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved."—Acts xi. 14.

ASSUMING that our readers are already familiar with the facts of the centurion's history, we invite their attention to some lessons from his life.

I. Cornelius, at the date of Peter's mission, was lost by sin, and not yet saved through faith in Christ. An angel is sent to Peter, and Peter is sent to Cesarea, for the express purpose of offering salvation to this man; if he had been already saved by his alms and prayers, there would not have been so much ado to save him. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

When Noah with his family had entered the ark, and the door had been shut behind him by God's own hand, it would have been impertinent intrusion for man or angel to come and tell the trusting patriarch how he might be saved. When Moses and the children of Israel were seated high and dry on the rocks of the Red Sea's eastern shore, singing in chorus the hymn of victory to God their Saviour, it would have been out of place to have disturbed their music by a cry of alarm or an invitation to a place of safety. Go to the lost with such a counsel; these men are saved, and do not need your help! If Cornelius had been already saved no such message would have reached him from heaven; when such a message comes, it shows that he still needed salvation.

This fact, so clear from the whole narrative, is in the circumstances very significant and very important. This was no common publican or sinner. Before the angel promised a minister, or the promised minister came to preach, he was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway" (Ch. x. 2). Here is a man who possesses all the qualifications of a saint, if a saint can grow indigenous on this earth, without a seed sent down from heaven. He was devout in spirit, exemplary in the training of his children, beneficent to the poor, and constant in his religious duties. Here is a model man for all who think that we can be justified in our own righteousness. A better specimen of humanity you can nowhere find; yet God's word bluntly treats him as a lost sinner, and forthwith proclaims to him how he may be saved. There is no escape from the force of this case. It effectually shuts out all human merit. In presence of this word every mouth must "be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God." If this man could not stand at the judgment-seat until

his sins were blotted out in the blood of the Lamb, how shall we appear with our own sins or our own goodness marked to our account?

The first necessity for the fallen, is to know that they are lost. As long as any one thinks he is rich, and increased with goods, and in need of nothing, he will not buy of Christ gold tried in the fire, that he may be rich; and white raiment, that he may be clothed (Rev. iii.). There is such a thing as being "shut up unto the faith," and a blessed imprisonment it is, like the shutting of Noah within the ark when the flood was coming on; but there must be a shutting out before there can be a shutting in. He who is not shut out from all trust in his own righteousness cannot be shut in to the righteousness of Christ. The difficulty of attaining a thoroughgoing, practical conviction that, if God should mark iniquity we could not stand, is greater, in some respects, where the sins are less gross. The open outrageous vices, although they may not be more sinful, are more manifest than the strong heart rebellion of a carnal mind. Hence the experience, renewed from age to age in the history of the Church, that publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven more readily than smooth and sombre Pharisees. A child or a savage realizes easily and completely that yonder mountain, which lifts its head to heaven, is matter; but cannot comprehend that the air, which encircles the mountaintop, is matter too. An educated person knows that the air is as truly matter as the mountain—that you can no more put your hand where air is without first pushing aside the air, than you can put your hand where a stone is without first pushing aside the stone. It is in some such way that those who are childish in spiritual perception take in more easily the thought that vice is sinful, than that the evil thoughts and godless bent of the carnal mind are sinful; but wherever the education of the renewed has advanced some stages under "the ministration of the Spirit," the more ethereal and less palpable alienation of heart is as readily felt to be sin as the transgressions which must be repressed by human laws. Cornelius is sinful; the sinful are lost, unless and until they are saved through faith in the Redeemer.

II. How might this lost man be saved? By words. Strange! when the loss is so deeply real, and so terribly substantial, that the deliverance should be accomplished by words—by articulated air! We must closely examine

this point; how and in what sense do *words* save the lost?

It was natural for Naaman, with his hardy intelligence as a practised soldier and patriotic love for the rivers of Damascus, to toss his head in contempt at the Jordan as the proposed healer of his leprosy; but he had no positive belief that any healing virtue lay in the waters of Abana and Pharpar,—he merely meant to pour contempt on the proposal to wash out a leprosy by the water of any stream. There is a class of self-confident scholars in the present day who sneer at the proposal to cure sin by words, precisely as Naaman sneered at the proposal to wash out a leprosy by water. They have no confidence in any doctrines external to the man's own mind; they trust to principles that are inherent in his nature, and spring up within himself. They despise words, and all that can be conveyed by words, as incapable of saving the man.

Beware of gliding into the mist here, and so losing your way—losing your life. Words become life or death, when God employs them as vehicles to convey his commands. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus come forth;" and he that was dead heard and obeyed. Words called worlds into being, and brought the dead from the tomb: beware how you despise words! But these, you say, were the words of God our Creator and Redeemer. Yea, they were, and thereon depended all their power. But may not He make known his word in the world still, and may not he employ human lips and human ears as the channels through which it shall flow?

Even in the ordinary experience of life men are saved or lost by words—the words of their fellows. When a blind man avoids a precipice and turns into a path of safety at the warning voice of a benevolent passenger, he has been saved by words. When the various portions of an army, at a critical moment, make a combined movement, by the orders of its chief, conveyed through the lips of bold young men who gallop with them through the battle-field, they are extricated from impending ruin, and conducted to a place of safety by words. Words, false or meaningless, will not save, however reverently they may be received; and, on the other hand, words that are true and divine will not save those who despise or neglect them; but "the word of the truth of the gospel," honestly received, saves those who receive it.

A great ocean steamer, at the dead hour of midnight, is rushing through the water with a race horse speed, bearing in its capacious bosom a miscellaneous throng of men, women, and children, some asleep, some at work, some at play. Two words, Breakers ahead, pass quietly, but clearly from the watchman at the bow to the master on the gangway; then three short syllables, *Starboard hard*, ring out from the hardy throat of the master, as from a brazen trumpet; as soon as these sounds fall on the steersman's ear, the helm is thrust suddenly to the side, and the ship bounds clear of the

rocks, only leaping a little higher for a moment in the surf that tumultuates round their root. Those words that passed away as breath on the breeze saved five hundred warm human bodies from a cold bed that night on the ocean's bottom.

The world with its teeming freight of humanity is rushing on like that ship through this sea of time. Mankind, like the globe to which they cling, are, as regards their own sensations, still and stationary; but in the unseen, unfelt reality, sweeping forward like smoke on the wind. All are always in motion. A lost world, if it be let alone, will one day strike, and sink, and die. God, who is rich in mercy, did not leave the world to its fate. He sent his Word to save it.

Truth, like a spirit, is invisible until it put a body on; and words are the body in which truth incarnates itself, in order that it may be known and felt. They may be spoken by human lips, or exhibited on a printed page, or sent along a wire in throbs of electric light—it matters not what form the words may assume, as it matters not what may be the colour of the ink in which the letters are written; in every form they are the body in which a spirit dwells. Evil spirits also become incarnate in a body of words. The devil and his agents give words whereby men may be lost. The lie is an evil spirit, and it seeks a body that it may have power to destroy. When the enemy comes in like a flood the Spirit of God lifts up a standard against him, by embodying saving truth in a form of sound words. The whole word of God is the body which the ministering Spirit employs in his quickening and sanctifying work. Take heed how ye hear. The missing of a word may be the losing of a soul.

III. God's hand in Providence is ever at work, bringing the saving word into contact with lost men. Usually the process is conducted behind the scenes in secret, but now and then, as in the history of Moses in the Old Testament, and the history of Cornelius in the New, the curtain is drawn aside, and the whole machinery exposed to view that we may learn the method of the divine government. The centurion is dwelling quietly in his own house at Caesarea; he is training his children and servants in the right way, as far as he knew it; he is finding out every frail widow and every naked child in the neighbourhood, supplying the necessary food and clothing from his own stores as long as they last, and begging from his friends when his own resources fail. Within his own spirit, meantime, he is feeling the need of clearer light, and asking it from God in prayer. God in heaven hears this man's cry, and determines to grant his request; but a complicated machinery must be set in motion ere the water of life reach the thirsting soul. The method is not in this case a whit more complicated than that which is adopted in the daily course of the divine administration. This case is uncovered, as an illustrative specimen; all the rest are of the same character, although they are concealed from view.

An angel is sent to Cornelius, but does not bear to him the words of eternal life. That is not the place of angels; they are only the errand-goers of our Father's house: send to Joppa for Peter: the words whereby a sinner shall be saved, must be spoken by the lips of a sinner saved already by the same truth. On the other side, at the same time, Peter is prepared by a vision for shaking off the old ingrained prejudice of the Jew, and made willing at last to go in to one of another nation with an offer of the same mercy that himself had obtained, and on the same terms. When speaker and hearer have been thus separately prepared, they meet, and at the meeting the water of life flows from the charged into the empty vessel. The word of salvation, already through grace dwelling richly in Peter, overflowed at the point of contact, and flowed into the open, prepared heart of Cornelius. By that word the lost man was saved.

In the Garden of Plants at Paris a certain rare tree grew for many years. It was a thriving and mature plant. Year by year it was covered with blossom, and year by year the white blossoms were shed on the ground, leaving no fruit behind. After every promise, it remained barren still. At last, one season, although nothing extraordinary had been observed, after the flower came fruit; it swelled apace, and in due time ripened. The tree for the first time brought to maturity self-propagating fruit. They sought, and found the cause. Another tree of the same species, but bearing flowers the counterpart and complement of this, had then for the first time blossomed in a garden at some distance. The small white dust from the flowers of that other tree, necessary to make the flowers of this tree fruitful, had been borne on the feet of bees or wafted by the wind into their bosom, and forthwith they brought forth fruit. This, in the natural department, is the work of that same all-wise God who prepared Cornelius for receiving Peter's word, and brought Peter with the word to Cornelius. The Roman centurion was a goodly tree, spreading out its leaves and opening its blossom to the sun year by year on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, very hopeful, very promising, but bare and desolate, until *words*, as if wafted on the wind, came from Joppa by the ministry of an apostle, and fell upon the open, receptive, thirsting soul. Life sprang from that union.

Reader, you have passed ten, twenty, or thirty years of life since your understanding opened. If you have, during that interval, passed under the Holy Spirit's ministry from death into life, it is well: hold the beginning of your confidence steadfast unto the end. But if not, think how much has been done to preserve you in the place of mercy, and to prepare you for receiving the truth: think also what a process of preparation may have been going on for many years to provide a messenger, whom you have not seen as yet, to speak in your ear the word by which you may be saved. Be on the watch; lie open; at a time when you think

not the hour and the man may come. The word of salvation may come as accidentally, and yet as definitely determined and designed, as the dust which makes the flower fruitful is brought by the feet of unconscious insects, or carried on the bosom of the winds. Beware lest you miss the word which is sent to quicken you.

Machinery boxed in goes round and accomplishes its work as well as if it were all exposed to view. At one extremity the raw material goes in, and at another the manufactured article comes out. This is all that the visitor sees. For once and to instruct a stranger the master may take the covering off and lay bare the intricate accumulation of cylinders and wheels; but soon he shuts the door again. Under cover all the work goes on as steadily as when no eye saw it. Thus has the Author of salvation, in the case of Cornelius and some others, opened up the processes of his providence, which are usually conducted in secret: but to-day and here he as truly works, and as wonderfully, in preparing hearts for receiving the seed of the word, and bringing vessels charged with the seed to scatter it at the right season in the right place. By the ministry, it may be, of angels unseen, or by the ministry of flaming fire and stormy winds unsuspected, or by the ministry of men whom I have never yet met in the body, or by all these together, the word of salvation is brought to me. All things are now ready; be thou also ready, O my soul!

IV. The words which Peter brought to Cornelius were intended and offered for the salvation, not of himself only, but also of *all his house*. The prayer of the centurion is not recorded. It is written that he prayed, but his prayer is not written. We have the means, however, of knowing what was in his prayer. As you may thoroughly know a man's countenance by seeing it reflected in a mirror, although at the moment a partition wall stands between him and you; so from the answer which God gives to a suppliant, you may learn what that suppliant asked from God. The message sent to Cornelius expressly in answer to his prayer, informs him how both himself and his house may be saved; therefore, we know, Cornelius had asked salvation both for himself and his family. Wife, children, domestics, and that devout soldier who waited on him continually, bulked largely in the supplications of that earnest striver for the kingdom. He prayed in secret, and therefore we do not, in the first instance, know what he put in his prayer; but God rewarded him openly, and by learning what he received we learn what he had prayed for.

If I am told in general terms of a mother that she has gone to the studio of a photographic artist to obtain a portrait of herself; and if the question afterwards arises, Did she sit alone, or did she group the children round her feet and hold the infant on her knee? I do not know, for I was not there: but show me that glass which the artist has just taken out from a vessel of

liquid in a dark room, and is holding up to the light ; what figures are these that are gradually forming on its surface like hoar-frost on the window in a winter day ? In that glass, dimly at first, like a thought springing in the soul, but anon with greater and greater distinctness, like articulated language on the lips, rises the outline of that matron's form ; and see, the forms of the children variously grouped around her, and the infant sleeping sweetly in her lap ! Ah, I know now, although I was not present at the operation, that this mother sat not alone when the sun in the heavens painted her picture in that glass !

Thus by observing the group that cluster round Cornelius in the answer to his prayer, I learn who were crowding round his heart, and rising to his lips, when he pressed his own necessities before the throne of grace.

There is a lesson here (1) to parents and masters. God has given you the young in charge that you may in prayer bring them to him, and in discipline bring them up for him. Nature's affections are provided as bands at once soft and strong to draw them by. Are there ten in your house—yourself and nine besides—all leprous by a birth in sin ? You, conscious of your disease, come to Jesus for healing ; but if you come alone, he will miss the rest. He is still the same Jesus unchanged, and he will certainly complain. His complaint will be, Were there not ten souls in that house stained with sin, and where are the nine ?

A father and mother in humble circumstances received an invitation one day from one who is their superior, but whom they know to be meek and generous—an invitation to come to a feast in his house, and to bring their children too. They take counsel with each other, and arrive at the conclusion that they will accept the invitation for themselves, but not for the children. Because of a certain bashfulness, and a desire not to trespass too much on their benefactor's kindness, they determine to go to his house, but to leave their children behind. When they arrived at their entertainer's mansion, they discovered, too late, that the generous man was disappointed and grieved. He had set his heart on showing kindness to the little ones, and had made preparations for them. He was deprived of the pleasure of showing the little ones a kindness, and they were deprived of the pleasure of receiving it ; and all this because the parents, not believing in their benefactor's large-hearted love, desired not to trouble him. Bring your household with you when you get access to the throne of grace for yourself in prayer.

There is a lesson here (2) to children and servants. The word that comes to the father and mother of a family is the word that saves also the children, if they receive it. The word is for them too ; but they must beware lest they despise or neglect it. To cleave to a believing father will not save an unrenewed child. Children, when you are brought to the brink of life, your parents cannot keep company with you any

further. They cannot go over with you to keep you from fearing in the dark valley, or make you safe in the world to come. None but Jesus can go through with you ; but he can and will. Cling with all your soul's strength, not to your godly father, but to your father's God.

TWO WORLDS.

In God's world strength is lovely,
And so is beauty strong,
And light—God's glorious shadow—
To both great gifts belong ;
And they all melt into sweetness,
And fill the earth with song.

Above God's world bends heaven,
With day's kiss pure and bright,
Or folds her still more fondly
In the tender shade of night ;
And she casts back heaven's sweetness,
In fragrant love and light.

* * * *

Man's world is black and blighted,
Steeped through with self and sin ;
And should his feeble purpose
Some feeble good begin,
The work is marred and tainted
By leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter ;
Wherever he has trod
He spoils the tender beauty
That blossoms on the sod,
And blasts the loving heaven
Of the great, good world of God.

Man's world is pain and terror ;
He found it pure and fair,
And wove in nets of sorrow
The golden summer air.
Black, hideous, cold, and dreary,
Man's curse, not God's, is there.

And yet God's world is speaking :
Man will not hear it call ;
But listens where the echoes
Of his own discords fall,
Then clamours back to heaven
That God has done it all.

O God, man's heart is darkened,
He will not understand !
Show him thy cloud and fire ;
And, with thine own right hand,
Then lead him through his desert,
Back to thy holy land !

Adelaide Anne Procter.
(Lays and Leprosy, Second Series.)

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

A MOTHER'S BLESSING.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

THE important day had arrived on which Ernest C—, for the first time, was to leave his father's house. Hitherto the thought of separation had not been painful, for what young spirit does not hail the prospect of change and novelty? But when this morning, the day of his journey, he opened his eyes, the sudden remembrance, To-day I must depart! stood like an armed man before him, and seemed so terrifying, that he could have wished the whole were but a dream. Yet it was no dream, but a sure and bitter truth. Till now, Ernest had been well instructed under the care of a father and tutor, but the time had come when he must go to the college of a large city to pursue his studies, if he desired to make any figure in future life.

It was early in the morning when he awoke, and all within doors silent. He dressed quickly and went out into the garden. All was lovely without, full of freshness and fragrance,—the white lilies glittering, the roses blushing, under the morning dew; the silence so solemn, that he could only tread softly, as he moved towards the birch copse, where, under an overhanging rock, was his usual place of morning prayer.

Just then he heard the voice of his mother calling him. He started, and hurried back to the house, where a servant told him that his mother desired he should go to her in her chamber.

With deep emotion she came towards him as he entered. She was quite dressed, and appeared to have been long up. She drew Ernest along with her into a recess of the window, and said: "My son, you must now leave your father's house, and the thought that I shall no longer be able each day to pray with you lies heavy on my heart. You know that the heart of man is evil from his youth, and that we live in a world of temptations, which we need a strong arm to help us safely through. That arm is the grace of our Saviour. To his grace I commend you, that it may preserve you to everlasting life. You can repel and resist it, or draw it down by earnest prayer. My son, alike in joy and in sorrow, look up by prayer to the Lord! Do not be content with morning and evening devotions, but apply to the Saviour in every duty, in every difficulty, and he will be to you in the place of father, mother, teacher—he will be to you all in all."

Ernest was deeply moved. He gave no promise in words, but gazed on his mother with a look which her heart well understood. "Come, my son," she said, "let us once more together implore for you the mercy and help of our Lord." She knelt down, and Ernest by her

side,—the mother prayed with warmth and fervour, then blessed her son and embraced him. He was not ashamed of the tears which he could not restrain, he felt as if standing on holy ground, and never before had he so strongly felt that parents stand in the place of God.

"Dear Ernest," said his mother, as they rose from their knees, "I must give you a remembrance of this sacred hour—it belonged to the early days of your father."

She took two silver buckles out of her writing-desk, and gave them to Ernest. It was the custom then for both men and boys to wear buckles in their shoes. "Take and wear these," she said, "and when you look at them remember your mother's parting words,—In joy and in sorrow look up by prayer to the Lord."

Ernest took the parting gift; he looked at his mother—she was very pale.

"Never in my whole life," he thought, "will I grieve her again."

The last hour quickly passed, he received the last kiss of his parents, embraced his sisters, then the carriage rolled away, and bore him towards his new home.

This was in the house of a professor,—an earnest, upright man, who most conscientiously devoted himself to the care of the youths committed to his charge, of whom there were always a number under his roof.

Ernest's good abilities and previous instruction raised him at once to a higher class than his age would have entitled him to enter. This brought with it many cares. The boy had need of all his own efforts, and especially of his mother's parting counsel. The work set before him was not easy, but yet not beyond his power. From his earliest years he disliked doing anything by halves, whatever he did must be well done. Before each task he prayed to the Lord, who once gave to Daniel and his friends "knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom," and his prayer was heard.

Ernest was soon the best scholar, and at the same time, from his pleasing disposition and manner, the favourite of all around him. Alas! to be a favourite is what few can stand. When he came to feel secure in his position, when every task seemed to become easy, he no longer sought of God help in each undertaking, for victory appeared sure beforehand. He prayed, indeed, regularly in the morning and evening, but not now from a deep feeling of necessity, rather a sense of duty; and the echoes of his mother's parting words fell more and more faintly on memory's ear.

One day, he and two other boys had accomplished a

difficult task so well, that they were as a reward to take a walk wherever they pleased, from four to seven o'clock. "To the Castle Rock!" they exclaimed with delight, and hastened along the way leading to the cliffs, following the course of a noisy stream, whose wooded banks were overgrown with wild plants and flowers. It was a beautiful path, under old noble fir-trees, leading to a magnificent prospect from the heights above. There the youths stood on the highest mass of rock, and gazed below, each in the direction of his father's house,—the thoughts of each different and yet the same, "Oh, how beautiful it is *at home!*"

And their Father in heaven looked down upon them with his blessing, desiring by this earthly home sickness to make them understand the longings of his children for their heavenly home.

And as they looked around on the beautiful landscape, the plains, the rivers, the mountain chains beyond, and each heart wandered to where its own treasure lay, hark! the evening bell sounded from the vale below, and soft and peaceful as were the tones, the boys heard them with terror. They looked at each other for a moment as if confounded, "they had never dreamed of its being so late," and without another word hurried down the mountain, for punctuality as to hours was one of the professor's strictest rules, any infringement of which was severely punished.

Never had they so rapidly descended from the Castle Rock. But now—to the right or the left? They had still a quarter of an hour—no more, and the right way, by the high road, was long and dusty; the left one, through meadows of long grass, decidedly nearer, but a forbidden path. They stood at the crossing and looked at one another—right or left? Their hearts beat quickly; the voice of God spoke loudly and distinctly within, "To the right!" Ernest, who from childhood had been accustomed to the strictest obedience, made a step forward on the road, and said, "To the right!"

"We shall be too late—it must not be!" exclaimed the others. "Once is nothing!"

Ernest reluctantly turned—his conscience remonstrated, but the dread of punishment prevailed. The boys hurriedly ran through the meadow.

"Whoso offendeth in one point is guilty of all,"—so had Ernest's mother often taught him; these words returned to his mind now, and made each step difficult and painful. Gladly would he have retraced his path, but time, time—it was so late! More than once, when the boys imagined that they heard the step of a ground officer, they crouched down in the long grass, and waited in fear and anguish till all was still again. At length they were nearly to the end of the field, and trod more lightly. Seven could not have struck, or they would have heard it; a few steps more, and they would be at home.

Suddenly Ernest stood still, as if fixed to the spot, and looked at his shoes. "What is it, Ernest—what is the matter? Come on!" called the others to him, but he went back instead of forwards.

"One of my buckles is gone," he said, with a look of distress; "come and help me to find it."

The boys turned back and followed their companion into the field; with anguish of heart they retraced the forbidden road. Oh, must they bear their terror a second time? They sought and sought in vain—the hour of seven sounded. Each stroke of the clock was like the blow of a strong hand on their ear.

"We must go home, Ernest—come; early to-morrow we will come here again and search with you."

But Ernest would not turn back; while he had strength to move and eyes to look with, he must search on. It was the silent messenger from his home, that had ever spoken so much to his heart; could he leave this treasure behind? That were a sin against his mother—any punishment rather than this.

"I cannot turn—leave me; I shall look as long as I can see." So saying he went on further, and the others left him with sorrow and reluctance.

Ernest was now alone. A cool dew lay on the high grass; it was already twilight—all was still, nothing heard but the croaking of frogs in the marsh. There are moments in life when the Lord, for our chastisement, allows our hearts altogether to fail; and such was now Ernest's case. An inexpressible anguish fell on the boy's spirit; it seemed as if he were forsaken and alone in the wide world.

He wandered restlessly on, looking under every flower, alas! in vain—nothing, nothing of his buckle! His distress seemed to increase. "Oh, if my beloved mother were here," he thought, "she would help me to look for it." And with the thought of his mother such home sickness came over him; he burst into tears—yes, the brave Ernest, whom hardly any one had known to weep, sunk on the grass and wept bitterly, feeling as if he were the greatest sinner and the most friendless being on the earth.

Then the words seemed as if spoken to his soul, "In joy and in sorrow look up by prayer to the Lord." His mother's parting words of late he had seldom remembered, and yet seldomer obeyed them. But now he knelt down, and looking up to heaven, prayed "out of the depths" for pardon, for an obedient heart, for the restoration of his lost treasure. And after that prayer he felt that his heart was lightened, his mother seemed brought nearer to him, and he felt nearer to his Saviour.

"How my burden has been taken away!" he thought, and as he rose up his eye fell upon something shining. It was no dew-drop, no pebble, no flower—it was his own silver buckle. Then joy and gratitude filled the boy's soul; he seized his jewel, he sunk down again to give thanks; he had not found that alone, but his mother's heart—yes, he had found his Saviour anew, and he went on his way rejoicing. Now the moment had come when the blessing which the mother laid upon him at parting had started into real life.

As he drew near the house he perceived with joy that in the school-room, where lessons began punctually at

seven, there was still no light, though the hour had long since struck. He entered softly, and heard that a visitor having come, the class was deferred till half-past seven. Taking his right place among the other scholars, his being too late was taken no notice of.

Should he keep silence? Was it perhaps the kindness of his God and Saviour which had thus providentially concealed his fault and averted the punishment? Was it an answer to prayer that the professor had no suspicions? Should Ernest say nothing?

No, no, no! "It must be told," sounded in his heart, and rising up before the lesson began, he confessed, not without deep blushes, but frankly and firmly, his having been too late, and his walk through the forbidden meadow, the loss and the finding again of his buckle, and ended with the words, "I ask your forgiveness—I have deserved punishment."

His two companions had stood up unobserved by him, and began, as with one voice, "Mr. Professor, the punishment belongs to us, not to Ernest; he wanted to go by the road, but we insisted on the path through the meadow."

The professor looked lovingly on the three who stood awaiting their sentence. "Boys," he said, "you have done wrong, for obedience is the first and last duty of a Christian, but I see how you have been grieved for it. God has forgiven you, my young friends, and so I also forgive."

Then he took each so warmly by the hand, that each one felt as if his own father stood before him, and gave him the token of forgiveness and of blessing. As soon as the class was over, the three boys were seen going to the house of the city magistrate. They paid the allotted fine, for their trespass on the forbidden ground, from their own pocket money.

That day was soon ended; but the blessing lasted through a long life. Ernest joined himself to the band of many thousand faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose unspeakable happiness it is in joy and in sorrow to be able to look up to him who has said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you."

J. L. B.

LIFE LESSONS.

BY THE REV. JAMES BOLTON.

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake."—1 JOHN II. 12.

We all like letters. How pleasant is the postman's rap or ring, the sight of the envelope, holding its secrets so tightly, the guess as to whom it is from, the news inside. The Indians call them "talking papers." What millions of them are flying about the world day by day in mail carts, express trains, and steamers! Our text is a part of a letter—a very old letter. The pen that wrote it was laid down eighteen hundred years ago. The author of it was none other than "the disciple

whom Jesus loved," who had actually leaned his head on the Saviour's bosom as they sat side by side at the supper table. He had many friends, and when he was separated from them, he sent them this letter; and in it he speaks of little children. He has something to say to "little children," and he gives a curious reason for it. "I write unto you, little children, *because* your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake." Is not that a curious reason for including them in his epistle? What can he mean? I have had some thoughts about it hovering round my mind as doves hover round a trap, and I shall try and catch and cage them for your benefit.

First, I see that this message is not addressed to *all little children*! Why not? Because there are children whose sins we cannot believe are forgiven. They are careless about them. They enjoy them. They cling to them as insects do to the blossoms of poisonous flowers. Now and then they tear themselves away, but quickly they alight again; or you may compare them to a sponge which, when you squeeze it, becomes dry, but directly it touches the water, it drinks it up as greedily as ever.

And it is of no use to tell such children that their sins are forgiven them. You may as well tell a ragged-school boy, "You are rich," or "You are an angel." He would say, "But how is that, when my pockets are empty?" How is that, when I am only "Tom Brown of Squatter Courtyard?" You might say, "You *may* be rich if you try, you *may* be an angel if you are good."

So we may say, "All little children *may* have their sins forgiven them," but we dare not say to all now, "Your sins *are* forgiven you." The apostle must intend something different from that. The fact is, he is addressing not so much "little children in *our* families, but little children in *God's* family, those who have only just been "born again," and are tender, and need care and nourishment—Christ's lambs. But may we not hope that some of you, my dear young readers, are such? If so, then this message is for you. God, your heavenly Father, says to you, "Your sins are forgiven you."

Secondly, I see that *all little children have sins to be forgiven*. People have fancied that we are born with hearts white as snow, and that they are blackened afterwards by evil example. But the Bible teaches us that we are born with evil hearts,—hearts filled with the seeds of corruption as the ground is with weed seeds. How soon we find it to be so! How easy it is for us to do wrong, how hard to do right! Whence spring infant tempers, infant falsehoods, infant disobediences? We trace this to our fallen nature inherited through our parents from Adam and Eve. *They* ate the sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge. If a bowl of dye be crimson, whatever you draw out of it will be red—if a coat be black, each thread you pull from it will be black. So if our hearts are sinful, whatever issues from them will be more or less sinful. And by-and-by, we are conscious that we sin—we

are quite aware that this or that is contrary to God's law, and yet we do it; and these are *wilful* sins. Had we driven a nail into a wall for every such sin, what a sight that wall would be. But God has remembered them. They are in his book. One stone flung at the Queen would put you in prison—one theft from a shop would blast your character—and one sin is enough to ruin us. But we have hundreds to answer for. If we could recollect them and were sorry for them, they would seem a big load on our backs, pressing us down to the dust. We should be as frightened as Cain was with the blood of his brother upon him. And, indeed, you are afraid sometimes; and sometimes you are unhappy, and sometimes you are ashamed. Here you have three proofs that you have sins to be forgiven,—fear, trouble, shame. And think how these would overwhelm you, if you had to appear before God without any prospect of pardon.

Thirdly, I see that all little children's sins *may be forgiven*. What a sweet assurance this is! As sweet to us as the tidings of a reprieve to the man who is sentenced to be hung, or as the tidings to a mother that her long lost sailor boy is alive and well.

But how can they be forgiven. If they grieve over them? No. If they resolve to do them no more? No. If they fast and afflict themselves? No. If they pray to God? No. By trusting in God's mercy? No. How, then? *Simply by taking Jesus for their Saviour!* "Your sins are forgiven you for *his name's sake*," that is, for Christ's sake. We frequently employ another's name. We ask for kindness, for help, for a favour, because a beloved relative has deserved it for us. It is said that as a poor beggar was going in to petition the king for his rebel son, in the passage he met the king's lovely child. He took him up in his arms and carried him in before the king, and then besought him to spare his son for that lovely child's sake, and the king was melted. So with Christ's name, it is mighty for us to plead; it can obtain instant and entire absolution for the vilest. For he is God's delight, and he has himself borne our punishment on the cross—the just for the unjust. He shed his precious blood on purpose that God might be able to say to each penitent soul, "I forgive you freely." We ought to have been on that cross; but he chose to be nailed to it in our stead. He was bruised and slain in our stead. He can bid you and me gaze at that awful scene, and declare to us that a way is opened to us there to God's LOVE. Nay, it was God's own love which provided that sacrifice on purpose for us to trust in, and be at rest. You are guilty, but Jesus has atoned for your guilt; you deserve hell, but Jesus has endured hell and deserved glory for you. The ship in which you started is wrecked, and you are sinking in it, but Jesus approaches, and offers to rescue you. If you embrace him as your own, if you yield yourself to him, if you ask peace with God for "his name's sake," never doubt but that your sins are forgiven—that all which has caused you fear, trouble, or shame, is blotted out as effectually as if you had not done it. The Hindu

crawled for fifty miles in the burning sun across a dusty plain, imploring his gods to accept it for his crimes; when the missionary spoke to him of Jesus' finished work, he burst into tears, and clapping his hands, exclaimed, "Then though I have crawled these fifty miles in vain, I have crawled to the true fountain at last. I might have reached it without crawling an inch, but I would crawl another fifty miles once a-month to have heard of this true fountain."

Fourthly, I see that little children *may know* that their sins are forgiven them.

St. John says to these "little children," "Your sins *are* forgiven you." How could he say this? He was holy and inspired, but he could not ascend the skies and unclasp God's book, and discover who were recorded there. But he could behold the daily piety of these little children—their humility, their purity, their gentleness, their labours for God and for each other, and confidently conclude that they were converted, and therefore that their sins were forgiven them. In a school you do not want the governess to point out her best and her worst girls. A day's notice of their behaviour would satisfy you that these were destined for honour, and those for disgrace.

And so here we *may know* whose sins are forgiven them by their conduct: 1. They will mourn over their sins, as David did in the Psalms, as Peter did when the cock crew, as the woman who bathed Christ's feet did. 2. They will hide themselves in Jesus, who alone can obtain cleansing for them and shelter them from God's righteous anger. 3. They will fight against temptation, because they hate to offend God, and because they shrink from defilement. 4. They are striving to be like Jesus. He is their bright pattern, their divine model, and they desire to be conformed to his image; to be miniatures of him, to reflect on others that radiance which he sheds so abundantly on them. A small mirror may flood a room with dazzling light if only it confronts the sun, and a child may dwell so near to Christ that he or she may be the charm and lustre of their home. Those who have these marks *may know* that their sins are forgiven them, for these are the fruits of the Spirit, the ornaments of the heirs of the kingdom.

But ere we say farewell, let us inquire, "Are *your* sins forgiven?"

Fetch up what sins your memory can, and try yourself. Have you ever lamented them? Have you ever sighed and wept on account of them? Have they ever forced you to call to Jesus? Have they ever been acknowledged in his presence? Have you ever found relief there? Have you there seen them to be abominable? and vowed that by his grace you would war against them? Are you now resisting and overcoming them in his strength? What are your answers to these questions? If you can say, though it be but a timid "Yes" to them, then you may certainly assume that *your* sins are forgiven, and that for his name's sake God views you with unclouded affection.

But if these questions are as Latin and Greek to you, then beware. Then you are still in your sins, and if you die in them, you will awake to nothing but destruction. It may be a trifle to you now, whether or not your sins are forgiven; but it is the most important matter in your whole existence, and I beseech you to attend to it while you can. You should realize that until you are forgiven, you are hanging by a thread over a precipice, or fastened by the devil in a dungeon, from which none but Jesus can deliver you. Now, he is knocking at the door, and saying to you, "Shall I do it? Will you resign your case to me? Will you follow me and be mine?" Oh, speedily may we see you led forth by him unfettered, and hear you whispering to yourself with joyful lips, "FORGIVEN! FORGIVEN!"

THE CAPTIVE WOODCHUCK.

A COUPLE of boys were at it, firing snow-balls, and the hardest they could make, up in a tree. What was that for? What was the mark? A poor little grey kitten, who fled there for safety. At last a snow-ball hit its head; it fell to the ground *dead*, as I thought. What a shout of delight the boys gave! But while they still continued to pelt it, kitty roused up and tried to escape its merciless enemy. It ran, and they gave chase, and soon all were out of sight. What a noble business were these boys in! "Only a little sport," they called it. But what enjoyment is there in treating such animals with cruelty? What happiness is there in killing them? God has certainly made them with the same beautiful and curious workmanship with which he has made you. He cares for them as he cares for you. "His tender mercies are over all his works."

Did you ever hear about the woodchuck which sometimes breakfasted and dined on the vegetables in old farmer Webster's garden? Well, there was one. It was up in New Hampshire. The farmer had two sons, Ezekiel and Daniel, and Ezekiel set a trap for the woodchuck, and caught him. "Now we'll kill the thief," cried Ezekiel. "You've done mischief enough to die, Mr. Woodchuck, and you shall die."

"No, don't," begged his brother, pitying the poor captive; "take him into the woods and let him go."

The boys could not agree, so they carried the case to their father.

"There is the prisoner," said the farmer; "you shall be the counsel, one for and the other against his life, and plead the case before me. I will be judge."

Ezekiel opened it, arguing against the mischievous disposition of the prisoner and the harm he had already done in the garden. He spoke of the time and labour spent in capturing him, and how, if allowed to live and go at large, he would surely take to his evil habits again, and be wary enough not to be caught a second time; therefore he ought to die. If killed, his skin might be of some value; but making the most of that, it would not pay for the damage he had done.

A pretty practical argument, and calculated to weigh on the old farmer's practical mind. But he turned to his other son, and said, "I'll hear now what you have got to say on the other side, Daniel."

Poor Daniel was afraid his brother had the best of the case. But when he turned his large dark eyes on the poor woodchuck, trembling with fear in the grating of its narrow prison, his breast swelled with pity, he took courage, and looking the judge in the face, poured forth his plea in its behalf. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; he made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God has not made him or anything in vain. The woodchuck had as much right as any other living thing. He was not a destructive animal, as the fox or wolf was; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty, and could well spare a part. He destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food on their mother's table. God furnished their own food; he gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, more, the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hand, he had a right from God to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either.

He pointed them to the mute but earnest pleadings of the little creature for its life, as sweet and dear to it as theirs to them; and what might be God's judgment on them, if, in selfish cruelty and with cold hearts, they took that life which could never be given back again?

Daniel saw the tears start in his father's eyes, and run down his sunburnt cheeks. This appeal to his mercy was too much for him; forgetting the judge, he sprang from his chair, exclaiming, "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

This is said to have been the great Daniel Webster's first case, when he was only ten years old. It is certainly creditable to both his head and heart. And I hope every boy who reads it will think over the drift of his argument; and if he finds within him a disposition to torment, terrify, kill God's humbler creatures, will remember Daniel Webster's first case, recall his words of mercy, and "let the woodchuck go."—*Child's Paper*.

CHILDREN AND THE REVIVAL.*

EVERYWHERE the Gracious Rain, in its descent, has visited the little ones. All the books and periodicals I

* From "The Gracious Rain: Where It Fell, and the Good It Did." By Rev. Norman L. Walker. T. Nelson and Sons.

have read about the Great Awakening, tell of fruit gathered from among them. There was a little orphan maid, for example, of whom an Irish minister was told that she had been brought under conviction. He visited her. His first question was, "*When did this work of grace begin in your soul?*"

"Several weeks ago," she replied.

"What brought you to think?"

"Just felt I was a great sinner, and needed Jesus."

"Have you got him?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"God says the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"Are you resting on that word of His?"

"O yes, sir."

As additional reasons of her being forgiven, she said she now loved the Bible, which she did not do before; loved prayer, felt it sweeter, &c. She was next asked what she prayed for.

"For the blood of Christ to cleanse my sins away, and the Spirit of Christ to renew and sanctify my nature, and that He would be a father and mother unto me."

During these answers tears fell fast; but at the last allusion to her orphan situation, a convulsive sob shook her little heart, and the shower from her eyes came on heavier. It may be easily supposed there was no one present unmoved. As a last question, she was asked, "Was there any particular text, more than another, her soul was now reposing on since she found peace?"

"Yes."

"What?"

She raised her hand over her eyes—it seemed vain to try to stem the flowing spring-tide—and in broken sobs repeated, as well as choking utterance would let her,—

"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus or Lord."

Who can doubt that that little one was taught of the Spirit?

"Little Anna is now the happiest child I have," says a father. "Formerly she seldom sat down to a meal without crying because it was not good enough, and now she eats with thankfulness whatever she gets."

"I asked a little girl," writes another person, "whom I had seen sob and pray some weeks before, if she observed any change in herself of late?"

"Yes," she said, "I do."

"What is it?"

"Why," said she, "*before Christ was no concern to me, and now he is never out of my thoughts.*"

Even if such cases as those we have thus given were few in number, it would make the history of the movement which led to them well worth recording. But they are not few in number. Fruit of the same kind has been produced in wonderful abundance. And all

the more may we claim for the subject the earnest attention of our readers, *that the heavens are not shut up. The Rain is still falling, and anxious souls are still pressing into the kingdom.*

"Weary sinners, weeping sinners, broken-hearted, see, they come! Lo! behold the dead arising from the darkness of the tomb. Blind, they grope amidst the shadows; waiting by the way, they cry,

'Give us light, O Lord, to see thee, for we hear thee passing by!'"

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was only the Friday before Christmas, and as Ally Campbell rose from the breakfast-table with a very pompous air, and never answered when Aunt Nancy and mother both asked him a question, sister Bertie, standing on tip-toe, knocked vigorously upon his curly head, and cried, "What's the matter up in the garret?"

The fact is that the "*garret*," as teasing Bertie always called her brother's brain, was quite a reception room, this morning, and had as many pleasant *thought* guests as it could well hold. Indeed, they rather jostled against each other, and as Allan walked briskly down to his employer's store, they all tried to speak at once, though in the most good-natured manner possible. And this is the way they ran on—

"How very kind in Mr. Maybrook to pay your quarter's salary before Christmas. To be sure two pounds ten shillings isn't so very much, but it will buy a great many things, after all. Now Bertie shall have that crimson scarf she has been wishing for so long, and Aunt Nancy shall find on her table the prettiest reticule in the city, and mother, dear mother shall have the beautiful books she has spoken of so very often, and would not buy, because it took so much to pay the doctor's bill after Bertie was sick so long in the autumn."

"But," said another thought, "what are you going to do about your *coat*, with your wrists coming down half-a-foot beyond the sleeves, and such dreadful patches on the elbows."

"You can get a splendid warm coat," cried another thought, "for thirty shillings, and then you'll have money enough left to buy your presents. Mr. Maybrook will pay you to-morrow night. Monday you will buy all you want, and Tuesday, O!"—But there he was at the store, and as he entered with his pleasant, glowing face, Mr. Maybrook kindly put his hand on his shoulder, and said—

"Good morning, my young man, did you slide down on a sunbeam?"

The day passed happily, as *busy* ones almost always do, and Ally's active feet scarcely knew a moment's rest. They sold so much that day. Beautiful sets of china, vases, and pitchers. Ally guessed from the pleasant faces of the buyers that they were intending to make some presents too, and were thinking of the delightful surprises they should give their friends.

So the day wore on till tea time, and it so happened that Mr. Maybrook and all the clerks were out at once, leaving Allan alone in the store. As he walked up and down, still busily engaged with his pleasant thoughts, he noticed that one of the very expensive vases had been left carelessly on the floor.

He drew near to look at it. How beautiful it was with its delicate flower-wreaths floating and dissolving in the almost transparent china. He heard Mr. Maybrook telling a gentleman the price of it that very day, and it was more than he earned in the whole year. What if it *should* be broken! It ought to be on the shelf, and Ally, taking it up carefully, almost reverently, began ascending a little ladder to put it in a place of safety. Alas! in some way the ladder was not firm—it tottered, slipped, and Ally, in an involuntary effort to save himself—*dropped* the precious vase! There was a crash which made his heart stand still. Then looking down in a bewildered way, he saw only a heap of worthless bits of china in place of the exquisite vase. He closed his eyes to shut out the sight. "It cannot, cannot be," he thought passionately to himself. A moment before the beautiful vase stood before him all perfect, and now it could not be possible that such a terrible misfortune had happened to him. He had been dreaming. He would open his eyes and see it there yet, all glowing with its violets and roses, looking as if they were twined around moonlight. But oh! he opened his eyes, and it was too true!

Now succeeded another conflict in his troubled mind. How should he ever dare tell Mr. Maybrook, who, kind as he generally was, had never been known to excuse what he called—*carelessness*. Indeed, to teach his young clerks good habits, he often made some deduction from their wages, in proportion to the value of the article broken.

Ally knew, with a despairing heart, that this loss would be greatly felt by Mr. Maybrook, and perhaps his whole quarter's salary would be withheld.

"It would be too hard, just at this time," said Ally, unconsciously speaking aloud. "I cannot, *cannot* give up all the presents I have thought of so long. What a very sad Christmas it would be! Oh! couldn't I say that Snap ran against it, after John left it on the floor?"

Snap heard his name, and coming up, rubbed himself affectionately against Ally. "No, no, Snap, I won't say anything against you, poor dog," cried Ally, almost with a sob. "But John really did leave it on the floor, and he ought to bear half the blame. I suppose it would just break his heart to get in trouble with Mr. Maybrook, for he's weak and sickly yet after that hard fever. No, I *won't* tell of him, but oh! what shall I do? I believe," he continued, after a few moments of painful thought, "I believe I won't say anything at all about it. Perhaps it will never be missed," and with nervous haste, Ally began to gather the pieces, and throw them in an old box under the counter. It was just accomplished when Mr. Maybrook came in.

"You may go to your tea, Allan," said he, not noticing his flushed, anxious face; and Ally, snatching his cap, rushed from the store.

He had walked but a few steps, when he heard a voice behind him. "Al, Ally Campbell," and turning, he saw Jasper Adams, a boy he greatly disliked. "I say, Al," cried the boy, "we want you to-night after the store is shut up. We're going to have such a time changing people's signs, and carrying off door-mats, to say nothing of leaving a note for that dreadfully good old maid, Miss Gaston, telling her that a poor man has broken his leg, the other end of the city, and they want her to come right down. How her old bones will creak over these slippery side walks. It'll be great fun!"

"No fun at all!" cried Ally, indignantly. "Do you think I'd do such a mean thing? I won't go, and you mustn't, either."

"You'd better preach to me, Allan Campbell," cried Jasper, angrily. "I know something about *you*, and you're no better than other boys."

"What can he mean?" thought Ally, as he hastened on, his guilty conscience sending the blood rushing to his throbbing head. "I'm sure I try to do right, and I never take pleasure in such shameful things as—"

"Think of the broken vase," cried conscience. "You are meaning to deceive Mr. Maybrook, and if he asks any questions you intend to tell a lie. The vase is just as much lost as if you had stolen it, and taken it home. The least you can do is to confess your misfortune, and make what reparation you can."

"Oh, I *cannot* tell him," groaned Ally, and although the night was very cold, his breath came so quick and hard that he unbuttoned his overcoat, and threw it back. At last he reached his home, but he had no appetite for tea, and Bertie's clear voice, singing a Christmas hymn, made him very wretched indeed. He hurried to bed, that he might not hear kind Aunt Nancy saying, "He gets too tired, poor child," but he could not sleep, and the next morning could eat no breakfast.

All day long he trembled for fear something would be said about the vase, and conscience kept continually saying, "You're just as bad as a thief—you're a *thief*!" "To-night I shall get my money," thought Ally, "and next week perhaps I'll tell him." Then conscience not only called him a thief, but a *coward* too. Oh! what a miserable day it was, and at last the *crisis* came.

The gentleman who had looked at the vase before, came in to say that he had decided to take it. In a few minutes there were hasty inquiries for the missing article. Ally wished the ground would open and swallow him, but no, in a moment came the dreaded inquiry—

"Do *you* know anything of it, Allan?"

"No, sir," rose to Ally's lips, but the words seemed to choke him. Then making a mighty effort, he said—

"Mr. Maybrook, may I speak to you a moment in the back office?"

Mr. Maybrook followed him in, and the *truth* poured forth in one vehement flood.

Poor Ally! His employer was very angry. It was such a great loss. The most beautiful vase in his store!

"You have been *very* careless," said he, sharply. "That vase was worth more than your whole year's service. You need expect nothing this quarter, sir," and he left the boy with his head drooped upon the table in an agony of grief and disappointment.

The gentleman did not fancy any other vase, and Mr. Maybrook was in great ill humour all the evening.

As Ally sat leaning his heavy head upon his hand, just before it was time to go home, Jasper Adams entered the store.

"Al," said he, "I've come to ask a favour. Lend me half-a-crown."

"I can't," replied Ally, "I haven't a farthing."

"Well, then," said he, lowering his voice, "just take it out of old Hunk's money drawer—he'll never know it."

"What," cried Ally, almost with horror; "do you think I could do such a thing? never! never!"

"Well, you *are* a hypocrite! I suppose you didn't know I was looking in last night when that vase took such a tumble, and you swept up all the pieces so carefully, and hid 'em away." Ally coloured. "Now, I'll tell you what it is, Mr. *Honesty*, if you don't give me that money I'll tell Mr. Maybrook."

"You may spare yourself that trouble," said Allan, quietly. "I've told him myself."

A look of surprise and vexation swept over Jasper's face. "I hope he made you smart for it," said he, malignantly. "I bet you don't get one farthing this quarter." Ally's looks of pain showed him he had guessed the truth. "Well, you're a great fool, and the *queerest* boy I ever knew."

That night, Ally could no longer hide his trouble, and told it unreservedly to mother, Aunt Nancy, and Bertie, from the beginning down to Jasper's last taunt.

"Do *you* think it was foolish, mother," asked he, anxiously. "*You would* not say I was queer?"

Bertie threw her arms around his neck.

"Yes, you *were* queer, you foolish Ally, almost as queer as an *angel*, but I love you just the same," and she laughed merrily.

"You won't have the crimson scarf now, Bertie," said Ally, regretfully.

"Never mind that," cried Aunt Nancy, exchanging tearful smiles with mother. "With honest hearts, and clear consciences, we shall have a very 'merry Christmas' after all."—*Congregationalist*.

THE LITTLE SNOW SHOVEL.

THE front yard had a thick coat of snow on, when Lewis put on his greatcoat and comforter, shouldered the new big snow shovel, and went out to clear a path to the street. The storm was over, and as the bright morning sun shone on the snow-capped twigs, rails, and posts, they sparkled with a thousand brilliants.

"See him, mother," cried Mary, who stood at the window watching Lewis, and enjoying his somersets in the snow before beginning the more serious business of shovelling. Mary thought it was delightful; she thought everything Lewis did delightful. Lewis in her eye was a hero of heroes, and she never was happier than when she could do some service for him. Lewis knew it, and though he didn't mean to do any serious wrong, he sometimes used his power rather harshly, like too many boys with their sisters.

The sun, the snow, and Lewis proved almost too tempting for the little girl. She wanted to go out too.

"Is it not rather biting for a little girl who is not very well?" asked her mother.

"I won't play in the snow, mother," said Mary; "let me have Lewis' little shovel, and go out and help him."

"Perhaps he doesn't want you," said her mother, quite willing to throw a hindrance in the way.

Mary did not believe *that*, so she said, "Please do, mother."

Mary had been sick, but she was better, and her mother thought, maybe if her little girl was well wrapped up, the clear winter air might be good for her; shovelling, too, would help to keep her warm and glowing. So the mother put on her little red hood, cloak, mittens, and tippet, and put into her hand the small wooden shovel which Lewis had outgrown, and out Mary skipped as happy as a snow-bird.

Lewis was well along with his path; he prided himself on his paths. Down she bounded to him, with the little shovel in both hands.

"I come to help you, Lewis," she cried in her loving tones, at the same instant scooping up the light snow. It scattered, and flew back on the clean path.

"Get out!" cried Lewis hastily. "I don't want girls bothering me. They are more plague than profit."

"Shan't I help you, Lewis?" asked Mary timidly.

"No," answered the boy, with a boy's unthinking roughness. "You are a real bother. You are always in my way. Stand back, won't you? What are you out here for? and what business have you with my shovel? Always getting my things."

Mary stood back. Lewis took no notice of her, but kept shovelling vigorously on, as if he were working on a wager. The disappointment was almost too much for the little girl. She slowly backed into the house, and threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Lewis doesn't want me," she sobbed, and the tears ran fast and thick down her little cheeks. Mother tried to comfort the little grieved heart.

After a while Lewis came stamping in. Seeing where his sister was, and the tear in her eye half blurring the look of affectionate reproach which she cast on him, "Why, what's the matter with Mary?" he asked.

"I am afraid you hurt her feelings," said mother.

"Our Mary is getting to be a real cry-baby," he said, marching off, but with a small twinge in his conscience. Oh, if Lewis had only known it was to be his last

chance of being kind to his dear little sister and making her happy! That night the scarlet fever set in, and after ten days Lewis saw her no more.

A miserable boy was he. "If I had only been kind to Mary. If I'd only said, 'So you shall help me, Mary,' and showed her how to shovel," he repeated to himself again, and again, and again. "If I only had; if I only had!" This is remorse, conscience biting back again.

The sight of the little shovel quite upset him. Once he took the axe to chop it up, and get it out of his sight; but he could not do it. Mary held it last in her dear little hands; and after a long, long while, when the bitterness of his sorrow was past, he loved the little shovel for her sake. Lewis is a man now, and he would part with everything he owns rather than that; and many a tear he still sheds over it.

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

"Jack! Jack! here sir! hie on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go: it wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes and get in the way of his feet: so he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail, as much as to say, "You're a very nice little boy; but there was no need of your throwing the stick in the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water and made him fetch the stick. He dropped it on the bank, however, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick, he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and, with Jack at his heels, went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty hard work, mother," he said, "Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him; but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you'll see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother, quietly.

"Right, mother? Why, he is *my* dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel myself, and put nice hay in it? Don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I've the *best* right in the *world* to have him mind me!"

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charlie had finished, but going on steadily with her work, she said, slowly, "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my heavenly Father. I do everything for him. I make his clothes and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burn-

ing him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him; I love him; I call him my dear little son: he sits on my lap and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet sometimes he does not, unless I *make* him as I would have to make a dog."

"O mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes, "I knew it was *wrong* to disobey you; but I never thought before how *mean* it was. *Indeed* I do love you and I'll try—I really *will* try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me."

"Dear Charlie," said his mother, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right because you have been taught from the word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will always be persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack cannot have, but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Saviour for help, and he will teach you to turn away from the wicked whispers of Satan and to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to your mother; for it will just be the same as obeying God, who has said, 'Honour thy father and thy mother;' and where we truly *love* it is easy to *obey*."—*S. S. Banner*.

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

Mrs. BURTON sat sewing one evening; it was quite late, but still she sat, as mothers often will, making and mending little garments, long after the restless limbs which wear and tear them are relaxed in sweet repose.

Knowing that all the household but herself had gone to rest, she was a little startled to hear, at that late hour, a slight noise in the kitchen, as of some one fumbling around in the dark. Taking a light, she went out, and was surprised to find there her little boy, about six years old. "Why, Arty, my son!" she exclaimed, "what are you doing down here in the dark?"

"I want some water for Johnnie, mother—he wants a drink," said Arty. Johnnie was his little brother, who slept with Arty in a room next to their mother's.

"Well, my dear, you should not have come down in the cold, all undressed; why did you not call and ask for it?" said the mother, but she did not wait for an answer, for Arty was shivering, and his teeth chattering with the cold. Hastily filling Johnnie's cup with water, she threw a shawl around Arty, and took him up stairs. Poor little Johnnie did indeed want a drink. His mother found him sitting up in bed, evidently quite feverish. He stretched out his hands eagerly for his cup, and so did Arty too.

"Please let *me* give it to him, mother," he said; and she allowed him to do so, wondering at his earnestness. Having held the cup for his brother to drink, he clambered into the bed beside him, and Johnnie threw his arm around his neck, which made Arty look up at his mother with a happy smile.

Mrs. Burton prepared some cooling medicine for Johnie, and came often to look at him through the night. He was very restless for a while, but towards morning he seemed better, and slept quietly.

Johnie did not go to school, as usual, with his brothers and sister the next day. He amused himself quietly with his blocks for a time, when the rest were gone; and at last, when tired of play, he curled himself up upon the sofa, and fell asleep. As his mother sat beside him, she recalled to mind Arty's earnestness about the drink of water, and resolved to ask him what it meant. She had not long to wait, ere she heard the sound of merry voices approaching, and Arthur and his sister Mattie burst into the room in great glee, having been racing to see which should get in first.

Their brother Frank followed, complaining in no very gentle tones, because they had left the gate and doors for him to shut.

"Arty," said his mother presently, when they had become quiet, and were gathered around the fire, "why did you so much wish to get the water for Johnie *yourself*, last night?"

"Because, mother," said he, "I thought of such a sweet text that I heard last Sunday!"

"What was it, dear? can you remember the words?"

Arty thought a moment, and said, "It was about giving 'a cup of cold water to the little ones.' I don't remember it all, but I thought Jesus would be pleased.

Here Frank looked up from his book and laughed. "O Arty!" he said, "did you think it meant a real cup of water?"

Arty blushed at this; but his mother looked reprovingly at Frank, and asked, "What *does* it mean, my son?"

It was now Frank's turn to blush; but, as his mother waited for him to answer, he at length said, "I supposed it meant being kind in *any* way."

"You are right," said Mrs. Burton, "it does, but do you not think, Frank, it would be well for us *all* to remember and act upon our Saviour's words, so far as we understand them? *This* was what Arty was trying to do, I think. But now, my little boy, I will read you again the verse which you tried to remember; here it is:—'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward'" (Matt. x. 42.)

"It is a sweet verse, isn't it, mother?" said Mattie, who had come also to hear.

"Yes, dear, it is a *precious* verse! But, Arty, we need not wait until some one actually needs 'a cup of cold water,' in order to gain the promised blessing. Jesus said, 'Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water *only*;' he meant to teach us that he would see and remember *every* act of kindness done for his sake—that is, for the love of him—even so small a thing as giving a drink to one in need. "Every day and hour, my dear children, brings us an opportunity of speaking a kind

word, or doing some loving deed, for Christ's sake; and *this* is the 'cup of cold water' which our dear Lord says shall in no wise lose its reward."

"Mother," said Mattie, softly, "if we keep from teasing each other, for Jesus' sake, is that what the verse means too?"

"Yes, Mattie," said her mother, smiling a little; "for it would show the working of the spirit of love which the words are meant to teach. I read lately an anecdote of King Herod Agrippa, which reminded me of these words of Christ; would you like to hear it, children?"

The children assented of course, being always ready for a story.

"Was that the King Herod who killed the infants at Bethlehem, mother?" asked Mattie.

"No, dear, Herod Agrippa was a grandson of that Herod. He was the one that killed the Apostle James, and put Peter in prison. Before he was made king, he spent some time in Rome; and while there a careless speech which he made one day, while excited with wine, was reported to the emperor Tiberius. It made the emperor angry, and he commanded that Agrippa should be seized and bound. It was on some public occasion that Tiberius gave this command, and Agrippa was bound even as he was, in his purple garments. The weather was very hot, and as he was led about in chains, awaiting the emperor's orders, he suffered greatly from thirst. Seeing a young slave passing with a vessel of water, he implored him to let him drink. The slave willingly did so, although he, no doubt, ran a great risk in befriending one who was under the displeasure of Tiberius. Having drunk freely, Agrippa exclaimed, 'O thou boy, if I once get clear of these bonds, I will procure *thee* thy freedom!' And he remembered his promise. Not long after, Tiberius died, and Caius, the friend of Agrippa, became emperor. One of the first acts of his reign was to liberate Agrippa, exchange his iron chain for a gold one of equal weight, and send him loaded with honours to his newly appointed kingdom in Judæa. And now Agrippa obtained the freedom of the slave Thaumastus, who had ministered to him so kindly, and made him the steward of his own estates. And when dying, he commended him to his son and daughter; so that the man held that honourable post in the family of Herod until his death.

"Dear children, if this king, by no means remarkable for virtue, so remembered and rewarded 'a cup of cold water,' what may we not expect from our Lord's promise to those who thus minister unto him?"

"Minister unto *him*, mother!" said Mattie, "how can we?"

"How *can* we, Frank—do you know?" said his mother, for Frank's book was closed now, and he, too, was listening with interest.

Frank *did* know, and repeated, "The king shall say, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And

coming to his mother, he kissed her forehead, whispering, "I will try to remember, dear mother, to give the cup of cold water."

And so do *you*, my dear little readers, and you will find that every loving, kindly action, which you do for Jesus' sake, will bring you, even in the present time, the promised reward, for it will fill your own heart with sweet peace.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

—*The Children's Guest.*

JESUS PIERCED.*

"Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs: but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true; and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced."—JOHN xix. 32-37.

Yor, dear children, have to do with all this. The soldier was really your representative. The Bible says he was not the only one who was guilty of piercing Jesus; for we read, "*They* shall look on him whom *they* have pierced" (John xix. 37); and again, in Rev. i. 7, when Christ comes in the clouds of heaven, and all kindreds of the nations wail because of him, it is said, "Every eye shall see him, and *they* also that pierced him." So you and I may be guilty of the soldier's sin.

Every one of us, indeed, by nature is just like him, for do we not read, in Rom. viii. 6, "The carnal mind is enmity against God?" We may come to church, we may like to read the word, we may call him "our Saviour," and yet lift the spear against Christ.

Do you say, "I never did that?" We reply, the spear may have lain by you quietly; your heart may have been full of dislike to him, though you said nothing.

Sometimes you wished there were no Sabbath, or no God to appoint a Sabbath-day. Sometimes you have wished there were no judgment-day, no hell, and even no heaven, but only earth! And this was just wishing that there were no God; for he arranges all. Sometimes you have wished that a person whom you did not like were dead—well, just so you have done with God, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost! All this is just trying to reach God with the spear. You have tried to forget God and his law, because the thinking on him made you uneasy. This shows the *spear*!

When your teacher spoke to you about Jesus, and pressed you to believe in him, did you never wish that your teacher would be done with that subject? Did you never feel quite weary and fretful at being obliged to hear so much about Jesus? This was showing enmity to Christ; it was lifting the spear against him. Did

you never break the Sabbath! He is Lord of the Sabbath, and in doing that you aimed at him with your spear. When you refused to obey your parents, when you spoke a lie, you were resisting Jesus—you were thrusting at him with the spear like the soldier, for Jesus commanded you to obey and speak the truth. What if you die with the spear in your hand, and the Judge brings it out at the judgment-seat! If that soldier died in his sin, will it not be awful for him to meet Christ? No worse, however, than for you, if you die without Christ.

You know how the Jews agreed in putting Christ to death, and asked the Roman governor to nail him to the cross. They cried, "*His blood* be on us and on our children!" They meant by this to say, "If there is any crime in shedding his blood, let us be punished for it, and let our children, too, be punished for it." Now, God took them at their word. He punished them, destroying Jerusalem and the temple, and letting the people die by sword, and famine, and pestilence. And their *children*, too; for to this day their descendants wander over the earth without a home.

Perhaps you have heard of that little boy who, when he read of the man who struck Christ with the palm of his hand, said, "Did not that hand wither?" He thought very naturally that surely the hand that so wickedly struck Christ must of course be at once blasted.

In the days of the French Revolution, there was an atheist in Paris, who said that he would prove whether there were a God or not. Taking out his watch, he said that he would give God five minutes to prove his existence; for if there were a God, surely he would strike him dead. When nothing happened to him, the foolish man said that there was no God! Poor, blinded man! If God had struck him down, it would not have been God-like; for our God is long-suffering, and though he treasures up judgment for another day, he waits to be gracious now.

Even so here; it was not fire that flashed out from the Saviour's side to consume the man; it was blood and water.

Blood flowed along the spear. Suddenly the soldier sees its point glitter less brightly, and then, lo! his hand is bathed in blood that has flowed along the spear! Now, every Jew knew, as written in Levit. xvii. 11, that "it is *the blood which maketh atonement for the soul*." Hence this event had a remarkable signification. Jesus is offering his blood to take away the soldier's guilt! For see! the blood that makes atonement for the soul is flowing towards this wicked man! But again, chasing the blood there was a stream of *water*, and the soldier, with amazement, perceives this too! Now, water is an emblem of the Holy Spirit, who makes us new creatures, and takes away your enmity; for Isaiah xlv. 3 speaks of "pouring *water*" as the same thing with "*pouring the Spirit*."

Thus you see the free love of God! What a gracious return he made to the malignant cruelty of his foes!

* From a striking Tract by the Rev. A. A. Bonar, published as one of a very valuable series by Mr. Walker, Montrose.

Instead of revenging their sins upon them, he hastens to forgive! Dear children, think on all this. Do you ever strike back, because some one struck you? Or revile, because some one reviled you? Or resolve to take revenge for a wrong done you? or try to make one feel sore who has slighted you? This is not God's way. When the soldier pierced Christ, God's return was to give *blood and water*. Learn to return good for evil, like God.

You may have read an instructive incident regarding a soldier, who had frequently been imprisoned and punished on account of his conduct. One day, on account of a recent misdemeanour, he was about to be called up for further punishment, when it was asked, "Have we tried every means of curing him?" One present remarked, "We have never tried the effect of a pardon." The suggestion was taken, and the sergeant-major was sent to tell the soldier that he was pardoned. The man was amazed! He had been doggedly preparing himself for severe punishment; but, melted by this kindness, he from that day set himself to guard his conduct, and no one had further trouble with him. This is somewhat like God's way with sinners. He gives *pardon* that there may follow thereon a *change of character*, as in the case of this soldier. Was there not here first pardon, then reformation? So, when you have got the *blood* you will also get the *water*.

WANDERERS AND PILGRIMS.

A LARGE tract of country lay spread before me; upland and lowland, hill and plain. The whole land seemed stirring with perpetual movement, all in one direction:—from the bright hills at its commencement, to the dark mountains at the end. Earth and sky seemed moving, as when an enormous flight of migratory birds is passing by, but earth and sky were really stationary. This movement was one constant tide of human life, ceaselessly streaming across the land.

It began on a range of wooded hills, with their sunny southern slopes, forests and flowery banks, and grassy and golden fields. Down these slopes joyous bands ran fast. As I looked closer, I saw that the movement was not incessant in the case of each individual; only the ceaseless passing of the great tide of life made it seem so. Merry groups paused on the hill-sides, and made fairy gardens, and twined leafy tents where they would sit a little while and sing and dance. But only a little while! No hand seemed driving them on; it appeared only an inward irresistible instinct. Yet soon the bright groups were scattered, and moved down again over the hills, often never joining more.

"Why do you hasten away from these sunny slopes?" I said. "There seems nothing so pleasant in all the land beside."

"Perhaps not," the travellers replied, with a slight sigh; but it ended in a snatch of song as they danced gaily on. "Perhaps not, but we are a race of Wander-

ers! We cannot stay; and perhaps better things await us in the plain."

"Whither are you going?" I asked.

"We know not," was the answer; "only onward, onward!"

In the plain were buildings of more solid construction, houses and cities. And here I observed many of the travellers would have gladly lingered, but it could not be. Homesteads, and corn-fields, and vineyards, all had to be left; and still the tide of life streamed on and on.

"Why?" I asked.

"It is the doom of our race," they said, sorrowfully; "we are a people of Wanderers."

"Whither?" I inquired.

"We do not know," was the reply; "only onwards and onwards to the dark mountains!"

Slower and slower grew the footsteps of the Wanderers, more and more regretful the glances they cast behind. Slower, yet with fewer pauses. The strange, restless impulse drove them steadily on, until, wearied and tottering, they began the ascent of the dark mountains.

"What is on the other side?" I asked.

"The sea," they said, "the great sea."

"How will you cross it, and what is beyond?"

"We know not," they said, with bitter tears. "But we are a doomed race of Wanderers—onwards, onwards; we may not stay!"

Then first I perceived that, among these multitudes of aimless Wanderers, there was one band who kept close together, and moved with a freedom and a purpose, as if they journeyed on not from a blind, irresistible impulse, but from choice. Their looks were seldom turned regretfully behind them, or only on the dark mountains. They looked to something higher.

I asked them—"Why are you thus hastening on?"

"We are pilgrims," they replied; "we would not linger here."

"Whither are you going?" I inquired.

"Home!" they answered, joyfully—"to a holy city which is our home."

"But how do you know the way?" I asked, for no barriers seemed to limit their path, so that any of the wanderers might join it at any point.

"We know it by two marks," they answered—"by the footsteps of One who trod it once, and left indelible footprints wherever he stepped. And we know it also by the goal to which it tends!"

Then looking up, I saw resting on the mountains where this path ended, a bridge like a rainbow, and beyond it, in the sky, a range of towers and walls, pearl and opal, ruby and golden, such as in a summer evening is sometimes faintly pictured on the clouds when the setting sun shines through them. And the little band chanted as they went, "The doom of our race is reversed for us. We are not wanderers; we are pilgrims. We would not linger here; this is not our rest. Onwards, upwards, to the city!—to the home!"—*The Black Ship, with other Allegories and Parables.*

THE TREASURY PULPIT.

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"O woman, great is thy faith."—MATT. XV. 28.

THE Scriptures were not written either to amuse our fancy or to gratify our curiosity. Hence they leave us unsatisfied in regard to many things and some persons, we should like to be better informed about. Actors appear on the stage, play some striking part,—and when our interest is awakened, the curtain suddenly drops, and we see them no more. It is true that we may meet again in the other country. Seated in the ever-blooming bowers of Paradise, with the sea of glass gleaming at our feet, we shall relate our own adventures, and hear theirs; how they fought, what trials they passed through, what dangers they escaped, all the providences they met with on their way to the promised land.

Who, for example, has not wished to know what became of the young ruler that sought our Lord, saying, "Good master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" A more amiable, lovely, attractive character we hardly find in history; and our interest in him suggests the question,—Did he perish? Perhaps he did,—a warning to us how near we may reach the kingdom of heaven, and yet come short of it; how too great confidence may wreck souls, as well as ships, even at the harbour's mouth. But Jesus loved him; and we would fain hope that as he followed his retreating steps with loving eye, our Lord said within himself, "How shall I give thee up Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." However, it is perhaps well that the last chapters of his history are wanting; these blank leaves are full of meaning; they seem written over with such warnings as these,—"It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven"—"Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth, for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal"—"Love not the world, neither the things of the world, for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him"—"Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted; but the rich in that he is made low: because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away"—"For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof faileth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth; so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways."

It had been a much more unsatisfactory and serious matter had the story of Joseph ended as abruptly. Take it as it stands, there is no case more illustrative of a reigning providence. Here we see all the links of the golden chain that binds our world to the skies; we can trace, like the impressions of a man's feet on the wet sea sand, all the steps of a preading providence along the whole course of his history from his father's tents to Pharaoh's palace; we see God's hand weaving the dreams of his young ambition, and guiding him onwards through many vicissitudes of fortune to the day when they were all fulfilled. But what if our last sight of Joseph, his father's darling, man's faithful servant, and certainly virtue's noblest hero, had been the prison scene? A story which is the delight of children, would have been a riddle to the wisest men; and instead of forming one of the brightest examples, it had remained as one of the darkest mysteries of providence, to perplex our minds and try our faith. Sold into slavery by envious brothers, wronged by the master whom he refused to wrong, a sufferer for conscience' sake, thrown into prison because he was a well-doer, how might sneering sceptics have looked into his history, as that vengeful woman may have done into his dungeon, to say, "Joseph, where is now thy God?" We thank God that this history is written out. Like the saints, he was humbled that he might be exalted. The steps of a dungeon became a ladder to the throne. And in raising him to Pharaoh's right hand, and in making him the instrument of saving from famine the family of which the Messiah was to spring, the providence of God shines out from the clouds of his eventful life, clear as the sun from the shadow of a passing eclipse. Verily, he is a God that judgeth in the earth.

We thank God also, and even more, that the story of this woman of Canaan is written out. As it stands, it is one of the most encouraging passages in the Bible; had it stopped in the middle, it had been one of the most discouraging. There are no clouds and darkness around Jehovah's throne more impenetrable, or so dreadful, as in that case had hung over the character of Christ and the cross of Calvary. Had the curtain fallen for ever over that scene where our Lord seems to lift his foot to spurn this poor suppliant away, and to her cry, "Lord, help me," replies, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to dogs," this story, instead of a

stepping-stone, had been a great stumbling-block on our way to heaven. It is often difficult enough to persuade some desponding Christians that there can be mercy for them: with this history unfinished, it had been all but impossible. Faith would have staggered under the burden; it had hung like lead on the wings of prayer; and the doubting, timid, trembling spirit would have shrunk back, saying, Why should I go to Christ? I am unworthy; he shall say to me as to that woman, "It is not meet to give the children's bread and cast it to dogs." Unless this story had been told out to its happy close, where had been our answer, our unanswerable answer, to the despondency which says Christ may not, and to the despair which avers Christ will not save me—this, namely, Show us one instance in all his blessed history of his having refused the prayer of a penitent, or spurned the unworthiest away? I look on this passage as one of the brightest beams of gospel light—a stream as sweet as any that flows from the Rock of Ages. Under God, how much do we owe to the pen that wrote it out? Ever blessed be the memory of the blessed woman whose faith, rising to the occasion, riding on the top of the billow, replied, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table."

I. Her earnestness is an example, as her success is an encouragement to us.

The time has arrived for Esther to apply the match, and explode the mine beneath Haman. Crying, "O king, if it please the king, let my life be given to my petition, and my people to my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish,"—she reveals her own and her people's danger. Struck with astonishment, and fired with indignation, the king rises to demand, "Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?" "Pointing to her guest who turns pale at the charge, she says, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman!" The king bursts from the chamber; and Haman, seeing by the glance of his angry eye that "evil is determined against him," seizes the moment to start to his feet and beg his life of Esther. Knowing that the sands of his life are run, unless he can mollify this stern beauty, he casts the ordinary manners and customs of a court to the winds; throwing himself down on the couch beside her, he implores her to save him. At this moment her husband returns. Goaded to madness at the sight, the cry bursts like thunder from his lips, "Will he force the queen also before me in the house?" It is enough. In an instant the mutes are at Haman's side; the muffle is on his face; the bow-string is round his neck—it tightens—he sinks, and lies, as sinners seeking mercy never lay at the feet of Jesus, a corpse at Esther's feet. Bad as Haman was, the king wronged him; he put a false construction on that last scene. The imminence of the danger, the instinctive love of life, these made this wretched man earnest; and earnestness made him importunate—bold, even to familiarity, as a man would,

who was falling over some horrid crag, he clutched at the queen.

Earnestness is importunate; and I am afraid that we sometimes form too harsh a judgment of the poor mendicant who refuses to be denied—repelling him as impudent, who is only importunate. It was no want of respect, nor insolent contempt of our position, or of our rights that made a man, on being refused charity, take rude possession of the open door, and say, as he planted his foot on the threshold, "Sir, I will not go away—I stay, or starve here till I am relieved." Roused by so bold a movement, we looked up to read the sad truth and reason in his face. A languid eye, and the deep hollow in his sallow cheek told at once that his was not the impudence of practised beggary, but the importunity of starvation. He was a stranger in a strange land; he had left his children moaning for bread—and their mother had none to give them.

And when the spirit pleads at the throne of God, when guilt, flying from justice, is knocking loud and long at the door of mercy, one not in earnest himself may wonder at the language which earnestness ventures to employ. Why should they wonder? Her loyal subjects, standing at respectful distance, address their sovereign in respectful terms, using courtly language to a courtly ear. But let a royal cortege pass the procession that conducts a felon to the scaffold, as a drowning man who sees a plank float by grasps at life, the felon, bursting from his guards, springs to her side, clings to her robe, to cry, Oh, pardon, save me! and when to the order, Unhand me, let me go—he answers, No; I will not let thee go,—who so hard-hearted as to beat this wretch away—so blind as not to see that this is not insolence, but earnestness?

Even so Jacob, in dread of Esau's vengeance, clung to God; and wrought up to a state of intensest feeling, as if Jehovah had been in his hands, not he in Jehovah's, hung on him, saying, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me." How bold this language! Even so the Psalmist addressed God in yet bolder language. No man more humble than David—no man ever laid a venerable head lower in the dust before the majesty of God—he said, "I am a worm, and no man;" yet see how this worm rises! In language which an angel never ventured on, because an angel never felt as he, hear how he speaks to God, "Why withdrawest thou thy hand? pluck it out of thy bosom. Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord? arise for our help? make haste, O God, to help me." And even so this woman was importunate because she was earnest. If there be any boldness, any forwardness, any obtruding of her case on Jesus, it is to be imputed to this, that—a mother with a mother's heart—she had a daughter grievously vexed with a devil. Be followers of me, she says. Be earnest! The more the bow is bent, the higher the arrow flies.

II. Observe the trials to which Christ put her earnestness and faith. There were three.

1. His silence.

Men miss many opportunities of being saved—one at least every Sabbath. The castaways who have floated on wreck or raft to some lonely rock or desert island miss none. They never desecrate a sail out at sea, but they kindle their signal fire and raise a flag of distress; rushing down to the beach they shout, and cry themselves hoarse against the hoarse murmurs of the deep. They let slip no opportunity of being taken off; and like them—not like many a sinner—so soon as this woman saw salvation in Christ approaching the coast of Tyre and Sidon, she hastened to meet him. Not saying like us, *It will do to-morrow—next Sabbath—some other day—in another year*,—she seized the opportunity that might never return, and came to Christ crying, “Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.” In stories of the sea I have read how the castaways, seeing a ship in the offing, made signals of distress; and in what agonies of suspense they watched her as she went about on this tack and then on that; hope rising as she approached the coast, and sinking as she left it; and how when at length, not seeing or not heeding their signals, she sailed away from their lonely rock, they would throw themselves down on the shore to weep out their anguish. So passed the Saviour by this woman. I know not if he ever turned his head to look on her. If he did, as if he had shut up his compassions from her, as if he had no human sympathies, as if he was not bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, as if he had a heart of stone, as if a woman’s prayer was not as powerful to stop this Sun of righteousness in his course as was Joshua’s to stop the sun of heaven—Jesus went on his way; he answered her not a word.

Now for the example she sets us; mark that; nor be content to admire, but follow her. To rise from her knees disappointed, chagrined, mortified; to murmur, to complain, He might at least have pitied me,—a broken-hearted mother and her poor child were not unworthy of a kind word, and, if refusal it was to be, of one tenderly expressed—I am mistaken in him—he is not the man or God I took him for;—this, but for her faith and patience, is what she would have done. But she was too bent on having her prayer answered; she had too much at stake; she believed too well of Christ to do so, to be silenced by his silence. Teaching us what to believe concerning Christ, and how to persevere in prayer, knocking till the door is opened, if I may say so, making our hand on the gate of heaven heard loud above its songs, she perseveres. She rises, but it is to run after him, “faint, yet pursuing,” to resume her cry, “O Lord, thou Son of David, have mercy on me; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.”

2. His apparent refusal.

No more than a drowning man who clings to a swimmer will this woman be shaken off. She hangs on his

steps, the most importunate of beggars. Would to God we were as much so!

She becomes an annoyance to his disciples, pursuing them with incessant cries of “Son of David, have mercy on me; son of David, have mercy on me: my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil!” There is no talking or walking with any comfort for this woman; and for the same reason, I fancy, which often leads people to give charity, the disciples espoused her cause—to get rid of her. Send her away, they said, relieve us of her presence; grant her what she asks, and be done with her, for she crieth after us. Quick of hearing, as this falls on her ear, her hopes begin to rise. Paul rejoiced that others preached Christ, even from contention; and so she rejoices when the disciples become her advocates, though from no friendly motives. Apparently moved by their solicitations, Jesus turns to look on her, and is about to speak. Her heart is ready to leap with joy. Alas! she is but lifted up, as is his antagonist by some strong wrestler, to suffer the heavier fall. Christ had answered her not a word—now he speaks; but like the thunder-peal that bursts on the silence that precedes the breaking of the storm, his voice is worse than his silence—his words falling on her hopes like lightning on a tree that, holding up its arms to heaven for dews and rain, gets fire and thunderbolts to blast them. Casting a glance on her, he said, “I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel;” and so saying, passed on. She lies stunned by the sudden blow—struck to the ground.

Shall she venture once more, or, now abandoning hope, yield up her heart to despair, and her poor child to be for ever possessed of this devil? It is difficult, under any circumstances, to quench hope in a mother’s heart—it burns there long after it is extinguished in every other bosom; and where the welfare of a child is concerned, it clings, like ivy, to the very ruins of health or character. And nobly did this woman vindicate a mother’s love, and put honour on the love of Jesus. Clinging with one hand to her daughter, see how she stretches the other out to Christ, as much as saying, I know, I am as sure that you have not the heart to refuse, as that you have the power to help me! What an example to us to continue in prayer, where, as in our own salvation or that of others, the object we have set our hearts on is certainly agreeable to the will of God,—to pray without ceasing, praying “with faith, nothing wavering.”

3. His apparent reproach of her.

“Is this Naomi?” cried the people of Bethlehem, when she who had gone forth with wealth, and husband, and two gallant sons, came back attended by none but a young Moabite, wayworn and weary, bent and grey, sad and sorrowful, attired in the garb of poverty and widowhood. Can it be? Is this Naomi? And we had not been greatly astonished if this poor woman, when these harsh words, “It is not meet to take the children’s

bread and give it to the dogs," fell on her ear, had, like one that has received an electric shock, sprung from the ground where she knelt, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, to cry, Is this—can this be Jesus Christ? Was that not to be doubted?—then, Have my ears deceived me? And was not that a strange blow from the hand that was to bleed on Calvary for the chief of sinners—that was to bind up the broken-hearted—that was not to break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax? It was time for her to pray, Lord, help me!—time, poor woman, for God to help thee. And he did it, fulfilling to her, as he will to us—to all who seek him in the hour of mortal extremity, his promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." "If I," said one, "saw Christ on the other bank, and between him and me a river of fire, I would plunge in to reach him." "And I would fling myself on Christ," said another, "though he stood with a drawn sword in his hand, to receive me on its naked point." Such was this woman's faith, and fondness, and confidence—hers a perfect illustration of these brave words, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." As the eagle flies highest in the storm, rising on the tempest that beats down birds of feeble wing, and sends them to roost in covert of bush and rock, so did this woman. With holy skill, she seizes on our Lord's figure, and turning it to her own advantage, instantly replies, "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table."

Our Lord's purpose is now gained. It was a gracious one all along. He sought to draw her out, and bring forth that latent faith, the language of which was music to his ear—gratifying the longings of his loving heart, and glorifying the power and grace of God. That purpose gained, he drops the mantle, and revealing himself to her, as he shall to all who will not let him go until he bless them, he crowns her faith with the gracious answer, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Happy woman! many say; I wish *my* faith were great! Would not I give all the world to feel that I had a firm hold of Christ, and that my feet were standing on the Rock of Ages. What with coldness, cares, doubts, deadness, fears, my faith, alas! is not great. Great? There is nothing great belonging to me but my sins. They are great; like mountains great, "my trespass is grown up unto the heavens." Well, who thus bemoans himself, like Ezra or Ephraim, is not singular. God only knows in any assembly of worshippers who is, who has been the chief of sinners. The "Lord, is it I?" will not be left to the lips of harlots and publicans; since the best, knowing their own hearts, know much more ill of themselves than they can possibly do of others, they will be the readiest to say, Lord, it is I; and to regard themselves, not others, as the greatest wonder of saving grace.

When knees are feeble, and hands hang down, and a sense of guilt lies heavy on the heart, let God's people

remember, that if their faith is not great while their sins are, there is another thing great besides. The term that describes our sins, still better describes our Saviour. He is greater to save than those are to condemn. What though, as Ezra says, our iniquities are increased over our heads, and our trespasses grown up unto the heavens, in Jesus "mercy is great above the heavens." Finding it to be illimitable, infinite, rising above the highest guilt, fancy comes back on weary wing, and, using the language of an enrapt apostle, sings of the height, and the depth, and the breadth, and the length of the love of God that passeth knowledge. And since the believer's hope does not rest in the greatness of his faith, but in the greatness of Him who is its glorious object, how should we bless God that, though faith is deficient, the Saviour is all-sufficient and that,—Christ made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption—we are complete in him. If we have not this woman's faith, we have her Lord; if we have not the same voice to pray, we have the same ear to pray to. Peter's safety on his return to the boat lay not in the hold he had of Christ, but in the hold Christ had of him. Pale terror on his face, this poor half-drowned man was safer with Christ's arms around him than when, with stout heart and bold step, he planted his foot on the swelling billows, the admiration and envy of his fellows.

O ye of little faith, let me tell you that a little faith is a great power—equal to the task of casting a mountain of sins into the sea of mercy. A slight faith is a saving faith. An immortal seed, it is its nature not to die, but live; not to decline, but to grow. All hail, then, to the smoke that curls up, presage of the living flame; to the feeblest dawn that glimmers in the east, forerunner of the coming day. "He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

THE STORY OF MY MISSION.*

PART FIRST.

MISSION TO THE COLONISTS.

It was a bold enterprise, characteristic of the spirit of British colonization, when four thousand English families planted themselves on the frontier line of the South-Eastern African colony. In advance of their settlement, yet in close contact, lay the Kaffir tribes,—fierce, war-loving, predatory in their habits, and ready, on any sudden impulse or imagined provocation, to sweep down on the encroaching white man, for plunder or revenge. Far in their rear lay the settlements of the earlier Dutch and English colonists, with Cape Town at the distance

* The Story of my Mission in South-Eastern Africa, comprising some account of the European Colonists, with extended Notices of the Kaffir and other Native Tribes. By William Shaw, late Wesleyan General Superintendent in that country. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. 1860.

of seven hundred miles. No available force was at hand for the defence of the young colonists against the incursions of their restless savage aboriginal neighbours. They were expected to defend what they had freely received, and to make and maintain for themselves a home in the wilderness, with the plough in the one hand and the sword in the other.

It was in the Parliament of 1819 that the proposal was made for the establishment of a new settlement at the extreme boundary of the Eastern Province of Cape Colony. Fifty thousand pounds was voted in aid of the project. Government hoped, by colonizing, to be relieved from the necessity of defending the frontiers. A commercial crisis at the period inclined many to listen to the promises of a new though distant home. Glowing pictures of the healthiness of the climate and fertility of the soil, concurring with the grant of Government and the pressure of home difficulties, quickly swelled the rank of applicants. Ninety thousand submitted their claims to the Colonial Office to be preferred for the new settlement. There might have been fewer had it been understood they were to be placed as a break-water to stop future Kaffir inundations. Four thousand were ultimately selected and conveyed in twenty-six ships to Algoa Bay. With a rare, but admirable wisdom, and to the credit and honour of the British Government in conducting this enterprise, ample provision was made for the establishment and perpetuation of Christian instruction and ordinances among the settlers. Each hundred families that combined to form one settlement were allowed to choose a minister of whatever denomination they might prefer, his support being guaranteed from the Colonial Treasury.

Amongst the ministers accompanying this emigrant band was the able and intelligent author of "The Story of My Mission." From the first fruit of the undertaking he had penetrated the important relation in which the new colony would stand to the contiguous heathenism of Africa. Whilst taking his place at the head of a hundred Wesleyan families, and prepared to discharge his duty as their minister, he had his eye on an ulterior object to which he hoped to make them tributary, and to which he was ready to yield the energies of his own life. Africa, in the degradation of her children, and in their spiritual bondage, lay before him. Might not the proposed colony become a line, of light along her border of heathenism? Might not he and his hundred families of emigrants strike into the dark interior with some rays of gospel truth, or mark off the tracts where others should follow in the evangelization of that land? He hoped that the new settlement would result in the extension of the influence of Christianity among the numerous heathen tribes of South-Eastern Africa. In this hope he took his place in the *Aurora* with the band of emigrants destined for the new settlement.

It is an hour of intense and conflicting feeling when the emigrant band, crowding the deck, await the signal that is to bear them from their native land and friends.

The boldest is not then ashamed of the tear that is hastily brushed from the eye, or that rolls down the cheek. It is an involuntary tribute to the past and its memories, to the future and its hopes, to the home that is being left, and to the home that lies shadowed in uncertainties on a distant shore. As the *Aurora* began to float down the river, our author turned his own and the thoughts of his associates from the past and the future to the ever present One. He raised the hymn of Watts, which was quickly sung with a full chorus of voices,—

"The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love," &c.

After a prosperous voyage of three months, the *Aurora* cast anchor in Algoa Bay. It was night when the place of anchorage was reached. When the morning sun broke all eyes were strained to catch the features of the land of their future residence. In such circumstances the actual has rarely realized the pictures of a fond imagination. Reality sinks before our indulged dreams; and the Eden of hope, as it vanishes, casts on the wilderness a deeper gloom. A visible sadness gathered over the countenances of the emigrants as they gazed on the shore. Far as the eye could reach, from the south-west to the north-east, the sea margin presented a continuous range of low white sand hills; and where a breach in their continuity afforded a peep into the interior, nothing met the view but sterile ground and stunted bushes. A range of abrupt elevated land rising immediately above the landing-place, presented its craggy summits and stony slopes, relieved with but few spots of verdure. The scene was dull and disappointing. Not a few began to contrast the waste wilderness before them with the beautiful shores of Old England, and to express the apprehension that they had allowed themselves to be lured by false representations to a country which promised small returns to its cultivators. The necessity for action brought relief to these gloomy forebodings. Preparations had to be made for the journey of a hundred miles to the district of Albany, where the settlements were to be established. Fresh scenes, and the interest of new modes of travelling, restored the healthy tone of the company. The African waggons, covered with white sailcloth tilts, each drawn by twelve or fourteen oxen, urged on by stalwart Dutch colonists, in rather primitive attire, or by tawny Hottentots, with hardly any attire at all—the noise occasioned by the incessant cracking of their huge whips, and the unintelligible jargon of the leaders and drivers, when urging the oxen, or while talking with each other,—all combined to produce in the unsophisticated English mind wonder and amusement. There was little time for musing or brooding regrets on a journey which required the Dutch drivers, in ignorance of English, at every short

interval to repeat their expressive sign for a *break-neck* road, by putting their hands on each side of their face, with an accompanying rapid twist of their heads; and which, as often as the sign was given, required the travellers to alight, who would not imperil their bones in the abrupt descent of their vehicles. It is a true scene from emigrant life, with a touch of deep nature in it, the passage in which Mr. Shaw describes the moment of arrival at their destined home: "Our Dutch waggon driver intimating that we had at length reached our proper location, we took our boxes out of the wagon and placed them on the ground; he bade us *Goeden dag*, or farewell, cracked his long whip, and drove away, leaving us to our reflections. My wife sat down on one box and I on another. The beautiful blue sky was above and the green grass beneath our feet. We looked at each other for a few moments, indulged in some reflections, and, perhaps, exchanged a few sentences; but it was no time for sentiment; forthwith we were engaged in pitching our tent, and when that was accomplished, we removed into it our trunk, bedding, &c. The other settlers, who had arrived with us, were similarly occupied, and in a comparatively short time the somewhat extensive valley of that part of the Assagaay Bosch River, which was to be the site of our future village, presented a lively and picturesque appearance."

Amongst the colonists engaged in the conversion of this African wilderness into an English home were all variety of professions. There were artificers and mechanics, shopkeepers and agricultural labourers, half-pay officers, persons of education and gentlemanly tastes and feelings, more than one doctor and a poet. Half had emigrated from London and other large towns and cities in Britain; the remainder came from various agricultural villages and districts. Reviewing these proportions, Mr. Shaw records it as the result of his extensive observation, that emigrants thus assorted "are better than a body selected wholly from agricultural districts." The skill of each ultimately became available to all, and the colony advanced the more rapidly from the diversity of the professional acquirements of its members. Those who failed to find employment akin to their tastes or special capabilities wandered into the older settlements, and gave fresh impulse by their numbers and industry to the entire range of the South-Eastern Colony. Notwithstanding the many privations and the great exposure of the settlers for the first three or four years, so high was their bill of health from their open air life, that the medical men who accompanied them from England "left the district in disgust, as affording no opportunity for the practice of their valuable profession." Climatal influences had no corresponding effect on the moral health of the emigrants to relieve Mr. Shaw from the responsibilities of his pastorate. His first and latest care was the religious instruction of the settlers committed to his oversight. A box in the early days of the settlement served for his pulpit, an American flour barrel was the resting-place for the Bible and other books

used in public worship. Before and around him the people were seated on stools and benches which they had provided for themselves, and by which they gave to the assembly the air of a regular formed Church, though no walls enclosed them or roof canopied their head. In such a spot and climate the open air Church was not without its dangers. While proceeding, on one occasion, with his address, Mr. Shaw was suddenly interrupted by the alarm, "O sir, there is a *puff adder* between your feet!" Looking down he saw the creature, one of the most deadly of the South African snakes, lying on the ground close to him. Quietly stepping aside, the dangerous reptile was attacked and destroyed, and the meeting resumed, but not concluded without praise being offered to Him who had preserved his servant from the "serpent's bite." Gradually, as the more commodious house arose for the settler, the church arose for the worshipper. It was felt they could not dwell in ceiled houses whilst the house of God lay waste. In the course of a few years a number of substantial chapels were erected by the Methodist settlers in various parts of the settlement, which became rallying points for the scattered populations green spots in the waste wilderness.

Not satisfied with providing for the wants of the Albany settlement, it became apparent to Mr. Shaw from an early period that unless his mission could be made to bear on the military in Graham's Town and the outposts, and on the general European population, the extensive South-Eastern district would be left without the means of religious instruction and consolation. At Graham's Town, then but a military post, he received a cordial welcome from two "devout soldiers," both sergeant-majors in the Cape cavalry. Their houses became for a season his home and his church. One of them, who was building at the time a house for himself outside the walls of the garrison, provided a large room for worship. At first the commissioned officers hesitated to enter the Methodist meeting, and to sit in a sergeant-major's quarter with a mixed concourse of private soldiers and civilians; but curiosity, or a higher motive gathered them to listen to the preacher outside the doors and windows of the apartment. Ultimately more than one chapel with numerous members arose at Graham's Town. Others were founded at Salem and at the rising towns and central spots of the Albany district. It was the deep conviction of Mr. Shaw that wherever there was a British colony in juxtaposition with heathen tribes, it was the wisdom of the Church to provide for the spiritual wants of the colonists. The colonists being gained, a fulcrum was secured for the gospel lever in its after operations among the heathen. More than one joyful season of revival rewarded his labours amongst his European brethren. The most remarkable of these was in Graham's Town in 1837, when hundreds of Europeans during these "days of grace," and many amongst the natives, young persons, men, and women, gave the highest evidence of true conversion. The

wilderness became a fruitful field, and the fruitful field a garden.

During these seasons there was occasionally witnessed those remarkable physical effects that have so often attended periods of sudden and deep religious awakening. In some there was witnessed the fear, the grief, the irrepressible wailings of penitence; in others the joyous ecstasies of spirits loosened from their bonds. Like a wise spiritual father, Mr. Shaw neither sought to produce nor to repress these outward manifestations. He was satisfied the work was from God, and was willing to allow Him to work in his own way, by the still small voice of the Spirit, or by the thunder, and lightning, and earthquake of his power. With sound practical sense he remarks in relation to these revivals, "That there are many persons on these occasions who, when awakening to an alarming sense of their spiritual condition, from never having been accustomed to train or moderate the expression of their feelings, are apt to be wholly carried away with these emotions of grief or gladness, without giving themselves for the time any concern about the ordinary decorum and proprieties of public worship. I am no apologist for disorder; but I do think a judicious pastor, if properly aided by the most spiritual of the people, will generally be enabled to guide the new converts aright in this matter. The sound judgment of experienced pastors and laymen may always be relied on; but although all mere extravagance and indecorum, whether of word or manner, arising from excited feelings, should be cautiously and promptly restrained, yet cold, unsympathizing professors of religion, no matter by what name called, are not usually safe guides as to what is best to be done at such times to promote alike the honour of Christ and the good of souls." Sunday-school teachers, class leaders, local preachers, not a few missionaries—possessing a remarkable adaptation for the South African missionary field—were the fruit of these revivals. The bounds of the gospel were enlarged, and the European population leavened with a more earnest Christianity. More ample contributions for the support of the gospel followed these seasons. Day and Sunday schools were erected and maintained at the cost of hundreds of pounds annually, and chapels built at an outlay of tens of thousands. In these Sunday schools the religious character of the Sunday school was kept strictly in view. None in South Africa were permitted to desecrate the Lord's day by teaching writing and other branches of secular knowledge. To supply the great lack of the means of ordinary education, meetings were held sometimes early in the morning, or more frequently on two or three evenings during the week; and not a few persons who afterwards held high positions among the farming and commercial classes owed their entire education to these morning and evening hours.

If the extensive journeys and continued labours of Mr. Shaw in the commencement and consolidation of these missions amongst his countrymen were such as

few could have sustained, the rewards that crowned his forty years' prayers and toil were such as few have reaped. In the bare statistical statement of their results we read his great reward. He who gave him the heart and power to do, largely blessed him in his deeds. To his sowing in tears there was given a reaping-time of joy. When in 1820 he landed at Salem he was the solitary missionary from his Church; when he returned to Britain in 1860 the number had increased to 36, aided in their work by 99 subordinate agents. In 1820 the Sunday-school teachers in the South-Eastern African province were 20; in 1860 they had increased to 688. In 1820 the number of communicants were 63—all British born; in 1860 the number had increased to 4825, with 800 on trial for admission, many of these belonging to various African tribes and nations. In 1820 there were 3 Sunday schools; in 1860 there were 80, and 58 day schools, and in the place of 100 scholars there were 7648. In 1820 there was 1 chapel; in 1860 the one had grown to 74 substantial, commodious buildings. In 1820 the contributions of the people towards the support of the ministry and missions was £10; in 1860 the amount had risen to an annual average of £3500. The author of "My Mission" had not spent his forty years' African life in vain. Had he closed their retrospect with the words of Jacob, we should have felt the truth of their application, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

It awakens more than displeasure, it provokes the keenest indignation of the readers of "My Mission," to learn that in spite of the apostolic labours and success of its author, his ministry should have been denied by the re-baptism of the children of his converts by an Anglican dignitary, and the hint given to him by the same authority, that "it was an unseemly thing that altar should be set up against altar." The hint was not difficult to understand. The dignitary sought the field for himself, forgetting that he was but an emigrant of yesterday, while Mr. Shaw had been a pastor to the European flock when there was none to feed them. One of the younger clergy, less reserved, interpreted the hint of his superior by plainly saying that while the dignitary acknowledged that the Wesleyans had no doubt done a great deal of good, and that their labours in the absence of the regular clergy had been very praiseworthy, he thought they ought now, when the Church in South Africa had obtained proper form and completeness by the appointment of bishops, to leave the field to the care of the clergy, and proceed on their useful course as pioneers among the native tribes beyond the boundaries. To this courteous notice to quit, that another Church might serve itself heir to his labours, Mr. Shaw, with great quietness of spirit, tells us, "I did not trouble myself to find an answer." Nor did he need. The vindication of his ministry and his position was his work,—a work in which we rejoice to learn it is the resolution of the Church to which he

belongs to continue, notwithstanding the hints of the Anglican dignitary, or the outspoken commentaries of "very young clergymen" upon them. "We are certainly not contemplating," says Mr. Shaw, in closing his account of this incident, "the abandonment of a field of labour on which we have expended so many prayers, tears, and toils, besides many thousand pounds contributed from time to time by our friends, now that the desert is becoming a fruitful and productive field. With us it is, indeed, in a case of this kind, 'a very small thing to be judged of man's judgment'; but I speak as unto wise men. Judge ye what I say."

It remains that we briefly narrate the labours of the author of "My Mission" among the Kaffirs.

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

SOLOMON'S GARDENS, HEBRON, AND BETHLEHEM.

On Tuesday, June 17th, we set off for the hill-country of Judea, Hebron, and Bethlehem. It was to be a three days' excursion, and much for us depended on the way in which it was carried out, as the success of this expedition was to decide whether we should afterwards attempt the longer tour through Northern Palestine. We started in excellent spirits, although not with the best horses in the world. The master of our hotel was our dragoman. The air was light and fresh with the pure morning breeze, and all promised well.

We walked to the Jaffa Gate by Miss Cooper's industrial school, where we saw her Jewesses seated on low divans round the rooms, happily occupied in sewing, weaving, and making twine.*

At the Jaffa Gate we met our horses, muleteers, and baggage, with the English Consul and Mrs. Finn, who had very kindly undertaken to introduce us to Solomon's Gardens at Urtass—a place in which they took especial interest, on account of the model farm lately commenced there with the object of affording employment to Jewish converts.

We were entering David's country. The incidents of his life, with its strong contrasts of lowliness and grandeur, joy and sorrow, were entwined with the name of almost every town and village, hill and valley, cave and desert we saw. We were leaving Jerusalem, where the words and deeds of three years, and more especially the words and deeds of three days, of incarnate Godhead made all other associations sink into insignificance, except as connected with them, for a portion of the Holy Land rich in Old Testament memories, but linked to the New Testament only by the sacred name of Bethlehem, and the journey of the virgin mother to that hill-country of Judea which we were now traversing.

Was Hebron, the Levitical city, the City of Refuge,

the home of Zacharias and Elisabeth? Then the footsteps of Mary must have passed across these very hills. Alone, in the guardianship of God and his angels, with the hope of the world in her heart, and in hers alone of all human beings, she crossed these hills, lonely, no doubt, then in many places, though not with the dead solitude of to-day, to meet the one other woman whom God gave her to share the wondrous secret of her joy.

Una and her lion, Milton's picture of the majesty of purity in Comus, and all other images of feminine purity, tenderness, and courage, seem rough and poor beside that maiden of Galilee fearlessly pursuing her quiet, unnoticed way,—

"Tracing huge forests and unharboured heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy, perilous wilds,"—

to the mother of the Baptist. Let us not desecrate it by any mediæval allegorizing. No lilies sprang in her path, no millennial lambs and lions did her homage, no glory shone around her. But God was with her,—

"A thousand liveried angels lacqued her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;

and all along the solitary way her lowly and happy soul magnified the Lord, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour. Well, indeed, may we in these latter generations call her "*blessed*," for from the heavens where she rests the word comes back to us from the lips of her Saviour and ours—comes back individually to each one of us who love him, sealed with a richer beatitude than even hers as his mortal mother—sealed with a "yea," and multiplied with a "rather:" "Yea, rather, blessed are those who hear the word of God, and keep it." And looking round about on the disciples, with that comprehensive, yet most individualizing glance which St. Mark records, he said, "Behold my mother and my brethren."

That morning ride across the breezy hills was very inspiring. We crossed more than once one of Solomon's aqueducts, a covered channel which conveyed the waters from the neighbouring hills into Jerusalem. In many places the stones which roof the channel are broken in, and the shepherds water their flocks at the stream which still flows there.

We passed one of the many places in this country sacred alike to Jew and Mohammedan, and fraught with a tender interest to the Christian,—Rachel's tomb. It is now a massive, solitary mosque, jealously guarded from intrusion; but below it is a cave—probably the original cave-tomb of Rachel—into the interior of which you may peep through a small opening, although you may by no means enter. Except for its desolation and melancholy solitude, there is little in it to harmonize with one of the tenderest histories of human love and sorrow in the Old Testament. How close home to the heart that narrative comes amidst all the old-world histories of violence, and feuds, and petty warfare between tribes which were the germs of nations! Amidst so much that is foreign to our life and thoughts, this

* Information on missionary subjects has, for the most part, been omitted from these notes, because the intervening years have, of course, made any such information out of date.

history is fresh and heart-touching as if it had happened in the immediate circle of our friends. It is as if amidst one of the old, deserted, giant cities, with their massive walls and Cyclopean temples, and traces of war and savage worship, we suddenly came on a home strewn with the traces of recent everyday occupations, household vessels, children's toys, pillows retaining the impress of the head that lay there yesterday, and wet with the tears of mourners. It is the one sanctuary of uncalculating and self-sacrificing affection, unsullied by the low and covetous aims which debased so much of Jacob's life. For her sake the seven years of service seemed nothing to him for the love he had to her. It was an intense personal affection, independent of all cost and all consequences. Dearer to him alone than all on earth beside, her children seem to have been dear to him more for her sake than even for their own. "He alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him," was the plea for Benjamin with Joseph. Then what could exceed the pathos of Rachel's own history, the southern fervour of her character, the death caused by the very fulfilment of her passionate desire? And afterwards the dying mother's name of sorrow changed by the father into the name of tenderness, the son of her anguish into the son of his right hand; the tender minuteness with which, long years afterwards, Jacob digresses from the blessing of Joseph's children to the mother's death: "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath;" the kind of fond, *motherly* pride which made the father clothe the motherless boy in the coat of many colours;—all these tender touches which linger around every memory of the beloved wife, do they not show that God melted Jacob's heart through human love as well as by divine revelation? The angel who was more than angelic surely wrestled with Jacob at other places besides Peniel, giving divine strength to so many since Jacob, by that very touch which seemed to take all strength away. Surely that death and that tomb by the wayside brought the bereaved into the presence of God as well as Bethel and Peniel; and He whose love includes in its depths all that is highest and tenderest in the love of father, mother, or husband, taught Jacob much through that love and sorrow.

It seemed a cold and lifeless monument to such a history, that shapeless, solitary building. A mound of earth, or a tree, which spring would have renewed every year, and made the cradle of flowers or the home of birds, would have seemed more in harmony with that simple narrative of love, and life, and death.

We reached Urtass before midday—the valley of Solomon's Gardens. As to the economical value of this farm as a missionary experiment I can offer no opinion, but its value to us was very great as a *restoration* of the Bible pictures of the Holy Land in its days of glory and beauty. Such as this valley is, the whole land in its peopled and cultivated portions must have been—a

land not only flowing with milk and honey from the upland pastures and the breezy, thyme-scented hills, but "a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates—a land of oil-olive"—"a land of fountains and depths which spring out of valleys and hills"—a "land of hills and valleys which drinketh water of the rain of heaven."

The farm-house (Meshullam's) was situated in a quiet nook, low in the valley. We had our cold luncheon on stone seats in the shade of a tree outside the house, which was not unlike an Italian farm-house. Our friends guided us up the hill-sides, which were very steep, but irregularly terraced. Every level bit was covered with vines. The bright, fresh, green of the luxuriant vine-leaves was very refreshing to the eye after the brown, burnt up hills around Jerusalem. These vines need no artificial watering. The rains of the rainy season, and afterwards the heavy night dews of the dry season, keep them juicy and vigorous. As we climbed the hills we continually came on the roots and stumps of old oaks, terebinths, &c., sprouting healthily with fresh leaves. These, with fig-trees and vines, grow to the summit of the hills. The improvident peasantry think nothing, we were told, of destroying trees to make charcoal, and thus the country is steadily laid waste. But the old, gnarled roots were there to tell their tale of noble trunks and canopies of leafy branches, once filling the valley with the music of leaves and birds, blending with the voice of a stream which still flowed below; the stately forest-trees, and fruit-trees large as forest-trees, no doubt festooned with clusters of golden and purple grapes.

The productions of the level base of the little valley were more prosaic, except for their suggestions of home comfort, which give their own peculiar charms to kitchen-gardens, and for the beautiful little stream which eddied and prattled along its stony channel. At the head of the valley is an ancient rock-hewn tank, filled with fresh water from a stream which flows into it through the arched entrance of a cool, subterranean chamber. The fountain-head is at some little distance, and the water is conveyed into the valley through an ancient excavated aqueduct. From this tank the stream falls in a cascade to the lower level of the valley, by the side of which it flows with the inimitable music of abundant water. The channel is rocky, and overshadowed in many places with steep, wild crags. At the head of the dell, near the tank, some fine old fig-trees cast their broad, thick folds of green shade, which is met at its edge by the delicate shadows of pomegranates, then glowing with scarlet blossom. This was quite a bower of shade. Below is a garden of herbs, fruit, and vegetables, planted in little spaces, each isolated by its tiny water-course. These channels are filled every eight days by the gardener's removing with his foot the little earthen dyke which closes them. It is replaced and the channel cleared in the same way. By this care two or three crops are obtained in the year. Probably without this

"Egyptian" method (*vide* Deut. xi. 10) abundant ordinary crops might be procured. These vegetables, herbs, and fruits help to supply the Jerusalem market, as probably, in old times, they supplied Solomon's royal table.

After luncheon and our midday rest we rode to Solomon's magnificent tanks or pools. There are three of these excavated, in the solid rock, and in some places supported or approached by walls or steps of massive ancient masonry. They were full on that June afternoon of living water flowing through them. A ruined castle stood near. But the tanks, which must have been excavated two thousand years at least before a stone of the castle was raised, were not ruined. Throughout the Holy Land no relics of glorious old times are so perfect and so satisfactory as these tanks. Temples, and fortresses, and palaces, are scattered or defaced, but these retain the fresh mark of the workman's tools, and remain a witness,—not to the pomp of superstition, or royalty, or war,—but to the useful labours of an industrious and prosperous people, and a blessing to the peasants of to-day as to those of three thousand years ago.

Thence we proceeded to Hebron, the city of David's early reign, a rough and hilly ride. It was growing dark before we reached it, and our tired horses stumbled frequently over the rocks and roots on the hill-sides. Before night, however, our tents were pitched, and our camp-fire was lighted under the shade of "Abraham's oak." The horses, mules, and donkeys, with a foal which belonged to one of our mares, and greatly perplexed the riders by its erratic ways, were fastened to stakes near at hand. We commenced mending, sketching, and chatting over adventures, and were at home and at rest as much as pilgrims could wish to be. Vines trailed their luxuriant branches along the ground—stakes to support them being expensive luxuries in this treeless land. The horses were led to water at a neighbouring spring; muleteers and servants were grouped in various picturesque attitudes; our dinner was slowly but surely in course of preparation by the Maltese cook; the moonlight fell, chequering the ground through the interstices of the black massive branches and the delicate leaves of the oak, which was large enough to have sheltered a legion of soldiers. And it was Abraham's oak. Here, on this Plain of Mamre, under just such a venerable oak, at the door of a tent (probably more like the camel-hair Bedouin tents than ours), Abraham had welcomed the three mysterious visitors, two of whom were angels. Heavenly feet had trodden this ground. Had heaven grown distant since then, or only invisible, and were such heavenly beings indeed encamping round us for His sake, who in his humiliation needed their ministry once, and commands it always? That God cares for, and protects the feeblest of those who seek his care, we cannot doubt, and He works out his merciful purposes rather with living agents than with unconscious instruments, rather with hands than with machines. Such thoughts

often cheered us in our night encampments in the Holy Land, and in regions far more dangerous than Hebron. Although our party happened to be entirely unarmed, I cannot remember experiencing a sensation of fear.

Before breakfast the next morning, June the 18th, we took a beautiful ride along the side of a very fine ravine to Adoraim, the modern Dura. From the top of a mosque near the poor cabins which form the village, we had one of those views so frequent from high land in the centre of Palestine, embracing a large range of hilly country east and west, from the Mediterranean to the hills beyond Jordan, from the sea to the desert.

My horse fell with me at full gallop on some smooth slippery turf, happily just after we had passed the ravine along the precipitous side of which the road wound quite unguarded. I walked back to the tent, and in that way had more leisure to notice the high vineyard walls, built of rough stones, and leaving narrow lanes between them, with occasionally a rude tower at an angle of the walls. These are characteristic of Southern Palestine, and are the lineal descendants of the ancient solitary "cottage in the vineyard." The proprietors often come from their houses in Hebron and live in them during the grape season, at once to enjoy and to protect their property.

In the afternoon we rode to Hebron. It was more like a European town (not one in England, certainly, but in some remote part of Italy), than any other place we had seen in Palestine. There were some faint indications of prosperity and life about it: numerous and abundant wells, water-troughs, gardens, vineyards, walls not in ruins, reservoirs well-kept, even a road in the valley.

We had some slight hope of being permitted to see the inside of the Haram or Sacred Place of Hebron, honoured by Moslems, Jews, and Christians as Abraham's Tomb. Mohammedan bigotry had yielded to bribes at Jerusalem, enforced by the echo of our artillery at Sebastopol. And why not here? But all our solicitations were in vain. The authorities of Hebron were either too strictly bound by Mohammedan law, or too ignorant of European politics to pay any attention to our demands. A crowd of angry looking idlers, and boys evidently not averse to the use of physical force, began to collect, and we were obliged to content ourselves with inspecting the outside walls. These were in many parts built of very large stones with that groove round them which we had been told at Jerusalem was characteristic of early Hebrew or Phœnician workmanship, like the stones left in the Temple enclosure. Thus the building carried us back to the days when David dwelt here a king, whilst the cave beneath it is indeed the resting-place of Sarah and Leah, Jacob, Isaac, and Abraham, the friend of God.

From Hebron we climbed a steep terraced hill, partly riding, and partly scrambling on foot, leading our horses. At the top was a grove of fine old fig-trees, reminding one of the groves which crowned the "high places"

in ancient days. The view from this was rich and beautiful, and might be taken as some faint likeness of what it must have been in David's time, when the industrious Jews had entered on the olive gardens and vineyards of that earlier race, which, with all its crimes and savage idolatries, must have possessed elements of material civilization lost to the lawless Arab peasants who people the land now. The royal city lay below us, not far off, in the luxuriant plain, from a centre in the valley radiating up three separate hills. Its white roofs, domes, and airy minarets, and especially the great mosque over Machpelah, blended beautifully with the olives, vines, and figs which surrounded them. Around was the lovely, rich Plain of Mamre, and beyond, corn-fields were still golden on the lower uplands.

Again a night under the shelter of Abraham's oak, and in the morning (Thursday, June 19th) once more across the hill-country of Judea on our way back by Bethlehem to Jerusalem.

The especial interest of this day's journey was that it lay through the heart of the scenery of David's Psalms. The rocks and hill-fortresses, the "thousand hills," and the quiet valleys, the green pastures by the still waters, the wild caves and ravines of the shadow of death, amidst which we journeyed this day, were precisely those which have from our earliest childhood been made allegorical to us by the inspired poetry of the shepherd king.

Our first thoughts, however, in mounting the heights east of the city, were of Abraham's pleading for Sodom on these very hills, and afterwards beholding from the same spot, not the sea of verdure he had seen there before, or the gleam of sunny waters which we see now, but the heavy sea of smoke going up between him and the mountains of Moab,—no wreathed folds of morning mist, but the smoke of a burning land.

The first place we reached was Tekoah, after a wild, rough ride up and down pathless hills. One valley we had much difficulty in crossing. The side was very steep, and clothed or rather thickly sprinkled with trees, the roots of which perplexed our horses, whilst their branches perplexed us, and more than once forcibly recalled the fate of Absalom. At the bottom of this valley, which was a broad level, were corn-fields and meadows, beside an abundant, but still and noiseless stream—"green pastures by still waters," sufficiently rare in this country to impress themselves strongly on the memory. Some peasants were at work in the fields, who warned us off their territories with angry gestures.

Tekoah only differs from the ruined towns or villages which crest almost every hill-top, in its ruins being, although untenanted, more extensive and perfect than usual. This does not imply much; but since "ruins" in the Holy Land frequently mean little more than shapeless heaps of stones, there was a certain interest in exploring the foundations of houses, and the remains of tanks and wells in the city of the "wise woman" of old. The walls of a Greek church were still standing, with

large stones of earlier buildings used in its foundation, and a stone font. The chief interest of the place, however, consists in its being one of the "fortresses," the fortified places on the rocky heights of Judea, which suggested to David the image so frequent in his Psalms: "Thou," and not these strongholds of my country's hills, "art my refuge and my fortress."

Our next expedition was to the Cave of Adullam, as our guides called it, I suppose incorrectly, since the refuge of David and his outlawed band is considered to have been more probably situated in one of the valleys opening on the rich maritime plains of the Philistines, on whom they made their forays. This mattered little to us—it was doubtless *such* a cave. During that exiled and outlawed period of his life, when David, like so many of whom the world was not worthy, "wandered in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," he had recourse to more than one such hiding-place, and why not to this?

In itself this cave was remarkable, not indeed wrought by stalactite and stalagmite into fairy likenesses of cathedral, palace, or grove, like some of the caves in our own limestone formations, but interesting, nevertheless, from its situation and its size. Its only opening is into a narrow, deep, dry ravine. Its only approach is down a steep mountain-path to a ledge of rock, over which you have to creep on hands and knees, one at a time, round a projecting crag into the cavern. This jutting rock, which effectually screens the entrance, once passed, the opening is large enough to admit abundance of light and air, and introduces you at once into a wide and lofty hall, with a vaulted or dome-shaped roof, the top of which was only lighted up at angles here and there by the daylight, or further in by our torches. This led into other chambers, and into one passage which we did not penetrate. A more secure hiding-place could scarcely be imagined. The entrance even could not be reached to smoke its tenants out, and except that, no mode of attack, but blockade, could affect them. The opening was about half-way up the perpendicular sides of the ravine. Wild birds flew uneasily about the crags, disturbed by our presence. The deep, narrow glen lay in shade even in that burning mid-day, and suggested forcibly by its lifeless stillness and darkness, in contrast with the valley of still waters and green pastures we had just passed, the other valley mentioned in the same psalm—the sunless, waterless ravine of the shadow of death.

There was something most interesting in this, as it were, approaching the Psalms from the *other side*. Usually the thoughts are present with us, and we illustrate them with David's images. Spiritual life and refreshment—the sure guardianship of our God—his presence lighting us at that hour when all other lights go out,—these are facts familiar to us, and we clothe them in the imagery of stream, and meadow, and dark ravine. But with David, probably, this was often reversed; he *saw* the still waters, the cavern "hiding-place," the commanding

"fortress," the gloomy valley, and he linked these to the realities of the unseen world. Looking at his flocks peacefully feeding under his shepherd care, he thought with happy confidence, "The Lord is my shepherd. I would traverse hill and valley before these trusting flocks should lack pasture, and will He suffer me to want?" Or, watchfully leading them through such a desert ravine as this—one of those "desert-creeks" through which Bedouin marauders might invade the peaceful land—without a tuft of herbage or a drop of water to sustain the wearied sheep, gathering the lambs in his arms, bearing the sickly on his shoulder, guarding them and guiding them with his rod and staff, he might feel: "And I also, though I have to pass through a ravine darker and more desolate than this, will fear no evil. These sheep fearlessly follow me here, and I will fearlessly follow thee, my Shepherd; for even there thou shalt be with me. My rod and staff lead and protect them—*Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*" Or, in after years, looking from his mountain stronghold, or hiding in such a cave as this, he thought, "Not these stone walls and this rocky height, or this inaccessible cavern, are my true security. The Lord is my rock and my fortress, my high tower, my refuge, and my hiding-place."

It is difficult to describe the freshness and beauty which those precious, familiar psalms acquire by being thus visibly approached from the side of the scenery which suggested their imagery.

After leaving "Adullam," or whatever this interesting cave should be called, the next feature of importance in our day's journey was the ascent of the "Frank Mountain." This is a conical hill with a square, level summit, higher than the hills around, of a peculiar shape among their usual unvaried rounded forms, and commanding a fine view. There are ruins on it, and the mere fact of its having an outline of some character amidst these monotonous heights, is said to have gained it the honour assigned it of being the last fortress held by the crusading Franks in the Holy Land.

Our last point was Bethlehem, to which, on account of the length of the day's journey and the approaching darkness, our visit was unfortunately rather hurried.

We lingered a little time by the Well of Bethlehem, waiting for some of our party. But, precious as the hours were to us, we could hardly call this time lost, we were so much interested in watching several of the Bethlehem maidens who were drawing water. Their manners and appearance were so different from most of the peasantry of the country; their bearing was so modest, and yet so frank and trustful; and their movements and figures were so graceful, as they sat on the edge of the well, or helped each other to draw up the heavy pitchers, in their white classical robes, with their head-dresses of gold coins; and their unveiled faces had such a noble beauty, a Greek regularity of feature, combined with such dignity of expression. It seemed as if a glory had fallen on them from the virgin mother of Nazareth, who brought forth here her first-born Son, and

wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger *here*.

I cannot say the refreshment it was to see women once more whose ideas of modesty and good manners consisted in something else than in hiding their faces, and cowering like frightened animals when spoken to. These Bethlehem Christian women are, we were afterwards told, renowned for their beauty and for their good character. They are said to be descendants of the Crusaders. The Europeans of Jerusalem engage them, whenever they can, as upper servants. There was something indescribably touching to me in finding this little knot of free, noble-looking women at the birth-place of Him to whom the women of Christendom owe, in every sense, everything which ennobles and blesses them for eternity and for time.

The water they so courteously drew for us was the water of "the well hard by the gate," which David longed for, but would not drink, as the purchase of the blood of his faithful soldiers—the well to which he had doubtless often repaired when feeding those "few sheep" in the upland pastures near. As we left Bethlehem one of the women we had met at the well, and given some piastres to in acknowledgment of a draught of water, rushed out of a house as we rode by, and took my hand and kissed it fervently. I wonder if that little gift had come at some moment of need, and so awakened that burst of gratitude. It seemed to give one a link with a home at Bethlehem.

Our best views of the town were as we left it, and looked back on it from the hill, the long crest of which its white walls and houses crown,—a brown, bare hill, like the thousand others near, but terraced into vineyards by the Christian population, and looking down on a valley "standing thick with corn," whilst beyond are the pastures of the wilderness where David kept his sheep, and guarded them from the lions and bears which roamed up from the Jordan Valley, and beyond and above again, as always here, the purple mountain wall of Moab. Cornfields where Ruth gleaned, hills where the boy David kept his sheep; but to us how infinitely more than this.—hills where shepherds once kept watch over their flocks by night—where the glory of the Lord shone round them through the midnight—where the voices of a great multitude of the heavenly host sang, "Glory to God in the highest"—where the Lord of angels, higher than heaven, once lay, a babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, cradled in a manger. "For unto us was born that day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

I have often since thought it was unwise, but then and there our hearts revolted from the beads, and relics, and even the Church of the Nativity, with its candles, and silver shrines, and marble floors. Cannot any one see it any day at a diorama in London? At all events, we did not visit it. I know that the subsequent historical interest of that church is great—that it was one of the earliest sanctuaries of Christendom—that Jerome, the fervent, stern, rugged father, lived there in a cave

for years But I cannot, on the whole, regret that our unmixed associations with Bethlehem were of frank and noble-looking Christian women drawing water for us from David's well ; of a white town cresting a hill where shepherds feed the flocks, and at whose foot rest golden corn-fields, and where all subsequent historical events are merged in the one event which began all Christian history—that He to whom every knee in heaven and earth shall bow once lay there, a babe, on a poor Galilean woman's breast, He who on the throne of heaven wears that nature still.

We returned to Jerusalem by the Hill of Evil Counsel, with its one solitary tree, passing in an hour or two from the mountain village where we know the Saviour was born to the desolate fields where it is said the traitor died.

Once more, and for the last time, we returned to Jerusalem as our home, and felt how even the most interesting and sacred minor associations of this wonderful land are dim and distant compared with the thoughts which gather round every minutest touch and incident of that one life and death which are to us, in the midst of all the darkness of earth and time, light and life, wisdom and redemption, the opening of heaven, and the manifestation of God.

E. C.

THE SIGN OF THE PROPHET JONAH.

WHEN we consider the glory of the death and resurrection of Christ, as the greatest event in the mediatorial history, and that on which the faith of the Church chiefly hinges, we are apt to feel as if that Old Testament incident under which our Lord sets it forth, were hardly worthy of such august companionship. When the generation to which the Son of God came sought a sign, he declared that "There shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas : for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." It was thus that our Lord thought it fitting to set forth the greatest event in our world's history ; and if the type chosen by him seems to us too partial or too poor, it is probably because we have not sufficiently studied it in all its accessories and allusions, as the type preappointed for the use of the great Teacher, when revealing his own death and victory.

Let us for a little, keeping this in our view, meditate upon the history of the prophet Jonah.

He was, in the first place, the oldest of the prophets. Prophesying about the year B.C. 800, he preceded the earlier prophets, such as Isaiah, Hosea, and Micah, and died two centuries before the later, such as Jeremiah, Daniel, and Ezekiel. And while to Christ gave all these prophets witness, testifying beforehand his sufferings and the glory that should follow, there was one, the first of them all, who had already become a type of him, not by spoken message, but by his own eventful history.

Is it not touching to find our Lord, who is ever ready to acknowledge the faith and forget the sins of his servants, passing over all these sons of consolation and sons of thunder, to reach that rude old prophet, stubborn, indeed, and hard to teach, but a true servant of the God who saved his life from corruption ? All the prophets and the law prophesied until John and the kingdom of God had come ; but here we find the first of all that "goodly fellowship" linked to the last and greatest, even to the great Prophet promised unto the fathers, who, when he would commend himself to an unbelieving generation, called himself only "a greater than Jonas." Eight hundred years had that grey head slept in the dust, and that burning, passionate heart forgot "to be displeased exceedingly, and to be very angry" with the dealings of his God. And now, when the King had at last come to his temple, he calls to him his earliest herald and forerunner, and lays his hands upon his head, and declares him to have been the unconscious witness and setter forth of the death, and burial, and rising of his incarnate Lord.

But if Jonah was the first of the prophets, his history, as we all know, was stranger than that of almost any of them. We all remember that scene on the deck, when the Lord had "sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken." Then, when the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and could not lighten the ship, though they threw forth the wares, and at last cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah—he confessed who he was, "an Hebrew, and a fearer of Jehovah, which hath made the sea and the dry land." And he told how he, a prophet of the Lord, had fled from the face of the Lord, and "I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." And even those rude seamen and heathens were appalled as they looked on the face of him whom the God of heaven was pursuing with his elemental wrath, and who even now, amid his awful consciousness of guilt, professed himself still a fearer and servant of Jehovah. He had said to them, "*Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea ; so shall the sea be calm unto you ;*" (and this spake he not of himself, but being the first of the prophets, he prophesied that Christ should so die for all the children of God that were scattered abroad). Yet they would have saved him if they could. But when the sea wrought and was tempestuous against them, and the raging billows of the Levant had broken their oars, "for the men rowed hard to come to the land," then they addressed themselves to their solemn sacrificial act. "Wherefore they cried unto Jehovah, and said, We beseech thee, O Jehovah, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood ; for thou, O Jehovah, hast done as it pleased thee." So Jonah was cast into the sea ; and the sea ceased from her raging, and the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows.

Who can read this story without being reminded, not

indeed by all, but by some things in it, of the more awful sacrifice that was to be accomplished at Jerusalem? If Jonah was a sign in being three days and three nights in the heart of the deep, surely he was also in the manner in which he was committed to it. Think of the greater tragedy that has since been enacted, and the principles which it illustrates. What is this world of ours but a "ship fleeing from the presence of the Lord!" Deceitful gleams of sunshine in front, dark thunder-clouds hurrying behind, the moan of the storm to come wailing in the air. The Lord hath sent forth his wind into the sea, and men tug in vain each at their several oar of life, and find it labour and sorrow. We cry every man unto his god, and our gods do not deliver us. We cast forth the riches which we have gathered and which we idolize, and our load of life is lightened for a moment, but the great storm of existence is not appeased. Still "there is sorrow on the sea." Age after age men have cowered and shuddered as the thought came upon them that this life is a life apart from God, and that all troubles are but the successive surges of a tide that shall one day close over them in retribution. And so has the world-ship been drifting on her way to the iron-bound shore,—

"When, lo! upon the reeling deck a weary Stranger stands,
And to the dark devoted crowd stretches his suppliant hands;
'From the face of God, from the face of God, from the face of
God ye flee,—
'Tis the blast of the breath of his nostrils that shakes this
stormy sea!
But take ye Me and cast me into the troubled deep,
And the wrath that is roused against you will be pacified and
sleep.'"

"With wicked hands" they seized Him, and threw Him, the Prince of life, into that gulf of death; and his last words were, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." With wicked hands,—but it was the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, and it was his own great love, which many waters could not quench, nor the floods of death could drown. And let us not omit to notice that point which, while it seems at first sight the most unmistakable discrepancy between the type and the antitype, is in fact their most central bond of union. Jonah was the one sinner on board the ship, and for his sake was the great tempest upon them. How shall we use such words of the Holy One and the Just? Yet most true it is in fact, and it is scriptural to speak it in words, that he *became* the *one sinner* in that company which he came to save. It was not that he "bound them in the bundle of life" with himself. It was not even that he bound himself into the bundle of their death. It was that he took all their death and all their sin upon himself, so that they should be free from both. In the awfully glorious words of Scripture, he became sin that they might be made the righteousness of God in him; and so when God's storm hurried after their bark, it sought but him. The lot fell upon Jehovah's servant, and he said, "Lo, I come!" It was a *real* sacrifice. He had, no doubt,

voluntarily taken upon him their guilt, but he had taken that against which the thunders of God *must* bend themselves. And so when he perished they were saved. The sea ceased from her raging. The great sacrifice had been offered, never to be repeated. The great propitiation had been made. The men whose sins he had carried into the depths of the sea, had now only to stand in white on the "heavenward-bound ship" (as the early Christians loved to describe the Church), and fear the Lord exceedingly, and offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and pay their vows. "It is finished." From that hour of consummate and final sorrow, the desired haven is open to every soul of man who will enter in, and a voice has sounded through all the lives of all the generations of men, calling them to the land where there is "no more sea," and where Christ, who died unto sin once, liveth unto God.

"Three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." This is the point which our Lord has specially signalized as the sign of his own burial. It is universally recognised as such; and as we are at present attending to those parts of the type which are in more danger of being overlooked, we may now, having already considered *Jonah's propitiatory or expiatory sacrifice*, attend also to his wonderful and doubtless prophetic *prayer*. No one who remembers how the sixteenth, and twenty-second, and other psalms are applied to the Messiah, can doubt that this also has the same profound and sacred meaning; and in some respects it is more suggestive and solemn than any of them. It reminds us in every verse of One who in after days "prayed with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." Concerning him the Church has long confessed that "He descended into hell," or the abode of the dead; and this is a prophet's cry "out of the belly of hell." "The waters compassed me about, even to the soul; the depths closed me round about; the weeds were wrapped about my head; I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever." So He who lay in Joseph's tomb was sealed over unto death, the earth guarding her prisoner. Or if we take the prayer as more applicable to the hour of mysterious sorrow before the betrayal, then with what a voice do these awful words fall upon us, "Thou hast cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about; all thy billows and thy waves passed over me:" "Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight" ("My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?") "Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." ("Not my will, but thine be done.") So the Son of man, like Jonah, descended into the abyss of death; so, like Jonah, was he delivered. "It was not possible that he should be holden of it." David of old speaketh concerning Him, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." And so this prophet in later days, "Out of the belly of hell cried I,

and thou heardest my voice ; thou hast *brought up my life from corruption*, O Lord my God."

These considerations make it plain enough what a rich and magnificent sign is that of this oldest of Israel's prophets, and how much our Lord intended to recall to faithful hearts and watching minds, when he said that as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so should the Son of man be in the heart of the earth. But let us, in conclusion, refer to one other utterance of Christ on the subject: "As Jonas was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of man be to this generation." It is remarkable that this first prophet was a prophet, not to the Jews, but to the Gentiles, and was raised from his living tomb to preach to a metropolis of heathendom the message of Jehovah. So when that "one Man died for the people, that the whole nation should not perish," it was "not for that nation only" that he rose again, though to that nation his message came first, "beginning at Jerusalem." God raised Jonas from the deep, not to remain idle and alone in Galilee,—Jonas, like our Lord, was a Galilean,—but to preach to the Ninevites. And "God, having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless" the children of the prophets first, and all nations thereafter, "in turning every one of them from his iniquities." And in the manner of the message, too, our Lord points out a resemblance. "Jonah was a sign" to the Ninevites. He not merely preached ; he was himself the sermon. As he went round that "exceeding great city of three days' journey," crying with a loud voice, men saw one who had been in the very jaws of death, and was drawn from death to preach to them. So, and still more, with the great Prophet of the world. The risen Saviour is the great sign unto mankind. Our Preacher hath his vesture dipped in blood. He is himself the message which he brings. In every church and chapel under heaven where the gospel is truly preached, we hear the message of One, who to calm the storm of God's anger, threw himself into the heart of the deep, while all the waves and billows went over him. And hearing his message, we hear Himself. We have to deal with Himself. He is present. He calls upon us to be buried with him in baptism to the life of sin and death, and to rise with him to a new life, quickened in us according to that working of God's mighty power, which he wrought of old when he raised Christ from the dead. s.

PASSING AWAY.

PASSING away ! how sad the thought !
From all of bright and fair below ;
From songs of spring, and summer flowers,
And autumn sunsets' radiant glow ;—
Never to gaze, and muse again,
By the blue ocean's sounding shore,
To wander through the smiling vale,
To climb the mountain heights no more !

Hush that deep sigh, O faithless heart !
All thou hast known of fair or bright,
Has shone with but a borrowed beam
Reflected from celestial light.
If under sin and sorrow's shade,
Such beauty hath adorned thy way,
What must remain to be revealed
In the good land of perfect day ?

Passing away ! how sad the thought !
From all that makes this heart rejoice ;
The fellowship of kindred souls—
The music of affection's voice—
The look, the smile, the words of love—
All the dear ties around me twined—
All the sweet counsel fondly shared,—
All these to lose—to leave behind !

Hush that deep sigh, O faithless heart !
Who thinks or says that love can die ?
An exile here, and "stranger guest,"
Her native home is in the sky.
If pilgrims through the stranger land
Can find communion here so sweet,
What shall the joy, the rapture be,
When in their Father's house they meet !

Passing away ! untrodden path,
Mysterious journey, dark, unknown !
The mortal shelter cast aside,
The spirit going forth, alone !
From the strange prospect shrinking back,
I look and long for some kind hand,
Some friendly voice, to cheer, to guide
Through the deep water floods to land !

Where is thy faith, O doubting heart ?
Hath not thy Saviour gone before ?
Down the dark valley, through the flood,
The burden of thy guilt—he bore.
'Tis He who calls thee, fear not now,
But at his summons onwards move ;
Praise him for mercies here below,
Trust him for better things above !

January 1861.

H. L. L.

THE KINGDOM IN POWER.

THE spirit of man is subject as much as the body, although its subjection is not a seen thing. The human soul is not, and cannot be, a god unto itself,—by necessity of nature it must worship another,—around some spiritual centre it must revolve. It may be that some are, in point of fact, for a time hovering on the confines of two opposite worlds. The kingdom of light may have begun to grasp, while the kingdom of darkness has not yet let go the man. Two real powers—the power of God and the power of evil—are contending for possession. The captive of the one or of the other must a human

spirit be. There is such a thing as a borderer halting between these two kingdoms; but he does not halt always—he does not halt long there. While he stands quivering in the balance, sensible that redeeming love is drawing, but refusing to throw himself absolutely over into its power, the world holds him yet by a bond unbroken, and will suck back into its bosom all its own.

What is your position, brother? It is not enough to say that you are not wallowing in the mire of manifold lusts; you may be far removed from the vicious, and yet be as completely subject to the same spiritual power. The men who soar in a balloon among the clouds are as perfectly controlled by the earth's attraction as the men who heavily trudge on foot along the miry road below; soon, and perhaps suddenly, the lofty will be on a level with the low. Such, and no greater, is the difference between the more and the less reputable of those who live without God in the world. The movement upward from the earth, which is made by aid of earth's own powers and laws, will neither go far nor last long; if you are not caught and carried off by a power in heaven, the earth will soon have you on its bosom again. As long as a soul remains in the power of its old centre, a few degrees more or less of elevation in the standard of conventional morality will not decisively affect the final issue. A word will not avail. The kingdom that does not exert supreme controlling power is not a kingdom. In whose power does the soul actually lie? On that hinge turns all our time—all our eternity.

If the sun, while its grasp of the earth by gravity remained the same, were otherwise so changed that all its rays should be darts of death, the only hope for our world would be to escape from the sway of the destroyer. A method of deliverance can be at least conceived easily. Let the suffering planet forsake its orbit, and flee toward some other of the suns that people space; it would then revolve round another centre, and bask in another light. The passage of a human spirit from the power of Satan into the kingdom of God is a real event, as great and as decisive as the supposed transference of a peopled planet to the sphere of another sun. If there should not be in all cases the power of precisely observing and recording the moment when the border line between death and life is crossed, there ought, at least, to be a well-defined and clearly seen distinction between living under the power of darkness and a translation into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

On the Sabbath, when you leave your labour behind, and worship with your fellows in the house of prayer, or in the silence of night within your own dwelling, when you kneel alone to pray, which kingdom retains the control of your heart? Does the love of Christ hold you as the sun holds this planet in its power? If the new kingdom has not gotten the command, the old kingdom has not lost it. A kingdom in word cannot wrench you from the grasp of this world's god. The word of the kingdom may tingle in your ears every Sabbath for a lifetime, and you, nevertheless, lie in the wicked one.

There is only one way of deliverance, and that is by a simple and unreserved personal surrender to the power of Christ's kingdom—to Christ its King.

Whether do you keep Christ in your power or lie in his? Strange question, you will say; how could we keep Christ in our power although we would? True, you cannot ascend into heaven and drag Messiah from his throne; but those who are determined to have Christ at their disposal take not the power but the word, and make it lie where it will disturb them least. Some persecutors, when the victim is beyond their reach, dress and execute his effigy. Thus some who are called Christians treat Christ. They keep a lifeless image which bears his name, leaving it outside the door while they entertain company within, and subjecting it to a thousand indignities. The name and the garb they will endure, but not the life or power. In order to carry out a certain political system, the British Government maintained a personage at Delhi in royal state, with royal titles; but they crushed their own creature as soon as he tried to be a real king. It is thus that the same persons who bow the knee and cry, *Hosanna!* before the Christian religion, crucify Christ because he claims to be a King. The struggle of rebellion is painful; but simple, trustful, loyal obedience is sweet. Those who have surrendered without reserve to the Redeemer's claim of sovereignty, bear witness willingly that his yoke is easy and his burden light.—*Arnold.*

THE LAST LULLABY.

An infant on its mother's arm
Reposed and smiled, secure from harm;
Softly as evening shadows fly,
The mother sang this lullaby,—
“Sleep, baby, sleep—
Thy rest shall angels keep.”

Another eve the sun went down,
While tears bedewed the lashes brown;
And then in mournful tones again,
Was heard that tender, low refrain,—
“Sleep, baby, sleep—
Thy rest shall angels keep.”

Morn came,—a darker shadow fell;
The soft eyes slumbered in its spell;
Scarce could the trembling lips prolong
The cadence of that plaintive song,—
“Sleep, baby, sleep—
Thy rest shall angels keep.”

A starless night, a sunless day,
A jewel borne from earth away;
A loving heart by anguish riven,
Yet sang she 'neath the light of heaven.—
“Sleep, baby, sleep—
Thy rest shall angels keep.”

ALEXANDER CARLYLE OF INVERESK.

IN Foster's unique Essay "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself," which may be called the Philosophy of Autobiography, the case is supposed of a reflective aged man finding at the bottom of a chest, where it had lain forgotten fifty years, a record which he had written of himself when he was young. It contains a simple, vivid description of the feelings with which he looked forward on the career opening before him, the glowing fancies and aspirations which time was to convert into solid and precious realities. Very characteristic is it of the writer to imagine that the old man's consciousness would be strangely confused in the attempt to verify his identity with the being these fervid pages mirror,—that at every sentence he must repeat: "Foolish youth, I have no sympathy with your feelings; I can hold no converse with your understanding!"

About the time the thoughtful essayist was inditing this passage, a grey-headed man, verging on fourscore, was carefully retracing such a record, in the pleasant seclusion of the Scottish manse where he had lived from early manhood. Not, indeed, a faded manuscript he had retrieved from the secret recess of a cabinet, but one he had carried about with him for many years, locked up in the iron safe of a tenacious memory, and to which he was now giving such permanence as a faithful and finished transcript could secure. But day by day, as with a singular freshness of recollection he revived the image of his former self, and sketched with subtle and graphic pen the scenes, the incidents, the companions of his college years, no such painful doubts of his identity disturbed his composure. No sad, reproachful smile passed for a moment over the grave, world-worn face, as it recalled the midsummer day-dream of youthful enthusiasm. Quietly he bent him over his task, as the engraver over his plate of steel, etching in the lines with his burin, and bringing out the lights and shadows with biting acids, till the picture stands in sharp relief. For all these sixty restless years,—working, writing, scheming,—mingling amongst men, acting no common part on the open stage of events, declaiming in public assemblies, intriguing in secret conclaves,—this man had been true to one steadfast aim. From the outset of his career he had set his end clear before him, and went on towards it with a step that never swerved. Cool, collected, unscrupulous, always consistent with himself, he had become all he aspired to become; he had done all he had resolved to do. He had kept as straight and rigid a course to the mark as the engine on its iron track, now in a cutting, now on an embankment,—here lost in a tunnel, there rattling across a viaduct,—but

always on the level, never shunting to another line of rails, even as he neared the terminus.

A humble country minister, he had proposed to himself to gain a place in the most refined and cultivated circles of his time, to number many eminent and titled persons among his friends, to be a welcome guest at the fullest and most sumptuous tables, and he had succeeded. He had aspired to be a leader in the Church, to liberalize its theology and its public sentiment, to tone down its puritanic discipline to the morals and fashions of the time, and this he had accomplished to his heart's content. And now, at the mature age of fourscore, he sat down to review the annals of a well-spent life, to give posterity the benefit of his ripe experience,—to relate how a simple Scottish presbyter had gained the entrées of ducal mansions, lounged in the green-rooms of theatres, swayed reverend synods by his eloquence, and relaxed from his pastoral labours in the genial companionship of wits and infidels.

To do this man justice, he had not only those lighter qualities which fit men to shine in society, but native powers and endowments which would have raised him to success and distinction in any career he might have chosen. Along with sprightly wit and fluent conversation, a refined taste and a well-furnished mind, his memoirs bear evidence of his robust sense and inborn shrewdness, his insight into character,—alertness, energy, decision,—the clear outlook and determined will which give to one mind a potential force and momentum to carry common minds before it. There was no hypocrisy about Carlyle—no pretence to be something more and better than he was. What was in him came out broadly and nakedly without concealment. Fearless, reckless, outspoken in word and deed when others would have dissembled, he had in no common measure what the French call, "the courage of opinions." Under the control of religious principle, a character like his would have been one of the noblest and most influential for good that the Scottish Church has seen. That vigorous intellect, with its powers disciplined and quickened into exercise by profound spiritual conviction, a vital faith in things unseen, such as passed like a rushing mighty wind over the soul of the pastor of Kilmany, would have done signal service to the cause of truth and righteousness, and left an enduring stamp and impress on its time. Had Carlyle undergone the change which made the student of science a reader of the Bible, the work of Chalmers might have been anticipated by half a century, and the kirk of Inveresk been as dear as that of the Fife-shire hamlet to the Christianity of his native land.

Very different are the results of a long lifetime that are summed up in these posthumous pages. For in sober truth, this book, the autobiography of a minister of Christ, regarded, as of right it must be, from a Christian point of view, is one of the most melancholy ever written. Most painful in this respect, that from first to last, it is evident that the conception of Christianity, as a divine faith, meant to renew, and transform, and purify the souls of men, had never once entered into the writer's mind. A profound, unbroken, self-complacent ignorance or unconsciousness of the primary and fountal truths of the gospel, as a revelation of the will of God to His fallen creatures for their salvation, reigns throughout. It may be said that any formal statement of his religious sentiments did not fall within the scope of the writer's plan,—but the plea is fallacious. Had these truths possessed any place in his understanding, any hold of his conscience or heart,—they could not have failed to come out as influencing his general opinions or moulding his conduct. And Carlyle himself was too honest to mask his views under any subterfuge. There is no lack of piquant allusions to the subject, which show that everything like vital godliness or evangelical religion was to him mental imbecility or mischievous fanaticism, as offensive as the steam of a heathen sacrifice would have been to Paul. Once and again the old man's lip curls with a sneer that shows the acrid bitterness of hatred that rankled in his heart. The fire of malignant zeal still smouldered in the ashes. Through all his thoughts, and plans, and pleasures, there envelopes and clings to him a worldly atmosphere in which nothing spiritual could live. The words of Scripture must have been familiar to his mind, but all their pure and gracious light was quenched in the gross, unwholesome air, as a lamp goes out in the choke-damp of a mine.

When we reflect that Carlyle was reared in a manse, the son and grandson of ministers of the Church of Scotland, the state of feeling he exhibits, the utter blank and vacuity of his mind in regard to all that is distinctive or elemental in Christianity, is almost incredible. His own words must verify the statement: "As the time drew near when I was to be presented to Inveresk, there arose much murmuring in the parish against me, as too young, too full of levity, and too much addicted to the company of my superiors, to be fit for so important a charge, together with many doubts about my having the *grace of God, an occult quality which the people cannot define*, but surely is in full opposition to the defects they saw in me."

He gravely records the remark made by David Hume after hearing him preach in John Home's pulpit at Athelstaneford, seemingly unconscious of the satire it conveyed. "What did you mean," says he to me, "by treating John's congregation to-day to one of Cicero's academics? I did not think such heathen morality could have passed in East Lothian." Hume, at least, would not have qualified himself to be a preacher of "rational religion" by taking the ordination vows of a

Christian minister, and in his heart must have despised the men who had not shrunk from the awful perjury. Carlyle, of course, did not see this; probably this view of the subject had never once occurred to him. His nature was, in fact, struck with hopeless paralysis on the spiritual side.

It is not necessary, and it would not be a grateful task to dwell on the leading incidents of this biography, as they are cleverly told, from the battle of Prestonpans, which he saw from his father's manse garden, to the battle of the Window Tax, in which he gained a signal victory for the Church. He enjoyed all the advantages which academic training at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow could bestow, and to this was added a winter's residence at Leyden, the famous continental school of those days. The ministry was not the profession he would have chosen for himself. His first wish was to enter the army, then he had thoughts of law and medicine; but he yielded to the persuasions of his friends, who had interest to secure his preferment in the Church. He preached his first sermon on a fast-day at Tranent "with universal approbation." He thus describes the services of that day of humiliation and prayer: "The genteel people of Prestonpans (his father's) parish were all there; and one young lady, to whom I had been long attached, not having been able to conceal her admiration of my oratory, I inwardly applauded my own resolution of adhering to the promise I had made my family to persevere in the clerical profession." After this auspicious beginning, no long time elapsed before his presentation, at the age of six and twenty, to the parish of Inveresk, where he ministered till his death in 1805, a period of fifty-seven years. This era witnessed the gradual rise of the "Moderate" party to their ascendancy in the ecclesiastical councils, and the disastrous triumph of their policy in crushing the Christian liberties of the people, and well-nigh extinguishing spiritual life in the National Church. In all their measures Carlyle was a principal actor, apparently the moving spirit of the unholy crusade, and faithfully he tells us how the evil work was done. He describes the skilful statesmanship which insured these results with the pen of a Machiavel. Robertson, Home, Blair, and other college companions of his, formed the cabal. "There were a few of us who, besides the natural levity of youth and the natural freedom of our manners, had an express design to throw contempt on that vile species of hypocrisy which magnified an indecorum into a crime, and gave an air of false sanctimony and Jesuitism to the greatest part of the clergy, and was thereby pernicious to rational religion. In this plan we succeeded, for in the midst of our freedom having preserved respect and obtained a leading in the Church, we freed the clergy from many unreasonable and hypocritical restraints." Not without some risk was the success achieved. At the hands of the Puritan faction Carlyle was early called, like other reformers, to suffer persecution, the offence in his case being that he had publicly

appeared in the Edinburgh theatre at the first performance of the tragedy of Douglas, figured on the occasion in an unseemly altercation with some strangers, and consorted with the actors and actresses before and after the play. The thought that he was a martyr in the cause of 'rational religion,' suffering wrongfully, cheered his afflicted spirit and sustained him through the trial. He lived to see better days, and relates, with a feeling of humble gratitude, that "in the year 1784, when the great actress, Mrs. Siddons, first appeared in Edinburgh, during the sitting of the General Assembly, that court was obliged to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members, clergy as well as laity, took their stations at the theatre on those days by three in the afternoon."

As to the manner in which Assembly business was managed in those days, we have many a curious glimpse behind the scenes. Patrons who had cases of disputed settlement before the court were in the habit of opening public-houses to entertain the members. The agent of the Duke of Douglas, who had a case of this kind, which lasted for three Assemblies, opened a daily table, "which vied with the Lord Commissioner's for dinners, and surpassed it far in wine." Had the hospitality been less profuse, the case might not have lasted so long. It was the custom of the Moderate leaders to select for their *symposia* some West Bow tavern or punch-house, where they supped every evening and discussed their measures. At these festive conclaves, where that "innocent good soul," David Hume, was always a welcome guest, the chiefs of the Sanhedrim, over copious libations of claret laid in beforehand, carried out their dark conspiracy against the liberties and life of the Church whose bread they ate. From these haunts they retired at midnight flushed with wine, to send back, perchance, next day in open Assembly some clerical sot or brawler to the quiet country hamlet or Highland glen, where his name had been long a scandal,—drunken priests pronouncing the leper clean, and letting him go free; or it might be to browbeat a quailing Presbytery into ordaining some hireling Levite over a people who could only protest against the outrage to their holiest feelings by a sullen secession from the Church of their fathers.

So the work of "liberalizing" the Church went bravely forward. They made a solitude, and called it peace. It is well that one of the actors in the dismal tragedy has not shrunk from lifting the veil from scenes, which his more prudent associates would have wished to be buried in oblivion. Carlyle, indeed, does not spare his friends, but once and again roundly taxes them with dissimulation and cowardice. Thus, in allusion to play-going, we have this racy passage: "Drs. Robertson and Blair, though they both visited this great actress (Mrs. Siddons) in private, often regretted to me that they had not seized the opportunity which was given them, by her superior talents and unexceptionable character, of going openly to the theatre, which would have put an end to all future animadversions on the subject. This conduct of theirs was

keeping the reserve of their own imaginary importance to the last; and their regretting it was very just, for by that time they got no credit for their abstinence, and the struggle between the liberal, and the restrained and affected manners of the clergy had been long at an end, by my having finally stood my ground, and been so well supported by so great a majority in the Church."

So frequent are the references to these convivial meetings, that we seem to see the reverend biographer and his boon companions through a perpetual vinous haze. The sight of the grave Principal and the elegant Blair in their private hours is not edifying. We turn away from these carousals of graceless presbyters and scoffing lawyers, sickened by the fumes of wine. There hang about them the reeking odours of debauch; and we say with honest Samuel Johnson, when disgusted by some clerical buffoonery that passed in his presence, "This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive."

No welcome task is it to dwell on details like these, but it is necessary to complete the portraiture of the man, and to understand the spirit of the policy that made havoc of the Church. We must quote his summary of the qualifications requisite to a party leader in those days: "Dr. Patrick Cuming was at this time at the head of the Moderate interest; and had his temper been equal to his talents, might have kept it long; for he had both learning and sagacity, and very agreeable conversation, *with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times.*"

The poet of "The Seasons" must have had some such gifted divine in his eye in his description of the fox-hunters' revel, as one by one they succumb to their potations;—

"Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous pannoch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried stock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times."

One thing cannot but strike us in reading this chronicle of the life of a country minister, the absence of all, even the remotest allusion to his pastoral work. We are told in his long and faultless epitaph (composed in choicest lapidary English by his friend, Adam Ferguson) that he was "faithful to his pastoral charge." Sabbath after Sabbath for fifty years he must have appeared in the pulpit. Often must he have been called to the bed-sides of the sick and the dying; and sometimes after a season of wild weather, when the misty east wind had scourged the waves of the broad Frith into foam and fury, some homebound fishing-boat was looked for by dim eyes in Inveresk in vain, some lowly seats were vacant in the village kirk, and in the darkened dwellings was the wail of widow and orphans for those who were never to return. Scenes of anguish and bereavement like this Carlyle now and then must have witnessed,—trials and calamities that must have appealed to his human sympathies, and amid which the minister of Christ is always welcome as a comforter and friend. Never once does he speak of these things; the retrospect of life is empty

and barren here. We are taken into lordly mansions, and literary coteries, and places not so reputable; but never once have we a glimpse of a village interior,—we long to hear the clinking of a cottage latch. Of the hard, care-worn, struggling life that was going on all these years under the thatched or red-tiled roofs that might be seen from the windows of the manse, we know nothing. It is strange and wonderful that such a thing could be.

There is a coldness and hardness in his tone when he alludes even to the death of relatives and friends, which seems to indicate that there was little depth or tenderness in his nature. His worldliness had petrified the feeling. Speaking of the amiable qualities and promise of a brother who drooped and died in early life, he adds: "He lived to November 1747, and *then succumbed to fate*." This is rather below the elegiac strain of Cicero. Of his father's decease he remarks: "Though long expected, I felt this a severe blow, as every man of common feelings must do, the loss of a 'respectable' parent." Announcing the death of Principal Robertson to a friend, he says: "He appeared more 'respectable' when he was dying than ever he did even when living." Of which comforting assurance, recalling some of the scenes in which the historian is made to figure in these memoirs, we cannot doubt the truth. This modish phrase "respectable" recurs so often, especially as a tribute to departed worth, that we are led to the conclusion that "respectability," whatever it may mean, was the saving article of the system of rational religion in which Carlyle was so consistent a believer.

It is instructive to see the man who sneers at Doddridge's account of the conversion of Colonel Gardiner, and who transfixes with his keenest and most venomous sarcasms men whose only crime was that they believed and preached the doctrines of Paul and John, crawling in the dust at the feet of the satrap Dundas, when there was a project to send him out as Governor-General of India:—"When I consider how many millions of the human race look for a guardian angel to raise and perfect them, I see a shining path in the East that leads to a pinnacle of glory and virtue. Go, then, and pursue the way that Providence points out." No wonder that a simple minister, who had such mellifluous phrases at his command, should be a favourite in the most brilliant circles. He wrote poetry, and this passage shows that he possessed the creative imagination. Dundas an angel, is a flight that overpowers us.

And so we close the Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle. It is a vivid presentment of a phase of social life that has happily passed away. Under the boasted refinement that veneered the surface, we can see that it was a time of dissolute morals, heartless levity, flippant unbelief, coarse self-indulgence bordering on cynicism. There are men in whom, from a peculiar idiosyncrasy that renders them more than ordinarily susceptible, or sensitive to prevailing influences, the spirit of an age comes strongly out. Such was Carlyle: in pri-

vate life a man of the world according to the fashionable creed of the seventeenth century; as a minister, a type of that system of frigid rationalism and secularity which has become, as Moderatism, one of the dreariest traditions of the Scottish Church. Here, standing at full length, we survey him with the curiosity excited by a specimen of a race fast disappearing—the wine-drinking, free-thinking, eminently genteel and liberal clergyman, slightly sycophantic, at least "partial to the company of his superiors." His book contains rather less religion than the "Confessions" of Rousseau, and about as much as the Autobiography of Gibbon, or the "Dichtung und Wahrheit" of Goethe. With this Pagan poet, born out of due time, who would have been in his place as poet laureate to Julian the Apostate, we have no doubt that Carlyle would have cordially fraternized. Both had fine heads, and were compared to Jupiter.

We cannot regret that we should have had such a picture, so far as it throws light on an eventful epoch in Scottish Church history. But, for the sake of the writer and the sacred function he held so long, it might have been well to have allowed his manuscript to repose undisturbed in the safe privacy where it had lain for half a century. It is scarcely kindness to call back a man from the grave to rewrite his own epitaph. Assuredly Robertson and Blair would not have relished the prospect of being gossiped about and shown in dishabille, for the amusement of posterity, by a garrulous old man. A scene at Oxford marks the heartless, graceless, frivolous age to which it belonged;—its want of faith, reverence, earnestness,—and the kind of men it bred. It was time for Cowper's "Expostulation,"—his protest against the worldliness and indifference that were all but universal among the clergy:—

"Except a few with Eli's spirit blessed,
Hophai and Phineas may describe the rest."

Carlyle with Robertson and Home were on a visit to the place, and found their countryman Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, passing his trials for the degree of doctor in divinity. This ordeal consisted in his quietly sitting in a pulpit in one of the chapels for a certain time, and was called a "wall-lecture,"—there being no audience. "On seeing us enter the chapel, he talked to us and wished us away, otherwise he would be obliged to lecture. We would not go away, we said, as we wished a specimen of Oxford learning. On which he read two or three verses of the Greek Testament, and began to expound it in Latin. We listened for five minutes, and then telling where we were to dine, we left him to walk about."

Let us leave the group of priestly Sadducees, finding material for "foolish talking and jesting" in the sacred text of evangelist or apostle. As little Christianity was there in that Oxford chapel as in the hall of Caiaphas in the chill grey daybreak, when priests and doctors whiled away the time, waiting for Iscariot and the Captive of Gethsemane.

The Autobiography of Carlyle is the Nemesis of Moderatism.

GOD'S ALCHEMY.

"Out of the eater shall come forth meat, and sweetness out of the strong."

WELL ever near to grief,
And joy shall ever flow :—
Wouldst thou from pain have sure relief,
To pain then ever go.

Wouldst thou for ever part
With the burden of thy care ;—
Then do thou make thy heart
A heavier burden bear.

Wouldst thou that light should burst
Through the shadows that round thee fall ;—
Let thy journey be at first
Through the gloomiest shade of all.

Whatever ill be thine
From which thou wouldst be free,
Its cure sufficient, for divine,
Is *thy Lord's sore agony*.

Go, make that grief thine own :
Then, grief and tears shall swell,
Yet gazing on this thorny crown,
All is and shall be well.

W. M.

PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.*

THE idea of progress has been enlisted into the service of the enemy. Ages grow wiser. The wealth of one generation is put out to interest to increase the possessions of the next. Knowledge attained is but the stepping-stone to knowledge desired. In every department the sons of earth are advancing with tremendous strides. "Whereunto shall this grow?" is a question which, with the past before us, it is not easy to answer. Progress is written upon all human things; and he is little short of a fool who shall attempt to reverse this settled order.

Carried away with the great fact which we have just admitted, certain unsoubered minds and unexperienced hearts have plotted against the fixedness of Gospel doctrines, and have planned an advance upon the theology of their fathers. Have we not steam instead of horse-flesh? why not then philosophy instead of the old book? Do we not constrain the lightning to convey the thoughts of man? what should hinder us from compelling the words of the *seers* to bear the burden of our new devices? In all things else we march; why then stay we *here*? If in other fields the old opinions have been supplanted by fresh discoveries, why should not theology receive the like renovation? "The old picture," say they, "needs thorough cleaning, new tints must be supplied, and a

few touches by a younger hand will improve it greatly. The old Puritans were mere children, and we have so outgrown them that we put away their dogmas as childish things."

What a siren song is this for the youth of our churches! Shall we marvel if they be beguiled thereby? Happily the disease has not as yet spread very widely; and we trust that decided testimonies may stay it in its very first appearance. O perplexed one, charmed by the allurements of this harlot, yet willing to remain chaste in thy devotion to the truth, ask thyself this one question, and the spell of the enchantress is broken: When God has finished a work, shall man amend and correct it? Look to creation: in what respect is earth more lovely to-day than on the first of her sabbaths? Has the sun become more bright, or the moon more lovely? When the snow-flakes fell upon the mountains in the days of Enoch, were they less pure than now? Were the winds and rain but mere infants when they battled about the ark of Noah? Are flowers a novelty discovered by philosophy? or were the cedars of Lebanon mere hyssops until learning have developed them? Have mortals quickened the march of the orbs of heaven? or turned to human melodies the roaring waves of the sea? Since the day in which the Lord pronounced all things to be very good, who has rearranged the universe, and made an advance upon the six days' work of the Creator? How, then, shall we expect to find changes in a revelation which is, by the guardian voice of divine threatening, declared to be complete? Is the Bible a mass of matter, shapeless and void, needing human wit to fashion it? Is it a mere leaping-pole to aid us in the venturous vaultings of speculation? Will coming ages outgrow its swaddling-bands, and either cast the book away despicably, or preserve it curiously as a relic of darker times? No, in the name of all the faith which dwells in the bosoms of the redeemed, we answer, *No*. We repudiate and detest the idea of advancement beyond the perfect law of the Lord; and at the hazard of being left behind in the march of intellect, we choose to tarry in the mount of inspiration, trembling to go beyond the word of the Lord, less or more. The simple word of revelation is the ultimatum of the creed of the Church; and beyond the evangelical doctrines of the Bible she will never dare or even desire to trespass.

But we are met by a portion of our opponents, who claim the right of restating their theory. "We do not," say they, "go the length of expecting an improvement upon revelation; but we are anxious for fresh light to be shed upon it, that men may understand it better. Here we think it safe to prophesy progress; for we believe that, as education advances, we shall be the better fitted to comprehend the deep things of God." This is a most reasonable opinion, if the surface-idea be all. Deception, however, lurks within the plausible. There is truth here, but it is like a homœopathic globule dissolved in a barrel of water. Who will deny the manifest fact that Christian men grow in knowledge, and in an acquaintance with

* From the "Baptist Magazine," which has been fortunate enough to secure Mr. Spurgeon as one of its editors.

the hidden meaning of the divine word? But this is not what is meant; this is only the atom of truth: we will soon spill upon the ground the flood in which it is made to lose itself. The meaning of the lovers of a progressive theology is, not that a man is taught more and more to comprehend *with all saints* what are the heights and depths, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; but that thinking, intellectual professors in our day are far in advance of praying, deep-taught saints in earlier times; that, in fact, John Calvin, Owen, Bunyan, Goodwin, and the like, must needs go to school to modern divines if they should return to earth again. Persons besotted by this notion do not desire to see old truths more distinctly, but to obtain a sort of light, or rather "darkness visible," which shall throw the ancient theology into obscurity, and give a fine opportunity to show their magic-lanterns of novel speculations. Were it their prayer that God would show them his truth more clearly, we would be humble suppliants with them. O that the Lord would enlighten our darkness, and reveal to us personally the fellowship of the mystery. But when the cry is for such intellectual growth as shall remove the old landmarks, and give us a new gospel, we shake our garments from all association with the rebellious clamour.

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

PART FIRST.

THERE are some men who are made great by their circumstances in spite of themselves. There are others who are made great by themselves in spite of their circumstances. To this latter class belonged *Jonathan Edwards*. He was born in an obscure colony, in the midst of a wilderness. He was educated at a seminary just commencing its existence. He passed the better part of his life as the pastor of a frontier village, and the residue as an Indian missionary in a still humbler hamlet. Yet, to use the language of Henry Rogers, "by the concurrent voice of all who have perused his writings, he is assigned one of the first, if not the very first place among the masters of human reason. . . . Like Paul at Athens, he has compelled even the Stoics and Epicureans to listen to him, by the depth and originality of his speculations." It is sometimes asserted by men who are determined at all hazards to be extraordinary, and who have become infidels far more from vanity than conviction, "that it is impossible to be at once a great thinker and a sound divine. In reply to this silly saying, we need only point to the man whose name stands at the head of this paper. His gigantic force of intellect has been acknowledged not merely by Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers, but by Hume, and Mackintosh, and Stewart; and yet there is no theologian of modern times whose orthodoxy was more unquestionable, whose per-

sonal piety was more fervent and unaffected, or who gave himself more heartily to the support of the most spiritual efforts of the gospel Church.

He was the only son of the Rev. Timothy Edwards, minister at Windsor, on the banks of the Connecticut, and was born in that place on the 5th of October 1763. In the absence of any suitable school to which he could be sent, he was educated by his father at home; and so much progress was made by him under his tuition, that he was considered fit to enter Yale College before he was thirteen years of age. In this seminary he remained till he was *nineteen*, when, having passed the customary trials, he was licensed to preach the gospel. Immediately afterwards he was sent to supply a vacant charge in the city of New York, and remained there for eight months, preaching with such acceptance, that the congregation would gladly have had him for their pastor. But the people were very few in number, and quite unable to promise him an adequate support, and most unwillingly on his part he was forced to leave them. Subsequently he was appointed one of the tutors of Yale, and held the office for two years. The ministry, however, was the profession of his choice, and among the many openings which presented themselves, one at last offered which seemed all that could be desired. This was to become the colleague of his grandfather, Mr. Stoddard, at *Northampton*; and he was accordingly settled there on the 15th of February 1727. He was then twenty-three, and all things seemed to promise well and hopefully. His labours were, indeed, most wonderfully blessed; and his long residence in the village invested it with an interest which remains to this day. But who can tell what may be in the womb of the future? Just twenty-three years afterwards, in 1750, the same people that now welcomed him as their pastor with such demonstrations of satisfaction, ignominiously dismissed him from their service, and compelled him to seek elsewhere a more grateful field of labour.

Early in December 1750, this great and good man, of whom it is very clear the Church at Northampton was not worthy, is represented as on the outlook for another corner of the vineyard whereon to bestow his ministrations. Happily, he was not long left waiting in the market-place. A call came to him from the Church and congregation of *Stockbridge* to become their minister, and about the same time proposals from the commissioners at Boston of the "Society in London for propagating the Gospel in New England, and the parts adjacent," to become the missionary of the *Housatonnucks*, or River Indians, a tribe then located in Stockbridge and its vicinity. Edwards went to see the place in the beginning of 1751, and having spent the winter and spring in it, preaching to the English inhabitants, and also to the Indians by an interpreter, he was satisfied that the field was one in which he might hope to labour with success, and accepting the invitations given to him, he was inducted to his new charge in the August following.

In this place, it is evident, he intended to spend the remainder of his days. While others were thinking of his pre-eminent fitness for the highest offices in his profession, it never seemed to enter into his mind that he could be employed in any work more suitable to his powers and training than that of instructing in the elements of Christianity a tribe of untutored Indians. There would, however, have been a certain incompleteness in his life, if this had been the last chapter of it. And happily it was not to be. In 1757 there occurred a vacancy in the Presidency of *Princeton*, a theological seminary in New Jersey, and two days after it took place, the trustees met and, without hesitation, agreed to offer the situation to Jonathan Edwards. "The news of his appointment," says Dr. Hopkins, "was quite unexpected, and not a little surprising to Mr. Edwards. He looked on himself, in many respects, so unqualified for that business, that he wondered that gentlemen of so good judgment, and so well acquainted with him, should think of him for that place." His modest depreciation of himself, however, was overruled, and he was installed President of Princeton in January 1758. But his term of office was sadly short. In the February succeeding he was seized with small pox, and though he got rid of the disease, he never rallied. On the 22d of March, in the 55th year of his age, the greatest American that ever lived entered into his rest, leaving a most extensive circle of friends, not only in his own country, but in England and Scotland also, to lament his untimely end.

There are a great many points of interest connected with the history of this distinguished man, and we propose selecting a few of them for special notice here. First of all, we feel naturally curious to know something of the character of—

HIS INNER, OR SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The date of his conversion is not known. When he was very young—perhaps eight or nine years of age—a revival of religion took place in his father's congregation, and he was aroused in consequence to some concern about his soul; so much so, that he and two other lads erected a booth in a very retired spot in a swamp, for the purpose of enjoying the exercise of social prayer. But the interest awakened in his mind then by-and-by wore off, and he returned to a condition of entire insensibility and indifference. He was at college apparently, when the vital change came; and the following is the account which he himself gives of it:—

"The first instance that I remember of that sort of inward, secret delight in God and divine things, that I have lived much in since, was on reading these words, 1 Tim. i. 17, '*Now, unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.*' As I read these words there came into my soul, and was as it were diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the divine being; a new sense, quite different from anything I ever experienced before.

Never any words of Scripture seemed to me as these words did. I thought with myself, how excellent a Being that was, and how happy I should be if I might enjoy that God, and be rapt up to him in heaven, and be as it were swallowed up in him for ever! I kept saying, and as it were singing, over these words of Scripture to myself, and went to pray to God that I might enjoy him; and prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do, with a new sort of affection. . . . From about that time I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. And inward sweet sense of these things at times came into my heart, and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of him. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him."

It will be seen here that Edwards was not driven, but *drawn* into the kingdom; and distinguished as he was afterwards above most others by the power of his intellect, and the vigour and constancy with which he used it, there are few Christians indeed who have ever felt, as he did almost all his life through, the sheer constraining influence of the loveliness and love of Christ. The strength and grasp of his mind seemed actually surpassed by the tenderness of his heart and the warmth of his affections; and while men of the world agree in offering him their homage as among the first of modern philosophers, and theologians place him in the front rank as one of the ablest and most learned of modern divines, it is not the less pleasant to think of him as one of the humblest and most Christ-like of the spiritual men of the eighteenth century.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the religious life even of such a man had not its lights and shadows. When we find an entry like this in his diary: "'Tis just about three years that I have been for the most part in a low sunk state and condition, miserably senseless to what I used to be about spiritual things;" we learn that he also, like most others, had his seasons of insensibility and declension. And tried as he was, in most painful ways—by a return of base ingratitude, for example, for distinguished services—it could not but be that he knew by experience something of the bitterness which the people of God are now and again called to feel, when their Father in heaven seems to hide his face from them, and to leave them to the tender mercies of cruel and ungodly men. This, indeed, is not matter of conjecture merely. After his dismissal from the congregation at Northampton, he wrote to Mr. Gillespie of Carnock, in Scotland, who, on hearing of his difficulties, had not only sent him a letter of sympathy, but with others contributed a sum of money for his support; and the following affecting sentences form part of the communication:—

"I would be far from so laying all the blame of the

sorrowful things that have come to pass to the people, as to suppose that I have no cause of self-reflection and humiliation before God, on this occasion. I am sensible that it becomes me to look on what has lately happened as an awful frown of heaven, on me as well as on the people. God knows the sinfulness of my heart, and the great and sinful deficiencies and offences which I have been guilty of in the course of my ministry at Northampton."

If his troubles abounded, however, his consolations did so likewise. In the particular case referred to, he had at once the testimony of his own conscience and the opinion of many good men, that the course actually taken by him was indisputably right; and he went through it with the sweet calmness of one who would humbly dare and suffer anything for the truth. God also finally put his seal to the testimony—cleared the way for him to another sphere of labour, where he had quiet and leisure to prepare four of these works by which the Church has been most edified; and in the end established him, though but for a moment, on an eminence where his character and capacity were conspicuously recognised, and amends so far was made to him for the humiliation of his dismissal. We read with no surprise, yet with deep interest, that during this last period of his earthly pilgrimage—the time of his presidency at Princeton—he seemed to enjoy "AN UNCOMMON DEGREE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD." N. L. W.

MR. B——'S EXPERIENCE.

A STORY FOR THIEVES IN THE CHURCH.

I WAS at work one afternoon in my garden, when a visitor entered, and approached so silently that he stood within a few feet of me before I was aware of his presence.

"You appear to be very busy this afternoon," he said.

I looked up, and was not a little astonished to see standing before me, with an embarrassed air, one of the most worldly-minded and irreverent characters in the village.

"Yes, Mr. B——," I answered; "I was giving these young pea-vines something to climb upon."

"And very busy thinking, also?"

"Yes, neighbour; I was thinking how much we are like these pea-vines. How much we need something to climb upon—a spiritual staff to lift us above the tangles of worldliness."

"Mr. R——," said the visitor, in a choked voice, "I—I am—trying to find such a staff!"

"My brother!" I exclaimed, full of sympathy and joy, "there is but one Staff; that Christ planted for us. We may all rest upon him as a pillar of support, and love, and truth. You have not far to seek—you have only to reach out the tendrils of your heart in aspiration and faith, and they will clasp it. The command is, 'Repent and believe the gospel.'"

He was a middle-aged man, whose hair had grown early grey with worldly cares; whose eyes were unaccustomed to tears, and it was affecting to see that hard face soften and melt at last almost to weeping, as he grasped my hand.

"I have had a strange experience," he said, recovering himself, but still speaking with much emotion. "It began about three weeks ago. I had lately been making some very good bargains, and one night as I was walking home, reckoning up my gains, and feeling a pride and triumph in the start I had got in the world by my own shrewdness and exertions; it was starlight, and very still, I could scarcely hear a noise but the tramp of my horse on the dark road, when suddenly a voice said, '*What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*'"

"Was it actually a voice?" I questioned.

"No; I knew it wasn't at the time. It was, I have no doubt, my own mind. But the expression was just as distinct and as unexpected as if it had been spoken by some person in my ear. The words I probably learned when I was a child, but had forgotten them, and I had to look in the Bible afterwards to see if they were there. I found them, and found a good many things besides, which seemed to have been intended expressly for me to break up entirely my way of life, and trouble all my calculations. The thing has been working in me ever since, and I can't stop its working. I have come to the conclusion that I must be a different man, and live for a different purpose; and I have come to talk with you about it."

Having commenced giving Mr. B——'s story as he related it, I shall continue it in his own words as well as I can remember them. The reader, however, must imagine several weeks to have elapsed since my first conversation with him, and the scene to be changed now to an evening meeting, where Mr. B—— after a long struggle with himself, told his experience.

"I went to talk with the minister," he continued, after having astonished many others as much as he had me, with the repetition of the above narration, "I wanted to get into the Church, where I thought I should be safe. I had no conception of repentance and a change of heart. I supposed our pastor would commence questioning me about doctrines, and so forth, to let me know what I would have to understand and believe before I could become a Church member. But he didn't take any such course. He made me go into the house, and sit down in his study, where he talked with me a long time about the blessedness of an interest in Christ, and its value above all other things of this world, independently of its rewards hereafter. Then he said,—

"Mr. B——, do you know the first thing requisite to be done, if you would be a Christian?"

"I did not know."

"The Christian life—the life of a faithful follower of Jesus Christ"—said he, "can be manifested at first

only by repentance. Now it is easy to say we repent of sins, and even to think we repent, but the only repentance that is worth anything is an active repentance—by which I mean not only sorrow for sin, and an earnest desire to avoid it in the future, but one that goes to work, and seeks as far as it is in its power to make amends for every wrong we have done. Is there a person in the world, Mr. B——, who can look you in the face and say you have wronged him?

"He knew my weak point," added Mr. B——. "Every man has his weak point, and I suppose the lancet must be applied there first. That question was like sharp-searching steel driven into my soul. I writhed and groaned inwardly, and struggled and perspired a long time before I could answer. I saw it was going to be dreadful hard for me to be a Christian. I meant, however, to get off as easily as I could. So I determined to confess something which I supposed was known to everybody who knows me—my horse-trade with Peter Simmons last spring.

"Did you wrong Peter?" said the minister.

"I did a little," said I.

"How much?" said he. "Tell me honestly."

"I let him have a wind-broken nag that I had doctored up to look pretty well—worth, for actual service, not over ten dollars, and got in return a sound and steady beast worth sixty dollars, and twenty-five dollars to boot. So I honestly think," said I, "that I cheated him out of about seventy-five dollars."

"And with seventy-five dollars in your possession belonging to poor Peter Simmons, do you think you can commence a life of Christian purity? Do you think that God will hear your prayers for pardon, with stolen money in your pocket?" said the minister.

"I said something about a trade is a trade, and 'men must look out for themselves when they exchange horses'—but he cut me short.

"Your own soul," said he, "will not admit the excuses which your selfishness invents."

"But the rule you apply," said I, "will cut off the heads of Church members as well as mine. There's Deacon R——, he trades horses and cheats when he can."

"No matter," said he, "whose head is cut off; no matter what Deacon R—— does. You have to deal with your own soul, and with your Lord. And I tell you, whether you are out of the Church or in it, a single dollar which you have unjustly and knowingly taken from any man, without rendering him its full value to the best of your ability—a single dollar, I say, will be like a mill-stone hung upon your neck. No test of the reality of faith like active repentance.

"I couldn't stand. The Spirit of God used those words with terrible effect upon my heart. I was greatly agitated. The truth spoken by the pastor appealed to my understanding with irresistible power. I went away, but I couldn't rest. So I took seventy-five dollars, and went to Peter and paid him—making him promise not to tell anybody, for I was ashamed to have it known that

I was conscience stricken, and had paid back money. Then I went to the minister again, and told him what I had done. He didn't praise me, as I thought he would. He took it as a matter of course, and no more merit in me than it is to wash my hands before I sit down to supper. On the contrary, he seemed to suspect that my hands were not quite clean yet. He wanted to know if I had wronged anybody else besides Peter. I tried to say No, but my conscience wouldn't let me. I could have told a plumper lie than that once without flinching—yes, and flattered my own heart to believe the lie. I was discouraged. I felt bitterly disheartened. It was, indeed, so much harder being a Christian than I supposed, that I regretted going to talk with the minister at all. Like the young man who had great possessions, I was on the point of going away sorrowful. But my heart burned within me, and I was forced to speak.

"In the way of business," said I, "no doubt I have taken advantage here and there—as everybody does—as Church members themselves do, when they can."

"What everybody does is no rule for you and me, Mr. B——," said the minister. "It is to be Christians in the fullest sense—not simply to be Church members—that we must strive with all our hearts. The fact of being in the fold does not make the lamb; there are wolves in the fold, alas! but we are by no means justified in doing as the wolves do, even when they appear in sheep's clothing."

"I felt the rebuke. 'Well,' said I, 'there is Deacon R——. I think he paid me a note twice. The first time he paid it we were transacting other business, and by some mistake the note wasn't destroyed. I found it among my papers afterwards. I was a good deal excited, and lay awake more than one night thinking what I ought to do about it. The deacon was a hard man, I considered, and took advantage of people when he could. He had driven more than one hard bargain with me.'

The deacon, who was present and heard these allusions to himself, winced and coughed uneasily. Mr. B—— went on without appearing to mind him.

"So," said I to the minister, "I concluded I would serve the deacon as he would probably have served me under similar circumstances. I kept the note by me a good while, and when I thought the particulars of our settlement had slipped his mind, I said to him one day, maybe he would like to take up that note which had been due then a considerable time. He was surprised, looked excited and angry, said he had paid it, and held out stoutly for a while; but there was the note. There was no proof that it had ever been paid, and finally he took out his pocket-book, and with some pretty hard words, paid it over again, with interest."

"And now," said the minister, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I suppose," said I, "the money must be paid back."

"So I went to the deacon the next day, told him that on reflection I was convinced that he was right, and I

was wrong about the first payment of the note, and returned him the money—one hundred and thirteen dollars—a good deal to his astonishment.”

The deacon coughed and wiped his forehead.

“I hoped then all was right,” continued Mr. B——; “I tried to satisfy my conscience that it was. But I was afraid to go back to the minister, he has such a way of stirring up the conscience, and finding mud at the bottom, when we flatter ourselves that because it is out of sight there is no impurity there. And I knew that as long as I dreaded to see the minister, something must be wrong; and on looking carefully into my heart, I found the little matter of a mortgage which I had foreclosed on a poor man, and got away his farm, when he had no suspicion but I would give him time to redeem it. By that means I had got into my possession property worth two thousand dollars, for which I did not actually pay, and for which Isaac Dorr never actually realized more than half that amount. But the proceeding was entirely legal, and so I tried to excuse myself. But my awakened conscience kept saying, ‘You have taken a poor man’s land without giving him a just return; the law of God condemns you, although the law of man sanctions the wrong. You shall have no peace of soul—your heart will burn you—until with justice you wipe out your own injustice to him and to all others whom you have wronged.’

“Against the decree of my conscience I rebelled a long time. It was hard for me to raise a thousand dollars, together with the interest due from the time the mortgage was foreclosed; and it was like taking a portion of my life to be obliged to subtract so much money from my gains, and give it to a man who had no legal claim upon me. I groaned and mourned over it in secret, and tried to pray—but that mortgage came right up between my prayer and God, and heaven looked dark and frowning through it. At last I could not resist the appeals of conscience any longer, and I went again to the minister, told him my trouble, and asked him what I should do.

“‘Be just to your neighbour,’ he said, ‘if it takes from you the last dollar you have in the world.’

“That was a terrible sentence. I went out staggering from it as if I had received a blow. ‘O God,’ I said, ‘how can I be a Christian?’ But I had help beyond myself, otherwise I could never have ended that struggle. I knelt before God and solemnly vowed for his sake, for the sake of his pardon and love, I would not only do justly to the poor man I had wronged, but would give up, if need be, all I had in the world, so that I might find peace in him. A strange, soothing influence came over my soul, and a voice seemed to say, ‘Though you lose all you have, God and Christ, and the blessings of a heart pure and at peace, shall be left you,—the best and only true source of happiness and life.’ And in the solemn night-time, after I gave up the struggle, that comfort seemed to me so great and precious, that I felt willing, if it would only stay with me, to accept poverty,

and go into the world poor and despised, hugging that priceless blessing in my heart. The next day I was light as if I had had wings. Nothing could keep me from going to see Isaac Dorr, with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket, and a note for the remainder.

“Well,” said the narrator, with tears running down his cheeks, “I only wish that every person here could have seen the Dorr family, when I visited them and made known my errand. Poor Isaac had grown quite discouraged, and had just made up his mind to quit his wife and children, and go to California. His children were crying, and his wife was in an extremity of distress and despair. She received me a great deal better than I anticipated; I had acted according to law, she said, and Isaac was greatly to blame.

“‘Yes,’ said Isaac, with the firmness of a desperate man, ‘it was a savage game you played me, but I was a fool ever to get into debt as I did, and then fancy that any man would not take an advantage when the law permits it. I am ruined in consequence; and here you see this woman and these babies’—

“The poor fellow broke down as he looked at them, and cried like a child.

“‘Isaac,’ said I, as soon as I could speak, ‘I have come to show you that a man can be honest even when the law doesn’t compel him to be. I want to do right, Isaac, because God commands it, and I have come to tell you that you needn’t leave your wife and babies yet, unless you prefer to.’

“‘Prefer to—go off in a strange country and leave them here to suffer?’ he cried, and he caught the children in his arms, and wrung his wife’s hand, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

“Then I counted out the money I had brought, and explained what I intended to do, and gave him the note; and such surprise and happiness I never saw. They would all have kissed my feet if I would have let them. It seemed to me as if heaven was opened then and there—and it was opened in my own heart, with such a flood of light and joy as I had never experienced or thought possible before.

“My friends,” added Mr. B——, his once hard voice now almost as mellow as a woman’s, his cheeks still moist with tears, “I have been constrained to make this confession; I thank you for listening to it. The minister tells me a man may be a Church member and not a Christian. I mean to be a Christian first, and if I fail—” He could proceed no further, but sat down with an emotion more effective than any words.

I have nothing to add to his narrative, except that he became a Church member, and that his example of thorough repentance, of childlike faith in Christ, and of rigorous, practical, every day righteousness, elevated many degrees the standard of Christianity among my people. He looked on himself ever as a poor unworthy sinner, justified only by faith, but very manifestly (as Luther was wont to put it,) his faith was justified in his works.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

LIGHTS NEAR THE HORIZON.

ANY one accustomed to look at nature with an admiring and observant eye, must know how much unexpected interest and beauty is often given to a landscape by what may be called accidental lights. Suddenly, from an opening in a clouded sky, sunbeams fall on some objects in the distance, perhaps near the horizon itself. Some bold precipice or secluded recess in the mountain chain, some island rock far out at sea, some village on the shore, some cottage on the moor, is strongly lighted up and brought into view, and we exclaim, "How beautiful!" and are ready to long for a nearer inspection of what has become so unexpectedly attractive. Something of the same experience may be often noticed by the thoughtful mind in considering the moral and spiritual prospect around. Ever and anon, by some unlooked for event, places and persons little known before are invested with sudden interest to the eyes of the political or the Christian world. How few knew even the names of the Crimean villages, now familiar to every one, till our brave countrymen found there "glory or the grave!" Who till within the last year thought of mentioning the small rocky island, which posterity will now associate for ever with the fame of the Italian hero who has made it his home! It were easy to multiply such instances, which the memory of every reader can recall.

A light of this description has recently fallen, in the good providence of God, on the northern horizon of the kingdom of Christ on earth, and one of the distant outposts of the mission field. We allude to the intelligence lately brought by some shipwrecked mariners from the Moravian settlements on the coast of Labrador. The narrative is so full of interest, that even such of our readers as may have already heard it will not regret the repetition.

The ship *Kitty*, in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, sailed from London on June 25th 1859, with merchandise for York Factory. The time which should have brought tidings of her again passed over in silence, and many a sorrowing heart watched in hope deferred "to hail the bark that never should return." Only last autumn the intelligence came of how wonderfully some of her crew had been preserved from sharing the fate of most of their companions.

The beginning of the voyage was prosperous, but the ship was damaged in a storm on the 20th July; and early in August the dangers of Arctic navigation began to darken around them. The rudder was broken, and could be only partially repaired; and in one of the rude shocks encountered with the ice, a leak sprung in the stern; so that, besides all other labours, only constant working of the pumps could keep the vessel afloat. While in this disabled condition, on August 24th, they passed near what are called the Middle Savage Islands, and six of the native Esquimaux came off in their kayaks. These were wild, ferocious-looking beings, who appeared never to have seen civilized men before. They wished,

apparently, to procure some pieces of iron in exchange for clothing, but at the same time tried to lay hold of everything within their reach. When any one of them had secured an article which he coveted, he would lick it, and then conceal it under his fur jacket, with gestures which showed that it would be dangerous to seek restitution. The weary sailors were thankful when their savage visitors departed.

They struggled on for some days, driven about by the currents, and in constant dread of being crushed by the icebergs. Early in September new leaks had evidently opened, and the danger of the vessel sinking became so imminent that they resolved on abandoning her, as the only hope of saving their lives. On the 6th the captain and ten men entered the long boat, the mate with four others taking a smaller one. They watched their poor vessel as she went down into the icy depths, and then beheld a bitterly cold, snowy, stormy night close over themselves, with feelings which may be better imagined than described. "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he [in the end] saved them out of their distresses." "Lord, look down upon us!" the mate told afterwards, was his frequent prayer.

They had engaged with each other that the two boats should keep together, and resolved to try the long, perilous course which would bring them to their original destination. But not many days after leaving the ship, when morning dawned after a night of darkness and storm, those in the smaller boat looked in vain for their companions. The long-boat must have gone down, and all on board perished with her.

The five survivors, in their frail bark, were now exposed for many days to such dangers and sufferings as only those who have been in like circumstances can understand. They felt that to attempt reaching York Factory would be hopeless, and determined rather to try for a desolate harbour on the Labrador coast, which by a mistake they supposed to be a French trading station. In the beginning of November they approached a small island, and to their surprise and joy beheld some human beings upon it. Their joy was soon damped when they perceived the figures to be those of Esquimaux. But in their own famishing and exhausted state, they felt as if life could hardly be prolonged another day, and at any risk steered towards the land.

As they drew near, and could see the faces of the natives (who were few in number), their hearts revived, for these men had not the "rapacious, blood-thirsty expression" of those whom they had previously met with. They seemed at once to understand the condition of the unfortunate mariners, and received them with every token of compassion and kindness. Communication by words was impossible, but the Esquimaux hastened to assist them to land, brought them into their little hut, cut the boots off their frozen feet, and wrapped them in soft skins, and produced such provisions as their scanty store afforded. One of the women took the last of their little stock of flour to make some warm gruel. Her

infant, for whom it had been intended, held out its little hands for the expected food; but the mother gave the whole to the fainting sailors. One of these, a German, in relating this incident, said that never, in any of the many countries he had visited during a wandering life, had he met with such an instance of genuine hospitality towards total strangers.

When evening came, and the rescued men were lodged in a tent, formed by the help of the Esquimaux out of the boat sail, they discovered the true secret of the reception which had so astonished them. They heard their new friends engaging in sweetly solemn songs of praise, and in prayer, which, though in a strange language, was evidently addressed to no "unknown God." They felt themselves to be among Christian brethren, though of another "nation, and people, and tongue."

A few days afterwards, the wind having moderated, the Esquimaux conducted them to Okak, the nearest missionary station. Here they were received by the good German Moravians with Christian kindness, although at such a season, with all the hardships and privations of a long winter in prospect, the addition of five hungry visitors to their family could hardly be a pleasing circumstance. But we may hear the rest of the story in the missionary's own words:—

"On the 9th of November, the wind being favourable, our people brought them to us. It was indeed distressing to see these five emaciated and half-frozen men. Nor were we without anxious thoughts as to the possibility of providing for so large an addition to our family during the long winter. But if our Saviour should ask us, as he once did his disciples on earth, 'Lacked ye anything?' we should be constrained to reply as they did, 'Nothing.' The Lord also helped us in other respects, and blessed the means made use of, so that four of the sufferers soon recovered. The other man had to get some toes amputated, and is now able to use his feet again. Mr. A—— (the mate) and two of the men were sent further south, to the other missionary settlement, during the winter. The other two remained here, and intend to return to Europe on board the *Harmony*. They all conducted themselves well, and strove to express their thankfulness for the attentions which they received, by making themselves useful in a variety of ways. They stated that the beautiful singing and solemn prayers of the Esquimaux family on the island, in their morning and evening devotions, made a deep impression on them. They attended our services very regularly, though of course they understood nothing of what they heard. We hope that they have carried with them some impressions which may benefit their immortal souls."

Most of us may already know something of this little church in the wilderness, and how for many years the faithful servants of Christ have laboured on there, far from the comforts of civilized life, in a land of natural desolation, where such a winter storm as we have lately

considered so extremely severe and hard to bear, would be reckoned but an ordinary and moderate one out of many to be expected during the stormy season. Their field of spiritual labour is also very limited, and often most unpromising. But do not the incidents just related show that they have not been labouring in vain! It is pleasant to have such a passing glimpse, by this "accidental light," of our far distant brethren in Christ in their northern home. Shall we not henceforward think of them oftener, and pray for them more, if we can do nothing else, to prove our sympathy and "brotherly love?"

c. c.

ELUCIDATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

No. IV.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This he said, signifying what death he should die" [more exactly, by what kind of death he was going to die].—JOHN xii. 32, 33.

THIS is one of four passages in St. John's Gospel, in which prophetic reference is made to our Lord's crucifixion, and in all of which there is something that looks peculiar. The first, and that which may be said to give the keynote to all the rest, is an utterance of Christ near the commencement of his public ministry, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life" (iii. 14, 15),—an utterance remarkable especially on this account, that from the pre-ordained connection it seems to indicate between the action of Moses and the suspension of Jesus on the cross, it already brings a divine necessity into the very manner of his death. At a later period, and with reference to the instrumental part the Jews were to play in accomplishing the result, our Lord said to them, "When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am he, and that I do nothing of myself" (viii. 28). At a still later, and, with reference to the Gentile or Roman agency needed to give the precise form requisite to the destined event, the Jews are represented as disclaiming the right to put any one to death, and urging Pilate to pronounce the sentence, "that the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled which he spake, signifying by what death he should die" (xviii. 32), namely, that it might take the form of a crucifixion, which was the Roman mode of inflicting extreme punishment on the vilest criminals, not of stoning, which was the Jewish. Between these two last passages stands the one at the head of this paper, which presents, in the most explicit manner, both the saying itself of Christ, and the evangelist's understanding as to the way it was to be accomplished. It is in some sense the most peculiar of the whole; since it couples the lifting up of Christ—that lifting up, from which was to proceed the attractive energy of his grace, drawing toward him, as with magnetic influence, the souls of men in every region of the world, and through every age of time—simply with the slight, and, in a human respect, shameful ele-

vation of the cross, not, as we are apt to think it should rather have been, with his glorious ascension to the right hand of the Father. On this account the passage has been a troublesome one to commentators, and not without embarrassment to thoughtful readers of the gospel, while yet it only requires to be contemplated in the proper light to appear perfectly consistent with the truth of things, and also pregnant with deep spiritual meaning.

To perceive this aright, it is necessary to give due weight to a marked characteristic, which in the largest measure was possessed by Christ, and in various degrees was shared in by all the apostles, but was most fully caught and reflected by the evangelist John. It was the exhibition of the quality referred to, in such peculiar strength, that led the ancients to designate the Gospel of this evangelist "the spiritual Gospel,"—not as if the others were carnal, or as if spiritual elements alone were had respect to in it; but merely because it is more distinctly and more pervasively spiritual in its tone and matter, than any of the others. No one will be disposed to doubt this who reflects, how full and varied is the exhibition presented in this Gospel of things directly pertaining to the Godhead; for example, of the pre-existence and divinity of Christ,—of his intimate communion with the Spirit, and perfect sympathy with the mind and will, of his Father,—of the profound bearing of his work of mediation, as well on the higher purposes of heaven, as on the present and eternal interests of those whom it more directly concerns. But not even in such things does the spiritual element in John's Gospel so remarkably display itself, as in the morally elevated aspect which it delights to throw around the facts of Christ's history—the connection it so often indicates between what outwardly appeared in his life and the unseen realities which belong to the heavenly and divine. He did cures on the Sabbath, not simply because they were works of mercy, but because they were works of God,—the Son must work thus, because the Father was always so working (v. 17). His works generally were in such a sense of God, that their highest aim was to reveal the Father; and to see Christ the doer of them was virtually to see the Father (xiv. 10, 11). His body was so essentially the habitation of Deity, that in its death and resurrection there was the fall and the raising up again of the Temple (ii. 19–21). And bearing still more closely on the subject now under consideration, we have the wonderful and far-reaching statement, in respect to all Christ spake and did on earth, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth" (i. 14). His plenitude of grace and truth—therein to the eye of the evangelist lay his more peculiar glory. What a look does this bespeak him to have taken into the inner region of things, in order to find the real and essential properties of Christ's greatness! It was not the piercing discernment, the resistless might, the sovereign command over the powers and resources of nature, so often manifested by our Lord,

which seemed to the apostle to throw around his career on earth the radiance of a Son-like glory—not these, at least, so much, or so properly, as the *grace* that led him to clothe himself with compassion for the sinful, to make their case, in a manner, his own, to live, and labour, and die for their recovery from perdition; and the *truth*, which, in doing this, would abate not a jot of the claims of rectitude, proclaimed afresh Heaven's testimony against sin, and while revealing the unspeakable depth and tenderness of redeeming love, gave not the least unflinching proof of the strength and severity of the divine holiness. Such were the elements of the glory in Christ, that spoke most impressively to St. John's mind of the Father. The merely natural and outward fell comparatively out of sight, or was made account of only in so far as it embodied what was spiritually great and good. And what was thus regarded as the grand distinction of the life of Christ, could not fail to be considered as reaching its culmination in his death. We have but to apply this mode of contemplation to the passage before us, to see its import and suitableness; for its apparent strangeness lies only in its intense spirituality.

One thing, however, must be borne in mind in making the application; it is the ground, as it were, on which this is to be done, namely, the divine necessity that existed for the crucifixion of Christ—not merely for his death, but for his death after this particular mode. The first and fundamental utterance of our Lord on the subject (as already noticed) implies that necessity; not, therefore, a necessity created by the words he spake, but rather giving rise to the words spoken, and itself springing from some inherent fitness in death by crucifixion to accomplish the ends of Christ's mediation. It was strictly a matter of divine ordination, though we can very imperfectly, perhaps, discern the reasons that led to its being so; or say, why it should have been necessary for our Lord to suffer the doom of death thus, rather than in some other ways that might readily be imagined. But so far we *can* go; we can perceive that the conditions which were required to meet in the death of Jesus, did actually meet in this form of it, beyond any other it is possible for us to conceive. For, first, it was a death emphatically public, one that obtruded itself on the notice of men, ordered as on very purpose to attract their regard; and so there belonged to it in the completest manner the condition of historical certainty—a condition quite indispensable; for all in a manner rests on the death of Christ,—it is the central fact of Christianity, on which everything connected with it turns; and the fullest publicity, for the sake of indubitable certainty, was here of incalculable importance. Then, it was a death not only actually, but most manifestly carrying the deepest shame and agony, such, therefore, as was peculiarly fitted to move the sympathy and affect the hearts of those who contemplate it. And this also was a matter of greatest moment, essential to the accomplishment of the ends for which the Saviour died. Further, it was a death-bearing on its very front a doom

of judgment—in the eye and reckoning of man a suffering, in its most aggravated form, of a sentence of condemnation; and as such—what it also behoved to be—the visible sign and reflex of the character it bore, on other accounts, in the reckoning of Heaven. Christ died; he *must* have died as a curse, because of the guilt that lay on him; and the very form and manner of his death must render it patent to all, that so, and no otherwise, did he finish his course on earth. Finally, as the Roman power bore sway over the world, and Christ's death had an aspect for the world of mankind, it was meet that the earthly, which was to reflect the heavenly judgment, should bear on it the impress of Rome's universality; that, as she was wont to lift up on a cross her vilest criminals as a spectacle of ignominy, and shame, and cursing, so the Redeemer of the sinful world should be lifted up, in visible token of what *its* sinfulness deserved, and what he endured to have that sinfulness blotted out.

These reasons, at least, we can easily discern, whatever others may have conspired with them, to render the death of Christ by crucifixion necessary,—in the same sense in which anything is necessary, that is fitted, in one specific form rather than another, to suit the design, and work out the purposes, of God. But such being the case, it was in this particular form the choice of Christ himself; Jews and Romans were but the instruments—the *unconscious* instruments, as regards its real object—of bringing it about. Christ voluntarily laid down his life,—no man could take it from him; and while he suffered himself to be dragged as a sheep to the slaughter, he in reality went to the cross with the full consent of his mind, to drink the cup of sorrow that was due to human guilt, and, as on heaven's high altar, to pour out his life-blood for the redemption of men. Here grace and truth met together in their highest exercise; here the Father was glorified with a perfect glory,—divine righteousness performing its greatest work, divine love giving its noblest sacrifice, that the well-spring of life might be again opened for a justly condemned and perishing world. In a spiritual respect, therefore, the real elevation was here; and so it was viewed by our Lord and his like-minded apostle. The subsequent and formal elevation to the right hand of the Father was but the sequel of that which was attained on the cross of Calvary, and is here comparatively disregarded. It was on the cross that the mighty conflict for the world's redemption was fought and won. It was there that the principalities and powers, which triumphed over man's fall, were for ever spoiled. And there, as on "a high mountain and eminent"—morally the world's noblest elevation—the Lord planted for eternal ages the branch of his own providing, which was destined to grow, and bear fruit, till it received the homage of every tree of the field, and gathered under its boughs fowl of every wing (Ezek. xvii. 23).

Contemplated thus, as it appears to the truly spiritual eye, viewed in necessary connection with the higher

purposes of God, as the chosen arena for his more peculiar work, the lifting up on the cross is no longer little; it has a height and a grandeur above all besides, and is at once the ground and the prelude of the glory that was to follow. Hence it is through this appearance and action on the cross, that even the risen power of Jesus, flowing down from the heavenly places, exerts its attractive force upon the souls of men; his Spirit works, through the drawing influence of the cross. Hence, also, even in the midst of his heavenly glory, Christ presents himself to the eye of his apostle as a lamb that had been slain—as if the elevation of Calvary had reached up to heaven, and was still perpetuating itself there (Rev. v. 6). Nor was the evangelist John singular in thus contemplating it. The same aspect substantially is presented by St. Paul when he exclaims, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and when he speaks of Christ crucified as "the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation." Nor can there be a surer and better mark in any one of a spiritual mind than his disposition and capacity to see in the work upon the cross the peculiar manifestation of Messiah's glory,—seeing in it externally, indeed, the deepest humiliation, but spiritually also discerning the grandest conceivable display of whatever is attractive, and holy, and good.

SPIRITUAL DYSPEPTICS.

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER.

THERE is a class of weak-handed and feeble-kneed professors in Christ's Church who are self-made invalids. Their spiritual debility is the direct result of their own sins and shortcomings. In their case, as in the physical hygiene, disease is the inevitable punishment of transgression against the laws of health.

Is not the inebriate's bloated and poisoned frame the immediate legacy of his bottle? Is not a shattered nervous system the tormenting bequest which a high-pressure career of sensuality leaves to the transgressor? The indolence which never earns its daily bread, cannot earn the appetite to enjoy it; the gluttony which gorges the stomach is but fattening an early banquet for the worms. *Dyspepsia* is only God's appointed health-officer, stationed at the gateway of excess, to warn off all who approach it, and to punish those who will persist in entering the forbidden ground. In like manner spiritual disease is the inevitable result of committed sin, or of neglect of religious duty. It requires no profound skill to detect the cause of Mr. A——'s dyspepsia, or Deacon B——'s spiritual palsy, or of poor Mr. C——'s leprosy. How can a Christian be healthy who never works? How can a man's faith be strong who never enters his closet? How can a man's benevolence be warm who never gives? A want of appetite for giving always brings on a lean visage in the Church; but I do like to hear my neighbour M—— pray at the monthly

concert, for the fluency of his devotion is quickened by his fluency of purse. He *dares* to ask God's help in the salvation of sinners, for he is doing his own utmost too. And I have known one resolute, sagacious, Christ-loving woman to do in a mission-school what Florence Nightingale did in the hospitals of Scutari,—that is, teach the nurses how to cure, as well as the sick how to recover.

If this brief paragraph falls under the eye of any spiritual dyspeptic, let us offer to him two or three familiar counsels. My friend, your disease and debility are your own fault, not your misfortune. It is not a "visitation of God," but a visitation of the devil that has laid you on your back, and made you well-nigh useless in the Church, in the Sabbath-school, and in every enterprise of Christian charity. Having brought on your own malady, you must be your own restorer, by the help of the divine Physician. You are not only useless to your pastor, but uncomfortable to yourself. You must get well. Let us tell you how.

1. You need a wholesome diet. Instead of the surfeit of daily newspapers and political journals, or the spiced stimulants of fiction, give your hungry soul the *bread of life*. Your moral powers are weak for want of nourishment. There has been a starvation of *Bible-truth*, of sound experimental works, of inspiring religious biography, of "books that are books." Nothing will give sinew and bone to your piety like the thorough reading and thorough digestion of the Bible. All the giants in the history of the Church have been large and hungry feeders on the Bible.

2. You want exercise. God has given you powers, and faculties, and affections to serve him with. But for want of use, those limbs of the soul are as powerless as the bodily limbs of a fever patient who has not left his couch for a fortnight. Never will you recover your appetite for the word and the ordinances, never will the flush of spiritual joy mantle your countenance until you have laid hold of hard, self-denying work. Nothing will impart such earnestness to your prayers as to spend an hour before them by the bedside of the sick, or in close conversation with an inquirer for salvation; nothing will excite a better appetite for a Sabbath sermon than a morning spent in *business-like* devotion to your Sabbath-school class; and a little uphill work in behalf of some unpopular discouraging movement of reform, will harden your muscle amazingly. Oberlin, Wilberforce, Elizabeth Fry never knew the meaning of "dyspepsia." You are dying from confinement and indolence. There is but one cure for spiritual laziness, and that is—work; but one cure for selfishness, and that is—sacrifice; but one cure for timidity, and that is to plunge into a disagreeable duty before the shiver has time to come on. Some Christians are paralyzed for life by the monomania of fear. They remind us of an invalid who was afflicted by the delusion that he was made of pipe-clay, and if violently struck against any object, he would snap into fragments! He was only

cured by a friend who drove him into a meadow and managed to upset the vehicle in the right place. The poor monomaniac shrieked frightfully as the carriage went over; but he rose from the ground sound in *mind* as well as in body. Would it not be well for those who have trembled for years at the bare thought of a prayer in public, to force themselves into an utterance? They will be amazed to find how one resolute trial, in the strength of God, will break the tyrannous spell for ever. Try! my friend! Lay hold of any dreaded or disagreeable duty and try. God never leaves his child to fail when in the path of obedience; for if the Christian does not succeed in pleasing himself by the method of his performance, he yet pleases God by the sincerity of his good endeavours. And the very attempt to discharge duty will give you strength. When the duty is fairly achieved, the sense of *having done it* will send an exquisite thrill of satisfaction through the soul, and will be a source of one of the purest joys that you can know this side of heaven. I question whether we ever realize a sweeter delight than when we stand beside some heaven-directed undertaking fairly accomplished, or some painful task nobly wrought out—some trying testimony manfully borne, or some bitter persecution fairly weathered out into the repose and sunshine of victory. Such joys the half-hearted, cowardly, dyspeptic Christian never experiences. The "weak hand" plucks no such chaplet. The "feeble knees" reach no such goal of triumph. They are awarded only to the vigorous of spiritual sinew, to the Bible-reader, and the Bible-worker too! Dyspeptic brother! we commend to you the double remedy—*Bible-diet* and *Bible-duty*; if these do not restore you, we fear your case is past all medication.

THRONGING AND TOUCHING.

"Somebody *hath* touched me." He knew the difference; He distinguished at once, as by a divine instinct, that believing *one* from the unbelieving many. There was that in her which put her in connection with the grace, the strength, the healing power which were in Him. Do you ask me what this was? It was faith; it was her faith. She came expecting a blessing, believing a blessing, and so finding the blessing which she expected and believed; she came saying, as we just now heard, "If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole." But that careless multitude who thronged the Lord, only eager to gratify their curiosity, and to see what new wonder he would next do, as they desired nothing, expected nothing from him, so they obtained nothing. Empty they came, and empty they went away. It may very well have happened that among that crowd there were more than one sick and suffering, holden with some painful infirmity or inveterate disease; but there went forth no virtue from the Lord to them. And why not? Because they thronged him, and did not touch

him; because faith, which is as the electric wire along which the spark of divine healing should have run, was wanting on their parts; and because, therefore, their contact with the Lord was merely external and accidental, and had in it no real significance whatever.

O my brethren, is there not here the explanation of much—of only too much—in the spiritual lives of men,—the explanation of barren sacraments, of fruitless prayers, of church-going, sermon-hearing, which, after twenty or thirty years, leave us where they found us, not a whit holier, not a whit more conquerors of our sins or masters of our corruptions, not a step nearer to God and heaven, than we were at the beginning? We are of the many that throng Jesus, not of the faithful few who touch him. We bear a Christian name, we go through a certain round of Christian duties; we are thus brought outwardly in contact with the Lord; but we come waiting for no blessing, and so obtaining no blessing. We enter his house, and we never say, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven." We walk with Him by the way, but we never so commune with him that our hearts burn within us. We approach his table, but not saying to ourselves, "The Lord has appointed to meet me here, that he may dwell with me and I in him; and I will be satisfied with no blessing short of this." In everything there is coldness, formality, routine. Faith is wanting—faith, the divine hunger of the soul, the emptiness of the soul longing to be filled, and believing that it will be filled, out of God's fulness. And because this is so, therefore there goes out no virtue from him to us; it is never given to us so to touch him as that immediately we know in ourselves that we are whole of our plague.

You who complain—you who, it may be, murmur that the ordinances of God's Church are so little fraught with grace and strength for your souls, is it not at least possible that the explanation of all this barrenness and unprofitableness may be here, in the fact that you have been thronging Christ, and not touching him? Only come to him now, saying, "If I may but touch him, I shall be whole." Only come looking for good, and you will find good; expecting mercy, and you will obtain mercy; bringing your heart to be healed, and it shall be healed. When you read, when you meditate, when you hear, when you pray, when you partake of the holy communion, so do it that Christ shall be compelled to say—and, believe me, he will rejoice in the compulsion—"Somebody hath touched me." He will not now need to turn round and to inquire who hath done this thing. He will have seen thee afar off—thy first timid approaches to him, thy nearer and bolder advances, the faith which brought thee at length into immediate contact with him. He was only waiting for this, that so virtue might go forth from him to thee; and thou, who camest fearing and trembling—who camest, it may be, behind him, as hardly daring to own either to thyself or others what thou wert looking for from him—shalt go

away strengthened, reassured, healed, an open confessor of the faith; boldly declaring in the face of all what God hath done for thy soul, as this woman declared what he had done for her body; thou, too, whole of thy plague, thine iniquity pardoned, and the ever-flowing fountain of thy sin and thy corruption stayed.—*Dean Trench.*

SUFFERING.*

You may see in this suffering an answer to prayer. How often have you asked to "grow in faith, and love, and every grace!" How often have you prayed that self might be crucified, and Christ become all in all!—that your eyes might be "turned away from beholding vanity," and so fixed upon the Author and Finisher of the faith, that you might be changed into the "same image from glory to glory!" How have you longed that the chains which bind you to earth might be broken, and your spirit set free to soar towards heaven!—and God has heard your prayer. He is answering it, not as you thought he would do, but in the way that is best for you. Yield yourself to him. The "bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench." Do not fear; he is leading you aright, even by the way that he himself has gone before, for "he himself went not up to joy, but first he suffered pain. He entered not into his glory before he was crucified. So, truly, our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ, and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ, that we may rise again from death, and dwell with him in everlasting life."†

Perhaps, too, you have asked for work,—you have said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And God has heard. He has said, "I will show thee how great things thou must suffer." He has given you work, and with it he has given weakness. You could not bear the one without the other, for you would have grown proud and independent, and been in danger of working for self, and not for him. It is pleasant to be busy, to feel that we are important and useful,—pleasant to work off in action the surplus energy of our nature. And so our service is often not pure. It springs from mingled motives. But God will not have it so with you. He will have a pure offering from you, even though it is given with tears. Do not, then, murmur, but rather give him thanks that he has counted you worthy of this calling. Pray that you may "work all your works in God," and that the "thorn in the flesh," which he has appointed you, lest you should be "exalted above measure," may accomplish the purpose for which it is sent.

* From "The Christian Daily Life." By Hetty Bowman. (London: T. Nelson & Sons.) A book full of the most wise and tender counsels, and written with great simplicity and force. We were indebted to it for the admirable paper entitled "The Eldest Daughter," which appeared in our December Part.

† "Service for the Visitation of the Sick."

DAVID SANDEMAN.

PART SECOND.

HIS STUDENT AND MISSIONARY LIFE.

IT was whilst prosecuting his training for business in Manchester, that David Sandeman's thoughts first earnestly turned towards the Christian ministry. The purpose seems insensibly to have grown out of the desire to dedicate himself more entirely to the work of saving souls. He had no disinclination to mercantile pursuits, nor did he so misconceive of any profession as to suppose that it could not be made available for the glory of his Lord, but he felt that the Christian ministry, like the angelic host, waited to serve, and that what with others could be but an occasional joy, belonged always to the ministry—to speak to souls. On leaving Manchester, with a view to the commencement of his studies, he thus sums up his thoughts: "I find new opportunities every day at the warehouse of speaking a word in season; the longer there the more such seem to open. I will leave the profession deeply convinced of the many opportunities afforded the merchant, if he has the true wish, of glorifying the Lord. Yet is the ministry more honourable, and still more opportunities are found in it."

In passing from Manchester to Edinburgh, David Sandeman entered into a new circle of life and duty. Business was henceforth exchanged for study—a life of action for one of thought. Knowledge and faith are not twin growths. The hour that lights the student's lamp has oftentimes obscured the Christian's faith. His understanding has grown at the expense of his affections, his speculative mind at the sacrifice of his childlike confidence. David Sandeman had happily eaten of the tree of life that is in the midst of the paradise of God before he sat down before the tree of knowledge to pluck its fruits of good and evil. Amidst the attractions of new studies we shall find his heart fixed. He drinks, but is not intoxicated by the cup. Writing in the throng of his college duties, he can still say, "Though my time is at present much engrossed by study, being engaged to-day from half-past seven A.M. till ten at night, yet the Lord showed me that he is able to keep my heart in peace with him; for often during my studies I was able to lift up my soul in calm resting upon him. It is not a boisterous joy, nor even elation, but a calm quiet which seems to pervade every feeling of my soul. I think I can trace this to my being more in prayer while at college and in the various classes. Let this be an encouragement to me to strive to live in prayer; and in order to this let me ever remember not to begin the business of any class till I have prayed to the Lord to keep me and to bless to me what I learn while there."

As a student, David Sandeman was distinguished more by industry than brilliancy of talent, or force or originality of mind. Grace led him to seek the development of all his powers with intense energy. Though not naturally of quick apprehension, nor possessed of remarkable abilities, his indomitable perseverance and singleness of purpose enabled him to excel in his college studies students of higher gifts. In several of his classes he gained marked honours. What is still more worthy of our notice, there was no perceptible abatement of spiritual feeling during the years of his student's life. He was not less the prayerful, simple minded, practical working believer when he studied at Edinburgh, than when he cast up accounts or turned over bales of cotton goods in the Manchester warehouse. The secret of his sustained, simple, ardent faith amidst studies in which not a few have made shipwreck, and more have for a season been chilled into religious indifference, is to be found in his rule: "*To study all day in the presence of Jesus.*" Whether it were Locke's Philosophy or Calvin's Institutes, Macintosh's Dissertations or Edwards on the Will, Hume's Argument against Miracles or Owen's Treatises, Demosthenes or Milton, he made it a rule first to pray over the book and then to endeavour to use it for his Master. In his note-book he has penned in large letters, Eternity! Eternity! adding, "Let me act more as if I were now in the next world, looking back to see how I should have acted for the glory of Jesus. As D. Brainerd says, 'Oh, to live on the verge of eternity! would that I could continually dwell on its sides, in studying and following out every avocation!'"

With what fervour for service would our young divines come forth from their studies; how unscathed from their passage through speculative philosophy and theology, were the rule of David Sandeman inscribed on every study wall as the working rule of the student, "*To study all day in the presence of Jesus.*"

That his studies took a wide and liberal range is seen in the following extract from his journal: "I must seek this summer to give myself thoroughly to study mechanics, algebra, and trigonometry, Latin, and Greek. I intend, also, to keep up my French and German, and to add occasionally two hours of the Hebrew Bible." The correctness of his critical judgment, and his power of literary appreciation, are admirably seen in the following remarks. Having been perusing one of Schiller's works, he writes: "Find that the ideas of truly great minds move on much in the same way as the grand in

nature. The works of nature do not lead one directly away from God, but rather tend to bring one into the posture of a silent worshipper. Works of art, if very magnificent, may have the same tendency, but ordinarily the truth of God must be called to mind, in order to put those in their proper place. Engrossed and more than delighted with *Chalmers*. Among other things he measures out so palpably for one the littleness of his own mind and contractedness of his own heart. Was led to give God thanks for creating such a spirit among the sons of men, and for bending that spirit to seek his glory as his highest aim. Two or three hours of *Demosthenes*. Struck with the directness of his style of address: no swerving aside for mere declamation, no mere flowers of ornament,—every word and sentence bears directly and potently on the point which he wishes to carry. His lofty and fervid tone has an elevating effect. Read *Calvin's Institutes*. Mind almost sensibly expanded in reading—the ordinary effect of reading that noble author."

His occasional characteristics of his Christian friends in his journal are as discriminating as his judgment on authors and their works. Who will not recognise his portrait of Hewitson of Dirleton, and thank him for it, when he writes, "My soul is much drawn towards that beloved minister of Jesus. He struck a chord of sympathy in my nature last night which may vibrate for many days. Naturally, he is the most *etherial* and spirit-like man I have met. Singular lucidity of thinking, great love of generalization, and a most metaphysical cast of thought. He defines and shades away thoughts with much skill, and has great command of classical expression. He spoke of desiring to have thoughts as capacious as the ocean, yet containing millions of drops of truth. The imagery of his mind is all of the same refined and poetic kind, and stands out as the branches of a leafless tree seen against the sky in winter. When he speaks one is rivetted; intellect and imagination are on the stretch, and I have sometimes felt with him that thrill which thoughts of a certain depth produce on kindred souls. He lives altogether in a strangely elevated atmosphere."

Amidst the variety of David Sandeman's studies and his intensity in their prosecution, the Word has still in all things the pre-eminence. Among other lights it is not obscured; it holds its place as his bright and morning star. Is a new year ushered in? his resolution is, "A good portion of the *best part* of my time to be devoted to secret prayer, and to a close and constant reading, and to deep and prayerful meditation and study of the Holy Scriptures." Is he tossed during a sleepless night? he arises, strikes a light, and fills his soul "with thoughts of God from God's own word, and then lies down again." When he returns from his class to his lodgings, it is to spend his first half-hour with the word, or to note, that he may deepen his own reverence for it, that Ecclami-padius delighted in the Old Testament Scriptures, "at present my own pasture-ground." Has Sabbath come

round? It brings with it its evening spent in reading the Old Testament in the Hebrew, "that grave, beloved language." Is he a wanderer amidst some of the picturesque scenes of his own Perthshire Highlands? whilst he fills his soul with the grandeur of the scenery of Glen Tilt, as a fit companion to it, *the word* is in his hands, and his pen records, "Can read nothing but the word; it is my morning, noon, and night portion." Is he watchful to gather from his intercourse with others hints that may turn to his personal profit? he catches, as the utterance of his own spirit, the petition from the lips of a friend, and adopts it as his own: "Lord, cast me into the mould of thy word."

With this best preparation for the ministry—a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures—he entered upon its duties. Immediately on receiving license to preach the gospel, he is found in charge of the preaching station of the Free Church at Hillhead, about three miles from Glasgow, where, though his ministry was brief, it was blessed to some souls. The eloquence that stirs men's hearts was not his gift; yet there was something in the man, as a preacher, that drew attention. His figure his biographer describes as tall and commanding; the profile of his countenance regular; his eye black and full; his voice clear and powerful; his utterance somewhat measured, and never rapid. But it was not in these things his real strength lay; it was in "laying up vials of prayer, which were afterwards poured down in blessing." Literary qualifications he felt were not his arms; they were only, as he himself remarked, the polishing and ingenious ornament on the hilt and flat side of the sword,—they had nothing to do *per se* with the edge of the weapon.

Three short months closed the ministry he had begun at Hillhead. For five or six years he had cherished the desire to join the mission in China. As often as the purpose was laid aside it came back like a tide rushing in full force. It was not worldly considerations that arrested his decision. It was the balancing of the foreign with the claims of the masses of home heathenism that for a season suspended his resolution. A less earnest, devoted man might, in his circumstances, have found an excuse for personally declining the foreign service. He had wealth to do his missionary work by proxy, if he could have satisfied himself that *his* work could have been so done. The agent for China was at his command, and the means for his support; but nothing less would satisfy David Sandeman but personal consecration to the mission cause.

More than thirty years ago, narrates his biographer on the authority of an American writer, two young gentlemen, while travelling in opposite directions, met at a brook, and, as their horses were drinking, the elder addressed the younger about his soul's eternal interests. They soon parted; but those faithful words were by the blessed Spirit made the means of leading the younger traveller to the Saviour. That young man was *Champion*, the idol of his family, for he was an only son, the

but bearing his father's name, and already the possessor of great wealth. No sooner was he saved than he consecrated himself to the missionary service, and chose as his sphere *Africa*, as the most benighted and neglected of countries. His father opposed his son's resolution of becoming a missionary, and proposed to support twenty missionaries out of his ample means, if only he personally would stay at home. "No," was his calm reply; "the Saviour left richer possessions and sacrificed his life for me; I cannot stay." Champion lived to labour five years in *Africa*, devoting all his property to the cause of missions. Often did he desire to know who that stranger was that had addressed him by the brook side, but he could get no clue to it, till one day, in *Africa*, he opened the memoir of J. Brainerd Taylor, just sent out to him from home. His eye fell on the likeness prefixed to the memoir, and instantly he knew who it was that had been the means of saving his soul. If David Sandeman had not so large a fortune as Champion, it is in his spirit he replies when some one having made reference to the delightful scenery and sweet dwelling which might have been his, his immediate answer was, "Can any one suppose that that could make any difference? Ah, those many mansions! that city that hath foundations! These things look solid and substantial, but they shall all pass away." There was no staggering in his purpose. It was sealed with those decisive words, "Surely my whole soul closes with my master's call."

The beginning of 1857 found him at Amoy, day and night intent on the acquisition of the Chinese language. In the month of May he is already trying his new acquisition, sitting with a Chinese father and his three sons under the shade of a spreading tree, attempting to say a little about Christ. In February of the following year he ventured to speak for the first time to about a dozen Chinese in a village. Meantime, whilst devoting himself to the language, he visits the Seaman's Hospital, and watches for opportunities of speaking to sailors of British and American ships. He narrowly observes the effects on society, British and Chinese, of the coolie and opium traffic, and, as he writes home, denounces the opium trade as the shame of England and the antagonist of missions. It is an irksome task, even with all necessary means at hand, to learn a difficult language. But the end, with our devoted missionary, smoothes the roughness of the way, and makes the toil as nothing, as he pleasantly tells us in his beautiful application to himself of the experience of Jacob: "As his time seemed short because of the love he bore to Rachel, my months pass sweetly and quickly over, because of the love of the divine Master." Alas! the instrument he is so diligent in acquiring, and to attain which he counts all "toil pleasure," it is not the will of the divine Master he should use for his glory. Enough,—like David, he has prepared the materials for a temple. The Lord has need of him in his own heavenly temple, to serve him day and night, where, though the worshippers be ten thousand times ten thousand, their tongues are one.

An attack of cholera, which lasted only twenty hours, called him, at the close of a busy week, to his rest. He was always ready, and, when his hour came, he had but to testify of a faith in which he had long rejoiced, and of a hope that was full of glory. The thought of an early close to his ministry he had often contemplated. "Death," he had written some years before, "should take none of the Lord's chosen by surprise, any more than the entrance into the room of a child should a mother, or the sound of the horses' tread, at the ordinary hour, of her husband's carriage, should a loving wife, on his return from labouring for her welfare. The surprise should be, why tarry the wheels of his chariot." Though sudden, the summons was neither unexpected nor startling. When asked by a friend what at that moment gave him confidence, his brief, characteristic reply was, "From head to foot, righteousness." To the question if he had any message to leave for his friends, "Yes," was his answer, "tell my mother I thought of her, because she taught me the way to Jesus." Happy mother, to be so comforted by a dying son! But for one thing he still cleaved to life. When asked by his medical attendant if he wished to live for the sake of preaching the gospel to the Chinese, "Ay, that is it!" he exclaimed. But, denied length of days, he offered what he could, and devoted his property to the Chinese mission. Like the great and good Schwartz, who, on dying, dictated his will in those few, but memorable words, "I leave the Church of Christ in India my heir," David Sandeman, who had yielded first himself to the work, did not withhold his substance. Is not the life more than meat? Confirming on his death-bed an arrangement he had made before leaving home, he bequeathed "one-eighth of his property to the spread of the gospel at home, and seven-eighths for the spread of the gospel in China." He died as he lived, calling nothing that he had his own,—a sublime example, in life and death, of self-consecration.

"The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost,—
So sprang his soul to light."

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

I.—IS CHRIST AN AVAILABLE CONSOLATION FOR ME?

Who art thou, friend? Art thou one who needs no consolation? Hast thou a righteousness of thine own? Let me put it in thine own words. You are a *good* man, kind to the poor, charitable, upright, generous, holy. You believe there may be *some* faults in yourself, but they must be very few, and you trust that what with your own merits and with God's mercy you may enter heaven. In the name of God, I do solemnly assure you, that Christ is not an available consolation for *you*. Christ will have nothing to do with you, so long as you have anything to do with yourself. If you are trusting

in any measure whatever upon aught that you have ever done or hope to do, you are trusting in a lie, and Christ will never be friends with a lie. He will never help *you* to do what he came to do himself. If you will take his work as it is, as a finished work, well and good; but if you must needs add to it your own, God shall add unto you the plagues which are written in this book, but he shall by no means give to you any of the promises and the comforts which Christ can afford.

But instead thereof, I will suppose that I address myself this morning to a man who says, "I was once, I think, a believer in Christ; I made a profession of religion, but I fell from it, and I have lost for years all the hope and joy I ever had; I think I was a presumptuous man, that I pretended to have what I never had, and yet at the time I really thought I had it. May I think that there is consolation in Christ for a backslider and a traitor like me? Often, sir, do I feel as if the doom of Judas must be mine—as if I must perish miserably, like Demas, who loved this present world." Ah! backslider, backslider, God speaks to thee this morning, and he says, "Return, ye backsliding children of men, for I am married to you;" and if married, there has never been a divorce between Christ and you. Has he put you away? Unto which of his creditors has he sold you? Where do you read in his word that he has divided from the affection of his heart one whose name was ever written in his book? Come, come, backslider, come again to the cross. He who received you once will receive you again. Come where the blood is flowing; the blood that washed you once can wash you yet once more. Come, come, that art naked, and poor, and miserable; the raiment which was given to thee once shall array thee again with beauty. The unsearchable riches which were opened up to thee aforetime shall be thine again.

"To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Once again a child confessed,
From his hand no more to roam,
Come, backsliding sinner, come."

But I hear another say, "I am not a backslider, but simply one who desires to be saved. I can say honestly, I would give my right arm from its socket if I might but be saved. Why, sir, if I had ten thousand worlds I would freely cast them away as pebble stones, and worthless, if I might but find Christ." Poor soul; and does the devil tell thee thou shalt never have Christ? Why, thou hast a warrant to lay hold on Christ to-day. "No," sayest thou, "I have no right whatever." The fact that thou sayest thou hast no right should at least comfort the minister in addressing himself freely to thee. The right of a sinner to come to Christ does not lie in the sinner, nor in any feelings which the sinner may have had; it lies in the fact that Christ commands him to come. If one of you should receive, as you went out of yonder door, a command to go at once to Windsor and have an interview with the Queen, as soon as you had received the order and were sure it came from her, you might say, "Well, but if I had known this, I should

have put on other clothes;" but the order is peremptory, "Come now; come just as you are;" you would, I think, without any very great doubt, though greatly wondering, take your place and ride there at once. When you came to the gate, some tall grenadier might ask you what you were at. "Why," he might say, "you are not fit to come and see her Majesty; you are not a gentleman; you have not so many hundreds a-year; how can you expect to be admitted?" You show the command, and he lets you pass on. You come to another door, and there is an usher there. "You are not in a court dress," says he; "you are not properly robed for the occasion." You show the command, and he lets you pass on. But suppose when at last you should come into the ante-room you should say, "Now I dare not go in; I am not fit; I feel I shall not know how to behave myself." Suppose you are silly enough not to go, you would be disobedient and ten times more foolish in disobeying than you could have been by any blunders in behaviour if you had obeyed. Now, it is just so with you to-day. Christ says, "Come unto me." He does not merely invite you, because he knows you would think you did not deserve the invitation; but he gives the *command*, and he bids me say to you, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you;" he bids me command you in his name, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Of his grace and mercy he puts it as a command. "*But*," you say. Ah! what right have you to say "*but*" to the Lord's commands? Again, I say, away with your "*but*s." What right have you to be "*butting*" at his laws and his commands. "*But*," you say, "do hear me for a moment." I will hear you then. "Sir, I cannot imagine that if such a hard-hearted sinner as I am were really to trust Christ I should be saved." The English of that is, that you give God the lie. He says you shall be, and do you think he speaks an untruth? "Ah!" says another, "but it is too good to be true. I cannot believe that just as I am, if I trust in Christ, my sin shall be forgiven." Again, I say, the simple English of that is, that you think you know better than God; and so you do in fact stand up and say to his promise, "Thou art false." He says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Ah!" you say, "but that does not mean me?" Can any language speak more plainly? "*Him*." What him? Why, any "*him*" in the world.

"Yes," says one, "but the invitations are made to character—'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden;' I am afraid I am not heavy laden enough." Yes, but you will mark, while the invitation is given to character, yet the promise is not given to the character; it is given to those who come—"Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" and while that one invitation may be confined to the weary and heavy laden, yet there are scores of others that stand as wide and free as the very air we breathe. If you have that qualification, do not come even with it, because you are unqualified when you think you are qualified; you are unfit when you think

you are fit; and if you have a sense of need, which you think makes you fit to come to Christ, it shows you are not fit and do not know your need; for no man knows his need till he thinks he does not know his need, and no man is in a right state to come to Christ till he thinks he is not in a right state to come to Christ. But he who feels that he has not one good thought or one good feeling to recommend him, he is the man who may come. He who says, "But I may not come," is the very man that is bidden to come. Besides, my friends, it is not what you think or what I think, it is what Christ says; and is it not written by the hand of the apostle John, "This is the commandment, that ye believe on Jesus Christ whom he hath sent?" Men who say it is not the duty of sinners to believe, I cannot think what they make out of such a text as that, "This is the commandment, that ye believe on Jesus Christ whom he hath sent;" and that one where God expressly says, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he believeth not." Why, I should think I was addressing heathens, if I addressed a company of men who thought that God did not command men to repent; for Scripture is so plain upon the point, and I say, if God commands thee to do it, thou mayest do it. Let the devil say "Nay," but God says "Yea." Let him stand and push you back, but say to him, "Nay, Satan, nay, I come here in God's name;" and as devils fear and fly before the name of Christ, so will Satan and thy fears all fly before his command. He commands thee to believe, that is, to trust him. Trust him, soul, trust him; right or wrong, trust him.

But some of you want a great temptation, and a great deal of despair, before you will trust him. Well, the Lord will send it to you, if you will not trust him without it. I remember John Bunyan says he had a black temptation, and it did him a great deal of good; for, said he, "Before I had the temptation I used always to be questioning a promise, and saying, 'May I come, or may I not come?'" But at last he said, "Yea, often when I have been making to the promise, I have seen as if the Lord would refuse my soul for ever: I was often as if I had run upon the pike, and as if the Lord had thrust at me, to keep me from him as with a flaming sword." Ah! and perhaps you may be driven to that. I pray you may; but I would infinitely rather that the sweet love and grace of God would entice you now to trust Jesus Christ just as you are. He will not deceive you, sinner; he will not fail you. Trusting him, you shall build on a sure foundation, and find Him who is the consolation of Israel and the joy of all his saints. —*Spurgeon.*

II.—RESTRAINT OF CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE.

How much is often lost between those whose feelings as well as duty would draw them most closely together. There are the poor of Christ's heritage needing and thirsting for instruction in doctrine and guidance of

life; but shy of intruding on the studies or occupations of their minister, of occupying his time, or of taking the first word in talking of the subjects which are nearest to their hearts. And there are pastors, men of prayer and meditation, earnest in character, abounding in the richest treasures of things new and old, which befit the scribe instructed to the kingdom of God,—men, who, but for one deficiency, might evangelize the world;—longing to pour forth the emotions of their hearts as well as the stores of their intellects; but wanting the power to doff the wrappings of conventional reserve, and to place themselves heart to heart, as well as face to face, with the immortal beings who will rise beside them in the day of the Lord. And thus, the step is not made; the ice is not broken; time after time their communings fall short of the point from which all would be sure to flow on full and clear;—and they part, strangers as before; nay, more estranged, because they part with a sense of recoil on both sides. But if the mischief is on both sides, judge ye on which side is the greater responsibility!

And is not the same evil at work, under a slightly modified form, even in this spot, from which the Church's and nation's teachers are from year to year issuing forth? Nay, is it not rather here that the harmful influence is imbibed? Would it be so widely felt throughout the land, were it not first felt here? For here, too, there is the same general relation between the teacher and the taught, the pastor and the disciple. They are drawn together by every impulse of love and sense of duty; but they are kept apart by the repulsion of etiquette and conventionality, by constraints of feeling and reserves of manner. Does the teacher always in such intercourse sufficiently remember that he was once himself a pupil? Does the pupil sufficiently feel that his teacher may yet retain enough of fresh feelings and youthful impulses to understand *his*? Do both sufficiently grasp and use the fact that there is this point of contact between their spirits;—the fact, that the points of difference and separation which thrust themselves forward, are stamped even by this very obtrusiveness, as being things external and accidental; but that the inner reality is, that heart beats to heart in Christian love? Sad indeed it is that between such classes, among such persons, we may see Christian love hidden by a mask of coldness on the one part and shyness on the other,—perhaps of stern authority on one, and jealous independence on the other. And as time passes and opportunities slip away, the younger go forth from hence without the impression which might have been made for good on their ductile minds at a turning point of life; the elder go on striving, but with ineffectual efforts—carried round and round in a cycle of disappointment; and the flowers drop, one by one, from coronals which might have bloomed in Paradise.

If we did but look on those who are intrusted to our charge, not merely in a strict and hard way, as persons for whom we have to give account, but as those who are

the helpers of our joy; if they did but look on us, as watching, not merely *over* them, but *for* them, loving them, yearning towards them; if each looked on the other as his joy and crown at the coming of the Lord Christ Jesus;—how different the face of the Church of God would be; how differently would the Lord's work be done, as by those who felt themselves no longer servants, but friends (John xv. 15).

Where then do the difficulty and the evil reside?

Not often, I trust and believe, in a want of zeal and affection in those who stand in a pastoral relation to others. Not often in any want of amiability, or any contumacious independence on the part of the disciples. Still more rarely, we may hope, in recklessness on the one hand or profligacy on the other. But commonly in the want of a mutual understanding, the want of openness in those who ought to be beyond all others confidential with one another. *We want faith.* This is the secret of our shrinking. We want faith, and therefore we suspect others of a want of love. Men have not the courage to unbosom themselves, for fear of meeting with coldness or ridicule. And each watches in vain for the first tokens of that affection which he dares not be the first to offer, though he would return it with his whole heart. And they are kept apart by this false shame. Both lose what they need and crave. Both are hardened and grow suspicious. And perhaps the suspicions of both in time make themselves true;—the openness of youth clouded with premature craft; the influence of riper years lost in selfish cowardice. And thus pastor and flock, teacher and pupil, are estranged; a blessing is changed into a curse; and when they have to give account, it must be done by both with grief, it must be unprofitable for both.

Oh, for one breath—were it but one—of the apostle's spirit, to whisper to teacher and pupil, to clergy and laity, of the joy and glory which they are casting away, and bartering for shame and confusion of face in the day of their account, by reason of this false shame which separates them now,—now, when each might help the other, alike by secret prayer and by mutual interchange of comfort; the one confiding their difficulties, their doubts, their temptations; the other guiding, cheering, helping along the better way, stretching out the hand to steady the wavering, or raise the fallen;—and these too, we may be well assured, receiving at least as much, in support and comfort and blessing, as they give!

Oh, for the courage to despise the scoffing of fools; or rather and better still, to believe in the warm and healthy feelings which need but to be evoked to put all scoffing to silence and shame! Would that, for our uncircumcised lips and stammering tongue, a mouth were given us to utter the words of the apostle which have so often kindled a fire in our hearts, "Our mouth is open unto you, our heart is enlarged. Ye are not straitened in us, but ye are straitened in your own bowels. Now for a recompence in the same, (I speak as unto my children,) be ye also enlarged" (2 Cor. vi. 11-13).

And this might yet be so, if we all realized more fully that we are bound together not for this world only; that our accounts are to be rendered together; and that in the next world we are doomed to be either the glory or the shame of one another. It is but a nightmare that paralyzes us. We have only to move a finger, and it is at an end. But the finger is *not* moved, and the spell remains unbroken.—*Robert Scott, D.D. (Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.)*

ELUCIDATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

No. III.

THE EMBLEMATICAL IMPORT AND USE OF FIRE.

THERE is a very frequent use in Scripture, as the most careless reader can scarcely fail to perceive, of the element of fire as an emblem of things spiritual and divine; and in the great majority of cases there is no proper room to doubt in what sense it is employed. The commonest understanding must perceive that it symbolizes the severer aspect of the divine character—the holiness of God, or the effect of that holiness upon the state and prospects of those who are at enmity to it. Thus, when God is represented as "a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. 29; Isa. xxxiii. 14)—when he descended in fire on Mount Sinai, accompanied with blackness, and darkness, and tempest—when in vision he appeared to the psalmist with "fire out of his mouth devouring, by which coals were kindled" (Ps. xviii. 8)—to Daniel with "a fiery stream issuing before him" (vii. 10)—to Habakkuk with "burning coals going under his feet" (iii. 15)—as also when, with respect to the future, he is spoken of as going "to be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God" (1 Thess. i. 8),—in these, and many similar passages, it is plainly God's relation to the enemies of his truth and kingdom, his holy indignation against their sins, and his purpose to execute upon them the judgment they have provoked, which is imaged by the fiery element in the descriptions. What this element is in the field of nature—searching, resistless, consuming—such is Jehovah in the manifestation of his character as the Holy One to those who are living, or who have died, in unrighteousness.

But is the symbol always so employed in Scripture? Are there not other aspects also of the divine character and working imaged by it? So it is not unusually imagined; and in the current explanations given of several important passages fire is taken as a symbol either of God himself generally, or of the gracious operations of his Spirit among men. It is possible that in such explanations nothing may be brought out which is contrary to the great doctrines of the Bible, or even directly at variance with what is taught in the particular passages themselves. But still, the passages in question can scarcely have their precise and proper meaning ascribed to them. For the language of symbol, like the

spoken language of ordinary life, has its own rules of interpretation; it cannot be taken arbitrarily, so as to mean one thing here, and another thing, essentially different, elsewhere. A properly used symbol, like a well-defined word, however variously applied, must always retain its fundamental import; and since, in the more numerous and plainer passages of Scripture in which fire occurs as a symbol, it represents the divine holiness in its bearing on the state and destinies of man, we may hold it for certain that the representation is not materially different in other passages where the image is employed.

Thus, when God appeared to Moses at Horeb under the emblem of a fiery bramble—a bush burning yet not consumed—it is not enough to say that the Lord was in the bush, and the fire which there burned without consuming was the symbol of his presence in the Church. It was this, no doubt; but also something more—there was a special fitness in the particular symbol employed to the precise circumstances of the time, and the prospects now to be opened to the mind of Moses. And this it had simply as the emblem of the divine holiness, which wrought then among the covenant people (represented by the bush), as with the severity of a refiner's heat to purge out the dross of sin, and render those who were not consumed in the process partakers of the holiness of God, and, as such, fortified with divine power against the adversaries of their peace. It told Moses that God, as the righteous One, was in those tribulations which his people were enduring in Egypt; and that, if the effect corresponded to the design, the members of the covenant should be still preserved, and more than preserved—should be tempered as with heavenly fire for the coming conflict with evil, and the triumphs that were to be won in the cause of truth and righteousness. Hence, also, the abiding symbolical form under which the Lord manifested his presence and glory to Israel, after they were redeemed from the hand of Pharaoh. This was a pillar of fire and cloud—fire enveloped in a cloud, as if to shade and soften its excessive brightness, to show how kindness and condescension mingled with and encompassed the severity; yet still having fire as the more essential element, because it was the time emphatically of law; and the holiness of God therein revealed was what must come most prominently into view. He first gave to the people “a fiery law;” and then abode with them under the symbol of fire, as showing himself ever ready to guard its sanctity, and revenge its violation if they should turn aside from the testimony delivered to them, and fall into the ways of corruption.

Even that more peculiar manifestation of God which was given to the mediator himself of the old covenant at Sinai took the same prevailing form. When Moses, at the divine bidding, went up into the mount to receive instruction concerning the tabernacle of testimony, “the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel”

(Exod. xxiv. 17); yet, while received within that awful circle, Moses, so far from being devoured, appeared as in his proper region, for the law of his God was in his heart; he was inflamed with zeal for the divine holiness, and the destructive energy with which it was ready to burst forth upon others found not its appropriate fuel, but rather its kindred element in him. How noble the elevation of this man of God, that he could make his dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, even when discovering itself in the fearful aspect of devouring fire! The sight which he had seen and wondered at in the desert he now realized in his soul's experience, and not to the injury, but to the enhancement of what constitutes the true glory and blessedness of life.

If we pass from the old dispensation to the new, we mark a difference in the respect now under consideration, though not without an essential agreement. There is, first of all, a difference in form, for now that God had assumed to himself the nature of man, and in that nature had given full manifestation of his character and purposes, there was no longer the same need for symbolical representations. The Divine appeared among men as a living, personal reality, and it was not as a separate and visible form of manifestation, but rather as an incidental, more or less prominent element in figurative descriptions, that use might henceforth be expected to be made of fire. Such precisely is the case; and as the benign character and regenerative efficacy of grace, not the stern severity of law, had now become the prominent feature in the divine dispensation, the emblem of fire naturally assumed a less conspicuous place. It still appears, however, and at the very threshold of the gospel. For John the Baptist, when announcing the immediate approach of the Lord, and the character of his mission, as compared with his own, said, “He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.” Not, *as* with fire—which is the turn very frequently given to the announcement, but without any proper warrant, and even at variance with its natural import. The passage embodies the substance of John's representations concerning the Messiah; and in these, as previously in the writings of Malachi, on which he especially leans (iii. 4), the coming of the Lord is distinctly associated with a twofold operation—the one, gracious, regenerative, saving; the other, severe, judicial, destructive. In the first instance, he should appear as the baptizer with the Spirit, working, through this blessed agent, with transforming effect upon the state and prospects of men, and raising from amongst them that good seed which he should ultimately gather into his eternal garner. But along with this life-giving, ennobling agency in one class, there should be ever proceeding in another a work of judgment and rebuke; for where the baptism of the Spirit proves of no avail, the baptism of fire inevitably takes its place. Inevitably, we say—not occasionally or arbitrarily, since they who have withstood the ministration of the Spirit, and remain destitute of the fruits of righteousness, can have

no destination but to the judicial wrath, which, like fire, shall consume the empty chaff and the unfruitful trees (Matt. iii. 12; John iii. 26). We are not, therefore, in the Baptist's announcement to identify the Spirit with fire, as if the one were taken simply for an emblem of the other. On the contrary, the characteristic of fire takes effect only when that of the Spirit fails; but it is a characteristic which can never be more than partially exhibited during the existing state of things; the full manifestation of it belongs to the time when righteousness shall do its perfect work, and the new heavens and new earth shall be brought in, where this alone shall be permitted to dwell. What can such a revelation of righteousness be but as consuming fire to the ungodly?

In perfect accordance with this is the representation given of the glorified Redeemer in the Apocalypse. He there presented himself in vision, and in symbolical guise, to his servant, with an especial view to the revelation of his purpose, respecting the execution of judgment both on a corrupt Church and an ungodly world. The representation is in form closely allied to the historical and prophetic symbols of Old Testament scripture, and shows the Son of man with eyes like a flame of fire, and feet like unto fine brass, as if they glowed or burned in a furnace (i. 14, 15)—a living embodiment of the righteousness of Heaven, in its zeal against the works and workers of iniquity. The eye flashing like a flame of fire is the soul burning with holy indignation on account of sin, and so is elsewhere associated with a going forth in righteousness to judge and make war (xix. 12). The feet as of clear brass, glowing with furnace-heat, indicate the active and terrible energy with which the purpose of righteousness is going to be carried into accomplishment, and the sure destruction which it shall bring to the adversaries. Miserable men! what can they do against such an adversary? or how shall they abide the day of his coming? But for those to whom this glorious Being is not an adversary, but a friend, what security must not his presence and protection throw around their condition? How can they lose in the conflict with such a leader and guardian on their side? Let them be but steadfast to him, and the cause he commits to their hands; and as their witness is in heaven, so, assuredly, shall their destiny be in glory.

P. F.

DR. MORISON OF CHELSEA.*

PART FIRST.

"DR. MORISON was for forty-three years the pastor of a large church and congregation. He was for thirty-two years editor of the 'Evangelical Magazine.' He was author of more works than I can enumerate, some of which had a very large circulation. The biographer of

the fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society, he caught their spirit and wore their mantle. He was in all respects a public man, taking the lead in works of usefulness; ready with tongue or pen, equally at home in the pulpit or on the platform; with abundant physical energy, with a robust constitution, with wonderful power of activity; with a mind which seemed as if it could not rest—ever observing, ever watchful, laying up knowledge, forming opinions and applying principles, always with amazing facility, with singular shrewdness, insight into character, tact in the management of others, vivacity, cheerfulness, and urbanity; his smile inspiring confidence, his animated countenance shedding sunshine over the meeting for business as well as over the home of love; his frank, pleasant, pithy, pointed conversation exciting interest, dispelling gloom; his sympathies ever alive with the intensest good-will, and his hand ready to support and help. Altogether he was a man above most men fitted for successful enterprise in this great working world—sure to make friends and reap honours." The life of the man of whom these sentences could be written is worthy of a permanent record. It has found this in an instructive and valuable biography of Dr. Morison which has just appeared, from the pen of Mr. Kennedy of Stepney. We thank its able author for his memorials of a life which eminently teaches diligence and cheerfulness in service, and calmness and patience in suffering; and which he has presented to us in the catholic and genial spirit of its subject.

It was the happy lot of Dr. Morison to be born in a Christian family, though at a time when the religion of Scotland had declined from its first love. His ancestors belonged to the county of Aberdeen, and had resided at Millseat of Craigston, in that county, for nearly one hundred and fifty years. Like the generations of his family that had gone before him, his father united the twofold occupation of a tiller of the ground and a worker in wood. "All my recollections of my early home," wrote Dr. Morison in 1833, "are of the most pleasurable kind. Never was union of heart and purpose more happily displayed. My mother was a pattern of all that was winning and gentle and kind in the female character; and my father was so wise and prudent, so mild in his family rule, so guileless in the expression of all his social affections, that a note of discord was never heard in our little peaceful circle. While memory holds her seat I can never forget the remarkable degree in which my beloved parents were made to bless each other, by the spontaneousness and warm reciprocation of every domestic and lovely virtue." His father's was one of the cottage circles that preserved the faith and piety of Scotland during the season that infidelity infested her literature, and "moderation" reigned in her national pulpits. Among the frequent visitors of this happy, humble home were some men whose strength of character and conversation left a durable impression on young Morison's mind. We can

* "Service and Suffering: Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. John Morison, D.D., LL.D., late Minister of Trevor Chapel, Brompton." By the Rev. John Kennedy, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Ward & Co. 1860.

conceive of the influence of such a Scottish worthy as he describes in the person of Alexander Sievright on a sensitive, thoughtful, and sharply observant youth. "Among the congenial friends of my father," he writes, "was Alexander Sievright, a man of patriarchal appearance, tall and spare, but with a countenance indicative of deep thought and of much converse with heaven. My father loved him and sought his fellowship because of the fervour of his piety and the extent of his theological research. I remember well his simple and unaffected manners, and the cordiality with which he and my father met and parted. His prayers in the family were of a remarkable character. He literally wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant. I never, as a child, could fall into sin when Alexander Sievright was at Millseat, without feeling the keenest upbraidings of conscience. His prayers were like fiery darts thrust into the soul from the quiver of the Almighty." Of another of those visitors of his early home, whose strong religious views and broad character insensibly moulded his own, he writes: "Another of my father's friends was William Gibb. Wherever he went he carried heaven with him. His melting tones and his more melting petitions I can never forget. He awed my spirit when it was full of the vanities of life, and made me wish to be a man of prayer such as he was. He had all the peculiarities of the older school of the Secession Church, but every peculiarity was sanctified by the word of God and by prayer, and none could dare to think lightly of divine things who listened to his communings with the Father of spirits." How much is lost by Christian families not studying to gather around their tables and home circles men whose conversation, prayers, and example would prove elements more powerful in the spiritual education of their children than all direct or formal Christian instruction, and whose presence would diffuse a living Christianity through their households.

Amongst the visitors of that Christian cottage were men whose names have long since been identified with the revival of religion that took place in Scotland towards the close and at the beginning of the present century, who blew afresh the gospel trumpet over a slumbering land. "I well remember," says Dr. Morison, "that from 1799 until 1805 scarcely a month passed without a visit from some of the persons then known as the 'missionary preachers,' the men sent out in connection with Greville Ewing and Robert Haldane. Many of them spent ten days or a fortnight at a time under my father's roof. Their arrival was always a season to us of great joy."

On the occasion of an earlier visit of Captain Haldane to the north, the future wife of Dr. Morison, then but a girl, received her first and lasting impressions. Her own graphic letter to Mr. Haldane's son and biographer, written in 1857, narrates the circumstance of her awakening, and presents us with a photograph of the gallant preacher. "It was in the summer of 1797," she writes, "that Captain Haldane first visited the

town of Banff. By the tuck of drum a sermon was announced to be preached at a neighbouring village, on the banks of the gently-flowing Dozeron. A company of equestrians was to perform at the same time on the Battery Green of Banff. I had been invited by a schoolfellow to accompany her to the Battery Green. We had actually set out to the place; but before reaching the spot a worthy lady, who knew us both, met and accosted us. 'Where are you going, my young friends?' My companion replied, 'To the Battery Green, to see the horsemen.' 'Oh,' said she, 'you had better go with me to the green banks, and hear Captain Haldane; it will do you more good.' My companion said, 'No; I can hear a sermon at any time, but I cannot see the horsemen.' She determined to execute her purpose, and went to the Battery Green; and so far as I have heard, she has never entered on the narrow path. Young as I then was, I was influenced by an unseen hand to accept the pressing invitation to go to the sermon on the green banks, and quitted my companion. Captain Haldane arrived on horseback at the place where the people were assembled to hear him. He dismounted, and gave his horse in charge to another gentleman who stood by. He was then a young man under thirty years of age, and had on a blue great-coat braided in front, after the fashion of the times. He also wore powder, and his hair tied behind, as was then usual for gentlemen. I can never forget the impressions which fell on my young heart as, in a distinct, clear, and manly voice, he began to address the thoughtless multitude that had been attracted to hear him. His powerful appeals to the conscience, couched in simple phrase, at the distance of more than fifty years, are still vividly remembered; and were so terrifying at the time, that I never closed an eye nor even retired to rest that night. The impression produced by what I heard was never effaced from my mind; for though I did not fully embrace the gospel for years after, yet I never relapsed again into my former state of carelessness and indifference to eternal things.

"And oft, amid the giddy throng,
Did conscience whisper, 'Thou art wrong;
Thou art not fit to die.'"

It was many years after this memorable season in the life of the "little girl" that was to become his wife, that Morison himself entered "the narrow path." Notwithstanding his home of piety and its powerful influence on the formation of his character, and in moulding his after opinions, it was his own deep conviction that till his seventeenth year he lived without God in the world. At that period it became necessary to determine his profession for life. A strong desire had been cherished by his parents from his childhood that he should be a minister of the everlasting gospel; and had he shown unequivocal signs of piety, his father would have sent him to the University of Aberdeen. But, abhorring the idea of tempting his son to enter the ministry for a piece of bread, he apprenticed him to a respectable watchmaker in Banff. In that step all hope of his parent's

first fond desire seemed for ever cut off. In the marvellous providence of God it was the step to its realization. Whilst working out his apprenticeship at Banff, he was brought into connection with the searching, powerful ministry of the Rev. Joseph Gibb. The convictions of the evil and danger of sin, which he had experienced in his younger days, were again revived, and with redoubled power. He became the subject of an incessant tormenting fear. He often trembled lest God had given him up to a reprobate mind, and not unfrequently imagined that he had sinned the sin which is unto death—the sin against the Holy Ghost. Fuller instruction under the ministry of Mr. Gibb, with the teaching of that Spirit which he had grieved, yet which he again earnestly sought, scattered the terrific cloud, and poured the light of gospel peace into his troubled heart. Immediately on his conversion, he sought to bring others to the Saviour. “He might then be seen,” says his biographer, “of a Sabbath evening, a slender lad with pale face, but beaming eye, teaching a large class of persons, many of them twice his own age, the way of salvation. And it was his happiness in after years to welcome to his own fireside at Chelsea some whom he had instructed in the sea-town of Banff, and to hear from their lips that they had received their first religious impressions from his words.”

His discerning pastor soon perceived that the young convert was more than a man of fervour of spirit or simple earnestness of heart. Conversion developed the latent powers of the watchmaker's apprentice. It gave force to his understanding, and concentration to his purposes in life. It was soon perceived that he possessed a shrewd, discriminating mind, aptitude in teaching, and capacities fitting him for a public sphere in the Church. When his minister first suggested to him the thought of the ministry, he refused to entertain it. He was awed by the contemplation of a responsibility so great as that of entering upon its solemn work. It was not until a visit of Dr. Wardlaw's to Banff, and after an interview with him, that his difficulties were overcome, and his dedication of himself to the ministry finally decided. With what Christian tenderness and cheerful wisdom that eminent and good man counselled this young inquirer in search after his path of duty, is beautifully disclosed in the following letter; it may drop the needful word of direction into some similarly tossed spirit:—

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—From what I saw of your state of mind last evening, I suspect you are somewhat in danger of looking for such proofs of a call to the work of the ministry as are not ordinarily to be expected, and which are in no case necessary. You may with safety dismiss the apprehension of seeking to obtrude yourself into the Lord's vineyard, as the thought of your becoming a preacher of the word did not originate with yourself, but with others. But, my friend, may you not err in another direction, by failing to per-

ceive the intimations of the divine will as conveyed to you through the earnest and harmonious convictions of others who have watched the development of your character, and can have no desire to mislead you in your course? I sincerely think you may so err. . . . Cheer up, my man! these scruples of yours will only make the path of duty more clear for the future. May the divine Master fervently incline you to his own work, and mightily constrain you by his own love! Such is the prayer of, my dear young friend, yours sincerely,

“RALPH WARDLAW.”

On the occasion of the tour through the north of Scotland that brought this eminent preacher to Banff, he was the subject of a characteristic colloquy between two worthy mothers in Israel, one of whom seems to have been a true representative of the narrow and censorious spirit that was not rare at that period amongst the religious in Scotland. As Dr. Wardlaw was by no means strictly clerical in his costume, but wore topped boots and other articles of dress corresponding to the necessities of his journey on horseback, and was, besides, a man of elegant, gentlemanly address, his appearance rather stumbled the faith of Mrs. M——. She looked wonders as she saw the young minister ascend the pulpit stairs; but as he entered on his subject she was seen to become grave and attentive. When he had finished his discourse, looking round to Mrs. S——, a person of an entirely different cast of mind, she exclaimed, “O woman! was na that a great sermon for sic a young man? But oh, he's ower braw and ower bonnie!” “Ower braw!” replied Mrs. S——; “what signifies a man's claes, if there be plenty o' furnaishin' in 's mind? And to find fau't with the dear young man because he's bonnie, is something very much like a reflection on the Creator himself.”

After a three years' course of study at Hoxton College, he entered upon his ministerial life. It was a favourite maxim with him, that the student is the type of the future minister. It was so in his own case. The ardour with which he pursued his studies was prophetic of the intensity of his after course. While still at college he wrote, “I have not a moment to trifle. I am studying for eternity. I expect to give an account for every moment of Hoxton time at the bar of Omniscience.” The slowest capacity would advance with the steps of a giant under such a motive power. The preaching of Morison at once revealed how he had studied; it represented both the resources and fervour of his mind. His first ministerial position threw him at once into the centre of the great world. He became the pastor, shortly after leaving college, of the Congregational Church of Sloane Street, Chelsea; but finding his sphere of labour uncongenial, and that he was exposed to the intermeddling of the deacons of the church in the discharge of his duties, with characteristic decision he resolved to dissolve the connection. The Church was tainted with hyper-Calvinism, which bore its fruit of Antinomianism,

from which both his judgment and his heart recoiled; and perceiving he was not to be at liberty without annoyances he could ill brook, he resolved upon his course. At the close of a Sabbath evening service, standing in the vestry he said to those who surrounded him, "Are you aware that I have preached for the last time in that pulpit?" They were confounded, and entreated him to reconsider the matter. But all in vain. He saw it was impossible for him to work with them satisfactorily, and his resolution was irrevocable. Less than a thorough conscientious conviction might have excused his abandonment of such a charge, when his biographer tells us that one of its authorities, displeased on a certain occasion with his minister declining to do what he wished, demanded of him, "Are you not our servant?" "I am your servant *'for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake,'*" was the prompt answer. "But certainly I would not be your servant on any other consideration."

It was a bold step for a young preacher, who had newly married, to cast himself abroad on the world, and with the imputation of having quarrelled with the deacons of his first charge. But brief as his ministry had been, it had been long enough to rally not a few devoted friends around, and some of these attached members of the Established Church. They knew the worth of the young minister, and could rely upon his Christian energy. On the very first Sabbath after abandoning Union Chapel, he found for himself a pulpit in a large room in a neighbouring manufactory, where he continued to minister till the completion of the erection of a new place of worship. Starting with twenty-four members, the congregation of Trevor Chapel ultimately numbered five hundred. Many interesting notices of its progress appear in his letters to his friends. In one of these he writes, "We have not had a Church meeting for three years and a half without additions; and during that period one hundred and fifty have been received into fellowship. I do not say too much when I state that one hundred of that number have been brought to the knowledge of the truth under my own humble ministry." The secret of his success, if we regard the human instrumentality, was his power of labour, united with earnestness, adaptation, faithfulness in his ministry. He could scarcely fail to be a successful minister who "uttered perfected thoughts in accurate language, and baptized all in a spirit of kindness and love." Struck with the working energy of the minister of Trevor Chapel, as he grafted on his Church one benevolent and missionary movement after another, a neighbouring minister warned him that he was doing too much. "You must take care," said he, "that you do not overwork yourself." "Depend upon it," replied Mr. Morison, "the lazy minister dies first." Six months after, he was sent for by his friendly monitor, and to his amazement and sorrow found him dying. "Do you remember what you once said to me?" inquired the dying man. Stunned by finding his own words invested with an almost prophetic character, he

could only reply falteringly, "Oh, don't speak of that!" "Yes, but I must speak of it!" said his friend. "It was the truth. Work, work, while it is called to-day, for now the night is coming when I cannot work." Dr. Morison often related this circumstance as a warning to the indolent. Yet in after years he acknowledged that he had suffered the heavy penalty in a shattered constitution of imprudent efforts in early life; and in the review of his past years, he wrote to his son-in-law, "I am a great friend to an energetic course on the part of Christ's ministers, and have not been guilty of sparing myself; but the calm reflection of fifty-four conduct me to this conclusion, that it is a real economy of life and labour to guard against an over-taxation of body or mind." That the labours must have been excessive, that to pulpit preparations and unwearied ministerial visits of a flock added the administration of ten Christian and philanthropic institutions connected with his chapel, and a vast amount of Christian authorship and public work for his Church and the general missions of his time, may well be admitted. The marvel is that his constitution bore so long the weight laid upon it. And yet, with all his love of work, he appears before us in his memoir as a family man, who to the claims of public service sacrificed no part of the claims of home and private friendship. One of his daughters, the wife of Dr. James Legge, was wont to dwell on the happy afternoons and evenings of the Saturday. "My father," she says, "would have all his preparations for the Sabbath finished by about noon of that day, and after dinner would take all his family a few miles off to the outskirts of the country. There he would give himself entirely to the enjoyment of the breezy upland, the flower-gathering, and the sports of the children, and return home impressing the narratives and lessons of the Scriptures upon their minds, and himself invigorated and freshened for the labours of the coming day." In this delightful practice he persevered till his youngest child was sixteen years of age, knitting the hearts of his children to himself, and preserving the healthful tone of his own spirit amidst his books and studies, by the endearments of the home circle.

"FORBID THEM NOT."

We are told in the Gospel that the disciples of our Lord, in their ignorant zeal, fancying that they were keeping their Master undisturbed, tried to hinder pious mothers from bringing their children to Christ. When we read this we cannot help blaming them, and feeling quite sure that we could not have acted like them.

Yet how often do similar scenes happen in the family, and even in the Church! How often is the tender reproof of our Lord and Master still applicable to the conduct of his professing disciples! In how many cases might he not still say to the parents, teachers, and guardians of youth, "Suffer the little children to come to me, and forbid them not!"

We give from the experience of a Christian woman some incidents which may be useful to all parents:—

"It was a sultry day in July. The air was close and warm, and the dark clouds in the sky seemed to foretell a storm, though the sun still shone bright.

"Little Henry was playing in the garden, and was busy gathering the fallen rose-leaves, when suddenly a flash of lightning was seen, followed by the loud roll of the thunder.

"The child raised his eyes to the sky, and calling to his mother, said, 'What is that, mother? Is it an angel coming down from heaven? Or is heaven opened, as we read of in the Bible?'

"Without answering his question, his mother hastily dragged the child into the house, saying, 'Come, come in quickly, my darling. Let us hide ourselves in a room where we cannot see the lightning.'

"But why, mother?' said the boy.

"Oh, because it is a terrible thunderstorm, and I am so afraid that we may be struck by the lightning.'"

Would it not have been better for the boy if the mother, instead of terrifying him and infecting him with her own foolish fears, had taken this opportunity to speak to her child of Him "who thundereth in the heavens, the highest who gives his voice, with hailstones and coals of fire?" (Ps. xviii. 13). Would it not have been better if, while the storm raged around them, she had taught her boy the lesson of the ninety-first Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day."

Let us take another example, to show how parents still transgress the command, "Forbid (or hinder) them not:—

"Father," said a little child, "I do not understand how God can see me and hear me when I do not see him. When I say my prayers I often think that he is so far, far away from me that my words can never reach him. Are you quite sure that he hears me always, whenever I speak?"

"Oh yes, Walter, God hears you always," replied the father, in a hasty, impatient tone. "You know quite well that he is everywhere; you have often been told this. But do not trouble me with your constant questions; do lie down and sleep. I am too tired to talk to you."

Whom did this father resemble most at that moment—the disciples or their Master?

Let us now look into the Sabbath school, where the teacher is speaking warmly, and with apparent earnestness, to a large assembly of children. He is telling them of eternity—of the uncertainty of life. He is reminding them of several sudden deaths which have happened in the neighbourhood, which teach them, with silent, but impressive voice, that in the midst of life we are in death. At the most solemn moment of his speech, when the children are startled by the words, and are listening with eager attention, a visitor comes in, and the teacher suddenly turns to him,—

"Oh, how glad I am to see you," says the orator, in a wholly different tone. "I was just wishing to speak to you."

"But do I not interrupt you?" says the visitor.

"Oh no; not at all! I was saying nothing particular. Children, take your seats! The lesson is over for this evening."

What effect do you think this sudden interruption is likely to produce on the children? What are they to think of the solemn warnings which are, after all, "*nothing particular*?" Is it not much to be feared that the interruption, and the light words which followed it, may have destroyed the impression of the lesson, and hindered the children from coming to Jesus?

Now, let us follow a group of parents and children as they are leaving the church on Sabbath-day, after having heard the earnest exhortations of a minister who is truly endeavouring to lead them to Jesus.

The text has been "Follow me" (Mark ii. 14). The subject has been the duty and true happiness of following Christ. The sermon has been simple, touching, plain, easy to be understood by all. After the service, the members of the church have received the communion. Look at that young girl who has been only a spectator of the solemn service. She is too young yet to be admitted as a communicant, but she has been an attentive listener, and deeply impressed by all she has heard. She thinks that those who have been honoured to partake of so holy an ordinance ought for the time to be like angels rather than fallible mortals.

But now let us listen, *with her*, to their words as they leave the church:—

"What a long sermon!" says one.

"Did you notice what a pretty dress Mary had on?" says another.

"Don't you think the minister who officiated to-day had a very peculiar voice?" says a third.

Poor Fanny! How strange does the contrast seem to her between the lessons she heard in church and the examples which are before her eyes! It is well for her if she remembers the warning of our Lord when he was speaking of the Pharisees, "All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works, for they say and do not" (Matt. xxiii. 3).

But suppose that Fanny should forget the lesson

taught in words to follow the lesson taught by example, would not those be to blame for her fall who ought to have given her a better example, but who had practically forgotten the teaching of our Lord, and had thus hindered the little ones from coming to Him? H.

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

ANDREW FULLER.

PART THIRD.

After having so entirely satisfied ourselves as to the reality of Fuller's conversion, and witnessed something of the fervour which characterized the first part of his spiritual history, it is very affecting to come upon the following:—

"October 3, 1789.—For above a year and a half I have written nothing. It has seemed to me that my life was not worth writing. Two or three years ago my heart began wretchedly to degenerate from God. Soon after my child Sally died, I sunk into a sad state of lukewarmness, and have felt the effects of it ever since. I feel at times a longing after the lost joys of God's salvation, but cannot recover them. I have backslidden from God, and yet I may rather be said to be habitually dejected on account of it than earnestly to repent of it. I find much hardness of heart, and a spirit of inactivity has laid hold of me."

Some months afterwards (January 20, 1790), he says, "During the last quarter of a year I seem to have gained some ground in spiritual things. I have read some of Jonathan Edwards' sermons, which have left a deep impression on my heart. I have attended more closely than heretofore to private prayer, and feel a little renewing of strength."

"Sometimes I have been discouraged, and afraid that God would never bless me again. In my preaching, though I am affected at times with what I say, yet, as to doing good to others, I go on as if I had no hope of it. Repeated disappointments and long want of success make me feel as if I were not to expect success."

"February 16.—For these last three weeks I have too much again relapsed into a kind of thoughtlessness. I have felt a little in preaching, but not much. One day I was looking over Dr. Owen on the 'Mortification of Sin.' Speaking of the evil of sin in the soul unmortified, he says, 'It will take away a man's usefulness in his generation. His works, his endeavours, his labours seldom receive a blessing from God. If he be a preacher, God commonly blows upon his ministry, so that he shall labour in the fire and not be honoured with success.' This, in a great degree, is realized in me."

"March 27.—Some weeks ago I thought I felt myself to gain ground by closer prayer; but I have lately relapsed again too much into indifference. Yesterday I read Jonathan Edwards' two sermons 'On the Import-

ance of a Thorough Knowledge of Divine Truth.' I felt this effect, a desire to rise earlier, to read more, and to make the discovery of truth more a business."

End of the summer of 1790.—"In the course of this summer I have sometimes enjoyed a tenderness of heart in preaching But yet, in general, I have but little of the joys of salvation. I do not feel tempted to evil as heretofore, but yet all is not right. 'Oh, for a closer walk with God.'"

In the spring of 1791 there appeared a religious concern among the young people of his congregation. This, doubtless, was in some sense a result of the revival of earnestness in his own soul; but it also reacted upon him in bringing this dark chapter in his life more rapidly to a close. To that end other things also, about the same time, contributed. Among these were a heavy domestic affliction, and the commencement of the *Indian Missionary enterprise*. This last event, especially, had a most blessed and marked effect upon his restoration. And not as containing an isolated piece of information only in regard to the life of Andrew Fuller, but as suggesting a remedy for spiritual declension which has been often proved efficacious, we commend the following testimony to the particular attention of the reader.

"Within the last year or two we have formed a Missionary Society, and have been enabled to send out two of our brethren to the East Indies. My heart has been greatly interested in this work. Surely I never felt more genuine love to God and to his cause in my life. I bless God that this work has been a means of reviving my soul. If nothing else comes of it, I and many more have obtained a spiritual advantage."

Among the works of Fuller are two essays entitled respectively, "The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation," and "The Backslider." One unacquainted with the history of his religious experience may take them up without any peculiar interest, and read them just as he would any other theological treatises prepared by a good and intelligent man. But surely for those who know what he came through in 1769 on the occasion of his conversion, and in 1786-91 when the shadow lay more or less upon his soul, it must be very different. These pieces have, in fact, an autobiographical interest. They describe, not simply what their author *thought*, but what he *felt*. It is not speculation which they contain, but experience. And every reader of them will find that on this account their positive value and practical utility are enhanced many fold.

It is so difficult to make a right improvement of the fact that there are dark chapters in the lives of believers, that we might perhaps most profitably hasten past this eventful period in Fuller's history, and refrain from making it the subject of particular comment at all. But we cannot do so without at least commending the study of it to a class of persons, of whom representatives are in general to be found everywhere. I refer to those who well remember a time when they had a heartier relish

for divine things than they are conscious of possessing now, and who, simply on that account, have almost succeeded in persuading themselves that they have already sunk into that deplorable state, in which it is impossible to renew them again to repentance. Let these persons reflect that even so eminent a Christian as Andrew Fuller passed several years in a state of spiritual declension. Let them consider, that though to fall back is a sin and a shame, yet those who do so are not always irrecoverable. Let them ascertain, and put immediately in operation the means of revival, and there is no reason why they should not be able yet to say, as Fuller was after his restoration, "I never felt more genuine love to God and to his cause in my life."

If this were nothing more than a record of external events, there would be no necessity for referring again to the history of the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society. We have already noted the date of its institution, and the circumstances under which its first meeting was held. But our aim is to look beneath the surface at the hidden springs in which the leading changes in Fuller's life originated; and certainly it is not enough simply to state that at a certain period the Churches began to concern themselves about the condition of the heathen and that he shared in the general concern. The truth is that this revival of an interest in missions was not more manifestly and remarkably *a cause*—a cause, as we have seen, of spiritual restoration—than an effect, very much of the same. In this, as in so many other similar cases, the heritage was first refreshed, and then the flooded streams flowed out into the desert. The society was not formed till 1792, but as we look back upon the intimations in the diary, we find growingly-distinct premonitions of its birth. Thus, under date April 11, 1784, we have this entry: "Devoted this day to fasting and prayer, in conjunction with several other ministers, who have agreed thus to spend the second Tuesday in every other month to seek the revival of real religion, and the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world. Feel very unhappy to think that my heart should be no more in it." Again, July 12, the same year, he writes, "Read part of a poem by John Scott, Esq., on the cruelties of the English in the East Indies. My heart felt most earnest desires that Christ's kingdom might come, when all these cruelties shall cease." A few days afterwards, he notes, "Wrote a few thoughts on the desirableness of the coming of Christ's kingdom." Then, as we continue to glance onward through the record, we come now and again on such as the following: "Same outgoings of heart, to-day, for *the revival of real religion*—first in my own soul, and then in the Churches in general." "This evening I felt tender all the time of the prayer-meeting for *the revival of religion*." Some may have supposed that when the first of recent missionary societies was formed there was nothing in its history but what met the eye of the most unreflecting contemporary. A number of men conceived the idea that it was the duty of the Church to send the

gospel to the heathen. They met, accordingly, to arrange about the doing of it; and, having gathered the money and found the men, they started into active life as an Association for Missionary purposes. Such, to many, may have seemed the beginning and end of the whole enterprise. But go back upon the secret history of its founders, and you will discover that this work was undertaken in a spirit somewhat different from that of a joint-stock company. Years before, in the mind at least of its first secretary, the idea had been conceived; and had been made the subject of many solemn thoughts, and many anxious communings with God. The revival of religion at home, the spread of the gospel abroad,—things between which there seemed to him to exist the most vital connection,—appeared for a time to be scarcely ever out of his mind. And although a period of darkness intervened before he saw his desires for the coming of the kingdom in the way of being fulfilled, still the order of the relation as it had struck his own thoughts was preserved to the letter. His soul had begun manifestly to revive, and the spirit of life to stir among the Churches at home, before that ever memorable meeting was held at Kettering, where he and others formally agreed to hold the rope while the devoted Carey went down to search out and bring to light the hidden riches of the mine.

The journeys undertaken by Fuller on behalf of the mission brought him into contact with pious people in all parts of the kingdom, and this intercourse doubtless complexioned, to a certain extent, his religious character. But the very activity implied by that mode of life prevented his putting on record as full an account of the spiritual results of it as we could have wished, and hence this chapter of his history, while rich enough in outward incident, is comparatively bare of private confession. Still, we are not without illustrative statements of the kind we want even in this section of the story. They exhibit him as a man overburdened with work,—having no time for social enjoyment of any sort,—in external aspect somewhat stern, yet carrying underneath a heart tender and compassionate; and with his eye fixed, sleeping and waking, in one direction, seeking ever the consummation of the grand end of the establishment in the world of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. He did not, in person, go forth to labour in the mission field; but few of those who have actually done so, were ever more thoroughly possessed by the missionary spirit.

The following, written after a visit to Ireland, shows how in old age he clung to the same gospel views he had adopted in his youth: "The doctrine of the cross is more dear to me than when I went. I wish I may never preach another sermon but what shall bear some relation to it. I see and feel, more and more, that except I eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, I have no life in me either as a Christian or as a minister. Some of the sweetest opportunities I had in my journey were in preaching Christ crucified." And as these simple words reveal to us most clearly his doc-

trinal position, so the characteristic anecdote, which we are next to quote, proves that his conduct, on occasions when little difficulties arose, was as judicious as his teaching was sound :—

"*Thursday, July 24, 1805.*—Travelled nearly forty miles to-day, along the western coast, bearing southward. About six o'clock we reached Saltcoats. Here I found that the parish minister, on hearing that I was to collect at the burgher meeting-house, resolved to have a sermon at the same hour in the church, and a collection for the Bible Society. He said, however, that if I chose to preach the sermon in the church, and let the collection be applied to the Bible Society, I was welcome to do so. As soon as this was mentioned to me by another person, I immediately sent to the clergyman, offering to relinquish my own object, and, if he was agreeable, to preach the sermon in the church, in favour of the Bible Society. This he acceded to, and I called on him before worship. I then observed that he must be aware of what he had proposed being contrary to the rules of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and that I should be sorry if any ill consequences were to follow on my account. He replied that his Presbyters were well disposed, and he had no fears on that head. I then preached the sermon, and pleaded with all the energy I could for the Bible Society. After worship, I went to my inn; then called to sup and lodge with the clergyman (such is the custom in Scotland). While sitting in his house, I told him I felt happy in the opportunity of expressing my regard for the Bible Society, and requested him to add my guinea to the collection. But during my call at the inn, after worship, he had consulted with his friends on the subject of my having been deprived of a collection. He therefore answered me by saying, 'I cannot accept your guinea; and, moreover, I must insist on your accepting half the collection for your object, and you must make no objection whatever to it.'"

But we must draw our sketch to a close. Toward the end of his life his health was by no means good, but he laboured on almost to the last. In April 1815, however, it became evident that his working days were nearly over; and with great calmness he contemplated the coming change. "I am a poor guilty creature," he writes to Dr. Ryland on the 28th of that month; "but Christ is an almighty Saviour. I have preached and written much against the *abuse* of the doctrine of grace, but that doctrine is all my salvation and all my desire. I have no other hope than from salvation by mere sovereign efficacious grace, through the atonement of my Lord and Saviour. With this hope, I can go into eternity with composure. Come, Lord Jesus! Come when thou wilt! Here I am; let him do with me as seemeth him good." Some days after he gave expression to the same feelings, in even more emphatic language. "I never before recollect to have had such depression of animal spirits, accompanied with such calmness." "My mind is calm—no raptures, no despondency." "My hope is such that I am not afraid to plunge into

eternity." The account of his death is very affecting. With it we close the paper.

"On Lord's day, May the 7th, within an hour of his departure, overhearing the congregation singing in the chapel which adjoined his house, he said to his daughter Sarah, 'I wish I had strength enough.' 'To do what, Father?' He replied, 'To worship, child;' and added, 'my eyes are dim.' On his daughter Mary entering the room (the rest of the family surrounding the bed of their dying parent), he said, 'Come, Mary, come and help me.' He was raised up in bed, and in that attitude continued for nearly half an hour, apparently joining in the devotions of his flock. The only words that could be distinctly heard were 'Help me,' when, with his hands clasped and his eyes fixed upwards, he fell back, uttered two or three sighs, and expired. Thus died this devoted servant of Christ, May 7, 1815, in the sixty-second year of his age."

N. L. W.

THE PALIMPSEST.

In the Abbot's oaken chamber,
Long the parchment hidden lay,
Given o'er to dust and spider,
Buried from the light of day.

Written o'er with monkish story
On each old and crumbling page,—
Written o'er with legends hoary,
Of the dim forgotten age;—

Till the traveller's glance alighted
Where the parchment long had lain,
And, all mildewed, stained, and blighted,
Dragged it to the light again.

And, his loving care bestowing,
Day by day its treasures bared,
Till he traced, in beauty glowing,
Olden lines which time had spared;—

Traced the glory underlying,
Traced the azure and the gold,
Traced, in letters still undying,
Treasures which it bare of old.

Till the words of truth confessing,
Words of prophet and of seer,
Words of love, and truth, and blessing,
Stood in all their beauty clear.

And the old immortal story
Shone upon its pages plain,
Gleaming with their olden glory,
Speaking with God's word again.

Brother, gaze with look as earnest,
If earth's lessons thou wouldst trace;
Gaze in faith till thou discernest
What is written on its face.

Dark thick dust is on it lying—
 Dust of dead and buried times,
 Every age its dust supplying,
 Charged with records of its crimes.

And the present, in the writing
 First that meets the casual eye,
 Is of Satan, still inditing
 Records of his victory.

Poor men's groans, and rich men's weeping,
 Pinching want and grinding cares,
 Wars and famines o'er it weeping,—
 Such the records that it bears.

Brother, gaze upon its teaching,
 As men gaze through the thick night,
 Till thine eye, its secret reaching,
 Read its hidden legend right.

Faith shall pierce this dark adorning,
 Grief and sorrow, sin and shame,
 Show thee where, in earth's glad morning,
 God hath written his own Name ;—

Show thee, how that Name remaining,
 Turns its darkness into light,
 All its tangled course explaining,
 Ruling all its wrong to right.

Till, beneath Sin's sad inditing,
 Tales of woe, and tears, and blood,
 Thou shalt trace the old handwriting,—
 It is God's, and it is good.

And the old immortal story
 Shines upon its pages plain,
 Gleaming with the olden glory,
 Speaking with God's word again.
 —*Guardian.*

EXTREME UNCTION.

Just as we were scouring along in the enjoyment of this scene, the coachman and his friend called attention to a spectacle at which they joked. A man was leading a mule, another man walking beside it, and on it was seated a priest in his white surplus. "He is going," they said, "to administer extreme unction to some one who is dying." Ah! they may ridicule him and his offices; but that surplice flitting among the olives represents the most tremendous power in this world. Is that a son, or a husband, or a father, that is conducting him? Be it one or the other, he thinks that man seated on the mule holds in his hand the power to give the soul of his mother, or his wife, or his child, its title to enter the kingdom of God. He has probably hastened from his home in terror at the thought that death might

arrive before the priest; and so over Irish bogs or Italian mountains, or other wild and lonely scenes, men with aching hearts often hurry, to invoke this mysterious talisman. Other priesthoods are content with holding in their hands power over men in this life. The Brahmin leaves the soul of the father, as far as it can be influenced from earth, to the charge of the son, laying upon him the duty of offering the sacrifices that will appease the manes; and it is only the priests of Rome who have the dread art of first shadowing the spirit of man with their hand at every step of his course below, and then extending their power into the world to come; so that his welfare there depends again upon their intervention. Thus, over survivors, they hold the double influence of conveying their own absolution, and, yet more tremendous, of directly controlling that of their departed kindred! The art of selling for money redemption for the dead is all their own. Do not laugh at that peasant and that priest; the spectacle has too deep a meaning for that!

How would it read in apostolic writing that a disciple from Bethany had hastened into Jerusalem with his ass, to carry out Peter in haste to give the last sacrament to his mother, that she might die absolved? The son would have hailed the presence of Peter as an additional light in the sick-room; but with it, or without it, he and his mother would have parted rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.—*Italy in Transition.*

GIVE PLACE.

STARRY crowns of heaven
 Set in azure night!
 Linger yet a little
 Ere you hide your light :—
 —Nay; let starlight fade away
 Heralding the day!

Snowflakes pure and spotless,
 Still, oh, still remain,
 Binding dreary winter
 In your silver chain :—
 —Nay; but melt at once and bring
 Radiant sunny spring!

Blossoms, gentle blossoms,
 Do not wither yet;
 Still for you the sun shines,
 Still the dews are wet :—
 —Nay; but fade and wither fast,
 Fruit must come at last!

Joy, so true and tender,
 Dare you not abide;
 Will you spread your pinions,
 Must you leave our side?
 —Nay; an angel's shining grace
 Waits to fill your place!
Adelaide Anne Procter.

ANSWERING OUR OWN PRAYERS.

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.

WE use this expression, not too literally, but simply for want of a better one. The idea we aim at is, that every Christian is bound to do his utmost for the fulfilment of his own prayers. He is never to ask God to give what he is not trying his utmost to obtain; he is never to ask God to make him what he is not faithfully trying to become.

This is our idea. It is partially illustrated by the familiar fable of Hercules and the waggoner. When the overloaded waggon sunk into the mire, instead of labouring to pry out the imbedded vehicle, the waggoner fell to praying Hercules to interpose his brawny arm for his relief. The god of muscle thus appealed to, reminded the luckless teamster that, while he prayed for help, he had better put his own shoulder to the wheel, and help himself.

In one sense this heathen fable illustrates the true relation between the sovereign God and the child of prayer. On our side is complete dependence. On the side of Omnipotence is infinite mercy. From Him cometh down every good and every perfect gift. And because we *are* so dependent upon our heavenly Father, and owe him so much of submission, obedience, and trust, therefore are we to "pray without ceasing." But while we pray we are to *work*: first, as a proof of the sincerity of our desires; and next, in order to obey God, who commands us to become the very men that we ask him to make us by his grace.

Does every child of God do his utmost to secure the answers to his own uttered requests? Most emphatically we reply, No! With even the best men there is a sad disparity between prayer and practice—between the askings of the lips and the actings of the heart—between their *life* and their *liturgy*.

1. Take, for example, the oft-repeated prayer for *growth in grace*. This is a vital request, and the most formal Christian professor will utter it nearly every day of his life. If he would resist the continual gravitation of inward sin and surrounding worldliness, he must cry as continually for heart-grace. But just imagine the owner of a vast field of weeds kneeling down among the "johnswort" and Canada thistles, and praying God to give him from that field a plentiful corn harvest! Not a furrow has been turned. Not a kernel planted. But the insane husbandman implores from heaven a crop, toward the growing of which his sluggish fingers have not been lifted. My Christian brother, you never are guilty of such folly in the management of your secular

interests. You never expect cargoes without sending ships seaward; you never count on crops without ploughing, manuring, and seeding your acres. No school-girl would expect to see her pet flower grow in the conservatory without water and fresh earth. She sprinkles the azalea leaves until they drip, and feeds the delicate tuberose with new earth as often as its wasting leaves telegraph its hunger. God takes care of her plants; but she takes care of them too, and does not expect him to work miracles for the benefit of lazy people. Her prayer for her flowers is in the brimming pitcher and the virgin earth which her careful hands bring to the greenhouse.

Carry this same principle into your religion. Do you pray with the lips for growth in holiness, growth in heavenly-mindedness, growth in spiritual *stamina*? Then to the work of cleansing the heart-field! Then to the cutting up of the tares of covetousness—the johnswort of pride—the nettles of selfishness—the briers of deceit—the overgrown burdocks of sloth—and the seed-scattering thistles of unbelief! Pull them by the roots. Give your inward lusts no quarter. Keep no terms with them. Make no compromise with some darling sin to sprout and grow unobserved in some back corner of your soul-garden. Clear out every weed, in order that the seed-corn of godliness may have the full strength of the affections and the energies to make it grow. Watch over that precious seed. Water it with prayers and penitential tears. Strengthen it with Bible truth. And as you pray for the growth of heart-piety, let no indulged lust, no pet sin, harboured in secret places, prove your uttered prayer to be an abomination in the sight of the all-searching God. "If I regard iniquity in my heart" (that is, if I cling to it and cherish it) "God will not hear me." Nor will the Lord of holiness answer with a *Yea* what we are practically answering with a *Nay*.

2. Let us illustrate and apply this principle, in the next place, to parents who are praying for the conversion of their children. No petition is more fitting than this; none could be more acceptable to God. But what hope have you, my friend, for the renewal of your children's hearts, if you pray in one direction with the lips, and quite in the opposite direction with the life? We see constantly the two antagonistic types of parental influence. Both are nominally Christian: only one is really such. The one man pleads at the altar for the sanctification of his household—that his sons may become sons

of God, and his daughters may be as polished stones in the temple of Christ. He makes religion prominent in his family; it is visible, legible, and *above board*. The books that are brought home for the children to read, the newspapers that are taken, the amusements that are chosen, the society that is sought, the aims in life that are set before those children, all bear in one direction and in the right direction. God is not asked by that father to convert his offspring to godliness while he is doing his best to pervert them to sin and worldliness. Nor is God implored to convert them while the parent uses no agencies to effect the longed-for result. No more than the Lord would be asked to restore the sick boy from a typhus fever, and yet no physician called in and no medicine administered. How much worse if the father, having prayed that his child be restored, should fall to giving the poor boy strychnine or prussic acid in large doses!

Yet professed Christians do this very thing often in morals and religion. They pray for their children's recovery to holiness, and then poison them! They pray for a son's purity, and then flash the wine-cup before his eyes. They pray for a daughter's conversion, with a theatre-ticket in their pockets—a "family ticket" for the whole household! They go to church, look devout, and then come home to trifle, to gossip—to entertain Sunday visitors at a sumptuous feast, to talk politics, to do anything, in short, but follow up the teachings of God's minister with affectionate, faithful home instructions. The practical effect of their whole conduct and conversation, both on the Lord's day and *all* the days of the week, is to undo whatever good may have been done by the earnest labours of the pulpit. What must such children think of those fluent prayers that they hear every night at the family altar? What of the consistency of those parents who utter such solemn mockeries? Oh! it is better never to pray at all for the conversion of your offspring than to ask God, in solemn tones, to *save* them, while you are using your whole influence to harden and destroy them. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou unfaithful servant."

In eternity it will be a terrible thing for many a man to meet his own prayers. Their very language will condemn him; for he knew his duty, but he did it not. Those fervent prayers, which the good man laboured to make effectual, will be "shining ones" in white raiment to conduct their author in to the banqueting-house of the GREAT KING. But the falsehoods uttered at the throne of grace will live again as tormenting scorpions in the day of the Lord's appearing. "Be not rash with thy mouth, nor let thy heart be hasty to utter anything before God," is an injunction that forbids more than irreverence in prayer. It forbids us, by implication, to ask for that which we do not sincerely desire. Above all, it forbids the asking from God those blessings which we are hindering by our neglect, or thwarting by our selfishness and unbelief.

THE FATHERS IN ROSS-SHIRE—THE MINISTERS.*

THE religion of the Highlands of Scotland, admirable in many respects, but in some peculiar, has received much illustration from an able book recently published by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy of Dingwall, which he entitles, with affectionate reverence, "The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire." Descended from a line of heroes of the pulpit, and himself a preacher powerful in English and famous in Gaelic, Mr. Kennedy, while restricting himself to the particular locality of Ross-shire, does not restrict himself to any one department of Ross-shire religion, but gives a comprehensive and faithful view of the whole. And as he depicts the whole, so he praises it all, without qualification or modification. Only in one paragraph of the whole book does he seem inclined to admit that there was a "type of religion peculiar to the north," and that the "peculiarity of the Celtic temperament" may have had somewhat to do with the peculiarity of the "Celtic piety." Yet we can hardly blame that love as too indiscriminating which has been the means of introducing us to so many holiest men, so near to God that all our approaches look like distance, and so humble that all our worship seems filled with flippancy and sin.

For the religion of Ross-shire—too little social on the one hand, and too subjective on the other—was, at least, characteristically and eminently *individual*. Men were not there saved in the slump, or tided over into heaven by the general wave of religious feeling that filled the community. One by one they dealt with God, and God took a dealing with them. Hence, too, in this part of the Church, that *supremacy of piety* over all other qualities and recommendations, both in the case of ministers and laymen, which is well brought out in these memorials. We shall at present confine ourselves to the ministers. "It was neither by talents, nor by learning, nor by oratory, nor was it by all these together, that a leading place was attained by the ministers in the Highlands, but by a profound experience of the power of godliness, a clear view of the doctrines of grace, peculiar nearness to God, a holy life, and a blessed ministry. Without these, without all these, a high place would not be assigned to them either by the Lord or by men." And again, "Each of them would have been distinguished as a Christian, though he had never been a minister. There are ministers who find all their Christianity in their office, having had none of it before in their hearts. Far otherwise was it with the godly fathers in Ross-shire. With two exceptions they had all been Christians before they were office-bearers, and some of them from their earliest years. Nor were they ordinary Christians. Their deep experience of the work of the Spirit, their clear views of the doctrines of grace, their peculiar nearness to God, and their holy watchful-

* "The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire." By the Rev. John Kennedy, Dingwall. Edinburgh: John MacLaren, 1861.

ness, would have made them eminent among the godly, though they had never had a place among the clergy. Each of them had his own peculiarity of experience, but all of them were deeply exercised in a life of godliness; each had his favourite department of truth, while lovingly embracing the whole, but all of them were 'skilful in the word of righteousness'; some of them were favoured with more intimate communion with the Lord than the others, but they were all 'a people near unto him'; each one was distinguished by some peculiar grace, but they all lived 'soberly, righteously, and godly in a present evil world.' In every respect they differed from each other but in their common resemblance to their Father in heaven; but, owing to this, they were all recognised, even by the world, as brethren in the Lord." And lastly, all of them were distinguished as men of prayer. "Their abounding in prayer made it safe and healthful to abound also in labours. Their public work was to them no wasting bustle, for, in communion with the Lord, their strength was recruited in the closet. Wrestling for grace with the Lord, and labouring with grace for the Lord, no blight was permitted to rest on their soul or their service. Prevailing with God as they pled for men, they prevailed with men as they pled for God."

Yes, while the great Ross-shire ministers were eminent in all, or nearly all, these general characteristics, there was much variety in their special gifts. One remarkable instance of this we have in the case of two neighbouring ministers, Mr. Fraser of Alness and Mr. Porteous of Kilmuir. The former, well known for his singularly clear and able book on the seventh chapter of the Romans, was, during a great part of his ministry, chiefly an *awakening* preacher, and many of those who had been aroused under his sermons went elsewhere to get healing for their wounds. Mr. Porteous's church at Kilmuir at last became overcrowded with the fugitives, and meeting Mr. Fraser at a funeral, he said to him, "It gives me, my dear brother, grief of heart to see some of your people in the church of Kilmuir every Sabbath. My elders tell me that those who come to us complain of your preaching almost entirely to the unconverted, and that the 'poor in spirit' can get no food for their souls. Now, my dear brother, if the Lord gives it to you, I pray you not to withhold their portion from the people of the Lord, which you can dispense to them as I never could." My dear brother,' was Mr. Fraser's reply, 'when my Master sent me forth to my work, he gave me a quiver full of arrows, and he ordered me to cast these arrows at the hearts of his enemies till the quiver was empty. I have been endeavouring to do so, but the quiver is not empty yet. When the Lord sent you forth, he gave you a cruse of oil, and his orders to you were, to pour the oil on the wounds of broken-hearted sinners till the cruse was empty. Your cruse is no more empty than is my quiver. Let us both, then, continue to act on our respective orders, and as the blessing from on high shall rest on our labours, I will

be sending my hearers with wounded hearts to Kilmuir, and you will be sending them back to Alness rejoicing in the Lord.'"

Mr. Porteous, who on this occasion received so loving and brotherly a reply, was minister of Kilmuir for forty-three years; passing away in the year 1775, "in the attitude of prayer, alone with the Lord," in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Of his power of illustration in the pulpit a striking instance is preserved here by the late Dr. McDonald. A man is driven by a howling tempest into a ruined cottage. Suddenly he becomes aware of a dead body lying in his place of shelter. So long as he does not look at it, it is still; but the moment he looks at it, it slowly rises and glares at him. "O wretched man! who shall deliver him from the body of this death?" He falls on his knees,—the corpse sinks down. He rises joyfully,—it rises too. So he takes to his knees again, and now he will not rise from them any more till the day break and the shadows flee away.

Mr. Hector M'Phail of Resolis, won or warned to Christ by the faithfulness of his wife after he had been some years a minister, vowed never to omit an opportunity of speaking to a fellow-creature about the things belonging to his peace; and some striking cases of conversion thence resulting are well known. He died in 1779, and "on his death-bed his hope of heaven was for a season sorely tried. Falling asleep in a dejected state of mind, he dreamt that he was waiting, lonely and despairing, outside the walls of the New Jerusalem. Seeing the gate closed, and none near to help him, and none in sight to cry to for help, he had just lain down to die, when he heard sounds as of a company approaching the city. Venturing to look up from the dust where he lay, he recognised Noah, Abraham, and all the patriarchs. As they drew near the gate flew open, a glorious company from within came forth to meet them, and, in the midst of shouts of triumph, they entered. The gate again closes, and again he is left alone and hopeless. But soon he hears the noise of another company approaching. As they pass he recognises Moses, Aaron, Samuel, David, and all the prophets, a glorious and a numerous band. Again the gate is thrown open, 'an abundant entrance' given, and again he is left outside, and feels more desolate than ever. A third company is heard approaching, composed of the apostles and all the earliest Christians. They enter the city amidst rejoicing like the rest, and he, with less hope than ever, is still outside the gate. A fourth company now appears. Luther and Knox are at the head of those who form it. They pass him by like those who went before, are admitted into the city, and leave him alone and despairing without. Quite close to him now comes a fifth company. He recognises in it some of his friends and acquaintances, who had died in the Lord; but though their shining skirts touch him as they pass, he could not venture to arise and join them. Again he sees the gate open and close; and now, at last, he lays himself

quite down to die. But he hears the footstep of a solitary pilgrim coming exactly to the place where he lies. Looking up, he recognises Manasseh. Summoning all his strength he takes hold of his skirt as he moves slowly towards the city, and, creeping on behind him, he knows the gate has opened by the light of the city's glory shining on his face; and just as he thought he heard the sound of the gate closing behind him, he suddenly awoke. The lesson of his dream was presented to him thereafter in the sweet words of Paul: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.'

"The Caldors were a blessed race;" and among them Mr. Charles Calder, minister of Ferintosh, is held still in the freshness of memory. Of his preaching, Mr. Kennedy says strikingly, "As a preacher he was quite singular; and it was his want of any marked peculiarity that made him so. He seldom used an illustration; but all others would fail, when he did not succeed, in being sufficiently clear. His words were chosen, not to please, but to instruct; and well chosen indeed they were, for his statements were so bathed in light, the words were never noticed. They were always so transparent, that the idea they contained was like a naked flame. His manner was chastened and quiet, but earnest and solemn. All was subordinated by him to the great end of setting only Christ before the eyes of sinners. His great theme was the love of Jesus. His own soul kept lying at the feet of Jesus; he was wont to give forth, with all the freshness of a present experience, his utterances regarding the person, love, death, and salvation of the blessed Redeemer. There never was a more affecting preacher, when discoursing on his favourite theme. Often have his whole congregation been in tears, as in his own tender, solemn way, he commended Jesus as a Saviour to the lost; and when, with a tremulous voice, but with the authority of one who knew he was conveying a message from Jehovah, he warned the unbeliever of his danger, the most indifferent were compelled to tremble."

Among the most famous of Highland preachers (and most characteristically Highland), was Mr. Lachlan Mackenzie of Lochcarron. A man of great genius, warm heart, keen impulses, strong temptations, ardent imagination, profound experience, and continual prayer, he was in virtue of these gifts a memorable preacher. All through the north he was held, not only a preacher, but a prophet; and, to quote the weighty and judicious words of Mr. Kennedy, "Avoiding the extreme of a superstitious credulity, on the one hand, and of the formalist's scepticism, on the other, it is altogether safe to say, that Mr. Lachlan enjoyed peculiarly familiar intercourse with God, and received such distinct intimations of his mind, in reference to the cases which he carried to the mercy-seat, as but very few of God's children have obtained."

Mr. Lachlan Mackenzie laboured in the extreme west

of Ross-shire; while from Mr. Macadam, who died about the same time, after a faithful ministry in the east, as minister successively of Cromarty and Nigg, we have the following pithy note, "Why are there so many bankrupt professors of religion in our day? *It is because they start without a capital.*" In the same district, their ministry extending far into the present century, Dr. Angus Mackintosh ruled in Tain, and Mr. Forbes in Tarbet; the former a singularly impressive and stately character, and a most solemn and tender preacher; while the latter, somewhat crabbed and rough on the outside, united to a clear and vigorous intellect great unction and authority in the pulpit. The last and best known, and, take him all in all, the greatest of the great Ross-shire ministers, was Dr. Macdonald. We look forward to soon having a more extended memoir of this evangelist and apostle of the north, and shall therefore say nothing of his course here; as indeed we have no more space either for this or for the life of Mr. Kennedy of Killearnan (or Redcastle)—the father of the minister who "heard the Lord saying 'The memory of the just is blessed,' and saw that the righteous fathers of Ross-shire were already being forgotten," and drew up these memorials of a most precious and genuine, if provincial Christianity.

THE OLD DEVOTEE.

I HAD often observed an old shed on the bank of the Irrawadi River, and had asked my boatmen concerning it, but they could not satisfy my curiosity, so I determined to go and see for myself. The morning was foggy, as it often is in Burmah, and ere I was aware I reached the shed. I had not considered what to do, but, hearing a noise or rustling inside, inquired, "Is there any one here?" I received no answer, but waited a little, when a haggard, attenuated old man protruded his head out of the door, but seeing a strange face, he disappeared at once, and though I called, and told him I was a friend, he would not come out. At last I became weary, and, as the rising sunbeams danced upon the waters, I went down and sat by the river side, and looked upon the morning's gladness. My companions had gone another way; and after I had drank in the beauties of the scene before me, I took one of our tracts and began to read, but soon hearing a stir in the shed, I returned there again.

The man sat in his door, and inquired of me, as I came up, what I wanted. I told him of our God, and the freeness of the gospel, but he said he did not care anything about our God. He had worshipped *Gaudama* and his idols for many years, and did not wish to lose all of his merit. As I could not reach his heart in this way, I asked him if he could not tell me his history, but he hesitated until I told him a little of mine. When I reached the part where I left land and kindred, he stopped me, and said, "Ah! you have made a sacrifice; our hearts are alike." Seeing his coldness changing, I

pleaded with him to tell me of his past life. He hesitated again, then pressing his hand upon his forehead, as if to call back the memories of bygone years, he said, "When I was a young man my parents died, and left me with a handsome sum of gold. I was very proud. You look at me with surprise; but my bare head was once covered with long tresses, the envy of many. I was handsome, and dressed in rich garments; and in a few years I married a beautiful girl,—one whose hand had been sought by the governor's secretary. After this I gave sumptuous feasts, and thought I was very happy; but one night I dreamed that the King of Death called me, and I went to a place where I became a snake. This dream very much troubled me; and not long after I went and consulted with an astrologer, who marked on his board, and then went into an awful spasm. I begged him to read me my fate, but he refused, saying it made him very ill even to look upon it. I gave him more money, but he would only tell me that my future was an awful one, and directed me to the priests to procure a way of escape. I had not often been to the priests, but they greeted me, and I told them my trouble. The old priest was very much affected when he heard of my dream, and sent me away, saying he would go to the astrologer, who might tell *him* what he saw. The next day I went to the priest, who said it was an awful fate, but I could be released therefrom. The way was open; that if I would make many idols, give away my riches and fine dress, together with all my comforts, I might escape the dreaded fate. At first I thought I could not do all this; but my dream haunted me so that I could not sleep. I became ill, and at last I made the sacrifice. I have performed long pilgrimages, counted many beads, and strictly kept all of the gods' rules, and I hope *that* fate will be averted."

"But are you happy here?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," returned the old man, his eye flashing forth with some beauty, "I have dreams of a fairy country where I shall be young again, and have my beautiful wife and great riches."

"But tell me what became of your wife?"

"Oh!" said the old man, as his bosom heaved a sigh, "she died in a few months after my dream; but she gave costly presents to the priests, and they said she would be a beautiful Nat up in one of the regions above."

I noticed the old devotee had told most of his history in a very cold, unaffected manner, but I observed a great softening in his voice when he spoke of his wife, so I continued, "What if you should not meet your wife in the fairy country?"

"Dare you tell me this might be so," said he, "white lady! During these thirty long, dreary rains, this thought has cheered me. I have often abstained several days from food, I have not even allowed the birds to sing before my shed. Underneath these trees once grew fragrant flowers, but in order to adhere strictly to my rules, I dug up their roots, that there beauty might not

bloom near my home. You look with disgust upon my dreary place," he continued, "but it was made so in order to obtain a reward. When I first chose this life, I used to linger by the homes of the people, for there I lived over again my domestic happiness; but this was a source of joy to me, so I turned from these homes, and receive my food only when the people bring it to me."

As the sun was getting high in the heavens, I asked the old man if I might go into his shed. He looked about a little, and said very gently, "It is not a fit place for you to sit down, but perhaps you wish to obtain merit, so come in. You will get merit, and I shall by receiving you." He moved away a bundle of rags, and I sat down in his doorway, and while he was lighting his cigar I examined his room. On one side hung some dried *snake skins*, a string of beads, and a bunch of feathers, which he said were his trappings when he went on a pilgrimage to the pagodas. His furniture consisted of two broken dishes. He did not have to make a change of clothing, and as he seated himself I mentioned it, but he replied, "Certainly not, I must abstain from all these comforts." The air was very much confined, indeed, became so offensive to me, that I was obliged to go out. As I did so, the old man asked with much softness of tone if I could not remain a little longer, so I spread out my handkerchief, raised my umbrella, and sat down.

The old Burman seated himself at a respectful distance, and then I told him that their doctrines and customs were very bad, and that it was clear to my mind that the astrologers and priests had deceived him in order to get his property. I told him that this was not the way to obtain bliss, and if he continued in this course, he would not go to the happy land, but where there would be an eternal weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The old man looked sad, and said, "I should not like to be cheated in this way."

The heat was becoming intense, so I arose to go, fully intending to visit him again, for I had only opened a way for my teachings, but the devotee did not ask me to come again. During the day I thought often of him, and in the evening I called some Christians and repeated my visit. He was cooking his rice, and when we approached he would not speak. The Christians saw this and went to the river-side. The Burman was glad, or seemed rather pleased, when he saw that I had only a little girl with me, and said he had thought much about my remarks, and if one could not obtain merit by these sacrifices, how did I expect to escape misery? I told him that I was glad he had been thinking, and that I had come to tell him this blessed way. My people returned, and then we told him that our race was once holy, but that we had sinned and broken the law of our Great King; that this King, who was holy, could not look on sin with any degree of allowance, and that eternal misery was pronounced upon us; that the only Son of this Great One proposed to come to our world and himself to suffer the punishment of our sins, and if

we repented there would be mercy for us; that he left his Father's court, came down to this world and suffered in our stead, and after conquering death and the grave, returned again to his Father's court, to plead our cause; and that the Father promised to accept us, if we would repent and trust in his beloved Son, yea, he had told us that we should be his sons and daughters.

The old devotee's countenance brightened, and then we told him that the heavenly city was made of jasper and gold, with precious stones; that the king was so resplendent with glory, that the dwellers needed not the light of the sun nor moon; that there was no poverty, no hunger, pain, nor death; that the people were all washed and made holy before they entered the new *Jerusalem*—all was bliss, no old age, sorrow, nor trouble, no longings for another state.

"And when do you go there?" inquired the old man with great interest.

I told him "sooner or later."

"Ah!" said he, "I like the description you give of this *King* and *that Son*. He was *so good*. Oh, that I could see him; I wish I were white, I should like to live there."

We assured him that this King had invited people of all climes and of all tribes to come, rich or poor, "without money and without price;" and that before the Son returned to his Father, he commanded his disciples to go to the ends of the world, and proclaim these invitations; and that was why I had come to Burmah.

"If I were young," said the old man, "I would certainly go to that country, but I must soon die."

When we saw how much interest he manifested, we told him that this was no hindrance, it was the spirit which could go, and that the body was only the dwelling. We told him that he would live if this old shed were burned up. "Oh yes, I see, I understand, go on, please." We told him that this King was God the Creator, and the Son Jesus Christ, and that blissful land, heaven.

The old man seemed somewhat confused, and we heard him muttering as he marked on the ground, "This is all very strange, but it is good; and if my forefathers had heard of this, they would never have worshipped Gaudama."

We continued our blessed story, but the old listener was silent. We held out all the precious promises of our Saviour, and when the dew began to fall we told him that we must go, but we would give him a book, which would tell him more about the way, and that we would come again. He took the book rather unwillingly, and we bade him adieu.

Early the next day we left, and as we passed by the bend of the stream, we spoke of the old devotee, and just then, as the fog cleared away, we discerned the form of a man. We looked again, and as the beams of the rising sun fell upon the spot we recognised him. He had not thanked us for the book, but rather unwillingly received it; yet *now* he held it out, pointed up to heaven, and then clasped it to his breast. Our words could

not reach his ear then, so we all bowed in our humble canoe, and prayed that the Holy Spirit might teach him to trust in Christ.

Not long after this one of our Christians went to the place, and we commissioned him to visit the old devotee and bring him to us, if he wished to come; but when they returned, the tidings were brought that the people near him did not see him for several days, and when they went to his house they found his corpse. Underneath his hand they found a hambo, and in the hollow of it there was a book—the book that we had given him. We are ignorant of his last days. He was old and feeble; but the remembrance of his firm on the bank of the river pointing up to heaven, and his care of the book, inspired us with hope that he had turned to Christ as his refuge. If we are permitted, through the mercy of Christ Jesus, our Lord, to enter those golden gates, would it be strange if we should be welcomed by this one, now redeemed, no longer ragged and filthy, but clothed in the white robes of paradise?—*Mrs. M. B. Ingalls*

"LET HIM WHO LOVES ME, FOLLOW."

Is related in the annals of the Ottoman empire, that when Amurath II. died, which was very suddenly, his son and destined successor, Mohammed, was about a day's journey distant in Asia Minor. Every day of interregnum in that fierce and turbulent monarchy is attended with extreme peril. The death of the deceased Sultan was therefore concealed, and a secret message despatched to the young prince to hasten without an instant's delay to the capital. On receiving the message, he leaped on a powerful Arab charger at hand, and turning to his attendants, uttered these few words, "Let him who loves me, follow!"

This prince afterwards became one of the most powerful sovereigns of the Ottoman line. And those who approved their courage and loyalty by following him in this critical and perilous moment of his fortunes, were magnificently rewarded.

Now there is another prince—the Prince of Peace, the Son of the King eternal and immortal, whom the Father hath appointed heir of all things, and who is now setting forth "to receive a kingdom." He, too, says to those around him, "Let him who loves me, follow!"

Which of us is willing to hear the summons, and to embark our all with the hopes and fortunes of this great Prince? When that young man called on his attendants to "follow," they knew their path only from his leading: he gave them no explanations; his words implied that great and mysterious perils were before him. But he allowed no delay, no reserves, no questionings, no preparations, no nice balancings of hope and fear, loss and gain. What he exacted was included in that one word—"follow."

So it is with Christ. The summons which he addressed to so many of his first disciples is still addressed to us: "Follow me." Our whole duty and loyalty to

him lie in those two words. To follow him is to obey him, to imitate him, to confess him before men, to bear his reproach, to identify ourselves with his Church and cause in its low and afflicted state here on earth. All this we must do from *love*. "Let him who *loves* me, follow!" Even a worldly prince, of generous soul, delights in being served from love. And this divine Prince says, "I love them that love me." "My son, give me thine heart!"

Sweet will be the fellowship by the way, and glorious the reward at the end, of those who follow Christ from love.

There is no more sublime promise in the Bible than that: "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me."

GRAFTING BY THE WAYSIDE.

Is riding one day, early in the spring, I passed a man of my acquaintance in the road about a quarter of a mile from his own house.

A basket with scions and implements for grafting was by his side, and a young, thrifty apple-tree, which sprung up beside an embankment wall, was protruding some of its branches just over his head, as he sat on the railing. I stopped to speak with him, and he said to me, that, as he had been grafting some fruit trees in his garden, he thought he would come and set some grafts in this tree by the roadside, which he had observed many times, as a very thrifty tree, well situated on the south side of the wall. Remarking that I presumed he did not expect to eat much of the fruit, I inquired whether he proposed to graft winter fruit or early apples. He replied, "I thought I would graft some good early apples, the best kind, perhaps they will do somebody some good." Some months afterwards, in passing over that much travelled road, I saw that the grafts were alive and shooting up with a vigorous growth, as if rejoicing to fulfil the generous purpose of the good man, who had come so far from his own premises to insert them there beside the thoroughfare, where the hand of any traveller might some day reach and pluck delicious fruit. The design of that Christian man struck me as worthy of a Christian heart. It will be a beautiful sight, one of these years, to see that tree laden with fair, inviting fruit, and offering itself thus to the passing traveller. Many a weary wayfarer may eat the grateful fruit and bless the man who grafted that tree by the wayside.

That man was not one to neglect his own garden. I have often observed with pleasure in passing his house, that his own trees are all grafted and cared for; and every part of his premises bears the marks of the nicest culture.

This little incident was richly suggestive to my mind. It starts the question for Christians, whether labours somewhat like this ought not to be more common in their individual practice. Of course, each one must keep his own vineyard. But "the field is the world;" "Do

good to all men;" "The highways and hedges" are to be visited by the servants of Christ on errands of mercy.

Are there not some trees by the wayside which you can graft, and which, by the blessing of God, shall bear delicious fruit to regale some strangers and wayfarers on the pilgrimage of life? When you are applying a diligent hand to keeping your own heart in the love of God, and to home culture, and to the Sabbath school, that garden which the Church cultivates for Christ,—seeking there from the children the precious fruits of early piety,—it is Christ-like to look beyond home interests, and bestow labour also upon neglected spots, where now only wild and worthless fruit is growing. Is there not some neglected child that you can bring into the Sabbath school?—or some Sabbath wanderer whom you can influence to go to the house of God?—or some fallen one, struggling with temptation, cast off, and thinking within himself, "Nobody cares for me," whom you can reclaim and save?

Selfishness and love of ease may repress the rising purpose of benevolence, by asking, "Who will eat the fruit? It will do me no good." But it should be remembered that there is reward enough in the satisfaction of having done the beneficent work. The richest blessedness is in giving, not in receiving. The great Master, who always remembers the cup of cold water given in his name, will see to it that your labour of love is not in vain.

Let me give examples. A lady, in walking to church, met a vagrant boy standing at the corner of a street. She spoke kindly to him, and persuaded him to go to the Sabbath school, where he became a Christian. Afterwards he became a devoted and useful missionary to the heathen.

A man gave a tract to an orphan boy with a word of Christian counsel, which was the means of leading him to love the Saviour; and then he felt that he wanted every little boy and girl to have "a book about Jesus." That boy was manifestly the means of leading many souls to Christ.

Many a narrative of conversion has been like that of the young man who said in a little Sabbath evening conference meeting, referring to the instrumentality of a tract given to him, "My friends, a week ago to-night I was without hope and without God in the world; but I think the Lord has forgiven my sins, and that I have become a new creature in Jesus Christ. The reading of a tract which was kindly given me was blessed by the Holy Spirit to awaken my heart and conscience, and lead me, I trust, to the Friend of sinners. And oh, what a Friend!" The instances of the usefulness of evangelical tracts and of tract distribution are too numerous to be reckoned up, and too dearly owned of God as the means of converting sinners of all classes, to be doubted. Go out into the highways and hedges; carry tracts with you as scions to graft into the young and growing trees that now yield unsightly and bitter fruit. "Be not weary in well-doing."

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

ROOTS OF BITTERNESS; THE AILMENT AND THE CURE.

A SERMON TO CHILDREN BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT,

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF PROVERBS," ETC.

"Looking diligently lest any man fall of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled."—HEB. xii. 15.

HERE is a whole parable in a single verse. The apostles had learned from their Lord to employ pictures in order to make their lessons more striking and memorable. Their pictures were taken sometimes from the history of human life, sometimes from the habits of animals, and sometimes from the growth of flowers and trees. The lesson which this verse teaches is found growing in the ground. The apostle Paul shows us here how to gather wisdom from beneath our feet. Under the likeness of a root, this text teaches us something about the *nature*, the *source*, the *effects*, and the *cure* of SIN.

I. *The NATURE of sin.* It is a *root*; and the root is *bitter*.

1. It is a *root*. In many points sin is like a root. For one thing, the root is always below the ground; it is never seen. The surface of a field, when you pass it, may be smooth and bare; and yet the field may be neglected, and foul, and incapable of bearing fruit. Beneath the ground, unseen, there may be a multitude of strong living roots that will soon cover the whole surface with leaves, and flowers, and fruits. Such is sin in human hearts: it does not always lie hid; but neither does it always come out into view. There are times when no evil word can be heard from the lip, and no wicked act can be seen in the life, and yet the person may be very sinful all the while. As the stalks grow up at one season of the year, and disappear at another, while the root which bears them remains alive at all seasons under ground, so the sinful words or deeds may break out into great strength at one time, and at another time cease; while the root of sinfulness grows still strong in the heart, and is ready to bear its fruit whenever an opportunity is offered. Again, the root is always growing greater as long as it is left living. It never stands still; it is always striking deeper down into the ground, and spreading wider on every side. It is its nature not to stand still, but to be always increasing. Such also is sin in the heart: the longer it remains the stronger it grows. After one sinful deed has been done, there is a root in the evil heart beneath which will produce another; there is a growing root beneath which will produce another worse. If the sinful desires that grow in your heart this year be not crushed and killed, it will be more difficult and more

painful to crush and kill them next year; if these evil desires are not plucked out while you are young, it will be all but impossible to pluck them out when you are old. In yet another point you may observe a likeness between sin and a root; while it is easy to destroy the flowers and fruits, and even the branches of any hurtful plant, it may be next to impossible to tear the root completely from the ground. A farmer is often sorely disappointed after he has cut the weeds over by the surface, and even tried to pull out the roots, to see the old enemy growing up as strong and thick as ever on the spot. Some portions of the root had been left in the ground, and from these the new plants have shot up again. Ah, parents have often found, after wicked actions have been checked by chastening, that the evil disposition has been left lurking in secret, and has burst into wickedness again whenever it found an opening!

2. The root is *bitter*. Everything depends on the nature and kind of the root that grows in the soil. The earth, and the air, and the sun, and the rain nourish every plant that grows. Good and evil trees may grow beside each other in the same field. The same ground ripens bitter fruit on one plant, and sweet fruit on another. One tree turns the sap and fatness of the earth into poison; another tree turns the sap and fatness of the earth into food. There is a plant called deadly nightshade, which may be seen in some parts of this country growing wild in the hedges. Both in the manner of its growth and the form of its fruit-clusters, it is like the grape-vine; but its fruit is a poison. Now, this plant might grow beside a vine; might twine round the vine, both in its roots beneath and its branches above the surface; the bunches of fruit growing separately each on its own stem, similar in form and colour, might touch each other as they hung half hidden among the leaves: and yet the two are as widely different as good and evil; the one is deadly poison, the other wholesome food. The fruit follows the root: no matter how rich the ground, how abundant the rain, how bright the sunshine, if the root be a "root of bitterness," bitter also will be the fruit. Thus sin, growing in the heart, turns all the powers of our nature into evil. The understanding mind and the glowing affections, the seeing eye and the speaking lips, the nimble feet and the cunning hand—all are turned into poison by the corrupt

desire that nestles deep in the soul like a root under ground. These powers of our nature would nourish good fruit, if a new and holy tree were planted in the heart—a tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord. Saul of Tarsus possessed learning, and eloquence, and energy, and perseverance, and a fiery, unfainting heart, that would stick at nothing on which it was bent; but the bitter root was in the man, and it sucked up all the sap of his being and turned it into fruits of wickedness. All his varied powers were employed in catching and murdering the innocent disciples of Jesus. But when the bitter root was burned out of him on the way to Damascus by the flash of Christ's redeeming love, and the plant of a renewed nature left living in its stead, all his powers were forthwith exerted in serving God and saving men. On the same soil, from which a bitter root had drawn poison, the new life of faith brought forth many fruits of righteousness.

II. *The source of sin.* I do not at present speak of the first tempter and the first temptation. I neither tell the story of our first parents' fall, nor explain the doctrine of original sin. Our business is with ourselves; and I ask you to think of this plain, but awful truth, that the roots of bitterness are not planted by other people, but spring up within ourselves. In the text we do not read, "Lest any root of bitterness be brought in," but, "Lest any root of bitterness *springing up* trouble you." When we see a stream rushing downward to the sea, we sometimes ask the question, Where is its source? If you trace the river upward, you will find it springing out of the ground. Thus, when a sinful life is flowing like a stream, and any one asks whence it comes, Jesus leads us to the sinner's own heart, and bids us see it "springing up" there: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders," &c. (Matt. xv. 19).

Have you seen a field ploughed, harrowed, broken, and smoothed by the roller, and left brown and bare to the rains and sun of summer? If you pass the same field two or three weeks afterwards, you will find that it is no longer brown and bare; it is green all over. A multitude of plants that cannot be numbered have sprung up and covered its surface; they are all busily unfolding their leaves, and opening their flowers, and preparing to produce their fruit. They are all useless and hurtful; they are roots of bitterness every one. Whence came they? The owner of the field certainly did not plant them, for he grieves to see them growing, and he is preparing by much hard labour to kill them and cast them out. Perhaps an enemy hath done this? No; the man's enemies, if he has any, would not in our country and our day take the trouble of planting these seeds in his field. The useless and mischievous plants grow of their own accord. They are native in the ground, and whenever the field is let alone they spring up. Wheat and other good grain must be brought to the spot and sown; but weeds spring of themselves. The seeds and roots are lying beforehand in the ground.

How very like the growth of evil in human life! When good grows in us, the seed of it has been sent from heaven and sown in our hearts; but evil is native, and springs of itself. Have you observed how readily even a very young child will tell a lie to hide his own fault, or fly into a passion and strike a sister or brother younger than himself? It is a mistake to lay the blame on other people, and say that they have taught the child naughty habits; the child did not need lessons in sinning. The seeds and roots of these bad things lay natively in his heart, and sprang up of their own accord into open acts of wickedness. It is quite true also that bad example adds to the evil that grows within ourselves. Wicked neighbours do not first make us evil; but when we are evil in our heart first, they may make us worse. It is therefore right to guard against temptations from others; but it is wrong to suppose that we will be all right if our neighbours do not corrupt us. We are in ourselves corrupt, and there lies the greatest danger. There were weeds growing in the fields of America before the people of Europe discovered it; but now, other and worse weeds, that belonged to Europe, have been carried over, and have spread through all the land; so that in America there are some bitter roots growing that were native in the soil, and also other bitter roots that have been carried to it from Europe. And as it is with weeds in the ground, so it is with sins in the people's life. There were sins, many and great, growing in the hearts and actions of the North American Indians before the white men found them; but the white men brought over to them other sins that they had not known before; and now the poor brown men of the American woods are overrun with a terrible mixture of their own native, sinful habits, and the new sinful habits which the white men have taught them. Every child should first watch his own heart, where sin springs up of itself; and next be careful of the company he keeps, lest he learn from others wicked words and ways in addition to his own.

III. *The effects of sin.* I do not now trace out all the poisonous fruits which the bitter roots of sin bear in time and eternity; I speak only of the two which are named in the text—"trouble you, and thereby many be defiled." Sin troubles the sinner himself, and defiles his neighbours.

1. It troubles you. It troubles the world, a nation, a church, a family, a single person. But observe, although the bitter root springing up often disturbs the peace of a country, and rends asunder a Church, the root never springs from the ground between two persons or two companies; it always springs in the persons themselves. The troubler is not only among us, he is within us; and if he were not allowed to dwell within us, he never could contrive to disturb the peace between us and our neighbours.

The root of bitterness that grows strongest in one child is selfishness; in another, anger; in another, falsehood; in another, disobedience to parents. But though

these roots are all as different from each other as thistles, and nettles, and thorns, they are alike in that all have sharp prickles, and the sharp prickles pierce the flesh of all who come within their reach. One is stung by nettles, and another is torn by thorns; but all are troubled in whom the roots of bitterness are allowed to grow. I have seen a group of children seated in a circle on the green grass at play; as I passed I saw that every face was beautiful as the flowers which they were weaving into crowns, and every eye sparkling like the sunlight in the brook that was flowing at their feet. When I returned by the same path, half an hour later, the circle was broken up, the half-plaited flower-crowns were scattered on the sward, the girls were running homeward in terror, and the two biggest boys were fighting and bleeding on the spot where lately they had played. Ah! a troubler has been here; and he did not come from a distance; he sprang up, not only among the merry group of children, but within the living, throbbing heart of a child. A secret thought of envy, an angry look, a bad name, a snatch, a blow—how quickly from the invisible seed the bitter root sprang up, and how sorely it troubled all the company!

Sin troubles the sinner with deeper and more enduring troubles than these. The stings of conscience in time, and the wrath of God in eternity, are the fully ripened fruits which this root of bitterness bears. Felix felt the one trouble, when he trembled on his judgment-seat; the rich man felt the other, when he lifted up his eyes in torment. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (James i. 15). Such is its dreadful end, unless it be itself taken away by Christ. For this very purpose Christ came into the world, that he might through his blood make an end of sin, so that the bitter root shall not in any of his people bring forth its fruit of the second death. Sin troubles even Christians while they live; but already they are delivered from its curse, and soon they shall be delivered from its presence and power for ever.

2. It defiles others. If a careless farmer permit thistles to grow, and ripen, and run to seed on his own field, he injures thereby the field of his neighbour. You may have seen on a sunny, breezy harvest day, a number of small white feathery atoms, sailing quickly through the air above your heads. These are the seeds of thistles and other similar weeds, hastening away to sow themselves on new ground, and so multiply their mischief. The thistles should have been torn out of the ground before they had time to bear their seed. The man who allowed them to ripen has both troubled himself and defiled the fields of his neighbours. On this account, there are laws in some countries providing for the punishment of those who allow certain hurtful plants to ripen seed on their ground. Such a root is sin: when it is allowed to grow in you, it spreads and pollutes your neighbours. For example, many grown men, and not a few young children, take the name of God in vain, and otherwise utter profane words. These sounds from

foul lips fly through the air, like thistle-seeds on the wind, and falling on the ears of the young, deeply defile their hearts. Beware! Let no word or act proceed from you that would corrupt another. There is a law in heaven, if not on earth, that will not hold you guiltless, if you permit evil words and ways to spread and pollute a neighbour. Each of us is our brother's keeper; and if by our sins we defile his soul, God will require his blood at our hands. Beware lest you get harm from another; beware lest you do harm to another. Look unto Jesus, and follow his steps. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." Those who are called by his name should copy his character.

IV. *The cure of sin.* In the text it is expressed by these words, "Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God." It appears, then, that two things go to the cure of sin—or the killing of this root of bitterness; these are, our diligence and God's grace. This does not mean that we owe our salvation partly to ourselves and partly to God. No: Christ is all our salvation; he alone has finished the work. No part of it is of our working; it is all his free gift. But it is also true, that God expects us to watch, and pray, and strive to get his mercy that we may be saved; no one who is true and honest will refuse this. His free salvation is very precious; we should fear to miss it, strive to get it.

1. Our own diligent look. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." "Take heed, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief." In the Bible we are commanded to be watchful and diligent in turning from sin and closing with Christ; surely this is a reasonable service. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

A farmer looks diligently after the state of his field. He cannot lie down to sleep in peace if his land is overrun with thorns and thistles. He watches them when they first spring, and labours to root them out, lest they destroy his harvest. We should go and do likewise, for the saving of our souls. If we carelessly allow worldliness, and vanity, and falsehood, and anger, and such like to grow and ripen in our hearts, and lips, and lives, we are throwing ourselves away. If in some part of your flesh a little knot should begin to grow, and spread, and strike its roots every day more deep; and if the doctor should tell you it was a cancer, which would soon destroy your life, you would not carelessly let it alone. You would say to the man of skill, with a piercing look and a fluttering heart, Can this deadly thing be rooted out of my body? And if it could be taken out, you would plead that it should be taken out now, ere it had time to strike deeper into the fountains of your life. Oh, if we could learn to look as diligently to the disease that is rooted in the soul, and endangers the life eternal! The cry, "What must we do to be saved?" is a very sound and sensible cry. He who raises it is in his right mind; and he is mad who puts off that greatest

question till he be in his feeblest state and in his latest hour.

2. The grace of God. It is this that can save from the present power and future punishment of sin. Our diligent look cannot work our salvation; but we are told to look diligently lest we should miss the salvation of God, which has been completed by Christ, and is offered free. The grace of God means his free gift, and his greatest gift is the Son of his love.

The particular warning which the text gives is, "lest any one fail of the grace of God." It means, if in any of us the grace of God fail—if it do not enter into our hearts like the good seed, and grow and bear fruit there, the bitter roots will prevail and ruin us. Farmers use the very same word in regard to the good seed which has been sown in their fields. In some parts of the ground, from various causes, the seed either never springs, or withers soon after it has sprung. These parts are empty while the corn grows in other parts. The seed has "failed" in these places; this is the term employed to describe the accident. What then? Then there is not only the loss of the precious grain, but also the growth of hurtful weeds. It is when and where the good seed "fails" that the bitter roots spring up abundant. The same law holds good in "God's husbandry" within a human heart. If the good seed of the word is carried away by the evil one, so that it never springs, or springing on stony ground is scorched up and withered by temptations, the bitter roots thrive in the empty place. The Holy Spirit in the heart is the only power that will keep evil spirits out. The word of Christ dwelling in you richly will drive the vain thoughts away. A farmer sometimes speaks of "cleaning" his field, that is, killing all the weeds. But how can this be done? It is never thoroughly done except by getting it all covered closely by a thick thriving crop of good seed. It is when the good seed fails that the bitter roots prosper; and when the good seed thrives that the bitter roots are destroyed. According to the same law, we succeed or fail in our efforts to cast evil habits from a human heart. Sow the good seed there; if it is received into a softened soil and grows, the evil that has sprung native in that heart will be kept down and weakened by degrees, until it is at last cast out. If Christ dwell in your hearts by faith, sin will not be allowed to dwell along with him; but on the other hand, if he is kept out, all sorts of evil thoughts and habits will live and thrive within.

LIFE LESSONS.

BY THE REV. JAMES BOLTON.

"Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear."—1 SAM. xvii. 36.

EVERYTHING almost has an enemy. The fox is after the rabbit, the hound after the fox; the hawk is after the sparrow, the fowler after the hawk. And all of us have enemies! Not that we make them by quarrelling.

If we are gentle and forgiving, we shall easily live in peace with our families, neighbours, and friends; but the enemies I speak of are spiritual—"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against *principalities and powers*; against the *ruler* of the darkness of this world." Depend upon it, dear children, we shall never get on in the best things, we shall never get through this vale of tears, we shall never reach heaven, without much opposition—without many a battle. I do not want to frighten you, but simply to forewarn you. If you had a journey before you, which began in a lovely flower garden, but soon led on to frightful precipices and rugged mountains, would it not be kind to tell you the truth? If you had a voyage before you, which began in a lily-fringed lake, but soon led on to a rushing river full of snags and beset with pirates, would it not be cruel to conceal it from you?

But if we have these enemies to encounter, the Bible shows us how to encounter them; and I want to bring David up as a beautiful example of Christian courage. I say *Christian* courage, for his was not mere coolness such as young men boast of; it was, as we shall see, the fruit of his piety.

He was tending his father's sheep on the green hill-sides of Bethlehem. How happy he must have been in that quiet work! He could play his harp, and study the birds, and the blossoms, and the ways of his flock, and pray and sing—and none to trouble him. Yet he was far from being safe. In the thickets, and amongst the rocks around, there lurked savage beasts of prey, always on the watch to spring out, always whetting their lips for a dainty morsel. He and his fold seemed secure, just as you fancy yourself secure because your soul-enemies are not visible; but one day, whilst David was at a short distance from his charge, lo and behold! a lion—a Syrian lion, the image of that which is now in Regent's Park—stole forth, and, quick as lightning, seized a lamb, and bore it bleating away. But, quick as lightning, David ran to the rescue. "I went out after him," he says, "and smote him."—He hit him a blow either with a stick or stone, and he dropped the bleeding lamb, and flew at David; but now, "when he arose against me," he says, "I caught him by the beard, and slew him." Probably he means that he held him by the hairy under-jaw, so that he could not bite him, whilst with the other hand he continued to wield his club, until he fell dead on the ground. It was a noble act to follow an untamed lion, to infuriate him, and then to close with him for a death-grapple!

Nor was this his only feat. A hungry angry bear is perhaps more ferocious than a lion; but when a bear did what the lion had done, David was as undaunted as when the lion was the robber, and he did to the bear what he had done to the lion. The bear's carcase, as well as the lion's, testified to David's fearlessness. He never forgot those two occasions, those two spots, those two shaggy growling monsters, those two desperate struggles. Would you ever have forgotten them?

First, Notice that David fought these creatures though they were so *terrible*.

You may think that you would not have minded confronting them; but go to a menagerie and look at a real lion or a real bear. Even through the bars, they are formidable; but what would they be if the cage-door was thrown open, and you and they were face to face? A few weeks since a poor ostler in London was crossing the stable-yard, when suddenly a lion sprang on him and dragged him to the floor. How helpless he was! The brute tossed him about as a cat does a mouse! You recollect the picture of Dr. Livingstone lying prostrate under a maddened lion in Africa. I have read of American hunters whom wounded bears had pounced upon, and hugged till their eyes started from their heads and every bone was crushed! But here David challenged both the lion and the bear, and overcame them! So we are not to be afraid of our soul's enemies because they are so strong and so vengeful. We need not yield to their bidding or their threats. They may swell themselves and talk alarmingly, but if God be for us, who shall be against us? The devil himself trembles when the weakest saint attacks him valiantly.—“Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.”

Secondly, Notice that David fought these creatures though he was *so young*.

He was but a lad. “Thou art but a youth,” said Saul to him. And again, it is said of him, “He was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.” Later in the chapter he is called “a stripling.” He was junior to all his brethren. Scarcely had seventeen summers bronzed his cheeks; neither his bodily nor his mental vigour were perfect. Had he been older and more accustomed to dangers, it would have been different. But immature as he was, he threw himself hardily on both the lion and the bear.

Children ask, “What can I do to withstand evil? I am but a boy or a girl; I am frail and feeble.” But you are able to defy your soul's enemies, if you do it rightly. They can no more compel a child than a grown-up person. If you are as resolute as David was, you will be more than a conqueror as he was. It is your own fault if the lion or the bear steal your purity or your peace—those tender kids. You cannot prevent them from assailing them, but you can prevent them from devouring them. An infant may be a hero; an infant may be a coward. I could point you to Sunday scholars who are wrestling with lions and bears every week.

Thirdly, Notice that David fought these creatures though he was *unarmed*.

This was remarkable. He was not a warrior in breast-plate and greaves, with shield and sword. He was not equipped even as Esau may have been, with bow or spear for the chase. He had no weapons. When afterwards Saul put his own helmet on him and his coat of mail, David was distressed.—“I am unaccustomed to these,” he said; and he begged to be excused from

wearing them. For the combat with the giant, he took nothing but his sling and five smooth pebbles. These were familiar to him, these were the only things he had ever used. We may suppose, therefore, that these were what he subdued the lion and the bear with. In his common clothes, with these simple instruments, he pursued them towards their dens, met their onslaught and stretched them on the sod. Samson tore a lion's mouth asunder, but then Samson was a Hercules. David did not pretend to more than ordinary nerve and muscle.

We may be unskilled and apparently unprotected against our soul's enemies; but that is no reason why we should cower before them. God can cover us against their teeth and talons, and guide our “smooth pebbles” to their vital parts. He has expressly said that he employs “foolish things”—what appear to men to be foolish things—“to confound the wise.” It does not require learning or experience to rebuke a swearer, or a Sabbath-breaker, or an infidel, or a drunkard.

Notice, *fourthly*, that David fought these creatures though he was *alone*.

That, too, was wonderful. Who is not twice as daring when others are with him! David dared the advancing Goliath in the presence of tens of thousands of applauding spectators; but here he flung himself upon the lion and the bear without a witness—not a brother, not an attendant was near; there was no human succour for him. Had he been overmastered, the animals would have eaten him, and nothing but a crimson pool would have told the tale. So Daniel yielded himself to be lowered to the lions, alone, and yet uncomplaining. So Joseph had to endure the perils of Egypt alone. So Jesus encountered Satan alone in the wilderness. We shall have to meet many temptations alone—none can aid us. When we are solitary, as David was, our soul-enemies spread their nets.—It is their opportunity. They reckon on an easy conquest now. And we are apt to be timid then. But *are* we alone? Can we be alone with God so close by? Therefore we ought to be as bold and brave as if a whole regiment were at our backs, or a guard of angels hovering over us.

Finally, Notice that David fought these creatures in God's *strength*.

He was strong, but he was not strong enough of himself—nay, he renounced his own might, as he did Saul's suit of armour, and girded himself in the might of Jehovah. That upturned eye, that whispered breath, “God help me,”—it was David saying, “I cannot do it myself, but in *thy strength* I can do anything.” Hark how he lays it all at God's feet: “*The Lord that delivered me* out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me from this Philistine.” He said the same to the scornful Philistine himself: “I come to thee in the *name of the Lord of Hosts. He will deliver thee* into mine hand.” So, referring to these awful hours in his psalms, he sings: “He sent from above. He took me. He drew me out of the deep

waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me, for they were too strong for me. Because *thou* hast been my help, therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." That was the secret of his *success*; that was why the lion and the bear kissed the dust. He was strong in the favour of God, in faith in God, in the Spirit of God. When in his riper years he *failed in these*, he was no match for milder foes than lions and bears. What was the difference between Peter in the judgment-hall, denying to a silly maid that he knew Christ, and Peter in the council chamber glorying in being counted worthy to be scourged for Christ before the assembled sanhedrim? was it not this, that in the judgment-hall he was trying to fight the lion and the bear *in his own strength* ("though all men should deny thee, yet *will not I*"), whereas in the council chamber, he was calmly resting on the strength of his sympathizing and suffering Saviour?

We are to apply to Jesus for strength for all our duties and trials.—"*My grace* is sufficient for thee." "Without *me* ye can do nothing." Memorable sentences. Lord, engrave them upon our hearts! Nor is it a fancy that he will give you his strength if you seek it. It is promised; and it is his delight to bestow it. When we are tempted to falsehood, he will strengthen us to be true,—when we are tempted to be angry, he will strengthen us to be meek,—when we are tempted to pride, he will strengthen us to be humble,—when we are tempted to be selfish, he will strengthen us to be loving. The converted Indian maiden said to her heathen torturers, "My new chief (Jesus) *will go into the fire with me*, if you burn me, and he and I shall laugh at the flames,"—she understood that Christ would be her strength in martyrdom. And so, whatever befalls us, we shall come out of it bright as gold, if we do but go into it leaning on our Saviour's bosom. The lion and the bear will vex us to the last, but, "looking to Jesus," we may hope never to be spoiled by them.

"JOY OVER ONE."

THE sharp, quick sound of a crier's bell was heard above the rattle of carriages and the hum of multitudes hastening home as night came on, and the words, "Child lost! child lost!" fell upon the ears, and sent a thrill of pain to the hearts of fathers and mothers, as the crier slowly passed up the street to the next corner, where he stopped to give a description of the wanderer.

How many held their breath and listened!

"Child lost! Child lost! A little girl—not quite three years of age—her hair light and curly—eyes blue; when she left home she was dressed in a scarlet frock and white apron—has been missing four hours!" And again the bell was heard as the crier went on, proclaiming as he went the same mournful story.

And where all this time was little Lily Ashton?

Soon after she left her father's door, she made the acquaintance of other children in the street, with whom she played awhile, and then many things amused her as she ran along on the crowded sidewalk, unnoticed by the busy throng; but at length she discovered that her home was no longer in sight, and that no dear papa or mamma answered her call; and the poor little lost one sat down on a door-step and wept bitterly. A kind-hearted gentleman came that way—one who loved children, and who was never happier than when they smiled on him from their bright faces, which they could hardly help doing, when *he* smiled so pleasantly on *them*, and who was always ready to speak comforting words when they were in trouble.

"What's the matter, little Blossom?" he asked.

His voice was so full of love that Lily stopped crying, and brushing back her curls, looked up to see who it was that spoke to her. The light from a street-lamp above her shone full upon his benevolent face. "I isn't 'little Blossom'; I is Lily, and I want mamma," she said, and the tears began to flow again.

"But Lily won't cry any more, because we will go and find mamma. Will Lily go with me?"

Her tears ceased flowing, and she looked up into the kind face once more. "Has you got a little girl, and is she 'little Blossom'?"

"No, my dear; I have no Lily nor Blossom, only when I find one such as you; but I love little girls and boys, and I don't like to see you cry. Will you go with me to find your mamma?" Lily stood up and put her hand in his, for her heart was won.

The kind gentleman lifted the tired little girl in his arms, and carried her to the nearest police-station, where he knew he would learn what she could not tell him about her home. And in a short time he placed the lost darling in the arms of her mother, whose anguish was thus turned into joy. He found other children, brothers and sisters, in that home; and as the parents and children gathered about little Lily, *lost* an hour before, but now *found*, and as they laughed and wept by turns, he felt that he was receiving a richer reward in seeing their happiness—their *joy over one* dear child—than any thanks, however earnest, could be.

I know you do not wonder that this family were so glad to see Lily again. But their gladness reminds me—perhaps it has reminded you also—of some of the words of Jesus, "Joy shall be in heaven *over one sinner that repenteth*." Can you tell why the happy family of the redeemed in heaven are joyful when a sinner repents? A sinner, you know, is one who is disobeying God—who does not love nor trust in Christ—who is lost in the world, and who will never find the way to that beautiful home above unless he repents. Do you not think that if you were in heaven, and could hear that some one on earth, who had been wicked, had repented and begun to love Jesus, and was coming to be in heaven too—happy and holy for ever—you would be glad?

Perhaps some dear friends of yours are there now, and they are hoping to hear that you are in the way to the same home, if you are not already in it. Dear child, have you begun to walk in that path which leads to the "beautiful city built above?" Come with the children of God, and there will be joy in heaven over you far beyond that which was felt in Lily's family when she was found, for One is there who loves you far more than any friend here on earth can love, and he will receive you gladly into the number of the blessed.—*The Child at Home.*

"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

It was a bright, beautiful June morning when I met upon one of the quiet streets of the city, a poor, miserable-looking cripple. A thrill of pain first impelled me to pass silently by; but then the thought came into my mind—Perhaps a few kind words might prove like sunshine to his heart.

He was pitifully deformed, the cords and tendons of the system having become contracted, so that his crooked limbs crossed each other, making him walk in a tottering, staggering manner. His arms were curved so that they could no more be straightened, and his fingers drawn up so that they looked more like the claws of some large bird than parts of a human hand. His long, light hair falling from beneath a crushed hat, partly shielded his distorted face from notice. One arm pressed against his side a portfolio of cheap pictures, by the sale of which he gained the pittance that still held the soul to that poor, suffering body.

He was pleased to have his pictures praised, and though he could hardly talk plainly, he did not seem unwilling to receive a little wayside call. I asked him if he did not get weary with his heavy portfolio?

"Oh yes, ma'am," said he, "but it buys my bread. It is all I can do."

"Have you a mother living?"

"I had one, ma'am, who always took care of me; but she died four years ago."

"Have you no father?"

"I never saw my father. He is dead too. A kind man took care of me after mother died, but he's been dead a year now, and I've no friends—no home."

"You know of God and heaven?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," and his face gleamed with a holy light, as looking heavenward he said, "I have got a trust, ma'am."

How beautiful he seemed then! Like one transformed I saw in him the image of our dear Saviour, as I answered, "Oh, you have a home, then, and a rest not far away. If you are Jesus' child nothing can really harm you; for with a great deal of love he is watching over you. Life here looks dark and full of trouble; but your best Friend suffered more even than you. He was lonely. He had no home, and enemies were all about him; but he is in a beautiful home now, and if you

truly love him, he is preparing a mansion there for you too."

"Oh yes; there I shall be like any other, there I shall be like—*him*."

The faith of this simple, humble Christian, whom the Saviour calls "one of the least of these my brethren," awakened emotion too deep for other words, and simply saying, "Good-bye, my friend; I hope we shall meet one day beside our Saviour," I hastened to the silence of my room to dwell upon the wonderful love of Him "who seeth not as man seeth," but makes "his dwelling with the humble and the contrite ones."

A few days after I learned that this poor youth was suffering the taunts and jeers of rude boys, and that even well-dressed ladies and gentlemen stood upon the street-corners laughing at his awkward gait. Oh, how I wished they could have shared the secret which that bright morning revealed to me,—that he was one of Jesus' friends.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," are the words of Christ. Be careful then, boys, how you treat the unfortunate. The weakest and most miserable children have the tenderest care of the Great Father. Act toward the poor as you would to the Man of sorrows were he beside you. Then when all his friends shall throw off the mask of poverty and human wretchedness, to be clothed upon with a Redeemer's righteousness, you may be welcomed as one of those who, through kindness to some of them shown on account of love to the dear Saviour, have entertained the Master himself unawares.

A LITTLE CHILD'S NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

Now my mother dear has left me,
With her sweetest good-night kiss;
And the dark is all about me,—
Oh, how very dark it is!
And I've said my little prayer
To my Father in the sky:
"Heavenly Father, keep me safely,
While all night asleep I lie."

My dear mother says the angels
Watch all night beside my bed,
With their loving eyes wide open,
And their shining wings outspread.
What, then, should I be afraid of?
Though 'tis very dark, I know,
That's no matter to the angels,
Their bright eyes can pierce it through.

Oh, how kind is God to spare them
From their singing by his throne!
Just because his little Mary
Does not like to be alone.

Little angels, how I love you,
Though I cannot see your eyes;
But I love Him best who sends you
From your home up in the skies.

You are his own little children,
And obedient children too;
For I know you never murmur
Whatsoever he bids you do.
Little angels, when the day breaks,
And my mother calls me too,
In my bed I will not linger,
But I straight will think of you.

And I'll thank our Father kneeling,
For his kindness through the night;
Asking him to keep me safely
All the while that it is light.
And then all day I'll remember
How you never disobey,
And my feet and hands shall gladly
Do whatever my parents say.

So at eve my mother'll whisper,
When she kisses me good-night;
"May God bless *my* little angel,
Keep her safe till morning light."

THE GREAT TREE AND THE LITTLE BUSH.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

Oh, children, do let me tell you about something curious I saw the other day. It was a currant-bush growing on a grand old elm—the largest elm in the country, they say. Shall I tell you how it came there—as high as the roof of the house?

One dark night, years ago, a furious storm came howling around the brave elm, and seized one of her fairest boughs. The frightened thing clung shivering to its mother, and its sisters crowded around to protect it; but nothing would pacify the angry storm. He shook, and twisted, and wrenched the poor branch, until at last it was torn from its mother, and dashed to the ground. Ah! you should have seen what the sun saw the next morning, when he came to visit his favourite elm—how the poor branch lay wet and trembling on the earth, and how its mother showered her tears upon it, as she swayed to and fro in her grief!

Well, years past away, but the noble elm never forgot her beautiful child. The wound in her heart was healed, to be sure, but it left a very deep scar.

At last it happened, one day, that a little bird, a robin red-breast, I think, hopping about the garden, picked a stem of ripe, red currants, and said to himself, "Now, I'll fly up in the big tree, and have a dainty little feast." So up he flew, and lighted on the very knot from which the great limb had been broken. And when

red-breast had finished his meal, and flown singing away, just one little currant-seed was left. When birdie was fairly out of sight and hearing, this seed began to say to itself:—

"Well, I should like to know what that robin expects! He must know this is a pretty place to leave a currant-seed—way up here where it never can grow! Why couldn't he have dropped me down in the garden? and I would have grown to be a nice bush, with round, red currants for little Mary to pick; but here—"and the poor seed sighed a sigh of despair.

But at last it said to itself, "Every currant-seed must do the best it can. Maybe I can be of some use even here; I'll try."

Now, the summer wind had gathered into the crevice of the tree where it was lying a handful of dust from the road below. Into this little bed our lonely seed nestled. The kindly old sun warmed it; a gentle shower moistened it; and before long, a slender root was searching its way down through the earth and into the soft wood, and two tiny currant-leaves were peering up to the light. Wasn't it a happy seed then? All summer it grew as fast as ever it could, and when winter came to wrap it in its white nightgown of snow, it was almost as tall as your baby. There it flourishes yet, and I do not believe there is a more happy or useful currant-bush in any garden than this, growing three times as high as any hand can reach. The birds call it their bush, and many a merry dinner-party they have in it, bobbing their pretty heads this way and that, chirping and pecking the fruit to their hearts' content.

Every one who looks up as he passes, smiles to see it trying, in its small way, to fill the place of the noble branch.

But the old elm herself loves the little stranger nearly as well as her own children. Its bonny green leaves and red berries brighten the place of the lost one, and the great tree has been comforted in its sorrow.

Now, if one tiny currant-seed can do so much good in God's world, what do you suppose he means *you* to do in it? Who would have thought that proud, lofty elm could be cheered by such a little thing? Dear child, you have no idea what a blessing you can be, if you try. Some strong man or woman may be comforted by you, little one!

We make allowances for you because you are children. You must make allowances for us too. When the "grown-up folks" look dreadfully sober, or even speak harshly, try to believe they have some trouble or care you don't know anything about, and be all the more gentle and kind yourself. Try if your little deeds of love cannot charm away the cloud. The next time your father comes home anxious and silent, think what you can bring him he likes; see how you can make the "sitting-room" more cheerful and quiet. If your mother ever gets hurried or tired, be very careful not to tease her with questions, but find some way to help her

without any questions ; run to get what she wants before she has time to go for it herself ; take to yourself the care of the smaller brother or sister, whether anybody tells you so or not ; you will be a sweeter comfort than any grown person could be.

Whenever you can see anybody looking lonely or sad, try to be as much to him as the little currant-bush is to the great elm, and the dear Saviour will smile as he sees you.

A COWARD.

"A coward, Tom ! That's what *you* are ! Why don't you strike him, and not walk away so, and let him call you names ? Catch me to take it so quietly ! I would let him know who he had to fight. Oh, you are a coward !"

"Was Jesus Christ, our Saviour, a coward, Jack ? And what did he do when he was scourged, and struck in the face, and even spit upon ? Did he strike back ? Or when he was reviled, did he do the same ? No ! we are told that he answered not a word ; but when on the cross, in suffering and agony, he prayed God to forgive them ! Shall we not try and follow his example ? I intend to try as far as I can to be like Jesus, meek and gentle, and forbearing and forgiving. I have not done anything to offend Will, only refused to play truant with him, and advised him to go to school too, when he struck me, and because I did not strike back, he called me names."

What effect, do you think, my little reader, this good boy's conduct and words had upon the other two ? I will tell you. Will walked up to Tom, and told him that he was sorry that he had struck him, and that he would go to school with him. Jack joined them, and said he had never thought before that Jesus had set an example not to fight ; and that he would remember it, and also the good effect of his young companion's words and conduct which had explained it to them ; and that he would read his Bible more. Who knows how much more good this may do him ?

"WILL YOU BE THERE?"

Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
There is a region fair.
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day.
O say, will you be there ?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin ;
Nought that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare.

Upon that bright, eternal shore,
Earth's bitter curse is known no more.
O say, will you be there ?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care ;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.
O say, will you be there ?

Our Saviour, once a mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear ;
While thousand thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain !
O say, will you be there ?

Who shall be there ? The lowly here
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare !
Who by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread ;—
These, these shall all be there.

Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that His love they share,
Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me He died,"—
These, these shall all be there !

Will you be there ? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth His voice sound sweetly, "Come !
I am the way—I'll lead you home—
With me you will be there !"

GOD'S WORK MUST BE DONE.

A MISSIONARY in the West Indies having called on the people for a little help in spreading the gospel, a negro with a wooden leg came forward, and putting his hand in one pocket, pulled out some silver, saying, "That's for *me*, massa ;" and another parcel from another pocket, "that's for my *wife*, massa ;" and another still, in all upwards of twelve dollars, "that's for my *child*, massa." When asked if he were not giving too much, he said, "God's *work must be done*, massa, and I *may be dead*."

Boys, girls, as well as grown-up people, let us *do* and let us *give* what we can. "God's work must be done, and we may be dead."

THE TREASURY PULPIT.

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

PART SECOND.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"O woman, great is thy faith."—MATT. XV. 28.

"GIVE strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts," so says the Bible; and out of what case can there be extracted stronger, sweeter, better wine than that of the woman of Canaan? Nor is hers a singular case. One that illustrates the freeness and the fulness of grace, it is but one star in a bright constellation. Give us time and room, and, from the Bible alone, I could gather a cluster of them,—such a cluster as that the dusty spies brought back with them from the land of Canaan, and the purple vineyards of Eschol.

To confine our attention to a single class of them, that of sainted women, look at our Lord's genealogy as given by Matthew! From Mary back to Eve but four women are named whose blood flowed in Jesus' veins, and was shed on Calvary for our redemption; and how curious, to say the least of it, that God puts in the very four that many, (and certainly a Jew, cherishing the pride of ancestry,) would have kept out—an incestuous person, a harlot, an adulteress, and one of the cursed race of Moab. Had this list professed to be a catalogue of the mothers from whom Jesus sprung, Truth, with the impartial pen of history, though blushing as she wrote them, must have inserted the names of Tamar and Rahab, Ruth and Bathsheba. But these are brought in apparently without occasion; for the list is one of our Lord's male, not female, ancestors. The family tree would have stood entire without them. What explanation have we to offer of this? Why are the very women specially and only mentioned whose antecedents were such as to reflect no honour, but, in the world's judgment, rather dishonour on the Saviour? This is what a hostile biographer, an enemy, would have done. And are we to account for this as for the appearance of tares among the wheat by saying, "An enemy hath done this?" Assuredly not. The record is from the pen of a disciple, and was written by the inspiration of God.

The truth is, that hope for sinners hangs nowhere more within our reach than on these branches that pride would lop off—there, the lowliest penitent, the vilest wretch, writhing like a crushed worm in the dust, may pluck the fruit of the tree of life. Without these names we should have wanted one of the most remarkable proofs that the honours of the heavenly kingdom are bestowed on the dishonourable; and that the

graces of salvation, given without respect of persons or regard to merit, are free as the winds of heaven. How does it relieve our fears, and sustain our hopes, and wing our prayers, to read such names there? Some Sabbaths ago, on returning from church, I saw a little bird seated on a leafless spray of lilac; and as he sat there with red throbbing breast, and his large, bright, golden eye turned on the setting sun, he sung most beautifully a carol of the spring; and to my ear his notes fashioned themselves into the words of a song that celebrates the departure of gloomy winter, and how soft the "westlin breezes" blow. And to my fancy the names of these women in the roll of the ancestry of the Saviour of the world, the Prince of life, and the Lord of glory, speak hope to us. Give these women speech, and they say, If Jesus was not ashamed of us, neither will he be of you; if he was not ashamed to own us as his mothers, he will not be ashamed to call you his sisters and his brethren.

Once on a time our Lord said, "I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, save Naaman the Syrian." These words of grace had hardly left his lips, when the audience, starting to their feet, left their seats; and, incensed, infuriated, made a rush at the pulpit. Plucking the speaker down, they dragged him forth; cast him out of the synagogue; and, pouring in angry tide along the streets, thrust him out of their city. For the mercy and free grace of that declaration, we welcome him to our assemblies; and, as the trumpets of salvation sound the King's advance, throw open the doors, crying to them, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in;" and to Him, "Hosanna to the Son of David, hosanna in the highest, blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Unless pardon is bestowed on the guiltiest, and honours crown the vilest head; unless men are chosen to eternal life, not out of regard to merit, but of the freest, fullest mercy; unless they that are far away are brought nigh by the blood of Christ; unless the dogs, so to speak, may not only crawl under the table, and

eat the crusts and crumbs off the floor, but transformed into men, may sit down and eat of the children's bread, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" what hope for us? Thanks to God for this blessed story. Woman of Canaan, bright star of the East, lead on! We follow thee,—thy example and success assure us that none come in vain to Jesus who go with thy earnest heart, thy frank confession, thy touching plea, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table."

Consider—

I. Her humble confession.

I believe in the dignity of human nature. Like an old roofless temple, man is a grand and solemn ruin, on the front of which we can still trace the mutilated inscription of his original dedication to God, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour." There are points of view from which an angel of heaven may regard us as but a little lower than himself; as the next link in the chain of creation; as raised on a platform where our heads are, at least, on a level with his feet. We enter the study of a Galileo or a Newton—in him we see the dignity of human nature. Image of his Maker, he is holding converse with the heavens, measuring the distance between star and star, following the comet on its fiery track, weighing not hills only, but worlds in his scales, suns and planets in his balance. Leaving these scenes of calm and lofty thought, we next see the dignity of our nature when man, subduing the elements to his will, binds fire and water to his wheels; makes the forked lightning his messenger; compels the stubborn earth to supply his table, and the worms to spin his dress; and, spreading his sail to the wind, God-like, has his way on the sea, and his path in the mighty waters. Nor to feel our superiority, and justify such expressions as the dignity of our nature, is it necessary to enter the quiet study of a Newton, or amid the sounding anvils and roar of its machinery the workshop of a Watt. We see it in that little child, that with sapling in her hand and her naked foot on the flowery sward at dewy eve drives the cattle home, controlling the sulky leader of the herd with her infant voice, and turning him with a wave of her infant hand.

But turn the subject round, and look at the moral aspect of man; alas for the dignity of human nature! A bright intellect and a dark heart; likeness to God in mind, and unlikeness to him in morals; the union in one creature of the intellect of an angel and the passions of a beast.—Nature never gave birth to such a monster. This is the work of sin; not of God. And we have only to look at our race, at ourselves, in this aspect, to subscribe to the Canaanite's confession,—to justify the language of a man of the loftiest genius, beside whom our giants are but dwarfs, and who said,—I quote the words of David,—“I was as a beast before thee.”

A beast! Of all the creatures which passed in long procession before Adam, take that one which furnished our Lord with his figure of speech, with whose habits we are best acquainted, and which Easterns hold in such foul contempt,—Job saying, "Whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock;" Hazael saying, "What! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Goliath saying, when the stripling went forth to meet him, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" Yet look at the dog! Look at him as he lies there, with wakeful eye, on guard over his master's property, ready to spring at the robber's throat; to die of hunger rather than desert his post and betray his trust. How faithful! Who has been as faithful to his God? Look at him, again, as he lies here when spring has melted the wreaths in the *corrie*, stretched out in death on his master's corpse; "faithful unto death," his last act was to lick the dead man's face; his dying moans, that sunk lower and lower as the frost congealed his blood and the snow drift gathered over them, saying, "Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." Did our hearts ever glow with such love to Christ? The dumb ass rebuked the prophet, the dying dog rebukes us. Look again,—see how he watches his master's eye; how happy a kind word, or even look makes him! with what bounding, noisy, overflowing joy he hails our return; dashing through the blithe group that fills the doorway, the poor, fond dog is the first to welcome as he is the foremost to defend. He will not desert his master as we have often deserted Christ, as the disciples deserted him in the garden,—where they fled, he would have stood, and fought, and died. Look at him again when his master dies! He lingers beside the coffin, or walks mournfully through the house, seeking one he cannot find; and when the children have returned from the church-yard, to part the dead man's estate, and, perhaps, quarrel over the spoil, he stops behind to howl over his master's grave,—saddest, truest mourner for the dead.

When I look at that, and when I think of all that a loving God and a dying Saviour have done for us, and contrast with that our disobedience, our coldness, our base ingratitude, our great unfaithfulness, I stand rebuked before this dumb, devoted creature. Who may not say with David, "I was as a beast before thee?" with Ezra, "O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God; for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens?" with Job, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes?" with Jacob, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant?" with Paul, "I am less than the least of all saints?" and with this blessed woman, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table!"

II. Her thankfulness for the smallest mercy.

Objects seem large or little according to the medium through which they are viewed. In the microscope, what a remarkable change do they undergo! The humble moss rises into a graceful tree; the beetle, armed for battle, flashes in golden or silver mail; a grain of sand swells into a mass of rock; and, on the other hand, a mountain looked at through the wrong end of a telescope sinks into a mole-hill, and the broad lake contracts into a tiny pool. Even so, according as we look at them, with the eyes of self-condemning humility, or of self-righteous pride, God's mercies seem great or little. For example, a minister of the gospel passing one day near a cottage, was attracted to its door by the sound of a loud and earnest voice. It was a bare and lonely dwelling—the home of a lonely man who was childless, old, and poor. Drawing near this mean and humble cabin, the stranger at length made out these words, “This, and Jesus Christ too! this, and Jesus Christ too!” they were repeated over and over in tones of deep emotion—of wonder, gratitude, and praise. His curiosity was roused to see what this was that called forth such fervent, overflowing thanks. Stealing near the patched and broken window, he looked in; and there in the form of a grey, bent, worn-out son of toil, at a rude table, with hands raised to God, and his eyes fixed on some crusts of bread and a cup of water, sat piety, peace, humility, contentment, exclaiming, “This, and Jesus Christ too!”

Such was the spirit of this woman's reply. It says, Lord! deserving nothing, I shall be thankful for anything. To ask for myself, or poor child, such honours as the mother of Zebedee's children sought for her sons; to minister, like these favoured women, to thy necessities, and with these hands to supply thy table, or spread thy couch; to follow thee as thy shadow, and, bending, unloose the latchet of thy shoes; to kneel by thy side in prayer; like Martha and Mary to receive thee beneath my roof;—these are honours I ask not for—I dare not aspire to. A poor Gentile, all I seek is but the crumbs of thy table; among thy many and mighty miracles, in pity do some little thing for me; it will cost you but a word,—speak the word, and my daughter shall be healed; save her, good Lord; I ask the least that I can do with. Let others sit at thy side, and lie in thy bosom, but grant my petition; and, a happy mother, I will be content to sit among the dust, and sing at thy blessed feet.

This woman is a model for Christian artists—what grace and beauty in her humility! and who that has ever been brought to weep for his sins at the foot of the cross, will refuse to be content, unless he sits on heaven's highest throne, and wears its brightest crown? A drowning man, plucked from the jaws of death, is happier with three feet of bare rock than others with thousands of broad acres; the wrecked, borne shoreward in the life-boat that dashes to the land through roaring seas and winter storms, are happier than Egypt's queen when the sun gleamed on her golden galley, and silken

sails swelled in the summer breeze, and the world's great conqueror knelt, a suitor, at her feet; and there is no humble Christian, lover of Jesus, but is happier with the hope of heaven, with Christ in him “the hope of glory,” than the men of the world are when their corn and their wine do most abound, and all things go well with them,—though a beggar, he parts not with that for all the wisdom and the wealth of Solomon. To get but within that blessed door—to get a place, not nearest the King, but on the outside of the circle round the throne—to bear the lowest title among heaven's nobles—to be the weakest child of God's family, the humblest servant in Christ's house, the dimmest, smallest jewel in his crown, the least, and less than the least, of all saints, is a hope that sets the heart a-singing—

“Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.”

III. Her plea, she appeals to our Lord's generosity.

It is told in the life of a great criminal, who, though often apprehended and tried, was never convicted, that he made a rule of never answering any question, nor admitting anything, and thereby, as many do, committing himself. Thus while others, less cautious, paid the penalty of the law, he escaped the gallows, and died in his bed. One would think that men expect that by not admitting their guilt they shall be able to elude also the justice of God. They don't admit that they are sinners, or if sinners, they don't admit that they are great sinners. On the contrary, like the pharisee of old, they thank God that they are not as others are—not they! Guilt meets no pity at their hands; to save it, they would not touch it. Stand aside, they say, I am holier than thou. “It is monstrous to be told,” wrote a lady of this school to the Countess of Huntingdon, when finding fault with George Whitefield's style of preaching,—“it is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth; and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding; their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with disrespect toward their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks, and do away with all distinctions.” What darkness! miserable, fatal ignorance! Who would not have their soul bound up in the same bundle with the poorest Magdalene, that stands trembling, weeping, timidly knocking at the gate of heaven, rather than with this haughty dame who, pushing the poor penitent aside, ruffles up to it as if obsequious porters would throw it open at her appearance. How different the spirit of the Canaanite! As Mary, by the tears she shed on Jesus' feet, this woman in that word “truth,” puts in a plea of guilty, unclean, unworthy. Catching at the word and figure which our Lord uses, and casting herself on his generosity, she says, “Yet surely you will treat me as kindly as a man treats his dog.” Blessed

humility! happy thought! touching, eloquent, irresistible appeal!

The plea is as good as ever. We have, and we need no other. Does God say, You have been a sinner! We reply, Truth, Lord. You have been a great sinner!—Truth, Lord. There is no commandment of mine you have not broken, no mercy of mine you have not abused!—Truth, Lord. You have crucified my Son!—Truth, Lord. You have grieved my Spirit!—Truth, Lord. You deserve to be cast into hell!—Truth, Lord. Into the deepest, hottest hell!—Truth, Lord, that is all true; but, God of mercy! so is this, that thou never saidst to any of the sons of men, Seek ye my face in vain—that thou art not willing that any should perish—that thou hast no pleasure in the death of the wicked—that thou didst send thy Son to seek and to save the lost—that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin—that the woman was successful, and why should not we? We will hope in thy mercy, for it is said, “The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.”

The woman's plea good as ever? It is better than ever. We can go with more freeness and boldness to the throne of grace. That harsh, reproachful word, “dog,” is blotted from the Bible. Ever since Jesus died, all differences between Jew and Gentile abolished, his lips have never uttered it. Sent to save the lost sheep of the house of Israel, with Jews for the objects of his mercy, and the Holy Land for the orbit of his mission, in the kindness shown to this miserable mother, our Lord, in a sense, exceeded his commission; and to save this poor, struggling, sinking creature, he overleaped the barriers of ancient covenants. He took time by the forelock, and anticipated the hour when there should be neither Jew nor Greek, nor bond nor free. How great her happiness had been if, in reply to disciples, saying, “Send her away,” he had answered, “No, I will not send her away; why should I send her away? it is to her, and to such as her, that I am sent.” At such words how had the blood rushed to her pallid cheek; how had her heart beat loud with joy, and throwing herself at Jesus' feet, as she clasped and kissed them, confident of getting all she asked, how had she mingled praises with prayers? What in that case had been her position is now ours. Weak faith has no longer to pursue a departing Saviour. Distress has not to address itself in piteous accents to an ear that seems deaf. Jesus is not now passing by silent, reserved, and wrapt in thought of other objects than us. He looks on us, he pities us, he loves us,—with open arms he invites us to his bosom. Throned high on the mercy-seat, he stretches out the golden sceptre, saying to every suppliant, What is thy request, and what is thy petition, and it shall be granted thee? “The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.”

THE REV. T. G. RAGLAND.*

COLLEGE LIFE.

“I AM thankful,” wrote the excellent Bishop of Madras, Dr. Dealtry, “that it has been determined to publish an extended memoir of that eminently distinguished servant of Christ, the late Rev. Mr. Ragland. He was one of those self-denying, devoted followers of the Lord Jesus, whose memory ought not to be permitted to pass away, and whose example ought to be held up for universal instruction. I have hardly ever known one that was a more ‘burning and shining light’ in his day and generation.” The memoir of Ragland is now before us, with its rich portrait of a spiritual mind of rare humility and self-abnegation; that combined with meekness and lowliness an energy in action, and firmness of purpose, and calm strength of deliberative judgment, that made him—though the most diffident and least obtrusive of men—the natural leader in a new and most important missionary enterprise. His life, as opened by his biographer, has its twofold division: its early student period; its later missionary labours. It has been studiously and successfully contemplated in the preparation of the memoir, to render the many beautiful points of his character, that so deeply impressed his companions in the university of Cambridge and his associates in the mission field, a profitable study for young men in the prosecution of their studies at that or at any other university.

We love to trace the man in the boy, to read in the streaks and shadows of the morning the future day. Even the truest insight into a man's character is to be found in the story of his childhood and youth, as the nature of a spring is to be discovered at its source, and before its waters have become combined with the thousand ingredients in its course. From his boyhood Ragland was distinguished by the gentle sensitiveness and winning cheerfulness that were characteristic of his riper years. He loved his book more than his sports, his corner more than the play-ground. If he joined occasionally at the game of his school-fellows, and took his turn at cricket, he speedily stole away again to a quiet spot to resume his volume of ancient or modern history, or some of the tales of chivalry: “The Seven Champions of Christendom;” or “Amadis of Gaul,” of which, when young, he was passionately fond. At this period the patient industry and self-denying power of the future man might have been seen as he started in the winter mornings as the clock struck four, and, by the kitchen-fire, which was allowed to burn all night, studied his “Homer” or “Virgil.” It is only what we expect from the tutor of such a boy, when we find him

* “A Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Gajetan Ragland, B.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Itinerating Missionary of the Church Missionary Society in North Tinnevely, South India.” By the Rev. Thomas Thomason Perowne, B.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street, London. 1861.

writing, "Young Ragland makes great progress in the Latin and Greek languages, and his knowledge of botany is already very considerable." But it was not the purpose of the relative, an uncle, to whom the orphan boy had been committed, to train him for a learned profession. At the age of fifteen he entered his uncle's office at Liverpool. Neither the choice of his guardian, nor any marked predilection of his own, indicated at that time the direction of his subsequent life. Like his eminent contemporary in the Indian field, Bishop Wilson, his life began in the warehouse and at the desk; and neither had reason to regret his apprenticeship to business. Active, exact, disciplined habits were the fruit in both of their early years' training. Whilst preparing for mercantile life, young Ragland did not cast aside his previous studies. Throughout his seven years' counting-house service his literary tastes were cultivated, his sphere of knowledge studiously enlarged. History became his favourite study. With the intensity of a passion he entered into the curiously, often perplexingly involved department of historical study that relates to the genealogies of the reigning families of Europe, and to the changes which have taken place in the boundaries of their territorial possessions. In this study he spared no research, chronicling in well-executed maps and charts the results of his labours. With secular history was interwoven the study of the history and genealogies of Scripture, and an extended acquaintance thereby gained with the letter of the sacred volume, which, in after life, was to be turned to the highest ends.

Of his religious character and convictions at this time we possess no record. On the subject he was always reserved, refusing to speak, in the fear that he might speak beyond the truth, or for self-exaltation. To the question of a friend referring to his early religious history, he wrote from India so late as 1857, "To the request in your letter my mind at once said, 'Oh, no, this cannot be.' However, I will think about it. When we are in heaven, then I will tell you all about my early life and feelings. But I am afraid until then it would do me harm to write it. However, may the Lord direct me!" To the same friend, who renewed the request, he again wrote, "I must return my former answer until I have well thought over it. In heaven we shall be able to tell about our sins, and the Lord's mercies to us, without either shame or pain, or injury to our own spirits in any way; but to do so here I have generally found hurtful." He appears to have been one of those instances in which divine grace exerts its influence from the earliest years, and the natural and spiritual life unfold together. Even when a boy his cheerful obedience and docility were so remarkable, as to indicate more than natural amiability. His most intimate friend at school could not call to mind that he ever heard him make use of a light or improper expression. Of his daily drive during his business years from his uncle's country house to Liverpool, he spoke in after life as a season of frequent and happy communion with

God. It was often spent in silent prayer, concluded as he reached a fixed point of the road at a certain distance from Liverpool by the Lord's prayer, without which he then thought no prayer should be closed. As the habit of the family in which he lived was to retire early, and to require that the candle should be put out at an early hour, while he accommodated himself to the rule of the family, it was yet found that he continued on his knees in prayer in the dark. The communion with God, so striking a feature in the character of Ragland, and so eminently the secret of his holy life, was thus early begun. Indeed the germs of this character appear in him, as in a young Samuel, from his first years. On his visiting a French lady at Gibraltar on his way to India, who had known him in childhood, recalling the past, she exclaimed on hearing what was the object of his voyage, "Ah, vous étiez toujours très religieusement disposé!"

Till the age of twenty-two he continued actively engaged in business, cheerfully serving God in his profession, and apparently without either the desire or the prospect of change. At no period of his life did he run unsent. His mind was pre-eminently deliberative. From the time he entered into the business of his uncle nothing had occurred to break the link then formed, or to indicate that higher work was before him. Strange that the event that should naturally have settled him for life in his mercantile pursuits determined for him his new path, and transferred him from the counting-house to the university. His uncle, Mr. Birch, about to retire from business, liberally proposed to advance him the capital to start as his successor. The offer was tempting to a young man. It was just what he could have desired for securing his prosperity in life. But difficulties had come across his mind as to the possibility of combining mercantile success with the maintenance of high Christian principle. We shall not say that these ought to have driven him from his post. It was worthy his attempt to have united them. He would have found that the merchant as well as the minister has his mission, and that his is a great work who proves to the world that the transactions of commerce can be conducted, and conducted successfully, in consistency with the maintenance of the highest Christian principles and the most scrupulous Christian honour. *For himself*, he found the difficulty insurmountable. The idea then arose for the first time of his changing his profession, and entering the university. After an interval of intense anxiety and earnest prayer it settled into a fixed purpose. When communicated to his uncle, he generously provided the pecuniary assistance for his college course, and the young merchant was transferred to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to be an example, for a season, of how a *college life* ought to be spent.

When he first entered his college he had no idea of reading for honours. His simple aim was to take an ordinary B.A. degree; and so humbly did he estimate his own powers, that he doubted whether even that

would be within his reach. But from the beginning he was thoroughly a *student*. Whilst he had learned to seek first the kingdom of God, he had learned also to be diligent in business; and such was his punctuality that it began, at an early part of his course, to be remarked of him, "You might set your watch by Ragland." His tutor was not long in discovering the range of his intellect and his rare powers of application. He was confident he would succeed in the competition for mathematical honours, and advised the attempt. For four successive years Ragland received the prize of the silver cup. One of the cups, nineteen years afterwards, was dedicated to the service of God in the native church of Kalbadhu, in North Tinnevely, a small Church mainly gathered through his exertions; and all of them were destined by him for the communion service of the Churches which he hoped would spring up in Northern Tinnevely as the fruit of his itinerating mission. With what student-like ardour, yet with what Christian moderation, he gave himself to the study of mathematics, may be gathered from his own words. Writing to his cousin and sister in 1838, he says, "I am sometimes afraid I shall be as fond of mathematics as of genealogies. There is something so beautiful in conic sections, which I have just been reading! What stuff I have given up myself to all my life! First to those most philosophical romances; then to genealogies for seven years. And if I should be tempted to be as fast bound by mathematics, I shall not show myself a bit the wiser. What a happiness it would be to have the same eagerness in pursuing the duties of a pastor as I have had in these other things! The latter are pleasing to human nature, and gain an easy conquest over the heart; but I hope the power that has raised up so many faithful watchmen from time to time may be exerted in my case. Remember me, my dear friends, in your prayers, and particularly the ensuing month, and, above all, on my three examination days. It would be hypocritical to disguise my feelings about success, but I do not know but that the reverse might be better for me. There is One who knows what is best, and who will give it too."

But neither the studies in which he was engaged nor their success divided his heart, or separated him from the field of active Christian usefulness. Whilst he never lost sight of self-improvement with a view to future ministerial service as his first and most incumbent duty, he did not decline taking his part in the Christian agencies which had been organized by his predecessors at Cambridge. Devoted to his studies, he felt it to be a safeguard to his own spirit to have a point of contact with the wants, and especially with the spiritual wants, of his fellow-men. Even during the hours of his busy week he might have been seen, with his bundle of tracts under his arm, on his way to Barton, a village between four and five miles from Cambridge; and on Sunday the mathematical student was transformed into the humble teacher of Jesus Lane Sunday School, in-

structing himself and others to aspire to higher than academical honours. On the Saturday evenings he was rarely an absentee from the prayer meeting formed of the freshmen of his own college. He felt that they that wait on the Lord renew strength. It was at one of those seasons of Christian fellowship that the writer of the following letter, whose heart still glows as he writes with the fire of his early friendship, first met Ragland, whom he so happily characterizes. It shows that the ardour of his mathematical and scientific studies did not quench the purer flame of devotion,—that both burned, and in harmony. "It was," writes this college friend, "at a prayer meeting to which I had been invited that I first saw Mr. Ragland. We met at each other's rooms every Saturday evening for the purpose of reading the Bible and for prayer. It was on the first of these occasions that I saw him, and was so struck with the devotedness of his manner, his strong sense, and his unaffected humility, that I said at once within myself, 'That shall be my friend.' I never made a more correct judgment of any character than in this case. Throughout our college course I was on the most intimate terms with him. Our rooms adjoined, and we saw each other at all hours. Our conversation was frequently led by him into deeply spiritual subjects. Sometimes sitting in each other's rooms, sometimes taking our walk to Grantchester or some other neighbouring village, and not unfrequently, long past midnight, pacing to and fro in the New Court, have we communed together on the things of God, our future prospects as ministers of Christ, and the rest which remained for us in the kingdom of God. Never do I hear the well-known words,—

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How dear their memory still,"

without referring to those days. He was one I ever consulted on any matter which required careful deliberation. I had a perfect reliance on his judgment, and knew how much I might draw on his affectionate regard. Never did I find it to fail. It was always his habit to say, when his advice was asked, 'Come, my dear brother, let us commit the matter to the Lord;' and he would kneel down and ask God's guidance in the most simple manner, just as a child going with loving confidence to a gracious father. He had always time to give to those who needed assistance in their studies, and with the greatest patience and clearness would explain their difficulties, and help them onward in their course." Prayerful diligence was the characteristic of his college, as it was of his ministerial and missionary life. Each study, and each day's study was begun with prayer. On the morning on which he expected the important news from Cambridge as to whether he had been allotted the place he had striven for in the mathematical tripos, he retired, some hours before the post arrived, to his own chamber, and there spent the interval of suspense in prayer and communion with God. He was armed for defeat, it would not have cast him down, and the tidings of a triumph would not have elated

him. When the joyful announcement was made to him that he was fourth in the list of wranglers, his first exclamation was, "What an undeserved mercy!" Returning to his chamber, and again closing the door, he remained for a time alone. On re-admitting his family, who were anxious to offer him their congratulations, his first act was to invite them to kneel down and thank God with him for the success which he rightly regarded as a gift from him; so truly did he live in the habitual spirit of his favourite passage of Holy Scripture, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." In his piety there was nothing gloomy or severe. He was cheerful and conversable where he felt himself free and unrestrained. After attaining his fellowship, and while employed in his college in delivering lectures on mathematics, he cultivated a friendly intercourse with the under-graduates, and took pleasure in gathering them around him at frequent and liberal entertainments. "So naturally playful was his mind, that he has been known," says his biographer, "within the august walls of a college to propose to an undergraduate a run round the court, and then, laughing, to win the day by availing himself of his privilege as a fellow, to run unfinned across the grass plot." His influence amongst them was great, but more from what he was than what he said. In the words of his friend, Mr. Deck, the excellent incumbent of St. Stephen's, Islington, he effected a great deal in his college; but it was with quiet, not with noisy energy. He kept himself beneath the surface, and asserted his powers more like the screw which, unseen beneath the waves, propels the steamer in its course, than the splashing paddle, which is seen and heard commanding attention to its vigorous strokes. His great and constant effort was to work unseen, that God in all things might be glorified.

As might have been predicted, from the order of Mr. Ragland's talents, from his reserved nature and constitutional shrinking from the public eye, he was wanting in those qualities that constitute the attractive preacher and the popular minister. In the curacies which he successively filled in Barnswell, a suburb of Cambridge, he was remembered more from his private than his public ministrations. His influence was that of a heavenly mind. When afterwards removed far from those scenes of his early ministry, and engrossed with his foreign missionary work, his messages of earnest warning to his old parishioners of Barnswell showed how interwoven their spiritual interests had become with his thoughts. At no period of his life did he overcome his first difficulties as a preacher. These lay deeper than his constitutional diffidence—his weak voice and peculiarly quiet manner. To the preparation of a sermon he always addressed himself with reluctance, and found its composition arduous. There was a tradition in college after he had left for India, that though not generally a frequenter of the combination-room, he was mostly to be found there on a Saturday, and would linger on as though willing to

defer some irksome occupation. On a Saturday evening, in the long vacation, he might be seen pacing the grass plot in the college quadrangle in evident trouble about his Sunday sermon. He often went to bed at three or four o'clock on the Sunday morning, and rose again at seven or eight to complete his task. In India we find him in the same trouble. "Saturday morning," he writes to a friend from Madras, "has found me sermonless, and Saturday night, at eleven o'clock, saw me go to bed with only half a sermon, though I have the whole of Sunday's duty myself, and with that half I was not quite satisfied." And again writing to the same friend, he repeats his old complaint: "I preached on the occasion of the visit of the venerable bishop, Daniel Wilson, at the cathedral. It was a very heavy trial preparing. I could not divest my mind of the unusual auditors I should have, although convinced of the folly and wickedness of caring for any one but Him who walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks. I commenced early, but could not get on. All Friday was fruitless labour and thought. Several hours of Saturday miserable through unbelief, discontent, and rebellion; and I seemed to have nothing to do but to sit down hopeless. But I was not forsaken, felt encouraged to recommence, and although I sat up great part of Saturday night, my sermon was comfortably completed. It was to my own mind just of that happy standard which leaves me neither discontented nor puffed up."

That a man of prayer, of deep devoted piety, of learning, of large comprehensive mind, and of an overflowing missionary heart, should have experienced a continued life-long difficulty in his preparations to preach, may to many seem an inexplicable mystery. Those that have passed through a similar trial, yet resisted the temptation to abandon the ministry, will find their consolation in the experience of a brother compassed about with a like infirmity, yet whose labours were eminently owned and blessed to the Church. The mystery is solved in the teaching of the apostle, that "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. . . . For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; . . . to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

The special gift of Mr. Ragland for the ministry of the gospel will appear as we open from his "Memoir" in a subsequent paper, his Indian life and labours.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

I.

THE afternoon sunlight, streaming brightly through the windows of the little, old-fashioned church, gilded the fair young heads in the choir, and down a broad golden path slid a quivering crown upon the good old minister's

silver hair. Daisy and Bob Saybrook sat in the square pew under the pulpit, tightly wedged in between Aunt Skinner and mischievous Cousin John, and listened with more than their usual attention to the words of the sermon. The text was so very sweet,—“*Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.*”

The tears came in Daisy's eyes. She looked at Uncle Skinner, but he had settled down with his eyes shut, probably so that his attention might not be distracted by anything earthly. John (a thoroughly bad boy,) was scrawling in the hymn-book, drawing pictures of dogs and cats, and another one, which made Daisy shudder, of a man hanging on a gallows. But Bob—that was a comfort—gave her a bright look of sympathy, and, pressing each other's hands, they listened with eager ears.

Now Bob and Daisy were orphans, and it was only a few weeks since their dear mother had died, and they had come to live with Uncle and Aunt Skinner. No one in all the world can take the place of a precious mother; and so, although Aunt Skinner tried to be very kind, they could not yet feel at all happy in their new home, and they had to struggle very hard against a feeling of positive dislike towards their cousin John. He was older and stronger than Bob, and was continually doing everything in his power to make his young cousins uncomfortable. Even now, as they sat in church, he would now and then vary his occupation of drawing by giving Daisy a violent pinch, which would make her start off her seat. Then Aunt Skinner would give her such a sharp look that the child's heart would be nearly broken. So it is no wonder that these little children listened so eagerly to the comforting words of the good old minister. He told them such wonderful things of the glorious King who made all the shining worlds, of his great white throne, and his angels, beautiful because they had stood so long in his light, the harpers harping with harps, and the cherubim veiling their faces because the glory was so great. But this wonderful King so loved the little world that he sent his Son to die upon the cross, that all his sinful, wandering earth children might come back to his love. And he, the great King, would be their Father, Jesus his glorious Son their Elder Brother, and they with him should be heirs of the kingdom. “Behold what manner of love!” said the good minister, with tears in his eyes. “Through this dear Elder Brother we can even come nearer God's heart than the angels.”

Daisy looked at Bob with a glad surprise, and, when service was over, they walked slowly home, talking it over together. They had often talked before with their dear mother, and, when she died, she hoped that she left them both “followers of God as dear children.” But Daisy felt troubled.

“Bob,” said she, anxiously, “do you really think we are children of the kingdom?”

“Why, I hope so; but I'll tell you what I did in Church, Daisy. I gave my heart to God over again,

and I promised to study his book more, and find out all he wishes me to do, and then do it with all my might.”

“Then I will, too,” said Daisy, lifting her clear eyes to heaven.

“But I'll tell you what, Daisy, we'll have a tough time trying to do *some* things. What do you think of ‘Love your enemies?’ Now, there's John”—

“Well, to be sure, my arm is all black and blue; but then I feel now as if I forgave him, and, indeed, Bob,” said she, slowly, “I'm not quite sure, but I think I could almost love him.”

“Ah, indeed!” sneered a voice behind them, “don't put yourself out too much.”

Daisy coloured violently. “Have you heard all we said?”

“I've had the privilege,” said John, in a nasal tone, “of listening to most of your edifying conversation. It was a great treat for such a poor sinner, I assure you. It's so *very* affecting to think that these dear lambs of the flock can love a poor goat with such very long horns,” and he pretended to wipe his eyes.

“Now, John,” said Daisy, deprecatingly, “you know we did not mean to say anything so bad. We want to love you very much, but you will not let us.”

“And why not, pray, Miss Sanctity?”

“You need only look at her arm,” cried Bob, indignantly, “and you'll have one answer. And I'll tell you what, John Skinner, you'll have to stop that fun.”

“Ah!” said he, with provoking coolness. “Will the little lamb fight? I thought it could only bleat, and cry for its ma.”

The tears sprang into Bob's eyes at that heartless allusion to his recent sorrow, and a voice whispered in his heart, “It's no use—give up trying to be one of God's children, and punish John Skinner just once.” But he struggled against the feeling, though his hands clenched involuntarily all through his busy prayers for help. Daisy, too, would not trust herself to speak, and walked on silently, while John sang scraps of psalm tunes profanely all the way home.

Arrived at the door, John turned to Daisy. “My dear Christian friend, I have such a pleasant surprise for you.” Daisy followed him apprehensively through the garden to the barn, when, opening the door, out walked her little pet kitten, Pearl, her pure, white fur dabbled with streaks of red and yellow paint, looking like a little clown kitten.

“You see,” said John, while Daisy uttered an exclamation of dismay, “I knew your taste in *colours*, because you admired the sunset so much last night. I'm so glad I've pleased you,” he grinned maliciously.

The kitten mewed piteously, as if in great pain.

“I declare,” said John, “I believe she has been trying to lick it off. I hadn't the least idea that she had a *taste* for colour, too,” and he laughed loudly.

“You're a cruel boy, John,” cried Bob, coming up. “That poor kitten has swallowed too much paint, and will die before night.”

John only laughed louder, while Daisy tenderly took her kitten, and with Bob's help washed it with soap and warm water. The poor kitten seemed grateful, but lay languidly in Daisy's lap till night, when, as Bob predicted, it died.

Daisy could not be comforted, and Bob indignantly told Aunt Skinner the whole story.

"Oh, John is always up to his tricks," said she, a little impatiently, "but I don't think that little bit of paint hurt the kitten at all. It always *was* sickly. Daisy played with it too much. But don't cry, child," she added, more kindly, "you shall have another some time."

"It will never be like Pearl," sobbed Daisy.

"Dear sister Saybrook," drawled John, passing her little stool, "your affections are too earthly."

"Daisy," whispered Bob, as they lighted their candles to go to bed, "could you love John now?"

"Don't ask me," cried poor Daisy, in a choking voice.

"It's as much as I can do not to *hate* him to-night."

Nevertheless, Daisy prayed so earnestly that God would take all bitterness out of her heart, that in the morning she was able to look quite cheerful, and spoke so pleasantly to John that he was greatly disappointed.

"She didn't love her kitten so much, after all," said he to himself.

But now Bob was in trouble. One of his boots was nowhere to be found. His other pair had gone to be mended, and it was almost school time. High and low pattered the willing feet of little Daisy, but all in vain.

"You're a very careless boy," cried Aunt Skinner, "John never did such a thing in his life."

"I believe John has done it now, then," sighed Daisy to herself.

"Then I must stay home from school," cried Bob, bitterly, "and I was so anxious not to lose my place."

There was no help for it, and Daisy left her brother with an aching heart.

"It's all John," cried Bob fiercely, when he was left alone. "Now I've lost my place up head. Oh, I just *hate*—"

"Stop a minute, Bob," said his good angel. "There are worse things than losing one's place at school. Remember your Father sees everything, and if you do right, and conquer these wicked thoughts, John can't make you lose your place in the kingdom."

"To be sure," said Bob, more cheerily, "how could I forget it for a moment?"

Just then a bright idea came in his head, and hurrying to the barn, he found an old-cast off boot of Uncle Skinner's. It was much too large, but Bob drew it on, and clattered bravely away to school. There was a great laugh when he made his appearance, but he kept his place up head, and felt very happy.

At night John sullenly threw the missing boot into the room.

"Where did you find it?" asked Aunt Skinner.

"Under a chair in his room."

"O John," cried Bob and Daisy together.

"It's true," said John, "but you're just a couple of bats."

Bob and Daisy looked at each other, but knew it was useless to say any more.

A day or two after John came to them, saying:—

"I'll tell you what, if you'll give up trying to be such saints, I'll give up plaguing you."

But Bob and Daisy could not agree to that. So day by day their trials increased. Their books and most cherished treasures disappeared mysteriously. They were taunted and provoked in every possible way. But still these little children of the kingdom struggled patiently on, and in the Book they studied to learn their Father's commands, they also often found his beautiful promises, and this was one—

"As one whom his *mother* comforteth, so will I comfort you."

"Ah, Bob!" said little orphan Daisy, "how sweet it is to be children of the kingdom!"

II.

In the chill December air Bob and Daisy were again wending their way home from church. The sweet voices of the village choir came floating on the wind—

"Am I a soldier of the cross?"

and in Bob and Daisy's hearts were still ringing the words of the text, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," &c.

"Daisy," said Bob suddenly, "I don't think I fight enough."

"What *can* you mean, Bob?"

"Oh, I think I take things too easy. When John provokes me (and Aunt Skinner always takes his part), I think it's enough if I don't say a word, or don't strike him, when I'm just longing to do it. O Daisy, if you only knew how angry I feel all the time. Sometimes I have to run out to the wood-shed and saw wood just as fast as I can, and sometimes I get the hammer and nails, and pound on the new chicken yard just as if it was John's head, and I just let all sorts of wicked thoughts run on, and don't try to stop them. Now, if I'm in the King's army, that the good old minister told about, I ought not to run away so like a coward. I ought to stand firm, and fight down all these wicked feelings—come out like a man into the front ranks, and stand the fire."

"Dear me," sighed Daisy, "what do you think of me? I don't know how to fight. O Bob, must all the children of the kingdom be in the King's army?"

"I suppose they must," said Bob, half laughing, "but then you, dear Daisy, don't you remember what the minister said, that some had more fighting to do than others. Each one must do something, but there must always be some one to look after the baggage—"

'Bear one another's burdens,' you know, and then some one must carry the *banners*. Now, I think you'd make a capital flag-bearer."

"How do you mean, Bob? Could any one see my flag?"

"Why, yes, you must be so gentle, and forgiving, and patient, and loving, that when any one looks at you, they will read something as plain as print on a banner."

"Well," said Daisy, with sparkling eyes, "what banner shall I carry?"

"I'll tell you what *I* read," returned Bob, looking at her affectionately, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Daisy coloured painfully. "O Bob, don't make fun of me; I'm so bad—no one would ever think of *that*."

"I'm not so sure," cried Bob, kissing her round dimpled cheeks.

They opened the garden gate, and walking up paused a moment to look over the broad fields of snow, rosy in the light of the setting sun. Bob's heart was full of gentle and brave resolutions.

"I'll tell you what, Daisy, you shall carry the banners, and make the music, and I'll try to be a real, faithful soldier, and—"

His remarks were cut short by a very unexpected shower of icy water from the windows above.

"This is a little too much," cried Bob angrily, "over our Sunday clothes, and your best bonnet, Daisy, I'll—"

"Take care," whispered a voice in Bob's ear. "Is this the way you 'stand fire?'"

"Dear me," cried John's voice above, in an affected tone of surprise and concern, "who would have thought of your being down there? Dear pilgrims, with your new clothes just fresh from Vanity Fair, and that beautiful pink bonnet! How well it is that *Sister Saybrook* never took any pride in it!"

Daisy bit her lip, for she remembered looking in the glass that very morning, and feeling quite pleased with the pretty pink reflection on her cheeks. She also remembered feeling very uncomfortable at hearing John singing in the hall, in his disagreeable nasal tone—

"Why should our garments, made to hide
Our sin and shame, provoke our pride?"

"I hope you'll be able to forgive me," whined John.

"Oh, certainly," replied Bob, who had quite recovered himself.

Now, this was not at all what John wanted. He was greatly disappointed in not seeing Bob fly in a passion. So he called again—

"Oh, you precious hypocrite, to tell the truth, I did it on purpose!"

"Never mind," cried Daisy's cheery voice, as they hurried in to repair damages, "we forgive you just the same."

This was too much for John, and he did not show himself again till tea-time.

The next morning, as Bob came out of his room, he found chalked in huge letters on his door, "Saint's Rest," but he, smiling, wiped it off, and took no further notice of the intended taunt.

So the winter passed on with daily conflicts, but also some grand victories. To be sure, the young soldiers would often be very weary, and greatly discouraged, but they were never entirely conquered, and sure of receiving fresh strength from above, they were always ready to come bravely back to the battle. And Daisy carried some very beautiful banners.

Towards spring there was to be a grand examination in the village school, and some rich gentleman had offered two very handsome prizes—one for the best scholar in mathematics, and one for the best composition. Now John, who was very ambitious, and a boy of good talents, was determined to have them both. In mathematics, Bob, Fred Grey, and he, had already distanced all other competitors, and it was hard to say which would be the victor. But one day John failed utterly in the demonstration of a difficult problem, which was successfully worked out by Bob. This was more than John's spirit could bear, and for several days he went around with such an air of sullen gloom, that no one dared to sympathize with him. At last he suddenly betook himself with such energy to his composition, in which there was good prospect of success, that Bob believed his mortification was forgotten.

Everything went on smoothly till the day before examination, when Bob came hurrying in after school, saying, "Oh, I've so much to study. Don't call me to tea, please Aunt Skinner, I couldn't eat a morsel," and he sat himself down in a western window, to improve the last ray of light. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"What's the matter?" cried Daisy.

"Why, some one has torn the leaves out of my Algebra, right in the hardest part."

"Why do you lay it to some one else?" said Aunt Skinner, sharply, "you've probably been careless yourself."

"I kept it just like a new book," said Bob, mournfully. "O John, *won't* you let me take yours?"

"By-and-by," said John; but though Bob begged and pleaded, he would not stir to find it till after tea. Then he came down stairs, saying with a yawn, "Oh, I'm sorry, Bob, but I just remember I lent mine to one of the boys yesterday."

Bob looked intensely disappointed, and seizing his cap rushed to the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Uncle Skinner, coming in with his coat dripping, and using all his force to shut the door against the driving wind. "It's a terrible storm."

"I don't mind it," said Bob. "I *must* try and find an Algebra."

"Are you crazy, child?" cried Aunt Skinner. "You shan't stir a step. Do you think I can have you on my hands with fever and ague all through the spring?"

Bob came back into the room very quietly, and leaning his head on his hand, spoke not a word for more than an hour. Neither did little Daisy, who knelt beside him with her head on his knee. At last he turned to her with a very pale face, but a sweet, wan smile,—

"It's all over now, Daisy. It has been a great fight, and I'm very tired, but I'm not angry with any one now. I'm pretty sure I shall lose the prize, but perhaps I should have been too proud."

Daisy only sobbed softly to herself.

John broke in fretfully, "Mr. Brooks said my composition would stand a good chance, if it were only a little fuller upon this one head. He said I'd find a great deal to help me in a book he told me about, but I can't get it at *this* bookstore, and I suppose the roads will be perfectly impassable over to Snowdon to-morrow. What shall I do? I could alter this one sheet at the last minute, if I only had the book."

No one answered, and he grumbling, again applied himself to his task.

Poor Bob was up the next morning with the first streak of light. He secured an Algebra, and never before did a brain travel at such express speed over the difficult problems and equations. But the class was called so soon, he was not more than half ready. Poor Bob! he passed a fine examination, and had many compliments, but he missed *once* in that very hard place, and the beautiful prize went to Fred Grey.

As the boys walked silently home from school, Bob turned off at the little bridge over the creek. "I don't feel quite well, John," said he, "and I believe a walk would do me good. Please tell Aunt Skinner that I don't care for any dinner."

"Your pride's hurt, that's all," cried John, "you don't want to show yourself, after being so badly beaten. Well, it *must* go down rather hard after all your superior airs."

"I forgive you, John," cried Bob, throwing back a bright look, as he dashed into the wood.

"Forgive me? What for?" screamed John, stamping his foot. "Do you think I tore your book?" But Bob had sprung out of hearing. "Well, it would be a pity to let such lovely Christian charity die for want of exercise," muttered John, and he loosened one of the boards of the little bridge, so that when Bob came bounding back, it would tilt up, and give him a heavy fall.

But John's conscience troubled him all the afternoon, and he could not even think of the composition which was to come off with such glory on the next day. As soon as the late school was dismissed, he almost flew down to the little bridge. Ah! his fears were too true! There at full length, in the dim, grey light, lay the motionless

form of his cousin Bob. He had struck his head in falling, and was quite unconscious.

"I've done it at last," groaned John, in conscience-stricken despair. "I've killed him now."

He lifted him tenderly, for Bob's slight figure was a light burden, and carried him home.

"Bob has fallen and killed himself," he almost screamed, as Aunt Skinner came to the door.

Then all was hurry and confusion. The doctor came, and old nurse Comfort, and poor little Daisy never ceased to sob and kiss Bob's pale hands. John, too, could not keep away, and as he hovered near, he saw a little medal on a long black cord fall from his bosom. He took it up. On one side was scratched in Bob's plain hand, "*Robert Saybrook, entered the King's army Dec. 10th, 18—;*" and on the other: "*My Father's promise, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'*"

John shuddered, and for the first time in his life he prayed earnestly—"Not yet, O God. Keep it for him a little longer. Spare him *this* time."

But John's cup of remorse was not yet full, for, carrying Bob's coat in the hall, a heavy book fell out. John picked it up. It was the very one he had been wishing for, and in it was written, "John Skinner, with the love of his cousin Bob."

"That is where he went, then," groaned John. "Poor, tired, disappointed Bob, went away over to Snowdon, for me. Oh, he'll die; I know he'll die! I've killed him!"

He went to his room, and threw himself on his bed in an agony. The long hours passed on, and at last some one knocked at his door. "Is it all over?" said John, in a low, fearful whisper, "Is he dead?"

"Oh no," answered the pleasant voice of nurse Comfort. "Your cousin will live, and I thought you would like to know."

No words can describe the happiness that thrilled poor John Skinner's grateful heart. Neither can it be told with what tenderness he waited on Bob through all his weary confinement. And at last when the boy was able to bear it, he made a long confession of all his wicked and malicious deeds, and humbly asked forgiveness. "For you see," said John in a faltering voice, "you have been such a good soldier, you have not only conquered yourself, but even me, your greatest enemy, and now I want you and Daisy to tell me how to join the King's army, for I too am determined to fight the good fight. O Bob, if you could only know how I thank you!"

"Don't thank me," faltered Bob, but could say no more for the happy tears.

But as Daisy looked at his radiant face, she whispered, "I know what banner you are carrying to-day."

"What?" asked Bob.

Daisy clasped her fair hands reverently. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Congregationalist.*

BIBLICAL HOURS.

BY PROFESSOR KENDRICK,

AUTHOR OF LIFE OF MRS. W. C. JUDSON.

"But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."—MARK xiii. 32.

THE day and hour here referred to are, of course, the definite and exact period of that coming of the Son of man whose admonitory precursors he had just foretold. Of that precise period the angels and the Son are declared alike ignorant. This statement in regard to the Son has been a stumbling-block to many readers and interpreters of the New Testament, seeming, as it does, to come into irreconcilable conflict with the numerous Scripture attestations to that divinity of Christ, of which omniscience is a necessary attribute. Among the means employed for escaping the difficulty, has been the assumption that *knowing* here stands for *making known*—a mode of explanation, however, entirely untenable.

The writer of this has formerly held the opinion (and so expressed himself in his notes on Olshausen), that not merely on theological, but on exegetical grounds, we were required to find some mode of interpreting the declaration, other than that which lies upon its face; that the perfect acquaintance displayed by our Lord with all the accompaniments of the great consummating scene was scarcely compatible with an ignorance of the precise *time* of the event. Deeper reflection, however, has induced me to modify that view, and along with Olshausen and Alford, to take the language in its more literal acceptation. Of course, the Being who, from *undervived* knowledge knew all the accessories of the final event, knew also its *time*; and the only question here is, whether our Saviour was speaking out of that infinite fulness of knowledge which belongs to his divine nature, or under the limitations which marked his humiliation.

In looking at our Saviour, we must hold fast to the truth that he was a *man*. The doctrine of his real and true humanity is no less essential to an adequate conception of his character than the doctrine of his true divinity. Theoretically, indeed, we all admit it, but in fact are perpetually liable to ignore it, and half fancy that his display of human attributes is a sort of illusion, like the angel human forms of the Old Testament. But, in truth, the genuine and complete humanity of Christ enters into the very core of the New Testament representations regarding him. It is an essential condition and element of his substitutionary sacrifice. It behoved him to be made in all points like unto his brethren, to incorporate himself vitally with humanity, that his redemptive work might be brought to bear upon the race as legitimately as the ruin inflicted by its first earthly Head. His humanity, then, is no illusion; it is all just as real, just as positive as his divinity. It is just as true that he was finite as that he was infinite; that in his incarna-

tion his knowledge and power were circumscribed, as that, as the eternal word, he was omniscient and omnipotent. Hence all the statements regarding his humanity are to be taken precisely as if regarding any other man. He grew in wisdom and in stature; he could hunger and thirst, could suffer fatigue and sorrow, could need and receive sympathy and consolation. How all this could be—how the infinite and the finite could meet in the same wondrous personage—how Deity could humble, restrict, hedge himself about with the limitations of the creature—is a problem which transcends, I think, all human and all finite capacity; it is one of the unfathomable mysteries which will form the growing wonder of eternity. Enough that we have the fact,—that He who was in the form of God, and counted it not robbery to be equal with God, made himself of no reputation (emptied himself), by assuming the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man.

And in this humble, limited, finite nature he wrought out his work as Messiah, and of course every part of it. He grew in wisdom and in knowledge, and in the study of the Old Testament, and in the growing developments of his internal life, the fact gradually dawned upon his childish spirit that he was the destined Redeemer of the world. He was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, sustained in his long fast by the same power that sustained Elijah and Moses, and when called to encounter the temptations of Satan, he overcame by weapons drawn from the word of God. He fortified himself habitually by prayer, spent nights in wrestling and communion with God, and learned obedience by the things which he suffered. He prayed at the grave of Lazarus. "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I knew that thou hearest me always;" and in his closing prayer he declares that he has kept in his Father's name those whom his Father has given him.

The Saviour's Messianic work, therefore, was wrought, not in his character of absolute Deity, but in subordination to the will and dependence on the power of his Father. And if this is true of any part of it, it is true of every part of it. It would be inconsistent with the fundamental conception of his position, as of one who had humbled himself to an inferior and dependent state, that he should, *in a single instance*, break over its boundaries, and act in his eternal and undervived nature and attributes. One such act would have been an abnegation of the state of humiliation into which he had entered, a breaking up of the arrangement for human redemption, and would have utterly disqualified him for accomplishing his work as Messiah. His condition must be one of unexceptional lowliness and dependence, from the cradle to the sepulchre, from Bethlehem to Calvary. This character must be preserved amidst all his miracles, his teachings, his prophecies. His miracles were put forth occasionally for specific purposes, and in the strict course of his Messianic office; when they were not thus put forth, he relapsed into the feebleness of ordinary humanity. He who fed the five thousand, himself hungered for food; he

who trod the mountain billows of Galilee amidst night and storm, in his ordinary journeys was subject to the same fatigue with his companions. It was with him as with the elder prophets, as with his own apostles, who, though they could raise the dead, could not snatch themselves from the tomb; though they healed thousands of the sick, yet over the alarming illness of a friend were in danger of being swallowed up with over-much sorrow.

The Saviour's miracles, therefore, were his Father's miracles, not his own; the power he exercised was conferred upon him by his Father; and thus also we are bound to believe that he prophesied. His prophesying was not that of the Omniscience that sweeps all the future, but that of the heaven-inspired man who communicates what is revealed to him. And as the ancient prophets, amidst the ecstasies of inspiration, sought what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ, which was in them, did signify, so the Great Prophet yet prophesied in subordination to his Father, and knew not the times or the seasons which the Father had placed in his own power. And this same ignorance evidently attended the apostles through all their ministry; they never knew the day nor the hour, but to the last believed it vastly nearer than time has proved it. We may therefore — *salva fide et ecclesia* — take the language of our Saviour here in its literal significance. It in reality involves nothing more derogatory to his divinity than the fact that he prayed, than the fact that he suffered hunger or fatigue, than the fact of his being liable to temptation, or in any other way subject to the limitations of humanity. We must bear constantly in mind that one real human attribute implies all real human attributes; that one essential attribute of divinity implies all the essential attributes of divinity. An omniscient man is as much a monstrosity as a non-omniscient God; and thus humbled, thus encompassed with the weaknesses of the flesh, our Saviour acted, taught, wrought miracles, prophesied, lived, died, rose again, all in obedience to the will of the Father. I repeat, *how* the great enigma of his twofold nature is to be solved—how divine power could lie folded up in that marvellous personage, slumbering, yet not annihilated, I pretend not to understand, and Scripture offers no solution of the mystery. It assures us that the Word who was with God, and who was God, became flesh and tabernacled among men, among them and of them, and so sharing their nature, that his sympathies could vibrate in unison with theirs through all the complicated range of their experience, while he yet displayed a glory as of the only begotten Son of God.

LEIGHTON AND HIS TIMES.*

No apology is ever needed to Scottish Christianity for any contribution to the narrative of the Covenanting

era,—any honest attempt to throw a clearer light on the men and the deeds of that stirring time. In every country which has a national history worth reading, there are subjects which have in their very names a spell to arrest and fascinate,—epic themes, that by prescriptive right preserve perpetual freshness. It will be long before Germany hears the last of Luther and his table-friends; America, of the Pilgrim Fathers and the 'Mayflower'; England, of the Marian martyrs and the heroic Puritans of the Commonwealth. Historian or lecturer, or, as in this case, poet, who announces such a topic, presents himself to the public mind with a letter of introduction that secures a good audience and an attentive hearing.

The present is an original and skilful attempt to reproduce the marking features and spirit of an eventful time, as they appeared to one whose lot, mysteriously to himself, was cast in the midst of it. The point of view is altogether novel. It is not with the eyes of statesman in the cabinet, or soldier in the field, the homeless pastor in mountain cave, or the armed peasant on misty moorland, that we watch the seething, whirling elements of disturbance around; but with those of a sorrowful and contemplative recluse, surveying the outside world through "the loopholes of retreat,"—as from a quiet, studious chamber, one might look abroad on the forest boughs tossing and creaking in the storm, or in a kind of reverie listen to the wind as it sweeps past in fitful gusts, and marks its course by ravage and destruction.

We cannot wonder that one who has thoughtfully retraced those bygone times should have lingered long over such a character as that of Leighton;—that devout minds should always have had their sympathies powerfully attracted by his mild and gentle virtues, his Christian lowliness and sincerity, his sensitive recoil from discord and contention,—above all, by his deep and all-pervading spirituality. That a man who, from day to day, ruled his life so manifestly in the fear of God, and strove to walk in the steps of Jesus Christ, should have, in his public life, been associated with men whose names in their own generation were infamous, whose memories are branded with perpetual dishonour, authors of evil and wrong that have been burnt into the remembrance of after times, is indeed an enigma. How men of types of character so antagonistic as Robert Leighton and James Sharpe, the meek pastor and the domineering priest, the ascetic student and the time-serving politician, men whose natures must have repelled each other at every point, could ever have come to be identified with the same policy, embarked on the same desperate cause, and that opposed to all their earlier professions, appears one of the harshest and saddest contradictions that history can furnish.

It is this problem which the author of these striking poems sets himself to solve,—how, in his own words, "a servant of God found himself so strangely ranged on the devil's side in the great conflict of the age, though fully

* "The Bishop's Walk and the Bishop's Times." By Orwell. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

minded all the while to fight the battle of the Lord." To this task he has brought no common qualifications,—intimate acquaintance with the epoch, and that clear insight into intricacies and complexities of character which only genial human sympathies can give,—a power of vivid conception and picturesque description that imparts to his pictures the charm of fresh and brilliant colouring. The result is a life-like portrait of the man,—a finished study of character, which possesses all the interest of faithful biography. With loving appreciation of all that was really genuine and noble in Leighton, those rare attributes of soul and heart which one feels breathing through every page of his great Commentary like a gracious inspiration, he can see the real element of weakness in his character. There was in him too much of that "mystic spiritualism" which shrinks from contact with the coarse, hard-featured realities of life; and this unfitted him for dealing with the men and events of a stormy age to any useful and enduring purpose.

"I was not meant for action; I
Like wind-harp in the window sigh,
When breath of heaven is passing by;
But from a ruder finger fly
The long-drawn notes, and fall
Harsh and unmusical.

Lord, place me where thy breath may be
Tremulous all day long on me."

This was a man better fitted for the cloister than for royal ante-chambers and parliament-halls. It is a touching and sorrowful picture this of the good bishop longing for peace, while all round him were still for war,—not seeing that in such times, when men's souls were stirred to their depths, and the issues in debate were so terribly solemn and real, it was only through war that any peace worth having could come. If ever a man by birth and nurture, and all the traditions which can endear to childhood a persecuted cause, might have been expected to resist to the death that form of Church rule which a perjured king and a venal parliament sought to "screw down" on a race of Christian freemen, it was the son of the man who wrote "Zion's Plea Against Prelacy," and had been visited with the most merciless penalties that the inquisitors of the Star-Chamber could devise. Surely with the other harassing thoughts that overcast so many years of his life with gloom, there must have mingled some remembrance of his father's wrongs to add to the bitterness of his self-reproach. Committed by a too mild and facile disposition to measures which he in soul abhorred, and struggling to escape into the pure, untroubled atmosphere of antique piety, disappointed, care-worn, weary, and at last retiring from the world to die of a broken heart, we cannot but grieve for him with tender pity. We might call him a Christian Hamlet,—the man of reverie rather than resolve, of speculation, not of action. The times were out of joint, and he was not the man to set them right. He was doomed to feel that once Providence sets a train of grand events in motion, they roll on with relentless and crushing force in their inevitable track, not to be

stopped by timid and delicate hands, but rather to grind them to powder.

This volume takes its title from a favourite haunt of Leighton's, in the old cathedral town with which his name is connected,—a shady avenue of ash trees skirting the western wall of the grey old minster, from which you have glimpses of the clear bright Allan wimpling at the foot of the wooded slope below. Pacing up and down the green cloister, the bishop gives utterance to the thoughts that lie heavy on his heart.

"A frail slight form—no temple he,
Grand, for abode of Deity;
Rather a bush, inflamed with grace,
And trembling in a desert place,
And unconsumed with fire,
Though burning high and higher

And over all that noble face
Lay somewhat of soft pensiveness
In a fine golden haze of thought,
That seemed to waver light, and float
This way and that way still,
With no firm bent of will."

Sundered from all with whom he had in earlier days walked in pleasant Christian fellowship,—thrown amongst men from whose low and sordid aims his whole nature recoiled,—powerless for good, yet knowing that his name and example are lent to the sanction of evil,—what is his dignity but a cross, and the mitre but an uneasy covering for the head, when it is lined with thorns! He could wish that the strife and trouble were well ended,—he longs for wings like a dove, that he might fly away and be at rest.

"The men I love my way deplore;
The men I loathe do hate me more;
With whom I live I have no ties;
With whom I left, sad memories;
With none have I the power
To help this evil hour.

O weary heart! O hapless fate!
O evil times of strife and hate!
The raven finds a carcass there,
The poor dove flutters in the air,
And longs again to flee
Unto the ark and Thee."

His pensive musings are broken by the appearance of one of his oldest and best loved friends, long parted from his side by the feuds of the distracted times,—a godly minister, driven from church and home for his faith, now seeking shelter from his pursuers; for he is hunted for his life, and is now faint and bleeding from a mortal wound. It has been his earnest wish to see Leighton once more—to hear a few last words of tender remembrance, and Christian comfort from his lips; for well he had known him of old as a son of consolation,—

"He used to go down with a soul
Into the valley dark of dole,
Further than any I ever knew."

He has but strength to falter out a few touching words,—to make an appeal that wrings Leighton's heart to the core, and then to die. The bishop feels that something like this was needed to rouse him from the languor and listlessness into which, through utter de-

spondency, his spirit had sunk. It is a summons to gird up his loins for the work that, as a Christian man, he may yet do for his Master, during the time that remains,—labouring in the service of God in the faith that though the seed he casts may seem to perish in the world, it will spring up in far off summers that he shall not see, and the fruit be gathered by other hands than his own:—

"Yea, I will hope, O Lord, in Thee
That faithful work shall fruitful be.
Tears, bitter tears, may fall like rain,
Yet shower upon the earth in vain;
But the true work is never
A profitless endeavour.

Perchance the fruit is not to-day,
For the quick growth hath quick decay;
But we shall sow and others reap,
And they shall joy, though we may weep;
Yet in the harvest shall
Be gladness unto all."

We avow our admiration for the saintly virtues that threw so much of the beauty of holiness round the character of Leighton, our love for the man who wrote that book of which Coleridge has not shunned to say, that it stands "next to the inspired Scriptures,—yes, and as the vibration of that once-struck hour remaining on the air." Yet we cannot but regard him as responsible for much of the wrong-doing and oppression of that evil time;—deeply blame-worthy in this, that while believing that those hotly-contested points of Church government and order were non-essential, he yet gave all the weight of his fair name and unsullied reputation to the attempt to impose them on men to whom they were essential, who put in the plea of conscience to show cause why they could not conform nor compromise. Granting, as we are by no means disposed to grant, that they were the weaker brethren in the controversy, the fact that this was a matter of conscience to them, while it was no more than a matter of expediency to him, rendered it a case in which the great apostolic rule of charity should have been enough to decide the public action of every Christian man. If a mitre or rochet made his brother to offend, he should not have worn mitre nor rochet while the world stood, lest he made his brother to offend. So did not Leighton act; and he was drawn into a course which marred his usefulness and dimmed his light, saddened the hearts of righteous men and pierced him through with many sorrows.

For the subtlety and skill with which the author's conception is wrought out, we must refer our readers to the book itself. It would be easy, though scarcely fair, to multiply quotations,—to show the power that condenses much thought into a single line with all the terseness and point of an epigram, and the fine fancy that enriches and illuminates the subject with gleams of sparkling imagery. The minor poems are a series of character sketches and incidents, designed to bring out in clear relief the features of the age. There is much genuine poetic faculty put forth in them, but we question the propriety of resuscitating characters so simply worthless

and detestable as Rothes and the time-serving Councillor of Aberdeen. In the very attempt to photograph such men by letting them speak for themselves, there is risk of appearing to treat sacred subjects with irreverence and levity. The more life-like the portrait, the more repulsive must it be, and the more painfully does it jar on our moral and spiritual sensibilities. Of such personages, as their faces look out upon us from the darkness of the past, it is better, as Dante says of some of those whom he beheld in the visions of the City of Woe, not to discourse, but glance at them and pass on.

Not the least valuable part of this book is the prefatory essay, which contains a lucid exposition, much needed in these times, of the true character and vital importance of the great religious war of the 17th century in Scotland, as a struggle for civil as well as religious liberty. Such a passage as the following deserves to be maturely weighed:—

"The contest was in both kingdoms identical, though its form was in the one political, in the other ecclesiastical. And this difference arose most naturally from the historical position of the two countries. In England, liberty depended on a free Parliament; in Scotland, its foundation was a free Assembly. While the great statesmen of the south, therefore, contended for the privileges of the Lower House, in the north the patriot party fought for the rights of the Ecclesiastical Courts; both having precisely the same end in view. For in Scotland there never was a Parliament, in the English sense of the word.

"The only free popular assembly in which the people were represented, was the Supreme Court of the Church; and accordingly, the patriot party felt that to sacrifice this was to give up the only legal means they had of expressing the will of the people.

"Let this be remembered, and the ecclesiastical character of our Scottish struggle will appear to the English mind less strange and repulsive; and its formulas will be seen in their true significance and value, as the ensigns of an army, every one of which is precious, not for its inherent worth, but for what it represents."

THE HIGHLANDS—"THE MEN."

"*'THE MEN'* were so named, not because they were not women, but because they were not ministers." When it was necessary to distinguish between the speakers at a fellowship meeting in the Highlands, the easiest way of doing so was by saying, "one of the ministers," or "one of the men said so." Hence the name designates "speakers at religious meetings in the Highlands who were not ministers."

This class of laymen, labouring more or less occasionally in word and doctrine in the north of Scotland, have been chiefly known elsewhere on account of the extraordinary and exceptional position which, in some places and under certain circumstances, they took up. The world has been lately edified by the memoirs of Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, the good-humoured, good-natured, good-tem-

pered, and thrice worldly moderate of the last century. It is a pleasant book to read; but when you close it you feel as if you had been looking into a tomb, where the decorous embroidery of the vestments does not hide the odour of corruption. There is no life in that prophet's bones! Now, at the time when such men as Dr. Carlyle "led" the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ in Scotland, many men were settled as ministers in the parishes of the Highlands, not *more* destitute of religion than he, (for that was simply impossible), but about as worldly, and with less of accomplishment and ability to supply the place of honesty towards God. In a city this curse of a lifeless minister may be avoided. People can always leave the church where the words of God are not heard and go to another; but in the vast Highland parishes, some of them thirty or forty miles in length, it was impossible to travel to the next church, even in a favourable season of the year, and when the straths were not choked with snow. So what a godless ministry could not do a godly laity did. These "men," accustomed to speak on religious subjects at fellowship meetings, in their congregations and at sacramental gatherings, and looked up to with reverence by all the people on account of their gifts and graces, became naturally and inevitably the centres of religious influence and stewards of the grace of God. It was a good and worthy work, done for the Master's sake; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was, we may not doubt, written before Him for those who in those dark days feared the Lord, and sought that those around them should call upon his name. Nor has the revived and more faithful Church in later days been slow to acknowledge the benefit thus bestowed. Yet, at the same time, the position thus thrust upon or assumed by laymen was a trying one, good for that present distress, but dangerous in ordinary times; and it was partially in consequence of this that, in some part of the Highlands, there appeared those cases of *separatism* and spiritual demagoguery which have brought an evil report upon the whole class. Mischievous as the men who assumed this latter position doubtless were, their faults have been greatly exaggerated by those who were unable or unwilling to perceive their many excellences. Nor is it of less importance to observe that these cases of undue assumption and turbulence were confined to certain districts of the country, and never pervaded the mass of the *men* in the Highlands. In Mr. Kennedy's book on "The Fathers in Ross-shire," which has given occasion to our noticing this subject, he rightly observes that in Ross-shire, at least, there was no such distortion, but that there the institution of the "men" might be studied in its uncorrupted integrity.

"When a godly Highland minister discerned a promise of usefulness in a man, who seemed to have been truly converted unto God, he brought him gradually forward into a more public position, by calling him, first to pray, and then 'to speak to the question,' at the ordinary congregational meetings." Having approved him-

self as a useful speaker at these "fellowship" meetings, he was thereafter called upon to speak at the more public "Friday meetings," on communion occasions, when multitudes were gathered from various parishes, and where the more eminent of the "men," from the whole district, or often from very distant localities, interchanged their views and experiences. By means of these great religious gatherings, those who were eminent in gifts and graces became widely known, and a spiritual aristocracy was formed, whom "the people magnified" as poor in this world's goods but rich in faith. And when we recollect that this was among a people scattered over wide-lying moors and straths, illiterate, if not unintelligent, and cut off from modern means of general intercourse by difference of language, we cannot but regard it as a privilege and a blessing. And if the expediency of the "Fridays" on sacramental occasions may be defended, still more may the ordinary "fellowship" or congregational meetings, in which the institution is represented as taking its rise. "Of the question, 'How far lay agency may be employed for the edification of the Church,' the wisest practical solution has been furnished in the service of the fellowship meeting. It is surely desirable that, if there are talented and godly men in a congregation, an opportunity should be afforded for securing to others the benefit of those gifts with which the Lord has endowed them." Yet, while this is true, it must receive considerable modification, from the fact of which we are informed by Mr. Kennedy, that the speaking at these church meetings was generally, or, as it would seem, invariably, restricted to discussion of a question as to the "'marks' of true believers, and the various respects in which they may differ from merely nominal Christians." Many will doubtless find, in this strange restriction of topic (or of method), a cause of the alleged subjectiveness and self-scrutinizing nature of Highland religion; but those who do so will fall into the old error of "putting the cart before the horse." It was not the cause, but the very unmistakable and singular effect. We do not suppose that, in any other portion of the Church of Christ, such a remarkable limitation of topics for the public communion of saints ever held force, in the midst of a strong and vital religion.

Yet, thus restricted by temperament and circumstances, the piety of "the men," or, at least, its manifestation in feeling and experience, seemed to become the more intense, as a fountain throws its jet to a greater height when you narrow the aperture from which it springs. At the "Friday meetings" especially, the deep and exercised godliness of many of these servants of God found wonderful utterance. To illiterate men, whose heart was filled with the love of Christ, a mouth and wisdom was given such as mere theology does not know. "Traces of learning, mixed with the halo of that light, would be spots of darkness." Some of them were indeed men of great natural powers, and their genius, uncultivated in other things, found amplest scope in contemplation and utterance of the things of God.

THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, GLASGOW.

THE Evangelic story increases in interest as it draws near its close: this journey to Emmaus is one of the most tender and life-like pictures in all the book. How full of simple nature it is; and how full also of glorious grace! It is like one of those engravings in milk-white porcelain, which have little meaning as long as you look upon them lying on the ground, but which shine out with a soft and heaven-like radiance when you look through them to the light. The simple, child-like talk of these two disciples on their journey constitutes the material and form of the transparency; and Jesus joining them is the light which gives the picture life. Abraham watching for an opportunity to entertain strangers, entertained angels unawares; but these fishermen of Galilee, these little ones of the new Kingdom, are greater in privilege than the patriarch Abraham,—conversing *about* Jesus as they walked by the way, they were permitted, ere they were aware, to converse *with* Jesus. He was nearer than they deemed. To them that look for him he will appear; with them who love his company he will walk.

No word, no act of Jesus was of private interpretation and limited to one case. As sunbeams would be in a great measure wasted if they were thrown off only a short way from the sun's disc, and permitted to perish there like sparks, so words and works thrown off from the life of Jesus, would have been almost thrown away if they had reached and touched only the little circle that followed him during his ministry on earth. He is the sun in the centre, and his rays are the light of the world; the world's furthest corner, and time's latest day, have no other light. The rays which he scattered travel far; they reach the ends of the world and the latest day of time. When he prayed for the disciples who followed him, he made it known that the prayer was meant for all generations; on the same principle his teaching and his acting are meant for all generations too. "Neither pray I"—and we may add, neither speak I, neither act I—"for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word" (John xvii. 20). For our sakes he drew near to the two disciples that day on the road, and opened the Scriptures; for our sakes he lighted a flame of love in their hearts by contact with his own; for our sakes the act was done, the word spoken, and the record kept. Let disciples to-day take and use the legacy which the Lord has left to them.

I. *The Way*.—The journey which the two disciples made that day on foot was a part of their life-course over time. I do not know what their errand was. Per-

haps it was to obtain food and lodging for the night. The city was not an inviting place in those days to the few Galileans, bewrayed by their rustic speech, who had followed the crucified One. There might be in the neighbouring village some relative according to the flesh, or some fellow-disciple of kindred spirit, who could give bed, and board, and welcome, to two destitute men. This, or some similar errand, drew them in that direction; for the Spirit had not yet been fully given, and the apostolic ministry had not yet begun. Here, then, were two men dear to the Son of God—bought by his blood and heirs of his kingdom, trudging in company away from a city where they had few friends, to seek shelter in a neighbouring village. These men were weary that day, but they are resting now; then they had not where to lay their heads, but they have mansions of their own to-day in the Father's house.

Now, reader, if you have closed with Christ for yourself, here is consolation for you. A stream is running at your feet that flows from the fountain of living waters. There is something here for a thirsty soul. If you are on the track of these two poor Galileans, as you cross the wilderness, you will soon join their company in their happy home. Remember it is not one or two kinds of sorrow that Jesus knows, but all kinds; it is not one or two kinds of wounds that he heals, but all kinds. You are an orphan, a stranger; you are poor or sick; you are cast off by those who should have been friends, or put to shame by the bad conduct of some who in nature are near you; you cannot find employment for yourself or food for your children; or although you have enough of this world's food, some poison drop has fallen into your full cup, and you are as much distressed as if you lacked food and raiment. What then? Then, though the way be rough, and the wayfarer weary, you may have—

II. *Christ with you by the Way*.—Let us try to live up to our privileges; it is not only Christ with you when you kneel alone to pray, with you when you worship with the great congregation, with you when you commemorate his death at his table; but Christ with you while you walk by the way in the ordinary toils of life. The spirit of the world is all out of its reckoning here; it desires to have some part in the Saviour; it will not altogether adopt the evil spirit's word, "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus?" It has some business with the Saviour. It would have Christ at some times and for some purposes; but it strains hard to give him a wide berth at all other times. It would

resign to the Lord some bits of life, but expects all the rest for itself and its chosen companions. The bargain which men would fain drive is, Let Christ go with us to the church, but let us go without him to the market by day and the ball-room by night. When they have work or play on hand, they desire to work or play in earnest, and therefore must have all their time and all their energy employed on the matter in hand; but when they go to church on the Sabbath, the time is lost at any rate, and they do not object to the company of the Lord of lords and King of kings. There is a blasphemy in spirit and act, as well as in words. The superstition of Rome, and the ungodliness of the mammon-worshipper, fall into one here, and work to each other's hands. The grand aim of both is to get Christ banished into a corner, and to reserve all the breadth of life's day for man's own pleasure.

The Master knows nothing of such a separation; neither does the true disciple. The Redeemer and the redeemed have much to do with each other. Did you ever pay a heavy price for a house or an estate, and was it much out of your mind for days and weeks afterwards? How often did you go to see it, and how long did you linger every time you were there? How would you have taken it, if you had seen one day as you approached your property, a ticket hung up by somebody who had no right there, intimating that you the owner would be admitted only once a-week, and that at a certain hour, and all this that the neighbours whose own it was not, who had paid no price for it, might revel in it at will, and not be disturbed by the owner's presence? You would take it ill; so He who bought you with his blood counts much on his purchase, and takes it ill when he is admitted only on certain days and at certain hours to his own. Disciples of Jesus, he loves to be with you when you walk by the way; you cost him dear, and, therefore, you are much upon his heart.

Take the promise, "Lo I am with you always," on both its sides, as a duty and a privilege. You *must* lie open for his incoming at your most prosperous moments; and you *may* expect his company when your heart is sad. Welcome his presence when your life-path is green and flowery, and he will draw near to comfort you when it is dusty or hard. But we need not try to disguise it; we cannot enjoy the company of one whom we dread. Even those who are called by Christ's name often entertain hard thoughts of him. They make up their minds indeed to seek his company, but it is because they cannot help it. They do it only because they must, and therefore they put it off as long as they can. They are afraid of being cast away at last if they do not become Christ's disciples, but they feel that it damps their joys to come near the Saviour. Oh, it is the greatest mistake that was ever made by man! Read the history of the man Christ Jesus; trace every footstep of his path in life; listen to every word he uttered;—all is tenderness and love. He did everything to entice

us to seek his company; nothing to keep us back. It is an evil heart of unbelief that misrepresents the loving heart of Jesus. It was the evil spirit—the father of lies possessing a man that said, when Jesus came near, that he came near to torment. He comes near to comfort. He came to the world to save sinners; he loves when they come to him; he delights to come to them, and do his saving work. His presence makes solitude pleasant and labour light.

When John Welsh was spending the night alone in the Church of Ayr, a man who went to listen, reported on his return that there were two persons in the Church, and that they were carrying on an earnest argument. That witness was true. The Master was with his servant there that night, and they were reasoning together. The Angel of the Covenant was there, and John Welsh wrestled in spirit with him, as Jacob had done in body and spirit both long before.

III. *Christ opening the Scriptures* to the disciples by the way. A shut Bible does not save. In the Revelation, when John saw a sealed book which no man could open, he began to weep, because its secret could not be unfolded; but one of the elders said unto him, "Weep not, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book." He who will at last open the book of judgment, opens now the book of grace. The same Jesus breaks the seals of both. If he open to us the first book, the second will contain nothing which we shall have cause to dread. He who is "the way unto the Father," is also the way into the Scriptures which make known the Father's will. If Christ had not come, and suffered, and risen, the Bible would have been a sealed book. Its shadows would have been spectres if he, the substance, had not appeared. His incarnation, and ministry, and sacrifice, gave a meaning to them all.

Sometimes when a door is barred, the people who congregate on the outside cannot open it, either by skill or power; but one within can open it easily. It is thus that Christ is the opener of the Scriptures. He is in them; not that he has been placed in the Scriptures, but that he was first, and they have been woven round him. From within he opens; and through the opening we behold himself: "They are they which testify of me."

He not only opened the Scriptures, he opened them to us. The book may be plain and intelligible in its own nature, and yet remain a mystery to me. It is not only that Christ, by his own life and death, gave meaning to the Bible; it is he who, by his Spirit, makes the Bible true and transparent in the experience of each. He who has not been born again cannot see the kingdom of God, although it lies before his eyes in the evangelic histories. To the natural mind the gospel is a sealed book. As long as you look on the outside of it you are ignorant of its meaning; it is when Christ becomes its light that the Bible becomes transparent, and the reader sees into its heart.

When he opens the Scriptures to me, he shows me that the blood of the Lamb takes my sin away; he

gives me the promise in my hand, and closes my hand around it, and I feel that it bears my weight. It is in Christ crucified that I can see myself lost, and in Christ crucified that I can see myself saved.

IV. *Our hearts burning within us* in the company of Jesus. Here is the result of their Lord's presence by the way. It not only cleared their heads, it also kindled their hearts. Then they both understood Christianity and loved Christ.

Observe the kind, the degree, and the effects of this emotion:—

The *kind*: it was love. This is what the Lord desires; he is never satisfied till he attain it. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" That is the final test of discipleship. All other things are stepping-stones to this. Faith, hope, love—these three, but the greatest of these is love.

The *degree*: it is a fervent love. It must be great, if it be at all. No little forgiveness comes from the Forgiver, and, therefore, no little languid love can lie in the heart of the forgiven. The opening of the Scriptures to the disciples was like the act of concentrating upon one spot by a lens the sun-rays that lay scattered over a wide surface. The scattered beams were cold, although clear; they imparted light, but did not kindle a flame. When the rays of Christ's love that are spread in the Bible are gathered to a point, and kept playing on your heart, they set that heart on fire. Those who are walking about in the diffused light of a Christian land—clear, but cool—are offended by the commotion of a revival. A neighbour's heart takes fire under the sudden inburst of redeeming love; but they cannot understand what is all about. Each is acting and speaking truly according to his own experience. Festus says, "Paul, thou art beside thyself;" and Paul replies, "I am not mad, most noble Festus." Each represents the matter correctly as it appears from his own view point. The one is cold, the other is burning; the one is hard, the other is melting. That makes all the difference.

The *effects*. This fire, when it is kindled, will burn out some things that occupied the heart unworthily. Many things can maintain their place firmly in a cold heart; which will melt and flow away when the heart begins to burn with love to Christ. The chambers of imagery, where there is only a name to live, may be filled with vanities as a carpenter's shop is filled with shavings, but when the heart takes fire, they crackle quickly off. The multitude of vain thoughts are driven like smoke before the wind. The union of Christians is another effect of this fire. Artificial efforts to bring together unkindred spirits are ever painfully unsuccessful. Even although both the lumps be true gold, as long as they are cold they are kept apart from each other by sundry crooks and corners in both, but the moment that they are melted, they flow, of their own accord, into one. The short-cut to the union of Christians is a great increase in love to Christ.

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VOLTAIRE.*

MUCH superfluous terror for the fate of Christianity was once occasioned by the writings of Voltaire and that host of sceptical writers of whom he was the Coryphæus. It is sufficient to ask, at this distance of time, whether their works or the Bible be nearer oblivion,—whether they or it be most read? Is Christianity less powerful than when they commenced their crusade against it? Have they succeeded in diminishing the world's veneration for the book they hated? of checking its translation or diffusion? of making the nations who then professed Christianity renounce it? Nothing of the kind; their indiscriminate assaults on the fabric of Christianity have had the effect, indeed, of shaking down some ruinous turrets, of exploding some pernicious superstitions and abuses, and it would have been well if they had destroyed more; but as to Christianity itself—the religion of the Bible—their assaults on it only roused the slumbering zeal of its defenders and champions. Never since the apostolic age has this religion been more energetic than since the reaction against the great sceptical attacks of the middle and close of the last century. The nations that professed Christianity then profess it still, and generally with somewhat more enlightened faith in it and wiser love for it than they cherished then; partly, no doubt (let us candidly acknowledge it), owing to the hostile criticism of those who would fain have destroyed it altogether. The Bible speaks at this day in a hundred more languages than it spoke then, while cobwebs are already gathering over the greater part of the sceptical literature of the last century. The mass of it is fast being conveyed, like that of preceding sceptical epochs, to the dust of the upper shelf; or if, as in the case of Bolingbroke, Gibbon, and Voltaire, genius still redeems large portions from neglect, it is the portions, for the most part, in which their infidelity does not appear; those which it infests being generally considered as blots and not beauties in their works. But as for supplanting the Bible,—its circulation, the veneration with which it is regarded, and the efforts to make it utter the vernacular of all nations, are incomparably greater than in Voltaire's day. It is even ludicrous now to read in Voltaire's letters his unfulfilled prophecies of the approaching glories of the new dispensation of "Reason," in whose splendour the waning Bible was to be lost. On the contrary, the infidel literature of the day has, for the most part, gone into deep shadow, while *that* shines with a brighter and more diffused light than ever. The talent devoted to its vindication—its illustration—its criticism—and the toil and cost spent in its translation and circulation, have been far greater than at any other equal period since Christianity was first proclaimed to be "the truth of God." This, it may be said, does not prove Christianity true: it is admitted; but it conclusively proves this,—the folly of the vaunting tone ever

* From a paper by Henry Rogers in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

assumed by every fresh storming party, and the equal folly of the transient panics as constantly felt by those who man the walls.

In truth, however we may lament that minds like those of Voltaire, Hume, or Gibbon, should have been prostituted to the cause of infidelity, or mourn the mischief which their writings may have done, especially during their own time, there is one point of view in which we can hardly regret that Christianity has met with such assailants. The attacks of such men on Christianity furnish most powerful proofs of its indomitable life. Its inherent strength would never have been so conspicuously seen except it had been thus tried; we can now more safely repose in the solidity of a structure on which so many storms have burst in vain. Never since Christianity entered the world have writers of greater talent or wider popularity conspired for its downfall, or under circumstances more favourable to the success of the enterprise (could anything have made it successful), than during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Of all these writers, Voltaire was by far the most active, the most witty, the most variously endowed with the gifts of genius; the most voluminous, the most incessant in his attacks, the most widely circulated, the most eagerly read; and yet it is no paradox to say, that he has proved in reality one of the least dangerous. His general character has, in a great degree, destroyed his influence as an assailant of Christianity. Not only is there so much in his general writings which the universal voice of all decent society condemns—not only is the tone in which he speaks of all things revered by man, whether human or divine, so impartially profane—not only is his morality so lax, his estimate of human nature so contemptuous, his reputation for mendacity and malice so well established, as to make him a questionable ally of any cause; but it is impossible that a mind imbued with the least particle of candour or love of truth can fail to see all his worst traits conspicuously exemplified when he touches on Christianity. “*Per fas aut nefas*,” seems to be his motto, when the object is to discredit or cast ridicule on the Bible.

The libertine, who has come to a foregone conclusion, and is willing to accept anything which insults the religion he hates and the truths which are unwelcome to him, can alone gloat upon the perpetual ribaldry of Voltaire, or accept his jests and mockery for argument. The bulk of ordinary readers will ever feel, that it is passionate hatred which speaks, that there is no fair or honest attempt to investigate evidence, and that truth, candour, decency, are all perpetually outraged.

As far as *argument* is concerned, perhaps one of the best ways of conveying to the minds of general readers an idea of Voltaire's incompetency to deal with such large subjects as Christianity and the Bible, is to give a slight specimen of his mode of dealing with matters where prejudice and passion were not likely to be half so strong. We may there see, clearly enough, how completely his genius was the reverse of that of a

philosopher, how unfitted to investigate evidence; how completely it was the slave of preconception; how incapable of breaking through the little circle of previous theory or presumed experience. His credulous incredulity—we know not what else to call it—is coaxed with strange facility into accepting anything which makes for a preconception, and rejecting everything that makes *against* it. . . . In the article “Shells” in the *Philosophical Dictionary*, Voltaire attempts to deal with the puzzling fact, then beginning to excite notice, that true marine fossils are found on the mountains of Switzerland, and in other elevated regions. He will not hear of it; no evidence shall establish it; and he resorts to the most ridiculous hypotheses to evade it. The “shells” may be “snails' shells,” or they are the “cockle shells” of the multitude of palmers who made their way to Rome over the Alps during the middle ages! It may be thought that this last is one of the jests by which his petulance was accustomed to turn the edge of any inconvenient argument. If it be so, what can be said of such a mode of getting rid of plain facts which imperatively required to be accounted for? But, in truth, he seems to urge it as a really *plausible* solution; and it is not incredible, since he resorts to others hardly less ridiculous. “Lastly,” says he, “I deny not that, a hundred miles from the sea we meet with petrified oysters, conches, univalves, productions which perfectly resemble marine ones, but are we sure that *the soil of the earth may not produce these fossils*? The formation of vegetable agate should make us suspend our judgment. A tree has not borne the agate that is like a tree, and the sea may not have produced the fossil shells which seem to be those of little marine animals.” Thus does incredulity become as credulous as superstition itself; and all this because Voltaire had resolved that, whatever came of it, the fact which seemed to say that the sea had once flowed over what are now high mountain-ranges, in short, pointed to a “deluge” of some sort, must be ignored or denied! It may be supposed that he had objections to “deluges” of all kind, but from the article entitled “Deluge” in the same work, one may shrewdly infer that it was chiefly the thought of the “Noachian deluge” that made him resolve that there should be no fossil marine shells in such inconvenient places. At any rate a genuine philosopher, whether he accepted the Noachian deluge or not, would have accepted the *facts*; hypotheses might come after. It was of a piece with the same credulous incredulity to declare, as he so frankly does in one of his letters to D'Alembert, that no evidence should make him believe a miracle; though to suppose it false, in the case he supposes, would certainly involve a greater mystery. “If a hundred thousand men,” says he, “were to assure me that they all with their own eyes saw a dead man raised, I should say that they were all dazzled.” That is, to avoid believing a great improbability, he would believe one that would amount to an impossibility.

DR. MORISON OF CHELSEA.

PART II.

THE SUFFERER.

THE activity of Dr. Morison's life was manifold; his aim was one. The pulpit, the press, the platform were in succession channels through which the full tide of his fervent spirit and copious intellect found utterance. While Sabbath after Sabbath he studiously prepared for his public ministrations, the press teemed with his publications,—some of these, as his “Family Worship” and his “Commentary on the Psalms,” were of no mean magnitude; and never, when his convictions were on the side of any Christian or philanthropic enterprise, did he refuse it the aid of his clear, lively, ready eloquence. Even whilst travelling, as was his frequent call, as the advocate of missions, his buoyant, elastic mind and earnest heart were on the outlook for opportunities of doing good. With happy art he caught up the incidents of the way and turned them to account, seldom allowing a journey to pass without depositing seeds in the heart of some fellow-traveller, the fruit of which remains to be reaped in eternity. Travelling from Bath to London, on one occasion, he found himself inside the coach in company with two young ladies, the daughters—as he understood before the journey's end—of a clergyman in the neighbourhood of London. The young ladies had just been visiting a religious relative at Bath, and seemed like birds escaped from imprisonment. Their conversation was full of life and merriment. “I could not stand it much longer,” said one of them, significantly; “it was nothing but Methodism.” “Do you know what Methodism is?” said Dr. Morison, quietly. “I think it is just talking about religion all day long, and nothing else. Now, I don't think that was ever intended,” was the lady's reply. The door was now fairly opened, and Dr. Morison pursued the conversation with that genial earnestness and consummate tact which distinguished him. One of the young ladies, however, stood out very resolutely against his views of religion. And when the coach stopped at a cross road, where friends were waiting to receive them, Dr. Morison said to her, “Will my young friend let me request that before you go to bed to-night, you will read a chapter of your Bible, and pray to God that he will enlighten you on these subjects.” “Well,” she replied, “I am much obliged to you, at all events.” “Not at all obliged to me,” he said; “for I am obliged to defend the truth whenever I hear it called in question.” Many years passed away, and the circumstance had almost vanished from his recollection, when he was invited to dinner by some member of his church who had recently spent an evening in another part of London, and had met with a clergyman and his wife who spoke much of Dr. Morison, and were very desirous to see him: the object of the dinner party was to supply the opportunity. During dinner conversation flowed freely, and the clergyman's wife, young and interesting,

was frequently observed looking towards Dr. Morison in silence, but with tears in her eyes. After dinner the party went into the garden, and walking with Dr. Morison alone, the clergyman said to him, “I cannot tell you, sir, how much I am indebted to you.” “I am not at all aware that you are indebted to me,” was the natural reply. “You have observed my wife,” said the clergyman, “she is the best of wives and the best of mothers; Christianity has made her so, and it is through your words she became a Christian.” The circumstances were then recalled and their sequel related. The young lady that had stood so boldly out against his views of religion, in the Bath coach, went to bed that night, in spite of his parting counsel, without reading the Scriptures or bending her knee in prayer. But no sooner had she gone to bed than conscience began to work and would not let her sleep. The day's conversation—the parting admonition were recalled. She arose, dressed herself, and then read the word of God as she had never read it before, and prayed as she had never prayed before; and the issue of it was her conversion to God. When the dinner party had re-assembled in the drawing-room, the clergyman said to his wife, “My dear, I have told him all;” and the wife rose, and rushed to Dr. Morison as a child would to a father, and fell on his neck, and said, with an emotion which cannot be described: “Yes, if ever I get to heaven, I will own you for a spiritual father.” “Blessed are they,” adds the biographer of Dr. Morison, “that sow beside all waters, for in heaven such surprises and recognitions as these will be numerous and common.” It is a great faculty to preach by the way—shortly, lovingly, wisely, with a barbed word that will keep its place. Might not the gift be cultivated?

Even whilst visiting amongst his ministerial brethren, he did not let slip his opportunity of speaking the word for the time. When travelling for a religious society, on one occasion, he happened to spend the night at the house of a minister whose conversation consisted mainly of violent censures of the National Church. He had attempted to divert the current, but in vain. On bidding his host adieu the following morning, he said to him seriously, “The next thing I expect to hear of you is, that you have gone into the Church of England.” “What do you mean?” asked the astonished man. “Why, just this,” replied Dr. Morison; “that I have rarely met with Dissenting ministers who have spoken so bitterly against the Establishment as you have, but I have sooner or later heard of them becoming connected with it themselves.” And so it was in this case; for in singular confirmation of his shrewd discernment of character, the next thing he heard of that individual was that he had entered the Church of England.

Though a Dissenter and a Congregationalist, from conviction, Dr. Morison's spirit was entirely catholic; and his judgment, whether pronouncing his editorial criticisms, or deciding on the merits of ministers of different denominations, eminently candid. When travel-

ling in the Highlands of Scotland, he does not hesitate to contrast unfavourably a preacher of his own connection with one of the parochial clergy, whose sermon obtains his highest commendation. "We heard," says he, "on one of the Sabbaths we spent in the Highlands, a stranger, a young Independent minister from ———, who preached a good sermon, but too cold. We heard Mr. ———, a parish minister, in the evening, preach a sermon worth twenty of the morning one. It was full of the pith and marrow of the gospel. Oh, I wish our body would remember that our strength consists in a warm and energetic announcement of the gospel. It is delightful to find, among such inaccessible mountains, so fresh and fragrant an exhibition of the truths of the gospel."

It was a mind of this decided yet catholic character, at once firm and liberal, that was needed for wielding the editorial pen of the *Evangelical Magazine*, the organ and representative during its early struggles of English Evangelical Christianity. For more than thirty years, till from increasing infirmities the pen dropped from his hand, Dr. Morison added to his other labours the editing of that journal, often contributing with his own hand the articles of an entire number. When but a boy of nine years of age, and little dreaming of the relation in which he should one day stand to it, he used to travel monthly to the town of Banff for the new number of the Magazine. The distance was nine miles, and through the uncertain arrival of the sailing-packet which brought it, he had sometimes to go twice, sometimes three times before he obtained it. Often had he carried his shoes and stockings in his hand, and walked barefoot, till he reached the bridge which spans the Doveron. There, washing his feet, he would put himself in proper condition to appear in the streets of Banff. Having secured his Magazine he had often read every word of it, but the advertisements, before reaching home. When tired of reading as he walked, he would sit down by the road-side, and continue the perusal till he had finished it, foreshadowing the future editor in the boy, in that avidity for knowledge that was so characteristic of Dr. Morison, and that was never satisfied till he had perused every new book of note. How he found time, and possessed strength for the amount of work which he accomplished, was often a subject of wondering conjecture to his friends. The solution of his biographer is as strange as the fact to be accounted for, yet is as true as it is strange. Even his busy brain and industrious hand, says Mr. Kennedy, would have been altogether inadequate to the performance of so much labour, but for the necessity imposed upon him by disease. For nearly five and twenty years of his life he was so afflicted by asthma that he was oftener than otherwise compelled to leave his bed by two or three o'clock in the morning. And, although refreshed by occasional slumbers on his chair, it was no unusual thing for him to have done a hard day's work with his pen before the arrival of the breakfast hour. And at

the breakfast table he would appear as fresh and cheerful as if he had only just risen from the enjoyment of unbroken rest. To this early working habit of Dr. Morison, a poor drunkard, who once accosted him on the streets of London bore a singular testimony. Asking Dr. Morison, as he staggered before him, how he was, the doctor replied that he did not think *he* was very well, for that he was on the way to ruin, and would assuredly bring the wrath of the Almighty upon himself unless he repented, and besought the Lord to pardon his sin. The man seemed sobered at once, and said, "Well, sir, I worked at a house opposite yours, and was often at work before four o'clock in the morning, but there was always a hand at work before mine. At a table, near the window, at No. 1 Walton Place, was that hand, and I thought how you were working for God, and I for the worst purposes, namely, to make myself like a brute."

There was more than too early hours at study and exhausting asthma to wear down the physical frame of Dr. Morison. The history of his family bereavements, as told by his biographer, adds a fresh and most touching chapter to the record of those who have passed through great tribulation. The stroke on stroke that left his house desolate would have crushed a mind of more elastic energy than his, had not his stay been upon a divine arm, and his strength drawn from things unseen. As star after star of his happy home went down under his horizon, he was sustained with the assurance that they rose in a heaven where they should never set. "Never," says his friend, the Rev. John Stoughton, "did I know a man who so suffered. While he was like Paul in labours more abundant, he was in stripes above measure; indeed, most of his work grew out of his sufferings; for owing to sleepless nights for many years, he devoted to toil the time we devote to rest; and I may add, much of his later sufferings grew out of his previous work, the disorders and infirmities of his final days being probably the weedy outgrowth of noxious seeds sown in hours of overtask-work. The robustness of his constitution, instead of preserving him from disease and pain, only served to render in his case disease the more terrible, and pain the more intense. After visiting him in the sick-room, and after listening to the quiet and even cheerful description he would give of his sufferings, I have gone home with the impression that all the ills which flesh is heir to centred in him. Domestic sorrow was added to physical distress. It is very wonderful to think of his afflictions, of what deep waters he had to wade through, what terrible billows he had to breast, and how the floods rose higher as life advanced—how the sharpest trials were the last. Some are fitted for heaven by toil alone or chiefly, others by tears alone or chiefly. Our departed friend underwent both kinds of meetening for the inheritance of the saints, and in almost equal degrees."

The first death which took place in Dr. Morison's family was that of a lovely infant fifteen months old. And his

spirit mourned deeply but submissively over his *Henry Martyn*. In less than three months after the death of his Henry, he was called to weep over the loss of the mother he had loved tenderly in boyhood, and of whom he had often in the ardour and dependence of his young affections said, "I could not survive if my mother was to die." It was not long before the arrow again flew and laid low James, the son of his parents' most cherished hopes. James Murray is described as the most amiable and interesting of all Dr. Morison's sons. He is, said the father, the flower of the flock as to mere looks, he has good talents, and keeps in all things near the head of his class. In 1835 this beloved son was brought to the gates of death by the rupture of a blood-vessel. He was removed to Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, where his mother remained with him for three months. His parents had hoped of James that he had been sanctified from the womb, so tractable and guileless a youth he had been; but on bursting a second blood-vessel a week after his removal to Ventnor, his mind came under great anguish about his eternal interests. Parental prayer and instruction were blessed to his great consolation; and he received the truth so as never afterwards to doubt of his acceptance of God in Christ. The issue of this affliction and the sentiments which it awakened are recorded by his father in a letter to a friend, which no young man can read without a deepened impression of the solemn call and blessed privilege of an early dedication to God. "The crisis," writes Dr. Morison, "to which we have been looking forward for more than twelve months has at last arrived, and our dear boy is now numbered with the spirits of the just. Never have I witnessed but one death equally triumphant. You might have supposed you were in the company of an apostle, had you not known that you were with a stripling—an emaciated youth of eighteen. He had evidently a foretaste of glory before entering it, and as full an assurance of his interest in Christ as ever Paul had, when he said, 'I know whom I have believed.' When the mortal foe began to contend with him in good earnest, he calmly and dignifiedly said, 'This is death; my Saviour is now coming: but Christ is with me; and I want to assure my dear parents that since he was pleased last year to manifest his gracious presence to me in the Isle of Wight, I have never been without it for one moment. It is not mere passive happiness I feel, it is *real* enjoyment. I know I shall soon be with Him; don't grieve for me, I am happy.' I observed, 'What a mercy it is that we may come to Christ as sinners!' 'Ah,' said he, 'in what other character can we come to him? I was a wretched sinner, and he received me, and filled my bursting heart with peace and joy in believing.' To his brother, Alexander, he said, 'Come in over to me, I want to speak to you. Are you prepared, dear Alexander, to give up your sins? Say to me that you *will*, and that you will give yourself to Christ. Oh, do not put off religion with the hope of being more serious in future! Mind your dying brother has told you this, and

mind, too, that Christ is willing to receive you though a sinner. I have proved this.' To Joseph he said, 'Let me ask you to make conscience of secret prayer; and do you pray from the heart. Do not require to be drawn to Christ as I was by the awful visitation of divine Providence; but think of his great love, and devote to him your best days.' When no longer able to speak continuously, his face shone like that of an angel; and gathering himself up into a dying posture, he said, 'I see His face—how incomprehensible is his love! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'"

But a few years past and Joseph, so tenderly warned by his dying brother, lay on his death-bed, struck down by the same disease, from the rupture of a blood-vessel. From an early period he had been the subject of many anxious thoughts to his parents. His mind was reserved, his temper intractable. When but a child, having acted with some degree of rudeness to his mother, he was required by his father to ask her forgiveness. This he peremptorily refused to do. He was taken to another apartment by his father, reasoned with, and punished, after which he was still required to entreat forgiveness of his mother. But again he refused, and suffered a second chastisement. Still his spirit was not subdued. With an anguish never to be forgotten, the father returned with him a third time, and accompanied the use of the rod with prayer, that his son's heart might be touched with penitence. This last effort was effectual; the offence was confessed and forgiven, filial affections gushed out in all their tenderness, and from that hour to the moment of his departure out of this world, he never again entered into direct conflict with parental authority. Before the hour of his own final conflict he had learned submission to a higher Parent, and become obedient to the faith. From the painful experience of the temptations through which he himself had passed, he entreated, when on his dying-bed, that his father would continue his faithful warnings to young professors, especially to professing young men, observing, "There is much sin amongst them; far more, my dear father, than your kind heart will let you believe. *Do warn them* against worldly conformity and gay parties. They are the bane of true piety." Drawing towards him his brother, Alexander, to whom he was deeply attached, he seemed to agonize for his salvation, sometimes addressing him and sometimes God on his behalf.

After a short interval the destroyer again entered the dwelling of Dr. Morison to call hence his son Alexander, the one amongst all his children whom he feared was least prepared for the summons. Speaking of him at the time of the death of Joseph, he remarked, "Alexander is the only member in our family not in the Lord. He is a fine, frank, manly character, and would make a beautiful Christian, at present he is much impressed." The day of his affliction came upon him suddenly. He was all at once prostrated when his spirit became that of a broken-hearted penitent, pressing into the

kingdom, he had long neglected, before the door was for ever shut. It may still the tumult in the heart of many a bereaved parent, who is unable to find satisfaction on the question of the everlasting state of a departed child, to read the thoughts of this deeply troubled father striving, if possible, to pierce the veil. "I was agonizing myself on the question," writes Dr. Morison. "What evidence can I have that this poor wanderer is saved? The dying thief had the testimony of Christ himself to his salvation. The following two thoughts were very refreshing to my heart: 1. His greatest agony of mind *preceded* the most alarming symptoms of disease. He was spiritually distressed before he or ourselves had any settled conviction that his symptoms were dangerous. I think it was not the mere apprehension of death that was at work. 2. *The total revolution* of his filial affections seemed to indicate to me that nothing but the love of God in the heart could have produced it. His gratitude, guilelessness, patience under extreme suffering, bore testimony to a *moral* change, the great and only true evidence of a relative change towards God. You cannot wonder that my mind struggles with the thought of my poor boy's salvation. Nor will you condemn me that I try, by such a process as I have indicated to you, to work out the problem of proof. Do you not think, with the natural pride of poor Alexander's heart, that the proof is as complete as the circumstances will admit of. But most thoroughly do I sympathize with what you say of the evidence being all that we can look for safely. How wonderful is the very idea of a sinner, who has long lived in rebellion against God, and with the fullest light in the conscience *being saved at all*. But after all, mercy in *that day* was Paul's only plea."

Scarcely had the weeping parents committed the remains of Alexander to the grave, when they received the intelligence that their beloved daughter, the wife of Dr. Legge, missionary at Hong-Kong, was no more. "I shall never forget," says the friend, whose painful duty it was to break the intelligence, "the sublime resignation with which Dr. Morison bowed his head and held his peace, when I informed him of the decease of his beloved Mary in Hong-Kong." The history of the early childhood of "their dear Mary, for whom their love was so intense, whose end was perfect peace, the sequel to a life of beauty and brightness," is a deeply interesting episode in the biographical volume before us, and would alone entitle the volume to a place in every Christian family.

But one child remained after these successive bereavements, the first-born son of the family, John Edward. But, alas! he could yield no consolation to his sorrowing parents. Having emigrated to Tasmania, he there received a sun-stroke in his own garden. Being brought for advice and treatment to England, he still survived, but mentally unconscious, except at rare intervals, of the desolation that had fallen on his father's house. Afflicted, but not forsaken, Dr. Morison, in the review

of these family bereavements, could yet write, "I think I have got some sweet glimpses of communion with God while his hand has been upon me; I am brought so far as to be enabled to bless His name for all that dear Mary was both by nature and grace, and to submit without murmuring to the dispensation by which she has been recalled. All our children, once a hopeful, healthful group, are gone, save one dear, very dear to us, who is under a cloud,—thank God not a cloud of sin! And to my God I cheerfully resign those who have departed, and seek grace to bear the mysterious trial connected with the living. We must try and live for dear Alexander's two sweet orphan children, and your (addressed to Dr. Legge) three motherless ones; we must live and labour for their good."

His own last illness was protracted amidst severe sufferings during forty-two long months. Keenly sensitive to pain, and to every species of sorrow, no expression of impatience ever escaped from his lip or his pen. Even when compassed with affliction, he continued to do more work than many have the power to accomplish in the enjoyment of health. There must have been some elements of great strength in his constitution to have withstood so long the force of disease. His biographer, who has so ably presented us with his life, introduces us as he closes his narrative into the sick chamber of his friend. It was an interview memorable to himself, and he has made it memorable to his readers. "I hope," says his biographer, "never to forget one interview which I had with him about six weeks before his decease. He was seated on a couch by his bedside. 'At this moment,' he said, 'there is not an inch of my body which is not full of agony.' But his face was unruffled. His expression was even cheerful. His voice was pitched in a lower key than usual, and his tones were gentle as a child's. He had no raptures to speak of; but neither were there clouds to darken his prospects. He spoke like a man who had again and again dug around the foundations of the faith which it had been his life's work to proclaim; and each time were they found deeper and stronger than before. He had likewise examined himself with the most anxious jealousy, and with deep humility, and with unwavering confidence he looked forward to the hour of death. On these themes, and on incidental topics, he poured out his thoughts in a stream of glowing words—the only parallel to which I can recollect is the death-bed utterances of Dr. Payson. I could only listen in reverent and grateful silence. To say that it was good to be there would but very inadequately convey my feelings. I felt as if I stood on the confines of heaven, and was listening to one who was more in heaven than on earth. In the patience, and peace, and love, and hope, which I was witnessing, there seemed to be a demonstration of the divinity of the gospel. And with a heart too full to allow me to say 'farewell,' I left the chamber of death, adoring God that he had given such grace to his servant."

His warfare of service and suffering ended, Dr. Morrison entered into rest calmly, and like a sleeping infant, on Monday night, 13th June 1859. Amongst his last words to a friend standing by were, "I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid to live." His thought, could he have uttered it, would have been embodied in the lines,—

"I go to life and not to death;
From darkness to light's native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure,
Festive in your coming years."

ELUCIDATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

No. V.

"Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; let us draw near," &c.—*HEB. x. 19, 20, 21.*

THIS passage is so far akin to the one last considered (*John xii. 32, 33*), that it also may be said to speak of the drawing-power of the cross, and of the heaven-pointing aim for which, on the part of God, Jesus was lifted on it. With this common agreement, however, there is an obvious difference; and in the difference also a peculiarity—if not quite so marked as in the representation of the evangelist, yet such as at first sight carries a certain appearance of strangeness, and has given rise to some diversity of explanation. The general idea is plain enough; the commonest reader may apprehend it, as the humblest Christian may find comfort and encouragement in the thoughts it presents. Christ, it tells us, by his atoning death and subsequent exaltation to the heavenly places, has laid open for his people the way of access to God's gracious presence; so that they should be ever drawing near with child-like confidence, to hold direct and blessed communion with him in respect to the salvation of their souls. The peculiarity—so far as any exists—lies in the connection which the now opened way of access is made to stand to the flesh of Christ, and this again to the veil between the holy and the most holy place of the ancient tabernacle or temple. The way is actually opened or consecrated by the blood of Jesus; but it is represented as finding in his flesh what corresponds to the former veil, and deriving therein its peculiar fitness and efficacy. "We have boldness in respect to the way into the holiest," so it is by the most literal rendering, "in the blood of Jesus, which he consecrated for us, a way fresh and living, through the veil, that is, his flesh."

It is not to be forgotten when comparing the lines of resemblance here drawn between the new and the old, that in the earthly sanctuary, as had been previously stated by the apostle (*x. i.*), there was not the very image, but only the imperfect shadow, of the things pertaining to the person and the work of Christ. Hence, to bring out the truth concerning such things in some

degree corresponding to their manifold fulness and variety, the old needs to be viewed in diverse aspects, and presented under several distinct relations. Yet in doing so there must be nothing—as in Scripture itself there is nothing—arbitrary or fanciful in the representations given; however exhibited, there must still be found in it the elements of a real similitude and connection. The flesh of Christ may thus be justly regarded as taking the place of very different things belonging to the former dispensation, according to the point of view from which it is contemplated—if only care be taken in the mode of explanation not to let the one view run into the other, so as to produce a confused impression of the truth. For example, the temple, viewed as a whole, was the house of God—the innermost apartment, or the holiest, being his most peculiar dwelling-place; and in this respect the flesh of Christ, or his human nature generally, came in the room of the old, since in that as its living and real habitation Godhead dwelt, and was for the people of God in a higher sense what the material temple had been in a lower. So in various passages of Scripture we find it represented (*John i. 14; ii. 19; Dan. ix. 24, &c.*); and when so represented, the relation between the new and the old must be viewed in its general character, without respect either to the subdivisions of the temple on the one side, or the details of Christ's work on the other.

But when the details of Christ's work *are* the subject of discourse, as they are throughout this epistle, then the temple also, as a matter of course, must be considered in respect to its several apartments, furniture, and services. As regards Christ, too, it is not what he is or does simply as the God-man that is made account of, but rather what he is and does as the great high priest of our profession, having to minister in our behalf before God, and secure the acceptance of our persons and services. The temple or dwelling of God is now, therefore, necessarily contemplated as out of himself: and though very God as well as true man, he has to do a work of priestly mediation between heaven and earth. Earth itself is, in this case, but the outer court of the temple, in which certain portions of the service must be performed; but the immediate and proper dwelling of God is above, in the heaven of heavens—*there* now is the holiest of all, to which a way of access must be laid open for those against whom, on account of sin, there lay the ban of heaven's condemnation. It is actually laid open, as the sacred writer once and again declares, by the blood of Christ, which prevails with its infinite efficacy to blot out for all believers the guilt of sin, and establish their perfect reconciliation with the Father. But the flesh, he also testifies, which furnished that atoning blood, stood in a certain relation to the veil that hung before the most holy place, and formed the one doorway of access. How should it have done so? It is not enough to say here what is true, or important; the thoughts must be suited to the matter more immediately in hand. That the flesh of Christ served as a sort of

"veil to the divine nature which dwelt within him, and as the veil of the tabernacle concealed the glory of Jehovah in the holy of holies from the view of man, so the flesh of Christ concealed the higher nature from our view that dwelt within this veil" (*Stuart*)—is perfectly true in itself; but, it will be observed, has to do with the constitution of Christ's person, not with the nature of his work as the high priest of his people, and is consequently out of place in such a connection. Nor is it altogether appropriate to say with another learned commentator (*Delitzsch*), that "the weak, circumscribed, mortal flesh of which Jesus made himself partaker, in order to die for us, was found to serve as a veil here below between him and the heavenly holiest of all; that the pathway for him to the celestial fellowship with God in glory lay through death, wherein he laid aside his flesh, as fashioned after the state of the old Adam, in order to resume it as fashioned after a heavenly condition," &c. For this, however important as bearing on the completeness of Christ's work, and the final issues of his redemption, can scarcely be said to stand in necessary and immediate relation to the proper subject of discourse in the passage before us,—namely, a *present*, free, and gracious intercourse for sinful men with the God of heaven. This is the one grand point under consideration; and to bring in other aspects of the work, connected with its future glories and results, is but to take off our regard from the few simple, but all-important ideas, on which they are here sought to be concentrated.

What are these ideas? That now, as of old, there is but one door-way of access for sinful men into the gracious presence and fellowship of God—that this in itself is of a nature fitted to obstruct, rather than to facilitate their admission—but that when associated with the appointed blood of atonement, it offers a free approach into the holiest. So far both were alike; what was true of the old holds equally of the new. The veil in the old, however, did not, like the flesh of Christ, furnish the blood, through which it became an open and consecrated way; and in failing to do so, it was not a perfect image of what was to come. But in the new, also, the blood furnished by the flesh of Christ was not the whole,—it was but the material part—the sign and bearer of that spiritual and divine life, which gave its real worth and efficacy to the death of Christ as an atonement for sin. Till by this complex sacrifice the work of atonement was accomplished, the flesh of Christ, like flesh generally, stood as a veil of separation from the sanctuary above; for, in assuming that flesh, he became the representative of men as sinful, and though personally the Holy One of Israel, he could not appear in the presence of the Father as our high-priest, until he had shed his life-blood in expiation of the guilt that lay on him. Then the veil of separation became the way of approach; the heavenly sanctuary opened its gates to receive him to its highest honours and ministrations; and spiritually it stands open to all who come in faith upon his blood, that they may have fellowship with

him in the endless life to which he has risen. Thus, again, we are made to see how all in the scheme of God hangs upon the atoning work of Jesus, which so many would explain away, and others would render important, only by bringing into view some incidental thoughts or results connected with it. It is itself a thing of infinite moment, the central fact of Christianity; and in proportion as it is understood and appreciated, or misconceived and neglected, the Bible must be a plain or an obscure book—a fountain sealed, or a well-spring of life and blessing.

P. F.

MOUNT ZION.

IF, in the actual survey of Jerusalem, the mount on which the Temple stood becomes the central point of interest, illumined still as with the mystic light of its old Shechinah, it is the neighbouring hill of Zion that more frequently represents to the mind those ennobling memories to which the Holy City owes its fame. As the rock of the Capitol stood pre-eminent among the hills of the Tiber, as identified with the imperial majesty of Rome, the embattled steep which David crowned with his house of cedar gathered round it all the glory and beauty of Jerusalem, and passed into Hebrew thought and speech as the symbol of all that was sacred and august in the national traditions. It was by the name of Zion that the true-hearted of Israel prayed for the city of their faith: "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities." By this name Hebrew poets sang of its splendour and beauty, and prophets denounced it for its guilt, and wailed over its desolation: "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King"—"How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger!" And when the glance of prophetic inspiration pierces furthest through the future, and beholds the glory of the Church of Christ, it is still this name to which the music of its loftiest strains is set: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone"—"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion"—"Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God."

The earliest notices of a site so memorable have an interest of their own. The most southern of the hills on which Jerusalem was built, Zion first appears in sacred history as a stronghold of the Jebusites, one of the aboriginal tribes of Canaan, who long maintained their independence in this rocky fastness. The children of Judah could not drive out the Jebusites from Jerusalem (Josh. xv. 63); and all through the time of the Judges and the reign of Saul, the groves of Zion must have been polluted with the dark rites of Moloch and Ashtaroth. Not till David was anointed king over all Israel in Hebron, were the Jebusites expelled from their fortress, an exploit due to the warlike enterprise of Joab. The castle of Zion became the palace of the

king, and this quarter was called "The City of David." Hither David brought the ark, and placed it in a tent; from which time the mount acquired a kind of local consecration: "The Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation"—"In Salem also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion." The buildings which gradually covered the sides of the hill formed the "Upper City" of Jerusalem, separated from Acra, or the "Lower City," by the long curving valley of the Tyropœon. Under the splendid sway of Solomon, the regal hill, beautified with the structures on which he lavished the wealth of his kingdom, must have presented a scene of unparalleled magnificence. It is probable that the three great palaces he built were connected by terraces and corridors, as well as joined to the Temple by superb approaches. Zion, in those brilliant days, was the Palatine of Jerusalem, rivalling in the costliness and grandeur of its erections the Roman mount crowned by the Golden House of Nero. The "House of the Forest of Lebanon" seems to have derived its name from the crowd of cedar pillars that propped its gilded roof, and may perhaps find its nearest type in the gorgeous architecture of the Alhambra. There the royal gardens filled the summer air with fragrance and bloom, and fountains cooled it with their silver mist of spray, and the voices of unseen singers blended with the melody of pipe and viol; and there was all that could enchant the senses, and steep the dreamy mind in rapture. Yet even there "all was vanity and vexation of spirit;" and the great king, in his sumptuous pavilion, envied the sleep of the labouring man who pruned his vines on the sunny slopes of Engedi.

Zion was always well defended by walls and bulwarks. Its massive citadel, from which the Turkish standard floats, close to the Bethlehem or Yaffa Gate, preserves the site of the ancient Hippicus, the tower so famous in the Roman siege of Jerusalem. It was spared by Titus, when the rest of the city was levelled with the ground. The modern wall sweeps along the ridge far within the ancient line of defence, leaving a large tract bare which was once covered with buildings. Unlike the stony ridges in the vicinity, which give Jerusalem such a look of desolation, the soil is fruitful; and wandering over the hill one may pluck some ears of wheat, in token of the prediction that Zion would be "ploughed like a field." The glory of the "City of David" is departed, but the name of its founder is still inscribed on its ruins. The north-east tower of the citadel is called the "Tower of David;" the southern gate, by which you descend to the Pool of Siloam in the valley, is the "Gate of the Prophet David;" and on the crest of the ridge, overlooking the Valley of Hinnom, is a group of buildings which attracts the eye in every view of the city, revered by the Mohammedans as the tombs of David and the princes of the line of Judah. Near the Gate of Zion stands the Armenian Convent, said to be built on the site of the house of Caiaphas, and, of course, a spot fruitful in monkish legends. The different sects

divide the sacred localities among them, as the Roman soldiers did the Saviour's garments, though not with the same justice; and, in the unequal partition, the stone which sealed the sepulchre, and the broken column from which the cock crew, have fallen to the share of the Armenians, and form, indeed, their chief source of revenue. In this neighbourhood the new English cemetery has been laid out. In digging away the slope to level the ground, the workmen came upon a tract of smooth rock, which the old Jewish builders had scarped for the foundations of the ancient wall.

On the eastern or inward side of Zion there is still a considerable slope, but the ravine which in ancient times separated the upper from the lower city has nearly disappeared. This is owing to the mounds of rubbish which have accumulated during the various sieges the city has undergone, and the long sabbath of her desolation; so that the whole platform on which the lower city stands has been slowly elevated.

Even during the first captivity it was predicted (Jer. xxx. 18) that the city should be "built upon her own heap;" and since then the waste of thirty centuries has choked up her hollows and worn away the sharpness of her features. In digging the foundations of the English church, which stands on Zion not far from the Turkish citadel, the workmen pierced to a depth of fifty feet through the *debris* of ancient buildings. An old Greek chapel has been recently uncovered, the floor of which is twenty-five feet below the level of the adjacent street. Thus, like the Egyptian Sphinx buried to the neck in the desert sand, or the time-scarred columns that rise out of grave-like chasms in the Forum, the Jerusalem of David and Solomon,—of Titus and Constantine,—even the later capital of Godfrey and the Latin kings, lies many feet below the surface of the city trodden by the traveller of to-day.

And year by year signs of change are more perceptible, in many respects for the better. Dr. Robinson, noticing the improvement which had taken place since his former visit, writes in 1852: "A process was going on of tearing down old dwellings and replacing them by new ones, which reminded me somewhat of New York. There were, at this time, more houses undergoing this transformation in the Holy City than I had seen the year before in six of the principal cities of Holland." Nor are there wanting indications of a parallel improvement in her spiritual condition,—tokens that a new life begins to stir and throb in the shrivelled frame of Judaism, so wonderfully preserved from decay through ages of spiritual death. It is something to those who pass by that a church of the reformed faith opens its gates on Zion, to a band of Hebrew worshippers,—that Jew and Moslem may there see a purer type of Christianity than is witnessed in those rival shrines where Greek and Latin devotees make prostrations before tawdry images and coarse pictures, and desecrate the Holy Sepulchre by their miserable quarrels.

The voice of Christian praise which now ascends each

Sabbath-day from Jewish lips on Zion, is but the prelude to those songs of everlasting joy with which the tribes of Israel shall yet, in the City of David, hail Jesus of Nazareth as Lord and King. Then "many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

J. D. B.

STORE OF GRACE.

Is there not a fine roll about the following proclamation? The verse, as one has remarked, reads like poetry:—

"Whithersoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment; and as many as touched him were made whole."

It sets forth the store of grace and power treasured up in Him who undertook to be the world's Deliverer.

Observe, the outgoings of his grace are not limited by *locality*, or by those arbitrary distinctions which society makes among men. No matter where the parties lived for whom his favour was sought, whether in town, or village, or country, none of them were cast upon his mercy unregarded. In his esteem, it mattered not whether a man moved in the politer circles, and was accustomed to the manners and customs of city life, or was a simple husbandman, tilling his own fields with his own hands. The only question asked was, "What is his personal condition? Is there any affliction which embitters his life, and from which he would fain, were it possible, be delivered?" If there was, the help required was tendered freely.

Then, notice the comprehensive term under which the objects of Christ's compassion are summarily classed. They were not the lame merely, or the leprous, or the paralyzed, or the possessed. They were all of these put together. They were just in one word the sick—all the sick, whatever was the matter with them, and to whatever lengths the disease had gone. As there was no limit to the outflow of his mercy, in so far as localities or classes in society were concerned, so there was no restriction in respect of the kind or extent of the ailments which he undertook to cure.

And next, see in what an easy and sovereign way he removed the evils which were brought under his notice. The virtue in him was, as it were, so abundant, that it overflowed. He did not need to put forth any great exertions in order to effect his end—to employ such a laborious system of means and appliances as might have suggested the idea that if he did heal, he did so with difficulty. "They laid the sick in the streets, and besought him if they might touch were it but the border of his garment; and as many as touched were made whole." In Eastern countries, when a man would humble

himself to the very utmost before another, he kisses the hem or border of his garment. The border of the garment sweeps the dust, and is held to represent the least honourable part of the dress, and therefore of its wearer. When, therefore, it is intimated that the sick in the streets were healed, not by the laying on of his hands, not by a word of his mouth, but by a touch of the border of his garment, there is symbolically set forth the truth, that so full of glorious power was the divine Redeemer, that what was lowliest about him was pervaded with a sovereign virtue, and that the Store of Grace in him was abundant to overflowing.

Once more, notice how completely and unfailingly efficacious was the healing power which, in his mercy, he was pleased to put forth. *As many as* touched him (there were no disappointments, no mistakes, no failures, no hits and misses in his practice)—*AS MANY AS* touched him were, not merely made better—put in the way of regaining health—caused to experience some present temporary relief—that is all that can ever be expected from the first visit of the most skilful earthly physician—but, it is written here, *as many as* touched him were made instantly, and perfectly, and permanently *WHOLE*.

Now, Jesus the sick-healer is always, in a manner, to be taken as a type of Christ the soul-healer; and in looking, therefore, at the grace and power manifested by him in the former character, we are to see represented his grace and power in the latter. The use, then, we ought to make of such a passage as that now under notice is obvious. We ought to use it for the purpose of stirring ourselves up to the exercise of a heartier *faith* in the mighty and merciful Saviour revealed to us in the gospel. This, indeed, is the grand end of all preaching. The worst thing that is the matter with the world is, that it does not believe in the name of the only-begotten Son of God; and the best thing that could possibly come upon it would be the removal of this unbelief, and the implanting in its room of a living principle of faith. And why do men not believe in him? There are many reasons; but here, at any rate, is one of them: It is because, notwithstanding all the fulness of information which they have regarding him, they cannot be said really, and adequately, to be acquainted either with his history, his character, or his claims. And hence, they do not see him to be possessed, in the highest perfection and degree, of all those qualities required in one who, like him, has undertaken to seek and to save the lost. It is by the study of such a verse as the above that this fatal ignorance may be expected to be removed—teaching us, as it does, so richly and so clearly, that the grace of God which bringeth salvation is not limited in its manifestation to any one particular *place*, nor confined in its operation to any one particular *set of sinners*, nor scanty and limited in its quantity or *measure*, nor at all *uncertain* in the character of its effects, and thus revealing the transcendently glorious character of Christ.

N. L. W.

THE HIGHLANDS—THE DAYS OF THE FATHERS.

Books on provincial religion, if faithfully and intelligently written, might not only be very interesting, but of great use to the Church—more so, often, than those more ambitious Church histories which follow the whole stream of a nation's course. From one of these, devoted to Ross-shire, but touching upon the state of religion in the Highlands, we have already extracted some information for our readers, but, before parting with it, should like to refer to a few of the more general views which it contains or suggests. This book has two ulterior objects: to defend the religion of the Highlands as opposed to that of the Lowlands, and to magnify the days of the fathers as opposed to those of their children.

To extol the religion of the Highlands we hold to be a good work, and though it is undesirable that this should be done in the spirit of a partisan, still it is better that it should be so done than that it should not be done at all. In every such work of memorial, what there is of mistake and prejudice quickly perishes, while what is genuine and valuable remains the permanent inheritance of the Church. And there was much danger, in this particular case of the Highlands of Scotland, that the Church universal might be defrauded of her inheritance. Good and great men were passing away, and their witness was in heaven, and their record on high, but not on earth. Lowly flowers of holiness bloomed solitarily in many a distant strath, flowers now transplanted to heaven, but whose fragrance, if wafted wide, might cheer the hearts of the desolate, and bring grateful returns of praise to Him who nurtured them with divine tenderness and grace. It is good that the work of memorial has been so well commenced, as in this book on Ross-shire, and the smaller but more unexceptionable one by the Rev. Mr. MacGillivray on a district of Sutherland; but it is very desirable that it should go on. The field is rich, and but a small part of it has been reaped. The field is rich, and unless it is soon garnered into permanent memorial, it must perish from the memories of men.

To extol the religion of the Highlands is a good work; to portray it would be still better; to *defend* it is more doubtful. For a defence must always turn on the peculiarities of the thing defended; and there can be little doubt that the peculiarities of the religion of the Highlands are chiefly due to the peculiarities of the Highland character. And as it is God who has made all nations of one blood upon the face of the earth, but has also made each nation differ from all the others in temperament and characteristics, there is little use in quarrelling with his decree, and as little in defending it.—The Highland temperament is grave, earnest, and enthusiastic; keenly logical on the one hand, and highly imaginative on the other; impulsive, and unpractical, and not calculated for steady or sustained work. They would have made famous ascetics, noble mystics, deathless martyrs; but they would require much of God's grace to

excel in either patience of hope or labour of love. Had they not been delivered, three hundred years ago, from the spiced cup of Popery, there is perhaps no nation in the world that, from its peculiar temperament, would have clung to that system so greedily and so long—even as the sister nation of Ireland does to this day. They are thus what may be called a naturally religious race—not in the sense in which the apostle James defines true religion and undefiled, for in this respect some other nations (the German, for example) have more natural proclivity to the good; but in the sense of having a large measure of those feelings of veneration which constitute the capacity of man's nature for worship and for praise. Now, when the grace of God that bringeth salvation appeared among a race such as this, and the pure gospel was preached with power and received in the Holy Ghost, it was to be expected, according to the ordinary manner of his working, that there would be wonderful results in individual conversion and saintship. The profound sense of sin, the abiding feeling of the majesty of God, the peculiar unworldliness and spirituality of their faith, the keen love of theology as a science, the inward alternations of utter gloom and solemn gladness—all these things could never have appeared so intensely in a race differently constituted, however deep and true the divine work might be. The grace of God is one, but the vessels into which it is poured are many. And as with the excellences of the Celtic character, so with the defects. An idealistic and enthusiastic race will find the duty of worship far easier than the duty of work. In some parts of the world we are shocked by the anomaly of a high morality and a low religion; among a Celtic race the danger is far greater of a high religion and a low morality. Among Lowlanders there is often an exceedingly coarse texture of mind in religious matters, and a great ignorance and inaptitude as to the things of God; while there may be, at the same time, a certain candour and honesty in their dealing with what they do know and feel, which make up for the want of a finer appreciation. In the Highlands, on the contrary, nothing is more common than to find men with the keenest theological views and the finest religious instincts, who are not religiously earnest men, and have no intention of becoming so. Of course, in such instances, it would be vain to expect that a merely intellectual and imaginative religion should exercise an influence on the heart and life. And even in the case where the religion is not false but true, no one can doubt but that in such a temperament, where it fills and possesses the imagination so easily, it must find peculiar difficulties in taking complete hold upon the will, and making the daily walk before God straight, and honest, and true. In such a character the danger of self-deception is at the greatest. The power of religion is apt to be wasted, not used; wasted in metaphysical struggles and theological distinctions; wasted in intense contemplations and resultless self-torturings; wasted by blowing off steam inwardly, instead of turning it all upon the *will*, and pro-

elling the machine in the way of God's testimonies. It has happened to many men when witnessing the worldliness of Lowland religion, its shallow views, and neutral tints, and vague doctrine, and light feelings, and commingling of things that differ, to long earnestly for the intensity and depth of the solemn Gaelic faith. And as often has it happened to such to be glad again to escape from that which they had unwisely sought—from the asphyxia of an atmosphere of theology inadequately ventilated by the breath of life; from high experiences and deep feelings, too partially represented in honourable practice; from a fear of God which was not a fountain of life, to escape from the snares of death. And then they find that, in both cases alike, they have been seeking the living among the dead; that the mass of men have only a false religion, fixed in the imagination in one case, and playing lightly over the life in the other; that the God of truth is not a God of the hills or of the valleys, but that he works in all the earth a "salvation manifold," for whosoever from all kindreds and people will come unto him. Yet, while we are persuaded that this is the way to view any opposition of Gaelic and Lowland religion in Scotland, it must be added that if we are to lean in favour of either, it should be in favour of the former. We have said already that the Celtic is a naturally religious race; and this, if it means anything, means that they are peculiarly fitted for displaying the heights and depths, the trials and progress of Christian experience. Their harp is more finely strung; it responds to the Spirit's breath with a prompter and more touching melody; its notes of sorrow are deeper, and its tones of triumph louder than that of other lands can utter. And, one thing more—it is a language that is passing away, and a race that is mingling with others.

And this brings us to another subject—the complaint that in the Highlands spiritual life is passing away; that it is not now as it was in the fathers' days. We are disposed at present to accept the complaint as true; though it is perhaps difficult to ascertain how far it means that true religion is passing away, and how far merely that the Highland form of true religion is passing away. Yet, let us take it as true in its largest and saddest sense. There comes for us then the urgent question, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" Now, whatever other answers may be given to a question so great, this at least has to be said, *We should not look back to the past.* There is no help for us there.

The habitual *laudator temporis acti* has always been held to do an evil work in his generation; not the less when the burden of his song is *true* than when it is *false*.* For even in temporal matters, God will have us not to live a second-hand life; and it is the surest sign of a nation's decay when it begins to live only in

the past, and to count itself unworthy of greatness in the present. And how much more is this the case in spiritual life! God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; and because "all live unto him," they are bound to live in a solemn and infinite hopefulness. True, there is much cause for sorrow. "The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" But when this is made the first and the last word in a publication addressed to living and immortal men, we are driven to the question, with which a child once startled a bereaved mother from her languor, "*is God dead?*"

We believe it has never once been the case in the history of the Church of God, that a generation which has fallen into a state of declension and decay, has been revived through means of being pointed to former and better days. The fact, if it be a fact, is a very striking one, and not according to our first ideas of what would be the wisest thing to do in the circumstances. Yet the reasons are not far to seek. If we asked the philosophers, they might tell us that human nature, like the soil of the earth, needs a certain rotation; that human experience never exactly repeats itself; that the soul cannot live on stale bread;—and all this may not be utterly false. But the higher reasons are the safer and the true ones. It is God's prerogative to give life, and he is jealous for his own prerogative. No prophets' bones may share the glory of the gift. It has ever been the tendency of the Church to lean on the past; and it has been the practice of God, age after age, to break it off from the past, even rudely and violently. Yet it was all in vain; and the generation that rejected the Son of God were building the tombs of the prophets, and garnishing the sepulchres of their righteous. He came to that generation, and they received him not. So he comes to every generation, in the majesty of his mercy; dealing with them, not as the sons of evil fathers, nor as the sons of fathers who trusted in his name, but as human sinners, standing between the eternity past and the eternity that is to come.

We have been forced into this line of reflection by feeling how necessary it is for us, in recalling the memory of the blessed dead, carefully to think of them as saved by the grace and to the glory of God, with whom *we* also have to do. Unless we do so, we shall perhaps be unable to avoid positive injury to ourselves from the retrospect; and only by doing so can we connect the saints of a former generation with the preachers of the present, and make the days of the fathers fruitful for the children.

THE GREATNESS OF SMALL THINGS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

A YOUNG reader—fired, we trust, with a true spiritual ambition—writes to us for a few practical counsels on "attaining the greatest measure of success in the reli-

* "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

gious life." As this friend may represent many other readers, we will reply to him in the same columns that meet their eyes also. Growth in godliness should be the chief aim of every renewed heart.

Young friend, you state that you are already hopefully converted. You have already attained a certain measure of piety; the question now is, how to *attain the highest and the best*. With much distrust of our own judgment, we would commend to you the very simple principle laid down by our Saviour, that whosoever shall do and teach one of the least commandments, "the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." The principle is, that success and eminence only can be reached by the closest attention to SMALL THINGS. This principle is as true in religious as in secular affairs. Napoleon was the most effective man of modern times. "The secret of his greatness was, that while his plans were more vast and various than other men's, he had the talent to fill them up with promptness and precision in every minute particular of execution. Numbers, times, spaces were all distinct to his eye. He knew them all. The wheeling of every legion was mentally present to him. The tramp of every foot was in his ear. The numbers of troops were all supplied; the spaces were passed over; the times were met; and so the work was done."

Equally applicable is this principle to the vital business of serving the Lord. Success depends upon details. You have, perhaps, a vague idea of some wonderful and splendid achievement in godliness that shall come upon you in a way that you can scarcely tell how. You are quite mistaken in your day-dreams of sudden and supernatural attainments. Your growth, your usefulness, your eminence in godliness will be measured by your obedience to the very least and humblest commandments of your crucified Master. In this you have his divine example; for the life of Jesus on earth was a patient carrying out of heavenly religion into the minutest actions and events. His startling overpowering displays were few. Only once he took on an appearance of dazzling glory, but every day and every hour his countenance beamed forth the lustre of a spotless holiness. It was only upon a single occasion that we hear of his treading the waves of the sea; but how often did he walk on long journeys to teach poor fishermen—to visit a humble family of Bethany—to relieve a Canaanitish woman—and to restore the child of a heart-broken ruler. The gentle reproof of Martha for her excessive absorption in household affairs, the payment of a few pence in taxes, and the message to impulsive Peter after his resurrection, all show that Christ overlooked nothing and neglected nothing that his divine wisdom deemed worthy of his notice. *Holiness in all things* is the beautiful and blessed epitome of our Saviour's life and character.

Great principles of godliness carried out in details is the apostolic conception of practical religion. Paul gives as minute directions in his letters as your good mother

used to give you when you were a student in M— university. Peter presents the only sure method of spiritual growth when he says, "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, to your virtue knowledge," &c. This implies growth by daily addition—by joining one attainment to another. It is the construction of a great spiritual temple by laying stone upon stone. A vast and imposing edifice, made up of small commandments faithfully kept—or rather of great commandments kept in the smallest particulars—is the life of every eminent saint who ever adorned and blessed the world. How do trees grow? How did that imperial elm by your father's gateway attain its colossal dimensions? By *keeping all the commandments*. It obeyed the laws of vegetable growth, it never despised the smallest accretion from the soil beneath, or from the reservoir of air that surrounds it. So must you grow in grace. Despise not the day of small things. Count nothing a trifle that bears on your Christian character. Excellence in the kingdom of Christ is only attainable by constant, patient, prayerful progress. This progress is to be made by conscientious attention to the least particulars of your daily life. Healthy piety overlooks no command of God; slights none; twists none out of its due place and proportion. Your mistake is that you are looking for growth by sudden leaps, by occasional tremendous efforts on extraordinary occasions. It is very probable that you will go to your grave without ever encountering a single "extraordinary occasion;" for God may never call you to such. But he will give you innumerable small everyday occasions in which to glorify him; and if you do not serve him in "that which is least," neither would your graces be found equal to great emergencies.

You are shocked when you read of the stupendous defalcations in public offices. But are you just as scrupulous about cheating the Government out of a postage-stamp as you would be of robbing a half million from the "Department of the Interior?" You are horrified when you read of exactions under the lash on a cotton plantation. But the harsh blow given to your little boy in a fit of passion, or the sharp bargains made with your poor seamstress, are sins of the same kind and colour in the sight of Christ. You loathe cowardice in high places. So do I. But your Master also loathes our time-serving spirit when we connive at fashionable wickedness, or keep our lips closed when we ought to "stand up for Jesus." You applaud the heroism of those missionaries who stood their ground during the late bloody scenes in the East. The same spirit in *kind*, if not in degree, is demanded of you, when you are called on to walk two miles every Sabbath, and teach a ragged class of unwashed boys in the mission school. Peter did not deny his Master on a grand, premeditated occasion. It was when suddenly assailed by a small person with a small taunt, that his heedless lips bolted out the contemptible falsehood. Look out for sudden temptations of Satan to commit "small sins;" they will be the little leaks to sink the ship, the little foxes to

spoil the vine of your Christian character. Look out for the first neglects of your closet under the pressure of business, or of personal fatigue. Religious declension begins at a neglected closet-door.

But why go over the whole field of practical Christianity in one brief letter? We write you in order to enforce this one precept, that success in the Christian life depends upon obedience to "the least of the commandments." You are right in aiming high. Your ambition is noble. Do not be satisfied with a meagre, half-developed, compromising piety. The world has had quite enough of such. Everything that ought to be done at all ought to be done well. Never take hold of anything without determining to be in that thing successful; if possible, to be eminent. In religion, success and eminence both depend on numberless details of duty faithfully and conscientiously carried out in the strength of God. The Master whom you serve has said, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." May your strength be equal to your day!

"BUSY HERE AND THERE."

ABSORBED in inferior matters, the confession has fallen from many lips, "*As thy servant was busy here and there he was gone*" (1 Kings xx. 40).

The Holy Spirit, kind and gracious, powerful to change the inner man and impart a meetness for heaven, has gone. The day in which to secure the great end of life has gone. The period of youth when the heart, though depraved, is not yet hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and the conscience, though defiled, is not seared as with a hot iron, has gone. That sermon adapted to my case, worthy of being remembered and reduced to practice, has gone. Those kind words, prompted by Christian affection, exerting for the time a softening effect, have gone. Those serious impressions, pungent convictions, often the precursors of hope, have gone.

Sad has been the acknowledgment from *many a disciple*, "*As thy servant was busy here and there,*" engrossed with topics remote from present duty, losing sight of covenant engagements, "*he was gone.*" That neighbour, acquaintance, unbelieving friend, for whose eternal welfare I ought to have made direct exertions, has passed for ever beyond my reach. That opportunity of benefiting such a family or neighbourhood, of prevailing on such a neglecter of the public ordinances to frequent the sanctuary, has glided away unimproved. That season of hopeful indication for Zion, betokening the dawn of a better day, has disappeared, and no mercy drops descended.

Nor has this confession been a stranger to *the Christian parent*. "*As thy servant was busy here and there,*"

not duly mindful of the home vineyard, the work there required, my child has gone, perhaps, to the grave and to the world of retribution, no more to hear the teachings of maternal affection, nor those lessons which a father's position and experience qualify him to give. Or if living, he has gone from the atmosphere, the example, the influence of home. Not as I might and should, have I taken advantage of that forming season when the heart is most susceptible, and the voice of God is heard. "*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*" My child has gone, passed through the different stages of early life—gone not fortified to meet the temptations of an ensnaring world. Owing to my neglect, he may become a victim of vice, a wretched wanderer in some of the avenues of crime.

And so the child favoured with a pious parentage, taught betimes by *a devoted mother* to rest his hope on the blessed Saviour. Wrung with anguish, not a few have confessed, "*As thy servant was busy here and there,*" little appreciating a mother's advice, with the pencil of the imagination drawing delusive pictures of the future, sketching scenes and paths of earthly bliss, she has gone. Her lovely form has receded from my view. Those lips, accustomed with all gentleness to give line upon line, and precept upon precept, will do so no more. Henceforth, near the throne they will be occupied in praising redeeming love.

Many a *Sabbath school-teacher*, entrusted with a bright, active class, has been obliged to exclaim, "*As thy servant was busy here and there,*" explaining the truths of the Bible from Sabbath to Sabbath, conversing of Christ and religion, anticipating many similar opportunities, not dreaming about the arrows of disease, the coming of the pale, silent messenger, he or she, a promising lad, an amiable girl, was gone. Their seat is vacant. Whether faithful or unfaithful, my work for that scholar's good is ended.

Many a *young man*, having left the beaten track, the great highway of truth for one of the by-paths of error, has said when too late, "*As thy servant was busy here and there,*" now devouring the contents of this infidel book, pamphlet, newspaper; now hearing this sceptical lecturer or preacher; now mingling in circles which calumniate the gospel, its ministers, and disciples:—thus "*busy here and there,*" the principles of truth, early and faithfully inculcated, are gone; gone from my bosom is that hallowed influence which leads the soul earnestly to inquire and seek after salvation.

Surprised by their last sickness, without adequate preparation, many a wasted, emaciated one, hardly able to speak, is saying at this moment, "*As thy servant was busy here and there,*" intent on pleasure, honour, wealth, life with its opportunities has vanished, probation with its means and influences has terminated. "*The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved.*"

"*The night cometh, in which no man can work.*" Work while it is called to-day.

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AND THE LAST VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

WE had left our visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre until our last day in Jerusalem, not purposely, but because localities more satisfactorily ascertained, and less desecrated by superstition, had engrossed our attention.

There are three distinct sets of historic association which give interest to this land of ruins: the events of the old Jewish history, of the sixty years during which the New Testament was lived and written, and the Crusades, that great revulsion of European life to the East.

With the first of these periods the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has, of course, nothing to do. With the second, it has (at least in the opinion of many) but a very doubtful connection. One verse in one Gospel might have set at rest for ever, in a few words, the question of the situation of Calvary, and therefore of the Sepulchre. No such verse exists, and in the absence of direct proof, one can only hope that the place which is annually desecrated by an imposture and a fight amongst those who bear the name of Christ, is *not* Calvary.

But with the third period, the era of the Crusades, or rather the whole of the middle ages, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the great central point, the inmost sanctuary and shrine of mediæval faith, the sacred relic around which the battle of Moslem and Christian raged for centuries.

In visiting this Church, we felt as if we were leaving the home of Jewish kings and prophets, and the earthly footprints of the Son of God, to enter on a region full, indeed, of deep human and historical interest, but altogether on a lower level, more of an interest akin to that which we feel in Rome or Canterbury, although in an intenser degree.

Our thought, as we descended the steps into the court outside the Church, was not so much of Golgotha, or the tomb hewn in the rock, as of the countless pilgrim-feet which had trodden those steps for centuries, of the innumerable hearts which had throbbed with eager joy, or almost stood still with awe in approaching those sacred walls.

The front and the arched doors are very massive and elaborately ornamented. You compare them mentally, *not* with anything in the Bible, but with Venice, or Milan, or Cologne. You are transported into the middle ages, the middle ages orientalized. You pass from the burning sacrifice into the dark church. You are no longer in the city where David dwelt—where Nicodemus came to Jesus by night—by which the Brook Kedron flowed—to which her King came, lowly and riding on an

ass—and which the little children entered, singing Hosannas, in the light of the spring morning—where the blind and lame were touched by those healing hands, and walked and saw. You are in another world, lighted, not by the blaze of the Syrian sun, or the starlight of the Syrian night, but by faint rays stealing through mediæval windows. The air around you is no breeze from the Great Sea, or the mountains beyond Jordan, but the air of a vault perfumed with incense.

The group of Moslem soldiers sitting on a raised matted stone platform at the left of the entrance, reminds you for an instant of the scenes enacted here at Easter, when Turkish sabres have to restrain Christian worshippers from tearing each other in pieces in their eagerness to light their torches at the “sacred fire,” a singular collision of three religions, Mohammedan, Christian, and Pagan. But passing on, you forget this strange discord, and are back again in the days of Richard Cœur de Lion, or of Godfrey of Bouillon, and then mediæval religion seems to rise before you allegorized in stone.

The Church of the middle ages is indeed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Although there can be no doubt that throughout the middle ages there was always a Church of the living Saviour, it is a most significant fact that the centre of Christendom in those days was a tomb. A sacred tomb, indeed, but yet with reverence be it spoken, a tomb not sacred even as that of Stephen or Paul would have been, for it was an empty tomb.

The grave of the humblest Christian contains relics which one day are to be quickened into glorious, incorruptible beauty. The sepulchre of Christ, could it have been found, would have contained nothing but the stone ledge, “the place where the Lord lay.” The dust of the grave-clothes might be there; the angels had gone back to heaven, or were ministering to some lowly Hagar or little child on earth; the embalming spices had never been needed there. May we not feel that the lowliest sod beneath which the dust of a Christian lies, and over which the eyes of Christ watch to awake it into immortality, is more truly sacred than that empty sepulchre? May we not be sure that the body in which the Holy Spirit dwelt, and which shall awake in the likeness of the Lord, is more truly a relic of our Redeemer, than the abandoned grave-clothes and the empty tomb? Yet it was by this empty sepulchre that mediæval Christendom stood without, like the Magdalene, weeping. The best and most characteristic of its hymns are tinged with deep melancholy. Their fragrance is that of the embalming spices, rather than of the re-

urrection morning. Their gaze is into the darkness of the sepulchre, instead of towards the light into the face of the risen Saviour.

Surely those pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre are as contrary to the whole spirit of Christianity, as the worship of the glorified Virgin Mother—"Mary the immaculate," which has succeeded them. To turn from the living Lord to the abandoned tomb is as strange a perversion as to turn from the dying Redeemer on the cross to the mournful mother beside it,—

" 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant—
More life and fuller that we want."

And ours is a religion of life; our Lord the Prince of life, the Bread of life, the Life itself, who burst the hands of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of them. All this presses sensibly on the heart in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the religion of the Crusades petrified, and the spirit of the middle ages comes over you as you stand within these massive walls.

The wretched rivalries of the various Churches, and the "narrowing lust of gold" which fosters these rivalries, are on a lower level again. But these did not build the grand arches, or heap every sacred spot with precious stones and metals. It was a true devotion which is represented here, however below the truth may be its objects.

That flight of steps leading to a stone platform, which to you may seem little more than the rood-loft, or the Calvary of any mediæval church, is what Crusaders died to win. Countless forms have been prostrated there in passionate adoration. We saw a man reverently embracing and kissing column after column. As you stand there the thought comes overpoweringly to you, "Can this indeed be Calvary? the place where the Cross stood, the three crosses? Did our Saviour's dying eyes indeed look down from this height on the sea of curious and mocking faces of those who had come to see that sight, and on the three women and one apostle who ventured to stand close beside Him, before that angry crowd, and confess that they loved Him?" If so, you feel that in order to form any realization of the scene, you must shut your eyes and exclude all the incongruous treasures with which the industrious devotion of centuries has encumbered the place. If this once irregular hillock were indeed Golgotha, and the new sepulchre wherein never yet man lay, beside which the voice of the risen Saviour was first heard, was indeed where that shrine now stands, then what a desecration this building is! What one would give to be able to sweep away this heavy roof, and this wretched gold, and these marbles, and look up from this very spot to the sky which was veiled at mid-day, and over the guilty city which had poured out her multitudes to witness, without a remonstrance, the perpetration of that unequalled crime! We guard with jealous care every trace of our national heroes or our beloved dead,—the pen laid down as it was left, the poor

chairs and table where Luther and his Catherine sat, the unfinished work, the garden walk "where prayer was wont to be made." Why, then, can Christendom have combined to destroy everything which was characteristic in this place of most sacred memories to us all?

The only thought which enables one at all to comprehend it, is that in the Empress Helena's time, when the "Invention of the Holy Cross" took place, the memory of the cross as an infamous punishment had not passed away from the world. Golgotha was a place of ignominy, and we can easily imagine the devotion of the Christian empress leading her to bury every trace of her Saviour's rejection beneath all that the imperial treasuries could offer of costly magnificence. Well as one can comprehend such a feeling, how far more precious to us would have been the broken ground, the bare, roughly-hewn rock, the open view of Olivet, Jerusalem, and the sky!

The Holy Sepulchre itself is one mass of gold and silver, and precious marbles, seen by the dim light of silver lamps.

There are some less ornamented tombs—one called Joseph's—in a vault belonging to the Copts. Latins, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Syrians, all have a corner in the sacred edifice. The various Churches seemed to have taxed their ingenuity to find sacred names and events to consecrate their several territories, and to secure some especial attraction for their especial votaries. We are sinking into a region below that of religious sentimentalism, or even of ecclesiastical controversy, to the lowest deep of petty mercenary competitions. In every sense it is a relief to escape from the dim church, with its heavy atmosphere, into the daylight and the fresh air.

For ours is indeed a religion of life and light, not of sepulchres or relics. Our sanctuaries are not the twilight of umbrageous groves, or the night of oracular caverns or monumental vaults. Precious, indeed, is every relic of the work of the hand we may touch no more, but the hand of Him we adore is working around us everywhere. Every star that shines, and every blossom that opens is not a relic of His absent work, but a token of His living presence. The voice which said, "It is finished," is not silenced for us. We know it. It speaks to us day by day in ever loving words. The true reliquary of the Church of Christ is the Bible. Let us treasure, if we will, every relic of the dead we honour. But Christ is not dead. He is risen. He was dead and is living again, and behold he liveth for evermore.

There is, indeed, a sense in which we on earth are said to be absent from the Lord, but never is it said that the Lord is absent from us. On the contrary, He is with us always until the end of the world. Death removes us to be present with Him. Resurrection gathers together the whole Church to be for ever with Him, consciously, visibly, eternally. But now to-day, and "all the days," He is with us. He makes His abode with us. He will never leave us nor forsake us.

Have not all representations of the Church as a "widow," or a "widowed bride," a tendency to sentimentalism? The Bible never uses this language. The image employed in Epistles and Apocalypse is one of an entirely different character. The widow is desolate, lonely, her gaze is towards the past, to the life finished and closed. The heart of the betrothed bride is in the future, in the day which ends separation, in the new life opening before her. The Bible compares the Church, not to the widow, but to the betrothed bride. The marriage supper has yet to take place. The new and everlasting home is being prepared; it has yet to be entered. The attitude of all healthy Christianity is not stooping down and looking into the sepulchre weeping, "They have taken away my Lord," but looking up to the risen Lord, and listening to his voice, and answering, *Rabboni*.

We left the church and ascended the steps worn by the feet or knees of so many pilgrims, and descended the *Via Dolorosa* with its "*window of the Ecce Homo*," and its various legendary stations.

What a strange reversal of the parables the Crusades were—a Pilgrim's Progress read the wrong way; the body making a pilgrimage to a material Jerusalem; the Christian armour, mail or steel, instead of faith, and the word of God, and prayer; the Christian warfare against the bodies of Moslems instead of against fleshly lusts and wicked spirits. If the Crusades had only been an allegoric drama enacted for the benefit of posterity, they certainly might be valued as tending to give vividness to our conceptions of the true warfare of the Cross. But the Crusaders were men and women with human hearts and deathless souls. Among them must have been some who really longed, like Christian, to get rid of that terrible burden, who travelled all that weary and perilous journey with the fond hope that at the Holy Sepulchre they would in some way be nearer heaven, would obtain spiritual deliverance, and receive spiritual blessing. To such, what hours of agonizing conflict and bitter disappointment must have been spent here, when the first rush of enthusiastic devotion had subsided! The burden of guilt unremoved, the power of sin unbroken, heaven as far as ever, the Saviour as invisible! Yet, perchance, on many such, as they turned their steps despondingly homeward, the glad tidings dawned that the crucified and risen Lord could be as near them in Germany or England as at Jerusalem, and that the Holy War, so often a defeat in Palestine, might in his strength be always victorious in works of faith and labours of love at home.

We returned from the Church of Helena and the Crusaders to the Turkish city of to-day. Everywhere we were surrounded by tokens which showed how the great conflict of the middle ages had ended. Moslem shopkeepers sat composedly smoking in the bazaars; Moslem women passed us with their veiled faces; Moslem domes crowned the heights of Moriah; Moslem muezzins called to prayer from the galleries of the

minarets. The very name of Christian is a bond. We must lament that the curse of Moslem rule should fall on any spot on earth. Yet we cannot but feel that as regards the sacred association of the Holy Land, Moslem listlessness, and even Moslem fanaticism, have done less to destroy them than monastic superstitions. Two or three centuries of Crusading rule would have left little but a mass of mediæval legends to guide us through Palestine. Turkish rule has, at least, left it Oriental. The language of the peasantry is still allied to that in which our Lord awoke the dead maiden to life, and uttered his own cry of agony. The names of villages, and fountains, and towns are still essentially the same as those in the Old Testament. The traditions of monks who would find you the locale of any scriptural narrative (whether parable or history) within convenient distances of each other, on sufficient notice, are valueless indeed. But the traditions of peasants who have never read the Old or New Testament, and yet spake of Shiloh, or Nazareth, or Tyre by names David could have understood, are absolutely satisfactory. Our wonder in the Holy Land was, not that we could trace so little, but that we could identify so much. Once leave the narrow streets and Saracenic gates of the city itself, and you are on the very hills and valleys where Jesus "went about doing good." Deeply did we feel this, as on the afternoon of the twentieth of June we at length collected our muleteers and horses, and set off two or three hours before night for Bethel. The hills which stand round about Jerusalem, the valleys and the brook, were real and familiar places to us for evermore.

We had toiled through the stony bottom of the dark valley of Hinnom. We had sat one sunny Sunday afternoon on the Hill of Evil Counsel, looking across the valley to the slopes of Zion. We had gone round about the walls of Jerusalem, commanding from different angles the table-land on the west, the deep valleys on the east and south. We had drunk of the clear, cold waters which flow underneath the temple. We had stood by the ancient reservoirs, one of which must have been Bethesda, and another the Pool of Siloam, for since Roman times no energetic and enlightened rule has continued long enough to commence useful public works of any such extent as these. We had groped our way through the rifled sepulchres, whose entrances no one, for centuries, had cared to "whiten" or adorn. We had carefully guided our horses over the rough ground outside the gates, and among the broken cisterns and deserted wells, which made such dangerous "pits" for them to fall into. We had rambled over the slopes of Zion, and gathered the long dagger-like thorns which grow on the prickly bushes there. We had explored the Temple area, and stood on the very place where the blind eyes had first seen, and lame feet had first walked, and the deaf ears had been unstopped at the touch or word of Jesus;—where, in the women's court, that all might approach and learn, our Lord taught openly, and even as he spoke words of eternal wisdom, and answered

every subtle cavil, was at leisure to watch and mark with his approval the poor widow casting her mites into the treasury.

We had crossed the brook Kedron, and wandered up the valley, in some quiet nook of which, among the olives, was Gethsemane. We had watched from Olivet the sunrise light up the roofs of Jerusalem, and the sunset glow behind them. We had seen the city over which, when He beheld it, He wept, burst suddenly on our sight, in that ascent on the road from Jericho. We had sat on the Mount of Olives, and gazed across the Kedron valley to where the goodly buildings had stood, now overthrown. We had gone over and over again the footpath to Bethany, with the wild fig-tree beside it here and there, until its rugged way had grown familiar to us. Seated on those very slopes under the shade of trees, more abundant no doubt than now, treading those very paths, sheltered in the recesses of that same valley, the voice of Jesus had been heard in familiar conversation with the disciples. On that same level summit of Moriah, His voice, in more powerful tones, had taught the listening multitudes, and silenced the cavilling Pharisees and Sadducees, not with the majesty of thunder, or the voice as of a trumpet, or as the sound of many waters, but a human voice, whose tones would have been inaudible at a few hundred yards distance,—a human voice, thrilling with every emotion of the heart. The words have gone forth to the ends of the earth, the voice would have been inaudible across the Kedron valley.

Within sight of those walls near the city, the three crosses had been raised, with the three agonized sufferers on them, exposed to the un pitying gaze of the multitudes who came to see the sight, and the careless mockeries of those that passed by on the high road from Jerusalem. The mystical shadow of one of those crosses has since then embraced the world, and within it a great multitude, which no man can number, have found shelter, and safety, and rest. But then, before the midday darkness came over the land, there was nothing to distinguish it from the other two, or from the number of similar crosses which afterwards terribly exposed the agonies of their victims to the gaze of besieged Jerusalem. There was nothing gigantic about it, infinite as its results will be. It overshadowed, not the city, but only a few yards of earth beneath it, and at a little distance you would not have distinguished one of those three tortured forms from another, infinitely different as the sufferers were,—the Saviour, the saved, and the lost.

And on these heights of Olivet, above Bethany, that human voice had been heard again, in familiar tones, blessing the disciples. The hands that had been stretched out and nailed to the cross were lifted up to bless. And there, in the act of benediction, the well-known form was parted from them, and carried into heaven, mastering all planetary laws with divine majesty, yet, like another human body, lessening to the upturned gaze of

the disciples in the distance above them, until the intervening cloud hid Him from their sight.

It was this truth of the humanity of our Lord which so often came on us with startling distinctness in these pathways He had trodden, that He was actually a man. Our dim and imperfect thoughts vibrate so easily from one mistake to another, in endeavouring to realize His twofold nature, unconsciously mystifying His humanity into something super-human, illimitable, half divine, or humanizing His Deity. Yet in the perfect distinctness of the two natures is the glory of their perfect union, and on it depends much of our practical comfort and strength,—

Perfect God and perfect man: of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting,
Equal to the Father as touching His Godhead: and inferior to the Father as touching His manhood,
Who although He be God and man; yet He is not two, but one Christ,—
One, not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood unto God.
One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person.

It was with thoughts such as these that we rode silently away from Jerusalem on the afternoon of the 20th of June. Our road lay across Scopus, and the site of the camp of Titus. On this ground the armies of Rome had encamped, slowly but surely clasping the infatuated city in their deadly embrace, and here those who may have been left to guard the camp in the day of the capture, must have seen the avenging flames burst forth from the Temple on Moriah, no more as from a sacrificial altar, but as from the funeral pile of the guilty city, from which every single disciple of the Saviour it had crucified had previously been rescued.

Once more on the height to the north (to which Mr. Nicholayson had guided us in our first ride, as presenting the finest view of Jerusalem), we paused to take our last view of it. The only human feature in the desolate landscape, the city rests couched on the edge of the high tableland of Judæa; the mural crown enclasp the brow of the hill, the white roofs, and domes, and minarets gleam from afar, still with something of a queenly dignity. The brown hills stand round about it, the blue mountains of Moab gird the distant horizon. Beautiful for situation it stands, the mountain city, the city where David dwelt, the holy city, the city which God chose, the city over which "Jesus wept," desecrated by man's darkest crime, consecrated by the most marvellous manifestation of God's redeeming love. E. C.

THE VALUE OF A SOUL.

AN ASTRONOMICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THERE are values which arithmetic cannot compute, as there are depths in the ocean which no plummet has yet sounded. A soul is one of these values. The human line runs out in the measurement of its duration; arithmetic fails in the summation of its worth.

We can weigh mountains in scales, and hills in a balance. We have determined the mass and gravity, as well as the path, of each planet in the starry host. But the value of a soul is a problem that waits solution. In our Lord's computation, the largest of earthly values, the world itself, is put into one scale and a soul in the other, and as the computation is being made, the question is put, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" There is confessedly not even an approximation to its value in the comparison of our Lord. And if world should be cast after world into the scale with our earth, till the sun with its planetary system, till the universe of matter were in one scale, and a soul in the other, we should have approached no nearer the solution of the question? What is the worth of a soul? Alas! that in contrast with its inherent preciousness should be the practical everyday value put upon it. It is a monarch incognito—a glory veiled. What so cheap in the market of the world! What coin so small as will not buy a soul! What mess of pottage that will not tempt some Esau to throw away his heritage! Even the man whose life is an offering on the service of the faith, and who burns with zeal for souls, with difficulty sustains his estimate of their preciousness. It is the deep wail from many a missionary journal: "How insensible have I become to the degradation of the heathen! How difficult I feel it to realize amidst their own insensibility the preciousness and peril of their souls?" To this state of mind, whether experienced by the minister at home or the missionary abroad, the following letter of the Rev. T. G. Ragland may bring fresh quickening. It is the illustration of a high Cambridge wrangler after he became missionary in India, of the value of a soul, drawn from his previous astronomical studies, and affords a beautiful evidence of the deep yearning love of the heart of the true missionary over the most abject in that land—the wretched, outcast pariah. Writing home to a friend, he says:—

"An idea some time since formed itself in my mind, and I have at this moment a violent fancy to form it more definitely on paper. Dear Deck used to tell a tale of a simple Suffolk ploughboy. Walking home one moonlight night he fell in with the youth. He was a servant of his brother's, 'And is not that moon,' said the lad, 'much larger than it seems?' 'They say so,' said our friend; 'but what size do you think it to be?' 'Why, indeed, I can't say for certain, but somehow I should think it was just about large enough nicely to lie down in our meadow!' So much for the ploughboy's fancied knowledge and real ignorance. To moralize upon it: Apply it to the manner in which men, and thinking men, and Christians, and real Christians, judge of the human soul. They value it, and think they value it highly; they will do something, and think they do much for the salvation of the souls of their fellow-sinners. But indeed, and in truth, I think the knowledge which a blessed eternity will bring us will prove our fancied knowledge to be no more extended, if so much so, as the Suffolk ploughboy's about the moon. But cannot we

correct our knowledge a little? Let us go and learn a lesson from the astronomer. How does he correct the knowledge, the first knowledge, which simple vision brings him in? How is he sure that the moon is larger than a green cheese, or that those little planetary specks have a greater magnitude than pin's heads? Why, first of all, having discovered by a process which it is unnecessary to describe, that the little dot of light is, in fact, thousands of miles distant, and having discovered by telescope that it subtends at the eye a sensible angle, and having measured that angle, a simple calculation shows him the size of the object to be greater perhaps than that of the huge ball which he calls his earth; and in every case something, at least, beyond what would give a plain section ten, or twenty, or a thousand times the magnitude of that meadow in Suffolk, in which, as the ploughboy supposed, the moon would nicely lie down. Now, let us go through a similar operation with that wonderful thing, the human soul. Take one of these, say the soul of the poorest, lowest pariah of India, and form it, in imagination, into, or suppose it represented by, a sphere, or what will do equally well, a circular area. Place this at the extremity of a line, which, as Newton ingeniously uses it in a certain Lemma (I forget the number), is to represent time. Extend this line, and move off your sphere further and further, *ad infinitum*, and what is become of your sphere? What has become of your poor pariah's soul? Why, there it is, just as before, with faculties as perfect as ever, as living, as sentient, as capable of knowing, and enjoying its great Creator as ever. It is still what it was, and that even after thousands of years. In short, the disc appears undiminished though viewed from an almost infinite distance. Oh, what an angle of the mind ought that poor soul to subtend! What an interest ought its salvation to excite, and to keep alive! But the astronomer has another method of determining, if not the magnitude, yet at least the importance of the heavenly spheres. A man may come to him and say, 'I grant that your moon and your planet are as large as you assert, but why brag so much about them? They are, perhaps, only unsubstantial froth, mere puffs of air, vapoury nothings, like comets.' 'No, my friend,' the astronomer will reply, 'not so fast. I know their mass and their weight, as well as their size.' The ignoramus may stare, but the philosopher stands to his word, and with good reason. Long observation has taught him, that planets, in the neighbourhood of one given heavenly body, have been turned out of their course; how, and by what, he is at first quite at a loss to tell; but he has guessed, and reasoned, has found cause for suspecting the planet. He watches, observes, and compares; and, after a long sifting of evidence, he brings it in guilty of the disturbance. If it be so, it must have a power to disturb, a power to attract; and if so it is not a mere shell, much less a mere vapour. It has mass and it has weight, and he calculates, and he determines, from the disturbances, what that weight is. Just so with the pariah's soul. Oh, what a disturbance has it created! What a celestial body has it drawn down from its celestial sphere!—not a star, not the whole visible heavens, not the heaven of heavens itself, but Him who fills heaven and earth, by whom all things were created! Him did that pariah's soul attract from heaven even to earth to save it! Oh, that we would thus learn, and learning, lay to heart, the weight and the value of that one soul!"

It was thus whilst he journeyed amidst the shamars, the devil worshippers, and pariahs of south India, the Cambridge fellow recalled his science to sustain his zeal, made his knowledge tributary to faith, and all things to minister to his work. What wonder that he who so thought and wrote should have been drawn out of his college orbit to make known to the benighted heathen Him whom that heathen's soul attracted from heaven even to earth to save it!

THE KAFFIR MISSION.*

THE country of the Kaffirs and the Kaffir tribes have been too well known in the history of British colonization. The outlying garrisons of our Cape colony have more than once retired before their sudden incursions, or been crushed by their overwhelming numbers. The fields of the colonists have been laid waste by their devastations, their flourishing homes turned into ruins, and themselves driven to flight, or slaughtered in the merciless raids of these savages. Even a British parliament has not refused to deliberate on the conduct of a "Kaffir war," and to commission the most gallant of her sons and her most experienced generals to tread out its fires. Once and again, after being trodden out, these fires have burst forth afresh, and the Kaffir resumed the assailant as if he had never felt the weight of the British arm. At the periods of his successive defeats he has only been driven into his wilderness strongholds, and circumscribed in his bounds. He has evacuated portions of his old territory, and retired to a greater distance from the border-line; but his power has remained unbroken, and his spirit unsubdued. He has awaited his opportunity, when the colonial troops being withdrawn or their force weakened, to renew with less hazard his predatory incursions. Kaffraria is too large a country for conquest; its mountainous and wilderness fastnesses too inaccessible to render its conquest easy. Our ultimate security for peace on our colonial borders lies in the conquest of its savage tribes to the King of Peace, and to the introduction amongst them of the industrial habits of settled and civilized life. The missionary is the true soldier for that warfare; the gospel his weapon.

From the first hour of Mr. Shaw's emigration to South Africa his thoughts were turned towards the Kaffir tribes. But, like a skilful general, he made sure of a base of operations by his previous labours amongst the colonists. He wisely counted upon drawing his supplies for the conversion of the Kaffirs from a revived and more earnest Christianity amongst his colonial brethren. The field was vast, and not without its dangers, that

lay before him. Kaffraria had as yet been entered upon by few Christian soldiers. If we take the range of the East African coast from Algoa Bay to Delagoa Bay as the home of the tribes distinguished by the general name of Kaffirs and Bechuanas, we have a country of more than a thousand miles in extent, and penetrating in many parts along that line into an interior depth of two or three hundred miles. Lofty chains of mountains, broken at numerous points in their continuity, separate it in its western boundary from the tribes occupying the further interior. The loftiest range, called by the Kaffirs Kwahlamba, forms the impracticable and almost impassable boundary which has for ages separated the Bechuana nations of the more inland districts from the coast Kaffirs. On the summits and slopes of these western mountains are shed the waters that in numerous rivers flow through Kaffraria, constituting the riches of the country as a pasture-walk, and converting it in many parts into a garden. The entire country is free from the influence of frosts and extreme cold in the winter, and, in many sheltered nooks and corners, tropical productions, as sugar, coffee, rice, cotton, the pineapple, banana, &c., may be grown with tolerable certainty of abundant crops. "Those who are acquainted with it," says Mr. Shaw, "will not think I exaggerate when I say it is 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' Nay, I am sure that the more extended description of the earthly Canaan will be found literally applicable in describing the capabilities of Kaffraria. It is, indeed, a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of the valley and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." Why should it not bring glory to Him to whom belongeth the kingdom? The land possessing these capabilities and a climate so general, has not refused its strength to its children. Physically, the Kaffirs are a commanding race. They are tall and finely proportioned, and walk erect with a firm step, their stature exceeding that of an Englishman. It is in a survey of their moral and spiritual condition that their degradation appears. In his description of them Mr. Shaw neither counteraigns the character drawn of them by a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, who described them as "natural born thieves," nor does he adopt the flattering representations of the writers who have described them as harmless sheep attacked and driven from the folds by the ravenous British wolf. His opinion is given in the well-weighed, cautious remark, "that no observant, thoughtful man, who has travelled or lived amongst people placed in the same circumstances as the Kaffirs of South Africa, will ever think of raising the question whether Christianity with her Bible, and her ministry, and ordinances, has improved and raised the condition of those nations among whom her influence has been felt for any lengthened period. The moral contrast between unmitigated

* "The Story of my Mission in South-Eastern Africa, comprising some account of the European Colonists, with extended Notices of the Kaffir and other Native Tribes." By William Shaw, late Wesleyan General Superintendent in that country. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1860. [Second Article.]

heathenism and even an incipient Christianity, will be found to present most conclusive evidence of the civilizing and humanizing tendency of our holy religion. All this, however, seems to have been strangely overlooked or forgotten by many when they have spoken or written on the subject of the wars on our Kaffir borders. Several popular and distinguished writers, under the influence of a strong bias, in some cases produced by local party or personal causes, have so grouped and represented certain alleged facts in their publications, as to have produced in the public mind the most erroneous ideas respecting the moral state and character of the native tribes, leading to an impression that in these sad and painful conflicts the Kaffirs have always been right, and the colonists as invariably wrong. It has been generally understood and firmly believed by large classes of the most Christian, humane, and philanthropic people of the country, that the Kaffirs were merely fighting in defence of their liberty and territory, while the colonists urged on aggressive war for the purposes of oppression and the annexation of the Kaffir country. Never was there a popular error with so little reason to excuse it." In his minuter details of their moral state, and after an experience of forty years, he does not hesitate to apply to them the dark picture of the apostle, "With their tongues they have used deceit: the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their way; and the way of peace have they not known."

Was it safe to attempt a mission amongst these tribes? Was it duty, till circumstances arose that should yield some guarantee for the missionary's life? At the very period (September 1823) when the preparatory steps had been taken for founding the Kaffir mission, an alarming rumour arose of fresh Kaffir inroads. Frontier farms had been attacked, their cattle carried off, and with such rapidity, to the fastnesses in the mountains, that the troops in pursuit in vain sought to recover the property, whilst two or more herdsmen had been murdered on the farms. The report was sufficient to stir the colonial friends of our missionary to remonstrate against his enterprise. The recent inroads were urged as unquestionable proof of the still untamed, ferocious character of the Kaffirs, and that nothing could be expected from a mission undertaken amongst them but that himself, his wife, children, and attendants, should fall sacrifices to their cupidity and ferocity. Staggered by these suggestions and remonstrances, his mind for some days was tossed with conflicting anxieties, and oppressed with a load of care. But there was a more simply believing, and therefore more settled spirit than his own by his side. Amidst the perplexities of his own mind, he found rest in the unshaken faith and unhesitating decision of his wife. When he repeated to her what their friends had urged, and asked what she thought they ought to do, entering into the whole case with calmness and clearness, she replied, "You have

long sought and prayed for this opening; divine Providence has now evidently set the door open before us; expenses have been incurred in the purchase of outfit; you stand pledged to the chiefs; and the conduct and character of the Kaffirs only show how much they need the gospel. We shall be under divine protection." She closed with these emphatic words, "Let us go in the name of the Lord." Our excellent missionary staggered no more. His resolution was taken. With a full heart and streaming eyes he assured his noble wife he was ready to proceed on his mission. "We shall start," was his reply, "so soon as it is practicable for the waggons to pass the Great Fish River." He now felt he could address his remonstrating friends in the words of Paul to the disciples who dreaded danger from his mission, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." A week or two thereafter found the author of "My Mission," and his family, on their way from Graham's Town to cross the border into Kaffraria. His reflections, on reviewing, more than thirty years after, his journey on that occasion, show the prodigious and rapid advance of that portion of Africa towards a higher civilization. "It will seem strange," he says, "to those who now reside on the frontier, and in Kaffraria, that a journey, which is at present regarded as an everyday occurrence, and which excites no more apprehension among colonists than a trip from London to Paris usually does in England, should have been considered as so serious an undertaking. But at that period (1823), for Europeans to go with their wives and children among the Dhlambi tribes, or coast country Kaffirs, was considered to be an almost certain course to destruction. The amazing difference which time and the changes produced by missionary labours, commercial intercourse, and political events now present in this respect, is only a part of the manifold evidence which is patent to all men, proving the steady progress and improvement which has taken place in that country."

It was to initiate the progress that has since been realized, that Mr. Shaw passed beyond the colonial bounds into the wilderness, and placed himself at the mercy of chiefs whose promises had been often given, but seldom kept to their European neighbours. His trust was in His promise, whose angel encamps around them that fear him, and he was not disappointed. On arriving at his destination, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles, he was received by the Chief Pato and his brother, and people, as though the missionary party had been making a triumphal entry into the district. The excitement, noise, and clamour were unbounded; unrestrained indulgence was given to curiosity. Waggons, wives, children, baggage, utensils of every kind were examined with prying eyes, and occasioned unmeasured wonder and marvellous loquacity. When

the ordeal of a first introduction and inspection was passed, the waggons were drawn up under the shade of one of the beautiful yellow-wood trees that grow along the side of the river; and there, unyoking the oxen, the missionary tent was pitched, and praise offered to Him who had brought them in safety to their field of labour.

The following incident conveys a lively conception of the unforeseen kind of difficulties a missionary has to encounter in his first introduction of himself and his mission amongst barbarous tribes. Surrounded shortly after his arrival with a company to whom he had endeavoured to explain the "good news" he had brought from a far country, he was anxious to close the conversation with an act of worship. But the difficulty was to explain to the Kaffirs what was meant by worship, as they are not even worshippers of idols, and are unaccustomed to any kind of religious adoration. Through his interpreter, he explained they were all to kneel on the grass after his manner, as he was about to speak to God, the great and holy One, before whom they should prostrate themselves. Following the missionary's example, they all knelt down in a circle; but one droll fellow among them, on looking around and noticing the new and strange attitude which they had assumed, could not restrain his risible faculties—he began to laugh immoderately. The fit spread itself instantaneously around the circle, till the continuance of worship became impracticable. This difficulty often occurred in various places, when itinerating amongst the people. Yet after the mission was established, and the gospel had made some progress, Mr. Shaw tells us he had not unfrequently seen a plebeian Kaffir reprove a chief for disorderly conduct during public worship. A small village quickly arose around the spot he had chosen for his mission station. To the village he gave the name of Wesleyville, in honour of the great founder of Methodism. In the course of two years a regular congregation was collected; the brother chiefs, Pato, Kobi, and Kama, with their retainers, were amongst the attendants on divine service on Sunday, and even at that early period the heathen began to pay some outward reverence to the Lord's-day. Within the first fourteen months schools were formed for the children of the contiguous natives, and not fewer than sixty were enrolled for the Sunday school. The condition in which the Kaffir children presented themselves at school makes our missionary envy the higher respectability of the neglected home children of our "Ragged Schools." He had let his line down to a lower depth than the benevolent promoters of these British schools had reached. His Kaffir boys and girls did not possess even "rags" to cover them; a very few had small pieces of calf-skins and skins of other animals thrown over their shoulders, but the vast majority were entirely naked. To these schools he gave the appropriate designation of "Nude Schools." In the cities of Great Britain, with their accumulating and deepening moral debris, one would sometimes almost suppose there

is scope for another Guthrie descending to strata lower than have yet been surveyed, and opening schools for the shivering urchins that have not even rags for their clothing.

If in the Ragged Schools of England and the Nude Schools of Kaffraria, the extremes of savage and civilized society are seen to touch each other, the essential identity of man in all stages of civilization is strikingly brought out in the following conversation. Who has not heard the objections of the rude Kaffir to the gospel a thousand times reiterated in our own higher circle of life? Have any of the subtle modern schools of infidelity more pregnant difficulties, or any careless Gallie better reasons for dismissing the whole subject. The conversation occurred as a company of Kaffirs that had clustered around the missionary party, whilst boiling the kettle for their evening meal, were asked to put any questions they thought proper respecting the gospel. One, speaking for the rest, addressing himself to the missionary, said, "You say that God requires men to pray all their lives, even to death; now, is not this too hard? If God would be satisfied with two or three days' praying, that might be done; but to pray all our lives is too hard." To this the missionary replied, "That those who prayed sincerely found it was not a hard work, but a pleasure, as running to a child, to whom even walking at first might have been a difficulty." The Kaffir rejoined, "That he was now growing old; that he had lived long in the world without God, and that, therefore, it was of no use for him to change now." "The more reason there is," replied the missionary, "the older you are, because you must soon appear before the judgment-seat of God; and you should consider it a mercy that now, at the latter end of your life, God has sent his word to you." "But do not you say," retorted the Kaffir, "that God is Almighty, and can do all things; why does he not change me at once himself, without sending teachers to tell me what I must be?" The missionary, informing him that God uses means to effect what he designs, sending his teachers that men might hear and believe, repent and be converted, and saved, the Kaffir, turning the edge of the application from himself, started off, in reply, with the question, "But why does not God change the devil first? He is very wicked; besides I know that he troubles me, and pushes me on to bad things. Why does not God first convert him?" Such are the objections of *man* in Kaffraria, in England, everywhere, till grace has made old things pass away, and all things become new.

We cannot further follow Mr. Shaw in the details of his Kaffir mission. Before seven years passed, a native church had sprung up at Wesleyville with forty communicants, and a native population of three hundred souls had voluntarily placed themselves under the daily instruction of the missionary. And though the sad events of the Kaffir war of 1834 scattered this Christian fold, to the credit of its members, and their tribe, who had experienced the benefits of the mission, they refused to

join their countrymen in their rising. They had unconsciously become loyal in becoming Christians, through their intercourse with Christian men.

It was the Christian ambition of the author of the story of "My Mission," to establish a chain of Wesleyan mission stations, that from the border of the colony should extend along the coast country of Kaffraria to Natal and Delagoa Bay. Although he did not accomplish all that was in his heart, no reader will rise from the perusal of the story of his mission without thanks to God for the work done by his servant, and without a true admiration of the practical wisdom, calm enduring, patient toil, and holy diligence with which it was done. The following, amongst the closing paragraphs of his volume, indicates the greatness of his work by the magnitude of its results, and contains an argument for missions to which no British statesman ought to turn a deaf ear: "Thousands of native Africans, who themselves or their immediate progenitors, at the time our mission commenced among them, were clothed in the skins of animals, and were living in the lowest state of mental, moral, and social degradation, have been washed, decently clothed, and in other respects elevated in the social scale. In numerous cases the men have abandoned the practice of polygamy, while women have learned to regard the sanctities of the marriage state. Those who have embraced the Christian religion, under the instruction of our missionaries, have, almost without an exception, proved true and loyal to the British Government in times of war and rebellion. They have likewise ceased to be robbers, having been carefully taught the apostolic doctrine, 'Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.' They are now, indeed, generally employed in various industrial pursuits, and are enabled collectively to expend large sums of money annually in purchasing numerous articles of British manufacture, that add greatly to their personal and domestic comfort, but which in their heathenish state they neither could obtain nor desire to enjoy."

OUR DORCAS MEETINGS.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME—CHRISTIAN USEFULNESS.

WHEN I next met with my young friends, I told them that I had been really wishing for the evening to arrive, from a feeling of anxiety on my mind, lest, on the previous occasion, I had dwelt too exclusively on mere personal improvement, and concentrated their thoughts and desires too much on self alone. I could but hope that they had recollected my having spoken of a double aim to be kept in view, though our limited time only permitted us to consider one division of the subject.

"You will remember now what is the other object which an earnest Christian will ever have in view in the disposal of her time?"

"Usefulness to the cause of Christ."

"Yes; and perhaps we ought to have given this the first place in our consideration. But at your age, mental improvement is of such importance, that it may rightly occupy a larger portion of your time than I hope will be always required. Still, I believe no one, however young, who has the true love of Jesus in her heart, will be happy or satisfied without feeling that something is done directly in his service, as the evidence and effects of that love."

I then observed how constantly, throughout all Scripture, the people of God are spoken of as his *servants*. The character and history of some of the most eminent saints under the old dispensation is thus summed up, "Moses, the man of God," "the servant of the Lord, died;" "Joshua, the son of Nun, the servant of the Lord, died;" "David, after he had served his generation according to the will of the Lord, fell on sleep." The parables of our Lord are repeatedly under the figure of a master and his servants. The apostles exhort their converts to this "reasonable service," contrasting its liberty and blessedness with the sad work and wages of the servants of Satan. The angel seen by John in vision claims for himself no higher office,—*"I am thy fellow-servant."*

Now, the idea of service, the office of a servant, in itself implies life not spent for personal gratification, or at our own disposal, but employed in doing the work and fulfilling the will of another. A daughter, in her father's house, may have time to spend very much as she pleases; but a faithful servant must in general be thinking, not of self, but of how she may best do the wishes and promote the interest of her master.

"I must again," I said, "take it for granted, dear young friends (would that it were true in every case!), that you are really desirous to be the followers of Jesus—that you love Him who first loved you. Then you will feel the force of his own words, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' And these commandments, as recorded in his holy book, include not only our earnest endeavours after personal holiness and obedience as his *children*, but our duty as his *servants*, by every means within our power, to help forward his kingdom on earth. But why use the cold argument of duty? Is it not a glorious, a wonderful privilege, to be thus employed by our God; to be fellow-labourers with all his saints, nay, with reverence we may say it, to be fellow-workers with himself, in the blessed task of making known the glad tidings of which the angels sang, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men?' In a world of sorrow, how sweet the hope of carrying a cup of consolation to some wounded hearts! But far more delightful, in a world of sin, to hope that God may make use of us to carry the light of truth to some darkened soul, to lead some poor wanderer to the Good Shepherd's fold. I have never forgot the words of a Christian friend, whom I visited one day, when her husband was thought to be in a dying state. I tried to give her comfort by speaking of the blessed—

ness to which he was hastening, compared with the trials and sufferings of our life below. 'Yes,' she replied, '*but only on earth can he tell sinners of Jesus.*' Her words gave me a strong impression of what ought to be one chief cause for a Christian desiring prolonged life, for himself or others.

"But, independent of duty and privilege, there is no happiness like that found in the service of Christ. A little experience only is needed to convince you of this. Mere kindness of heart, or desire of human approbation and affection, will make us taste the enjoyment of pleasing and assisting those around us. How much higher the happiness of feeling that we have been trying, however humbly, to fulfil the will and follow in the footsteps of our Lord, by seeking out the lost and comforting the mourners, and thus receiving his own blessed assurance, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

We read together the remarkable parable in which these words occur, and considered some of the lessons it is intended to teach. I spoke at some length in regard to the all-perfect example of our Saviour, who "went about doing good," and as to how far we might hope, through his grace and help, to be enabled in some degree to imitate him in his unwearied diligence, patience, humility, self-renunciation, compassion, tenderness, and gentleness to the sinful and suffering, &c. I asked illustrations of these features in our Lord's character from his history, and was generally well answered.

We considered the apostle Paul as the finest human example of likeness to Christ in self-renouncing labours of love, and read some passages in the Acts and Epistles illustrative of this.

It would have taken too long to have said much of other instances of holy men and women, who have lived for the glory of God and the good of others, in our own or in former times. But I pointed out what a cause of thankfulness it is that we have had such examples set before us, and that so much has been recorded of their personal experience as well as labours. I recommended the reading of such biographies as those of M^cCheyne, Martyn, the Judsons, John Campbell, Hewitson, Mrs. Fry, &c., as being well calculated, by the blessing of God, to encourage and animate us in our Christian course, while giving, at the same time, a salutary impression of our own deficiencies and unprofitableness.

I next alluded to the excuses often made by the indolent, and the discouragements really felt by the humble and inexperienced, when urged to the duty of direct effort in the work of the Lord,—want of time, of money, of ability, of opportunities, and so on. I added a few practical hints by way of direction and encouragement:—

1. Do not despise "the day of small things" in this matter, for Christ does not. His own gracious reference to the widow's mite, and the cup of cold water, are sufficient to prove this. It is to the heart he looks when judging of our conduct, and the motive rather

than the action determines his approval. Besides, we often judge amiss as to the real value of things. With little or no money, you may give what money cannot buy. Words of sympathy, of kindness, of counsel, of prayer, who can tell the worth of *these* to a sad and burdened spirit! and these a tender-hearted, earnest Christian may always be able to bestow. Without the natural abilities and gifts which enable some, by their written or spoken eloquence, to instruct thousands of their fellow-men, you may be able to do much in a humble sphere, to teach the ignorant the way of salvation, and help forward the inquiring or the perplexed. And one of those whom *you* are made instrumental in bringing to Jesus, may have the abilities which are not granted to you, and through your means may become the gifted preacher, the honoured missionary. Such instances have repeatedly been experienced and recorded by those who "are wise and will observe these things."

Every situation in life has its own advantages and special opportunities for usefulness. We only need true love for Jesus and for our brethren to teach us how to improve these. The rich lady who sends blankets and wine to your poor suffering neighbour, is doing her duty, and what you could not do. But you can give up a night's rest, or part of it, to take your place as nurse by the weary pillow, which she could not with propriety, or probably with anything of the same ability. You have not money to give, as you could desire, to the missionary cause; but you may be able to undertake the task of collecting from those who have. You have not time to become a regular district visitor; yet you can quietly and prayerfully offer tracts to those you meet on the road, or to your companions. We must watch and pray against anything like a spirit of self-complacency and "thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think;" yet we must not suppose, that because we cannot do great things, we may not be enabled to do much in a limited sphere.

2. Examine what kind of service the Master has most fitted you for, or called you to, by the gifts and leadings of his providence. And when you think you have discovered what the talents are which he has intrusted to your care, seek grace quietly to "trade" with these, without losing time and strength in vain wishes or attempts to accomplish what is not in your path of duty, and therefore not intended for *you* to do. One has forcibly said on this point, "Do not go prowling about for work, but whatsoever thy *hand findeth* to do, do it with thy might." Perhaps you have a talent for teaching and attracting the young; then try to join the band of Sabbath-school labourers. Perhaps you have no teaching gifts, but feel your hearts drawn out to the sick and afflicted; then seek out these as your sphere of exertion. Perhaps your talents are more in your hands than your head; then let your leisure hours be employed like Dercas, in making garments for the poor, or such work as we are now engaged with for the

good of missions. Only say in earnestness and humility, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?" and assuredly you shall not be left to "stand all the day idle."

3. Seek to grow in the spirit of prayer and supplication. Nothing can be done well without prayer, and by prayer alone we may do much, although, which is hardly possible, all other kind of effort should be out of our power. We are too ready to limit the range of our ordinary petitions by personal wants and personal interests. I would strongly recommend you to consider and write down a list of missions in various quarters of the world, as well as home and local objects of Christian effort, and arrange them so that each should be one day at least in the week made the subject of particular prayer. You would soon find the pleasure and benefit of such an arrangement, and a little memorandum in writing on the blank page of your Bible would secure you from forgetfulness. Such plans are, of course, profitless without the true spirit of prayer in the heart, but they may, by the Holy Spirit's blessing, become great helps to its exercise.

A knock was here heard at the door, and Fanny told me that it would be her mother, who wished if possible to look in upon us this evening. Mrs. Hamilton accordingly entered. She kindly greeted us all, and expressed her pleasure in being able to visit us. "I quite envy you," she said to me, "the pleasure of conducting these meetings. How gladly would I have undertaken them had health and family duties permitted."

I hoped that she would now give us a little friendly counsel and encouragement.

"I hear regularly of your proceedings," she said, "from Fanny, and I have been thinking a good deal about the subject which I understand has been occupying you this evening. I thought the best thing I could do for you was to find out, with the help of my husband, what openings for Christian usefulness there are just now among ourselves, such as it would be desirable and suitable for our young friends to undertake. But my inquiries have only extended to our own congregation or immediate neighbourhood, and must include but a small portion of the work which in this large town remains to be accomplished. I know that all of you have little money, and most of you little time at your disposal, and I have tried to keep this in view. Here is my list,—

"1. District visiting. We have two small districts in want of visitors. This work must be done regularly to be done well, and would require at least an hour each week, in the morning or afternoon.

"2. Tract distribution. Some of you who could not undertake any regular district might be able to give monthly tracts into the houses while you pass on your way to or from your work, or among your companions, or in other ways. We shall be glad to supply you with some for this purpose, and if done in a spirit of faith and prayer, you may hope for a real blessing on the good seed thus scattered abroad.

"3. Sabbath-school teaching. Our school is increasing, and we need more teachers. There is not a more suitable and delightful way of beginning to work for Jesus. You may remember how it proved so in the case of Sarah Martin. But then, you must recollect that it involves not the mere hour on the Sabbath, but preparation beforehand, and visitation of absent scholars during the week. No teacher can be efficient without having time for both of these duties.

"4. I know of at least four aged persons, two of them nearly blind, who are left much in solitude. To visit these from time to time, but especially on Sabbath evenings to spend an hour in reading with any of them, and telling of the sermons of the day, would be true Christian charity. There are other cases, also, of lingering sickness in the young, who would be greatly cheered by a kind Christian visitor.

"5. Two dressmakers with large establishments have expressed themselves most willing to have useful and religious books read aloud at certain hours to their young women while at work. It is possible that one of you might have leisure sometimes for this, and I would introduce you, and supply you with suitable reading.

"6. The matron of the Union Workhouse is a pious woman, and would gladly welcome any judicious visitor whom I recommend. A little Scripture reading and prayer, and words of friendly interest and sympathy, would much cheer the hearts of the aged inmates, and the children might be taught many things in an easy, cheerful way. Could one or two of you spare an hour once a-week in an afternoon for this?

"7. Such of you as have duties which keep you mostly in the house, so that you can undertake nothing regular out of doors, I could easily supply with a little needlework, either for such missionary objects as occupy us here, or for the very poor among ourselves. It is wonderful what can be made with a little ingenuity out of odd and scanty materials in this line, and though you might only occasionally be able to take up the work, still it would be pleasant to think you had something in progress.

"There are other and very important walks of Christian usefulness, which would not be suitable at your age. You can think over what I have mentioned, or any other plans that may occur to yourselves, and I shall be delighted to see any of you who may call for me, and to give you what counsel or assistance I can. By the grace and help of the Lord, I hope and pray that you, dear young friends, may be spared to do much in his service in your day and generation. And what a heart-cheering prospect is *this* to look forward to, compared with "the pleasures of sin for a season," or the vanity and vexation of spirit which must surely accompany or close all the pursuits and enjoyments which have reference to this world alone! I have no desire to see you sisters of charity, in the general sense of the word, separated from the ordinary ties and duties of domestic life. But each of you, in her own home and circle, may find many

ways of proving your love to your Saviour, by commending him to those who know him not, and by acts of love and kindness to those whom he is "not ashamed to call his brethren." The spirit of prayer, self-denial, perseverance, wisdom, gentleness, and all else of which you feel your need, you must seek daily from himself."

She then took up the Bible, and read aloud from Luke xvii. 7-10 :—

"But which of you, having a servant ploughing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go and sit down to meat? And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do."

"This parable," she said, "has long seemed to myself a very remarkable one in connection with the subject we have been now considering. How plainly it teaches that ours must be a *service for life*,—

"No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done!'"

When by the help of our Lord we have happily accomplished any special work for him, we are not to think of resting, but gladly look out for the next call of duty. And recollect that whatever task he in his providence plainly sets before us, must be the right one for us at that time, whether we would have chosen it for ourselves or not. Oh, for grace to be faithful unto the end, feeling more and more deeply, as we proceed, that we are truly 'unprofitable servants,' yet loving our work as well as our Master, and proving to others that we do so by the readiness and cheerfulness of our obedience,—

"How happily the working days
In this glad service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
A glorious company,
And over, where the Master is,
Shall his blest servants be."

c. c.

REV. T. G. RAGLAND.

HIS MISSIONARY LIFE.

THE steps by which Mr. Ragland was led to his final decision to dedicate himself to the foreign missionary service, form one of the most deeply interesting portions of his memoir. We know not that within the range of missionary history there is a finer development of the spirit of the meek, inquiring, earnest servant, anxious to know and do his Lord's will, than is presented in the godly simplicity and prayerful expectation with which,

while still weighing his call, he waits with the question, "What, Lord, wilt thou have me to do?"

It was the letter of a missionary, at the time in Southern India, that awoke the first earnest thought in Ragland's mind towards the mission field. A visit of Mr. Venn, clerical secretary of the Church Missionary Society, to Cambridge deepened the impression. It was the object of Mr. Venn's visit to bring the subject of missions to the heathen more prominently under the notice of the junior members of the university. Ragland on the occasion threw open his rooms to the undergraduate missionary collectors, who were addressed on the subject—How best they might devote their talents to the glory of God, by home work or by mission work abroad. At the anniversary meeting of the association that followed Ragland was again present, and with his friend Allnutt, then curate of a village near Cambridge, held the plates for the missionary offerings at the close of the meeting. As the clerical secretary of the Church Society eyed the stream of young men who passed out of the hall that day, he might have indulged the hope that amongst them some might offer themselves to the work, but he could scarcely have allowed himself the thought, that the two who were receiving the pecuniary contributions would, ere many days passed, have presented a better dedication than of gold and silver—even of their own selves. Yet within a few months both became missionaries to South India. The deciding element with Ragland, as he pondered and prayed over the subject, was the want of men for the foreign service. He had hitherto put the question between the home and the foreign ministry, "Why should I go?" but now that he realized that the field was the world, and that so large a part was unoccupied, he changed the form of the question, and asked, "Why should I not go and bear my Master's name before the heathen?" And unable to answer the question but by the offering of himself, he did not refuse the sacrifice. The deep humility and great sobriety of mind with which the question at issue was weighed and discussed, are beautifully shown in his correspondence of the period. Never did a man act less from an unreasoning impulse. His was not the flickering flame of a quickly-kindled zeal. It was, as his biographer observes, the calm, strong fire of love to Christ and to the souls for which he died, that made him ready to exert his influence wherever it could be turned to the Master's use. Opening his mind at this crisis to his attached friend, Mr. Deck, he writes:—

"What do you think, my brother? I am inquiring from myself and from the Lord whether or not it be his will that I should leave my dear land of friends and blessings to be a missionary to the heathen. May he guide me! Let me, my dear brother, tell you how the question has arisen in my own mind. It first arose last September, but I am ashamed to say that after but little prayer and little consideration it was dismissed for a reason I have the deepest cause to be humbled for—a very great declension from God. This, with very little variation and improvement, has continued until a

few weeks ago, when—I trust I am not mistaken—the Lord again, as he has often done before, restored my soul, and began again to lead me in the paths of righteousness and holiness. A fortnight since the subject of missions was brought forward in this neighbourhood. At the Hastingfield missionary meeting my heart was warmed towards the work; and that good man, Mr. Henry Venn, said at different times during his stay in Cambridge very much that impressed me. *The want of men* is most distressing; and why, I asked myself, should I, who had nothing to withhold me, refuse to offer myself? . . . Now, my dear brother, pray for me—pray for me! I feel the danger of being misled. The notion now in my head may be but a *romantic* one. It is possible, too, that some discouragement at my little success at home may be hurrying my thoughts abroad; and even more, that I may be pleasing myself with the prospect of being much spoken of in Cambridge and elsewhere, among pious people, and praised as *devoted*. Oh, poor, vile heart that I have! I am aware, too, how sadly I have neglected ministerial duty at home—how inconstantly and wickedly I have behaved—what a little love to the blessed Saviour, and what a little (if any) yearning after immortal souls I have had. And who am I that I should aspire to a more arduous and self-denying position in the Lord's vineyard—I who have hitherto been so unfaithful! Oh, pray, my brother, that I may be *infallibly* guided, and have abundant grace given unto me to be faithful even unto death, wherever I may be placed. Should I go forth to the heathen, there will not be wanting others to supply my place at home, and in a far better way; and more than this, I cannot but confidently expect, that should I by the especial grace of God be strengthened to leave my friends, and college, and country, and comforts, with a really single eye to the glory of God, simply intent upon pleasing him and spreading abroad the knowledge of the Saviour, and entirely uninfluenced by a desire of being well spoken of, &c., in such a case I cannot but hope that my example may be blessed to the stirring up zeal in the hearts of the many young, pious men in Cambridge, with whom, from time to time, I have had intercourse. Oh, may wisdom be given me from above—may I follow no light of my own—may I have a right judgment in this matter, and in all things given me by the Holy Spirit! Pray for me! Do you and your dear wife testify your affection for an unworthy friend by laying my case and my thoughts before the throne of mercy of our common Father, through the intercession of our common Saviour."

The guidance thus earnestly and with singleness of heart sought was not withheld. His path of duty became daily more clear to himself and to the Christian friends on whose judgment he relied. The south of India was decided upon as his field of labour; and without a hesitating thought, with no other trial than that of parting with the college, the flock, and the friends he loved, he embarked for Madras. He did not wait till he arrived in India in order to commence his missionary work. In the overland route he sowed seeds that may yet appear in the great harvest, and sowed under great disadvantages. We have rarely met with an attempt at doing good under greater difficulties than is illustrated in the following characteristic incident of his journey. Anxious to give an Arabic New Testament to one of the

suite of the Prince of Muscat, a fellow-traveller, he procured a copy at Malta. But how to give it he knew not. There was no interpreter on board. The only one who could speak Arabic was a young man, so wild that he did not dare to trust him. He was not, however, to be baffled in his purpose. Meeting with a hand-book of Egypt, in which were a few words and phrases, he picked up enough to explain his meaning in broken Arabic. Still the favourable opportunity was wanting. At length, on a Saturday, when sitting on deck sick and not equal for dinner, he found himself near to the man for whom he had purchased the Testament, and with words and signs made him comprehend his meaning. The Arab sat attired in a yellow turban, with a profusion of silk threads dangling about his face, a mild, quiet man, watching the luggage ascending from the hold, in company with two Nubian servants or slaves of the prince. Accosting him, Mr. Ragland said, "I speak with you," to which, with some astonishment, he answered, "Yeez." Beckoning him away to the poop, to a retired seat, and motioning him to sit down, the following conversation, which Mr. Ragland details, took place, his broken Egyptian Arabic, picked up from the hand-book, being his only help. "I asked, 'You a Christian?' He said something meaning 'Not—Arab, Arab.' I rejoined, 'This does not please me.' He smiled. I continued, 'On account of this I come, I speak with you.' Then, taking from under my Mackintosh cape the Arabic New Testament, and, putting it into his hand, I said, 'I desire you to read this,' repeating the word 'read' once or twice, and pointing to the book until I perceived he had gained my meaning. He looked at the title page, and began to read slowly and with moving lips. I then added, pointing upwards, 'I desire you to pray to God to teach you.' Whether he understood or not I am not quite certain. I found, however, the third verse of Rev. i., and gave it to him to read. He seemed altogether surprised with my Egyptian Arabic, and said something about 'speak Arab!' I could only shake his hand and leave him to ponder his book. I returned in a few minutes. I found he had taken it to his cabin. I could do no more than commend him to the God of all grace in prayer, imparting a blessing upon his own word." In spite of great natural diffidence and unwillingness to intrude himself on strangers, he spoke, also, during the journey, the word of the gospel to several young cadets, "poor young fellows, thoughtless and wild, and delighting to hear of war having broken out, one of them, though he knew it not, having already lost his father." And, to recall his word, he gave to each a book on arriving at Madras, accompanying them with notes which, "from the haste I was in, and the excitement of hearing that hostilities had commenced, I wrote with more earnestness and warmth than, under other circumstances, my cold and fearful heart would have allowed me to do."

For five years Mr. Ragland was called to occupy at Madras an office which brought him into intimate inter-

course with the missionaries at the several stations of the Church Missionary Society, and through which he gained extensive knowledge of practical missionary work. The health of the corresponding secretary failing at the time of his arrival at Madras, he succeeded to his duties, and to the charge of the mission chapel. For the secretary's office he combined, in a rare degree, the qualifications of a man of business with the high spiritual tone of a Christian. Still his own taste and feelings lay towards Tamil work and missionary work. He longed for more direct contact with the heathen, for more immediate spiritual service than his office of secretary afforded. Each day, as he renewed his work at the desk of the mission house, his eye affected his heart. From the terrace into which his principal rooms opened, and almost at one view, his eye alighted on the minarets of a mosque and on a temple of Shiva, with its shed for the idol car, and tank, and Brahmin's house around, whilst the din, except during sleeping hours, never ceased of tom-toms and other discordant instruments, occasionally diversified by petards, to the honour of one who is a devil, and not a god. Even few hours passed in his office without the entrance of natives whose foreheads, whose arms and breasts, often whose whole bodies bore the symbols of the idols they worshipped, and awoke, in their honouring of their false gods, his jealousy for the true God, and more intense desire that all idols should be utterly abolished. Referring to these daily scenes with his characteristic humility, he remarks:—

"Some way or other my principal grief was, and so it has continued to be, that I grieved so very little. The idol marks, the signs of their being bond-slaves of Satan, were less ineffectual than any other sights and sounds in stirring up some little sorrow and zeal; and this impression has not become quite lost through familiarity. But David's 'rivers of water,'—what a rebuke they seem to give! And yet I comfort myself with the hope that, as in the course of time I become prepared, though very slowly, by the knowledge of the language, to preach Christ and his gospel, I shall have given me, however gradually, the better preparation of holy zeal. There is one effect of heathen sights upon me which I had never anticipated, and this is a more lively feeling of pity for the multitudes of baptized heathens at home. The idol marks stare one so constantly in the face. My poor moonashee, for instance, a kind old man, who lost his daughter lately—and what could I say to comfort him?—he wears one, and sits by me with it daily for two or three hours. The consequence is that the thought is continually recurring, 'There goes a professed servant of Satan.' And then, perhaps, directly the sin-excusing, world-and-ease-loving spirit within objects, 'He is not worse than many whom I know in England, or in New Town alone.' But I have learned at length to retort, 'So much the more need, then, is there for sorrow, and for painstaking, and, above all, for prayer to the Lord of the harvest.' Thus, if I do not mistake, the visible signs of the alienation of a few from God, by serving to remind me frequently of the natural alienation of all, have excited a deeper feeling for my poor, Christless fellow-sinners generally."

The craving of Ragland for more directly spiritual work was at length to find its satisfaction in a mission scheme which grew out of his secretaryship, and which proved the great work of his life. If it was felt by him, as he laboured at the desk, that he had not found his proper and congenial employment, he yet regarded his position as admirable training ground for future service. It was for the time his school of experience. His extensive correspondence brought under his review all parts of the Indian mission field. More especially he had learned to the minutest detail the operations of the mission in Tinnevely. A tour of nine months among the stations of the south completed his knowledge, and opened to his observing eye the defects of the existing organization, and led to a plan of missions for Northern Tinnevely, in which he himself took the lead, and to the execution of which he devoted the remainder of his days. The feature of his plan was "*Itineracy*"—systematic, organized itineracy. His tour in Tinnevely and Travancore had convinced him that there existed a want in North Tinnevely which the mission as then constituted had not in itself the means of supplying. In the system pursued the missionary occupied a fixed centre. There he had his church, his bungalow, and his schools. From that he worked. As the leaven of Christianity spread, and converts were made in the neighbouring villages, native catechists or readers were placed over them, the missionary retaining the general superintendence of the whole. When the district had outgrown the management of a single missionary, it was divided. A new centre was formed, from which a second missionary worked onward upon the same principle. Visits, stated or occasional, were made to the outlying heathen villages. Sometimes a tour was made through an unevangelized district. But *itinerating*, properly so called, formed no part of the plan. To impart to it a self-extending power amongst the northern heathen, he proposed to supplement it by an exclusively aggressive agency that should move from village to village, whose dwelling should be in tents pitched for the week or the month amongst the villagers, and whose circuit of itineracy should at regular *short* intervals secure the revisiting of the spots where their tents had once rested. For the details of the plan we must refer to the memoir, where it is characterized as one of no ordinary kind. "It bore," says the biographer of Ragland, "the stamp of originality. It was the product of a great mind. Its details were worked out with remarkable precision. Its provisions evinced the most calculating foresight. What it was in theory, with slight alterations it remained in practice." Its highest commendation is to be found in the observation of one who was for five years associated with him in its daily working details. "Though in many of its main features," says Mr. Finn, "and in still more of its minor details, it was something new, yet most of its peculiarities had been anticipated by him, and one thing after another seemed to fit in naturally with his previously arranged scheme."

Two Cambridge men became his associates, along with some native brethren, in working out this plan. By common consent, he became leader of the enterprise. None could deny him the chief place. It seemed natural he should guide. His singleness of eye made his whole body full of light. His one great motive, the honour of his Lord, was so palpable and transparent, that none with a right spirit could refuse to recognise it and bend to it. It was this that broke down any prejudices against his work—its method, or its object. Who could assert claims against one who always took the lowest place, and was first in every arduous service? Or who could be jealous of him who had a bright and keen eye for every virtue, and for everything worthy of praise in the labours of others, though pursued on a different system from his own. He had learned the lesson, "He that is chief among you let him be your minister." If he ruled his band of itinerating missionaries, it was by humility and service. He it was who came to wake them in the morning, who provided for their wants, who tended them in sickness, who rejoiced in their gifts, and, conscious of his defects, delighted to contrast his own slowness of speech with the readiness of his companions, his own frequent embarrassment in the encounter with native subtilty with their apt and quick replies.

The results of his mission were not unappreciable even during his life. Before he committed his work into other hands, he could confidently say that hundreds of the heathens to whom they had preached for three, four, and nearly five years, knew enough of the gospel to save them, were that knowledge only applied to their hearts by the Holy Spirit. An old Tamil associate testified to the fact, that so great had been the progress in intelligence in the district embraced in the *itineracy*, that whereas at his first coming into it five years ago, he found it necessary to employ many illustrations in order to arrest attention and make the truth at all comprehended, he now found that a simple, unadorned statement of Christian facts and doctrines gained the same attention, and was evidently understood. Some fruit was gathered, more was confidently expected, though it was not to be reaped by the hand of the sower. In the midst of his duties, and with scarcely a moment's warning, death came upon him. He had long suffered from weakness of his lungs, yet laboured on. There appeared to be no immediate danger. On the morning of his death he had written his weekly budget for Palmacotta, and had retired to his bath-room, where the rupture of a blood vessel produced the immediate signs of dissolution. His first words on the attack were, "I am in the hands of God;" and uttering earnestly a short prayer, he fell on his cot with a sweet smile on his countenance, and the name of Jesus on his lips. "I should think," says the brother who attended him, "that in two minutes from the time he called me his spirit was with the Saviour."

A little band—one Englishman and a few natives—who owed him much and loved him dearly, with aching

hearts and weeping eyes, committed his body to the ground. It was a dark narrow grave, beneath the tamarind's shade; but there streamed upward a bright pathway to the throne of the righteous Judge, and the crown of glory that fadeth not away. His happy spirit was already with the Lord, and his redeemed body was in safe keeping, awaiting the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.

Scarcely had Ragland rested from his labours when his works followed him in a remarkable revival in Northern Tinnevely, the report of which is now awakening in the British Churches many thanksgivings and prayers. He died on the eve of victory, and was spared its dangers, as he strikingly remarks of Havelock, when he heard of that Christian hero's death: "General Havelock, how happy his lot! to have served his country by the will of God, and then to have fallen asleep, escaping thus one of the greatest trials a Christian man can perhaps be exposed to—popularity. Compare the honour of dining at Windsor, &c., with that of 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

FAIR-WEATHER FAITH.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"How did you feel, auntie, while the horses were running down the hill?" "I trusted to Providence till the breechin gave way; then I shut my eyes and gave up for lost." The good woman in question was not the only Christian whose faith held only by a strap.

We are all more or less weak on this very point. It is the easiest thing in the world for us all to exercise *fair-weather faith*. In times of civil quiet, of mercantile prosperity, of health and happiness, it is easy to trust God. When the wind blows favourably into my swelling canvass, and my well-rigged bark flies like the sea-gull over the azure waters, why should I distrust the great Disposer of winds and waves? When my business thrives, why should I tremble for my daily bread! When the health of my household is perfect; when we can all gather around our table, a happy, healthy, hungry group, and do justice to the steaming cakes, redolent of the buckwheat-field and the bee-hive, who of us thinks of the great Physician? We are all believers then (if ever), and our confidence in God, as a most kind, loving, and affectionate Father, is complete. It costs us nothing to trust him. Neither is a prosperous Christian, who walks in the sunshine of God's favour and feels the warmth of a clear assurance beaming in through every window of the soul,—neither is such an one often afflicted with distrust. His danger lies in the opposite quarter. He is in peril of presumption and self-complacency, but not of distrust. We can all trust God in fair weather.

But if the tempest begin to marshal its cloud-squadrons into the skies; if the sun and stars appear not; if the sea lash into foam like an enraged lion; if

great, green, greedy caverns open in the sea to swallow up our trembling bark,—can we trust God then? Will the cheap confidence of the calm *hold* through the hurricane? There is the question; there is the true test of faith.

How often had the disciples gone out with the Master on Galilee's bosom, when the boat swam like a swan before the well-pulled oar, and they felt no whispering of distrust. What faith had they then! But on that memorable night when the white caps came rolling and rioting from under the black cliffs of Gadara, and leaped into the shivering skiff, then the poor panic-stricken creatures began to shake the sleeping Saviour with the whimpering cry, "Carest thou not, Master, that we perish? His rebuke is suited to just such times as these: "Oh! ye fearful ones, *why have ye so little faith?*"

For what is that trust good for that only abides with us in the bright hours of life? It is just as good as a lantern which should only shine when the sun is up, and then go out in the darkness. It is about as good as an anchor which only holds when the idle ship is swinging on the glassy swells of a quiet harbour. It is about as serviceable as the temperance of those men who are very abstinent when no wine "giveth its colour" before their eye; or the patience of those who walk very lightsome when only feather-weights are laid on their shoulders.

The trust we need is a trust in integrity though every bank fail—a trust in God though desolation darken our fireside, and death dig a grave right beneath our couch or our cradle. As Christians we must "trust God though he slay us." The faith we need is a lantern that will gleam the brighter as the night of trouble grows the darker,—a light unto our timid feet, a lamp unto our broken, up-hill pathway. The trust that honours God is a trust through thick and thin, through noon and midnight, through poverty and reproach, through prosperity and convulsions too, through hard words and hard blows, through threats of base men and the violence of evil spirits tormented before their time. What the panic-struck merchant needs to smooth his brow, and relieve his aguish nerves, and steady him through the crisis, is *faith in God*. And you, my poor desponding brother, bruised and broken, hanging your head like the bulrush under spiritual discouragement, you can be restored by only one medicine. You want the simple tonic of TRUST. Nothing else will cure that dyspepsia of the heart, and quicken your appetite for God's word, and send a new glow over the wan cheek of your consumptive courage. You are well-nigh useless now in your closet, in your home circle, in your church. Your faith has gone out. Cry mightily unto your Saviour, "Lord! *increase my faith*." May God hear you, and give you a trust that will lean on HIM though the very earth were removed, and the mountains were cast into the midst of the sea. May you have the all-conquering confidence of him who wrote from a prison cell to his far-away spiritual son, "The Lord stood with

me and strengthened me; and the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom. To him be the glory for ever and ever!"

He always wins who trusts in God,
To him no trial's lost,
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Lord! not my will, but thine be done!
My soul—from fear set free,
Shall cast her anchor 'neath thy throne,
And trust alone in thee.

THE WORLD'S CONFESSIONS.

THE world's great men may sometimes tell religion's great truths. Take, for instance, Louis XIV. and Goethe. Each possessed great talent, which was used in each case to build up an artificial great man on the world's pattern. Each inherited much—the first, a royalty of state; the second, a royalty of temper and manner that raised his talents above the talents of other men. Each lived long and lived successfully, and yet each confessed fully how wretched their glory was. The confessions of Louis XIV. were convulsive and wordless—they were the inarticulate shudderings and writhings with which he turned from death to superstition, until superstition led him blindfolded to death. Those of Goethe—equally splendid, though in another field, and equally artificial—are incidentally referred to by Eckermann, one of his idolaters, whose reminiscences we have now before us in the German language:—

"When I look back," said Goethe, speaking in his seventy-fifth year, "on my early and middle life, and see how few remain of those who were young when I was young, I am reminded of a summer residence in a watering-place. When we arrive, we form acquaintances with those who come before us, but who will soon be leaving. The loss is painful, but then comes the second generation, with which we live for a while on terms the most intimate. But then this passes away, and leaves us alone with the third, which arrives soon before our departure, and with which we have but little to do.

"I have often been praised as an especial favourite of fortune; and I will not myself complain. *But at the bottom there has been nothing but trouble and labour; and I can well say that in my whole five and seventy years, I have not had four weeks of real pleasure.* It was the eternal rolling of a stone, that had always to be lifted up again for a new start."

So spoke the great voluptuary poet-idol of Germany, and such is the world's estimate of glory and pleasure from the world's oracle.

What is it but the echo of the words of the Master. "Whosoever drinketh of this water *shall thirst again*." Blessed be his name that he added, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 13, 14).

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. J. D. BURNS, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON.

"THEN cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." In this simple note of the evangelist is the long-suspended narrative of His life resumed. Our last glimpse of him was as a boy going out with his parents through the Temple porch toward the far blue hills of Galilee, and then for eighteen years all trace of him is lost. All that we know is that in the peacefulness and obscurity of Nazareth the Son of God was all the while meekly bearing the yoke of submission to parental law, through youth and graver manhood, amid hardship and poverty, in all beautiful and winning ways 'fulfilling the righteousness' of the commandment with promise, the golden rule of the home, as it had never been fulfilled under earthly roof before. Winding on from day to day in its hidden channel, the current of that life in its even noiseless flow was brightened by heavenly gleams, though seen only by household eyes. Henceforward it is to come into open view, to pursue a rough and troubled course, to be chafed, ruffled, and perplexed, oftener darkened by stormy glooms than gladdened by sunshine, yet with no trace or tinge of earthly element sullyng its clearness, keeping its native purity and freshness to the last.

From the towns and villages of his mountain-province, many in these days were making the pilgrimage to Jordan. No place was so remote as not to have been reached by the impulse of the great Revival—the call to penitence and preparation which from the desert of Judea had thrilled through the land. For six stirring months the Forerunner had proclaimed the coming of the Lord, and "the people were in expectation," when from the home of Nazareth, Jesus, now thirty years of age, went forth, we may suppose, alone. In the long interval we cannot doubt that he had often gone up to Jerusalem at Passover times in the company of kinsfolk or acquaintance. But it was in obedience to another impulse that he entered on this long and toilsome journey. He heard a voice which others might not hear. The inward call of the Spirit was witnessing that the hour has come for his manifestation unto Israel. An invisible hand was drawing aside the veil that had hitherto hid the mortal lowliness of the Son of God, and that was to hide him from human eyes on this side of the cross no more. It was meet that he should go forth to this great Epiphany alone. It is probable that in the interval Joseph had died: we hear of him no more; and the quick motherly perception of Mary would divine that in this sudden and solitary outgoing of her son from the little world of home into the great world beyond, there was the fulfilling of the pre-sentiment of years, that again He felt there was need for him to be "about his Father's business."

The circumstances of the baptism of Christ, marking as it does the transition-point of his life, are recorded by all the four evangelists, but by none so minutely as the first. Weary and travel-worn He has reached the ford of Bethabara, and made his way unnoticed through the crowd to the spot where the hermit-prophet stands. It was an eventful moment when the Son of Mary stood face to face with the son of Elizabeth, as long before the two holy women had met in Hebron, and the aged matron greeted in the retiring maiden of Galilee the mother of her Lord. From Matthew's account it might be inferred, that as soon as Jesus came into the Baptist's presence John recognized in him the One mightier than himself, of whose advent he had testified. He shrunk from the thought of conferring the distinctive rite of his ministry on Him. He "forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" It seems, at the first glance, difficult to reconcile this with the statement in the last Gospel—that the Baptist declared he did not know Jesus to be the Messiah till he had seen the promised sign, the Holy Ghost descending on him, which did not take place till after the baptism. We are, doubtless, to understand that John did not certainly know the fact of his Messiahship from the first. There was nothing in his outward look or bearing to mark him out as the Christ. John, of course, was acquainted with the miraculous incidents of the birth of Jesus, but it is uncertain whether they had ever met,* whether the Baptist knew that this man of Galilee was the Son of Mary, Jesus of Nazareth, and supposing that he did, how far any previous knowledge of his life might have prepared him for the coming revelation. On this point all conjecture is vain. It is enough to know that from day to day John was expecting the Christ to appear, and at the moment his eye first rested on the Man who stood in suppliant guise before him, some vague presentiment filled his soul with hope,—a silent influence of the Spirit drew out his heart to him in eager anticipation,—is not this He at last? We may well believe that between these two elected men, brought so strangely together, God's servant and his Son, there was a subtle sympathy of soul and heart—that though the son of Zacharias did not know the Virgin's Son after the flesh, his spirit was secretly and profoundly moved by the presence of the invisible Divinity that dwelt within him. This also must have struck the Baptist, that with all the lowliness of demeanour and suit there was no confession of sin—it was not as a penitent He came.

* We may dismiss all such ideas of their infantile or childish companionship as are suggested by the common pictures of the Holy Family as simply mythical. They may have met, at a later period, in the company of their parents at Jerusalem during the festivals.

With such an impression or hope, we cannot wonder at John's hesitating to administer to him the rite which was to others the baptism of repentance. The less is blessed of the greater: and with the humility which was engrained in the Baptist's character, he said, "I have need to be baptized of thee." Often, in baptizing others, he had felt that as a sinful man he needed to abase himself in deepest contrition before his God, that he too had the inward taint of guiltiness which needed to be purged away. Gladly would the great preacher have taken his place in the crowd of weeping penitents, lowliest of all.

The reply of Jesus, so quiet and simple, yet full of the self-conscious majesty which was in every word he spoke, must have at once confirmed the Baptist's impressions. These are the first words His lips have uttered in our hearing since the words to Mary in the Temple long ago, like them, too, giving us, as through a rent in the veil, a sudden glimpse into the spiritual world within,—a deeper insight into the sacred mystery of his human life.

"SUFFER IT TO BE SO NOW; FOR THUS IT BECOMETH US TO FULFIL ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS." It is the language of One who accepts the avowal of inferiority as natural and valid,—One who might have stood upon his right rather to baptize than be baptized. But he waives it "for the present;" as yet, it is fitting that He who is the greater should appear to be the less. There are reasons for it of the gravest necessity, arising from the nature of the work he has come to do. This rite of baptism is an ordinance of God, and every ordinance that the divine law has laid upon men the perfect Man must submit to and fulfil. Though in his essential glory standing above all law, He has, in the assumption of humanity for man's redemption, been "made under the law," that he might make it honourable by a heartiness and faultlessness of obedience such as had never been rendered on earth to that law before. Sinless of nature, He has come to place himself on the common level of sinful men, to be in all points made like unto them; to bow his neck under every yoke which is laid on theirs; to stand by them as a kinsman and brother of their blood in service and in suffering, not different in aught save by the willingness with which he serves and the patience with which he suffers. All that it was right in them to do it is becoming in Him to do, even in the case of ordinances and rites which, in mystic symbolism, drew their solemn meaning from the sinfulness of man's fallen nature, and its need of spiritual cleansing. Thus He had been made a son of Israel by the rite of circumcision, though pure in spirit and flesh. Thus, as a first-born child, He had been presented in the Temple to God, and redeemed with an offering, though himself the Redeemer. Thus He had kept from year to year the Passover feast, though no sprinkling of blood was needed for him who was the immaculate Paschal Lamb. And now, though for him, in His white and spotless innocence, there is no need of sacramental ablution, no sinful taint inhering in his mortal nature which must be washed

away, he honours this latest ordinance of God by claiming at the hand of the Forerunner that rite which is the sign of absolving grace to sinful and contrite men. For thus it became Him who, "though he knew no sin, was made sin for us," to fulfil, in the likeness of our sinful flesh, all righteousness of law, that he might be the Restorer to men of the righteousness they had lost, that "we might become the righteousness of God in him."

The baptismal rite, as administered to him, was in form the same, but it assumed for him a significance of its own. It was no token of "repentance for the remission of sins," but it became the sign of His consecration to that office of Mediatorship in which he was to stand forth as the Preacher of forgiveness, the Absolver of men from guilt, their Purifier from the inborn taint of corruption, their Redeemer from the bondage and power of sin.

Thus, while we wonder at the lowliness which shines out in his submitting to be baptized by John, we note, as we look into these memorable words, the utterance of clear and self-evidencing Divinity, an avowal which would have been impious presumption from other lips than his. In the very act of stooping to the Baptist's authority, He must speak as one undefiled and separate from sinners. It is not to receive the seal of contrition that He comes, but to "fulfil all righteousness." It is natural in Him, conscious in the depth of his spirit of unblemished purity, to speak of righteousness where others could only breathe a prayer for forgiveness. Others were baptized of John in Jordan, "confessing their sins." He was baptized, asserting his sinlessness, his clearness of conscience from all offence, as having, through these thirty years of life, kept himself unspotted from the world,—not a thought, or desire, or affection of his guileless soul that was not true to the law of his God. And for this very reason, that he is the absolutely perfect and righteous One, has he come to be laved with these mystic waters, that, as the Fulfiller of the law, he might become the Redeemer of those that were under the law, and bring in an everlasting righteousness in which men could stand accepted before God.

As marking his solemn inauguration to his priestly and kingly work on earth, there was a special propriety in the season of life at which he was baptized. It was at the age of thirty that the ministers of the Temple, the members of the sacred Levitical caste, were invested with the priestly ephod, and took their part in its services. At this age he receives the divine anointing and investiture as a Minister of the true Sanctuary of God,—the Tabernacle into which are to be gathered, to the end of time, the company of elect and faithful men, wherein he is to be the Chief Apostle and High Priest, ministering at the altar for ever, after the power of an endless life. Thus we behold all these sacred rites spiritualized in Him, all types and symbols of the ancient Church receiving their full, harmonious completion in Him, the law beholding the ideal of its sanctity realized in one human life on earth before it passed away.

In the words, "Thus it becometh *us* to fulfil all righteousness," the Baptist must have felt that Jesus associated him with Himself, that he linked the ministry of repentance, at this last and highest stage of its development, with his own. John was the angel of preparation sent before the Angel of the covenant, and, now that the Lord stands before his faithful herald, the servant receives from the Master's lips the testimony which set a divine seal to his mission ere it closed.

"It becometh *us*,"—you, in your place as God's minister,—Me, in mine; you, a servant in His house,—Me, the Son, over the house,—to observe its holy order and law. It is becoming that you should consummate and crown your work by the sacred rite which is to consecrate Me to mine. Our lives have been mystically bound together,—our names have been pronounced together by prophets long ago,—our missions are alike divine. Thine is ending as mine begins, and by this baptismal rite thine reaches its ripe result, and comes to its perfect close in Mine. Thou in the lower station, I in the higher, in the Temple of God must fulfil all righteousness.

John testified that the end of his mission was that the Christ should be made manifest to Israel. As characteristic was it of the Baptist's humility that he at once deferred to the will of Jesus, as that he at first had shrunk in the feeling of inferiority. It was not for him to argue, but to obey. We cannot feel our unworthiness too profoundly; but that obtrusive self-depreciation which hinders us from taking God at his simple word, in promise, invitation, or command, is not humility, but presumption. Without a word from the Baptist they descended into the river, and the rite was performed. The pure waters have lavied his sinless body, and the Saviour straightway coming up from the stream stands on the bank in prayer. Deeply significant to us is this, that "while He was praying"—his face towards heaven in intense devotion, as He dedicated himself by fervid vows to the service of God and man, here yielding up the sacrifice of his life to the Father—"the heavens were opened." To the Baptist's eye alone, it is evident, was given that glimpse of the ineffable glory, as through a rift in the blue firmament the golden brightness streamed, and in it the vision of the Holy Spirit gliding earthwards like a dove, and resting on his head. At the instant was heard a voice out of the excellent glory, "THIS IS MY BELOVED SON IN WHOM I AM WELL-PLEASED."

The promised sign is seen at last. For this hour the chosen Harbinger had prayed in the deserts, watched and longed with passionate desire, and now that his eyes have seen the Christ, his ears heard the living voice of the Redeemer, his joy is fulfilled. It is now for him to bear record. "This is He of whom I spake"—to point Him out as he walked unnoticed among men. "Behold the Lamb of God!"

It has been supposed that the symbol under which the descent of the Spirit is portrayed, refers not to the

actual form of a dove which he had assumed, but to the manner in which the bright celestial sign seemed to descend, with a soft fluttering motion like a dove,—some glorious apparition like the fiery tongues of Pentecost, lambent or hovering over the Saviour's head. No doubt there is a danger of degrading that which is spiritual by coarse materializing interpretations. But there is a risk of over-refinement on the other hand, leading us to explain away the plain and literal affirmations of Scripture. The testimony of Luke is explicit: "The Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape, like a dove, upon him." There seems to be a peculiar congruity in such an emblem being employed. No other could have so impressively shadowed the Saviour's gentleness and the benign spirit of his ministry than this,—the symbol of purity, and harmlessness, and guileless innocence. The Dove of Heaven hovering with calm and spotless wing over his head might well harmonize with the mission of Him who was meek and lowly. It was the visible augury of the words: "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street: a bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench."*

It is in another point which has been, perhaps, too much overlooked that the special force and appropriateness of the emblem are to be found. The Spirit, when it descended, "remained on Him;" this signifying, that on Him there was to be a tranquil and continuous abiding of the Spirit in all the fulness of heavenly gifts. Thus was He signalized as more illustrious and blessed than all the prophets who had gone before him. On them the Spirit came in abrupt and fitful accessions of inspiration: in trances of mystic vision, or moods of ecstatic utterance,—a sudden excitement of the intellect or imagination followed by a subsidence of the mind to its ordinary human level. But on Him, the divine Man, the Spirit was perpetually to rest. To Him the Spirit was given "without measure." In Him, in seven-fold plenitude of divine illumination, and gracious influence to abide; in every word to speak, in every act to move,—to go forth from Him in silent, equable, never-ceasing operation of power, wisdom, love, and sacred zeal. At this epoch of his earthly life, his spirit rose to its perfect height in all powers and endowments needful for His life of Mediatorship, and at this high level it remained. In Him alone, of all men, has there been an indwelling of the Spirit in such fulness, that of his own will He could impart the gift, dividing to every man severally as he would,—"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Henceforward for Him, to the spiritual eye of his disciples the heavens are always to be opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of man. "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity: *therefore* God, even thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

* Spiritus Jesu, spiritus columbinus.—Bacon.

Ineffable and blessed co-operation of all the persons of the glorious Trinity in this crisis of stupendous interest to the destinies of men,—the Word made flesh, with His glory veiled beneath the mean investiture, in prayer devoting himself to the work of redemption,—the Father accepting the vow by solemn annunciation,—the Spirit descending and resting on Him in visible seal and attestation of the covenant. Thus was the voice of one crying in the wilderness reverberated by a Voice from the excellent glory. The Christ is come; the gates of the Kingdom of heaven are opened on earth to all believers. On the shore of Israel's sacred stream He stands, wearing our humanity, the lowliest servant God ever had, the only one on whom that eye could rest with an entire and unmingled complacency. The Father is "well-pleased" with him for all that He has done through these thirty years of unblemished obedience. "Well pleased" for His free and single hearted consecration of himself to the work yet before him.

Standing in this gleam of empyreal light, heralded by the greatest of the prophets, greeted by voice and sign from heaven, men might have deemed His was to be a career of splendour and renown, a life of brilliant and unchequered triumph. But He knew well how it was to be,—how life was to put on for him its hardest, sternest visage of endurance. He knew he was to wear on earth the crown of His spiritual kingdom in a knotted wreath of thorns. The voice from heaven, He knew, was meant to cheer him on the threshold of his great enterprise. He girded himself for an arduous service, and with a forecasting glance surveyed the dark and troubled years before him. From the shore of Jordan His first step must be into the desert, to meet the fiercest assaults of the spirit of evil, and thereafter to pass through many a sore night-watch of wrestling with the powers of darkness, wherein He seems to be left alone. This was to be the symbol of His life; thus, through suffering, must it come to its perfect consummation.

Yet once again, when a brief season of heavenly fellowship and rest is given to Him in the holy mount, and the tabernacle of his body becomes transparent through the outshining of the glory from within, is the voice that spoke at Jordan to be heard on earth. Then from Tabor's transient glory it is a descent into the world's wilderness once more, and darker shadows fall upon His path, and as one forgotten, He must go onwards with his yoke of mystic tribulation to Gethsemane and that other baptism of blood. There He must see the heavens closed above him, and no descending sign; the Father's face turned away, and no voice but His own, the wailing cry, "LAMA SABACHTHANI! MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?" Yet then, in the crisis of His redeeming anguish, unheard in earth and heaven, there is the same response from the heart of the Godhead; the Father looking on the finished Atonement, saith, "THOU ART MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED."

THE WAKING HEREAFTER.

IN the city of Frankfort, of all German cities the most intensely active, is a hotel for the dead. Outside, the population is bustling to and fro with an intensity in singular contrast with the usual German calmness. Here, at this centre of trade, meet the keenest of traders; and here they pass and repass, exchanging a few words, then hurrying on until night comes to give time to recast the speculations of the past day, and to plan the speculations of the next.

In the midst of this intense vitality is the hotel for the dead. Sumptuous beds are there spread. The softest and thickest carpets deaden all noise from the step. A splendid reception does the corpse of the rich man meet as it enters. The host, with his most officious attendants, hurries down to receive the mute clay. Unconscious as it is, it is laid on one of these rich beds, the head propped on a pillow, the body carelessly covered, as if it had just laid down to rest, with an embroidered quilt. By a courteous fiction, this dead man of business, whose once active brain lies so cold and frigid, is supposed to be still alive. All the luxuries of his house are collected about him in this hotel, where he is temporarily sojourning. And in order to enable him to call his attendants when he awakes, his fingers are placed on the keys of an instrument by his bed-side, the slightest pressure of which will sound the alarm.

Yet that alarm has never been given. For twenty years have the rich dead of Frankfort gone to this hotel after their death, yet in these twenty years none of these rich dead have spoken. Busy men were they, with wonderful love of life, and passionate desire for its continuance, which was evidently nothing more than by their treating death as a thing which was only for a short time to stop the rapid current of their activity. "I lie down for a moment," says the dying man, "but only for a moment, and to save time, my hand is kept on the bell, so that the carriage may at once be called, and I can drive straight back to the bank or the counting-house."

But the bell is never rung, and the next carriage that the once busy merchant gets into is the hearse.

Underneath this fiction, however, there is a great truth. A trumpet will sound to proclaim the awakening of that dead body, but it will be a trumpet celestial. This world, even in its most intense shape, thus but proclaims the existence of the next. The merchant will arise, and as he was before death, so will he be after. The same quick, anxious plotting will exist, but in the next world it will be a sad and wretched chase after a phantom, which can never be reached. The treasure will be left in this world, though the pursuit of it will be continued in the next.

Not so with those who lay up their treasures above. To them comes the same awakening, but to a life so different. Thither let our hearts be turned now, so that there those hearts may have rest hereafter.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

"MY JEWELS."

MAL. iii. 17.

BY THE REV. JAMES BOLTON, KILBURN.

"MY JEWELS."—The Lord's jewels! Dear children, can you tell us what they are? Did the Lord Jesus wear jewels when He was on earth? No, indeed.—He had not the money to purchase them, and we are not told of His having such things given Him, though we may be sure that He had many gifts from Martha, Mary, and others. Does He then wear jewels now that He is in heaven? They would be of no use; for He is so glorious in Himself that they would look quite dim upon Him, as glow-worms do if you hold them up before the full moon.

But, nevertheless, He has jewels;—there are such things as the Lord's jewels. He speaks of them here.

Again, then, I ask, can you tell us what they are? Let us study the verse before the text. There we read, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." "And they—*they* shall be mine," saith the Lord, "in that day when I make up my jewels."

Here it is, then. The Lord's jewels are those who "fear Him and think upon His name."

Now, to fear the Lord and think upon His name, is just to be good and holy. Every good and holy person, therefore, is one of the Lord's jewels. No matter what their age; be they fifty, or thirty, or fifteen, or five—if they are truly godly, they are the Lord's jewels.

First, let us ask *whose* jewels good and holy children are. Are they not their *father's and mother's* jewels? Perhaps you have heard the story of the Roman matron who came to be presented at court in a common dress, but with two rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boys—one in each hand. When the emperor said to her, rather reproachfully, "Where, madam, are your jewels?" she replied, looking right and left, "May it please your majesty, these are my jewels." That mother loved her children better than any finery; and if she was so proud of them simply because of their handsome faces, how much more must Christian parents rejoice in good and holy children? How exceedingly must they rejoice when they can say of them as a gentleman lately said to me of his daughter, just taken from him, "Sir, she loved righteousness and hated iniquity." What a memorial! Surely such children as *these* are their *parents'* jewels. They cherish them as a princess

does her rings and necklaces. Happy fathers and mothers! who does not envy them? They may be poor and pitied, but in their children they have a thousand comforts which no gold can buy. Such children will smooth their dying pillows, and bedew their graves with tears, and be their living monuments.

Are they not their *minister's* jewels?

St. Paul speaks of the Thessalonian Christians as his "joy and crown." He means that their having believed on Christ through his preaching, was the greatest honour he had. It was indescribable happiness to him. He thought also of the moment when he should appear before the throne of God, surrounded by all those whom he had plucked as brands from the burning, saying, "Here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me;" and he knew that he should feel grander then than if he had possessed all the joys and all the crowns of this world.

Now, what St. Paul felt about his Thessalonian converts, every *minister and teacher* feels about the children whom he has brought to Jesus. They are his jewels. He watches over them, and cherishes and loves them as such. He would not exchange them for royal diadems. "No," he says; "what joy, what crown equal to these—these children who have attended to my instructions, who have put their hands in mine, and allowed me to lead them to the Saviour, and are now growing up to be the future standard-bearers in his army, when I can carry His standard no more?"

But, principally, good and holy children are the *Saviour's* jewels.

As I said, it is the Lord who is speaking in the text, and He calls them His: "They shall be *mine*, saith the Lord." You see He claims them for His own. It was He who gave them to parents and ministers, or rather put them under their charge, to be trained for Him. He said to them as Pharaoh's daughter said to Jochebed, "Take this child, and nurse it *for me*, and I will pay thee thy wages." But when "that day" comes, they shall all be known as the Lord's. They are His jewels; He cannot spare one of them. They are infinitely dear to Him; He would not sell the least of you for anything that Satan could offer. He would send twelve legions of angels to rescue you, if it were necessary. All really good and holy children are *Christ's* jewels.

But now, *secondly*, let us ask, *Why* does He compare them to jewels?

He might have compared them to flowers—to roses, or lilies; or birds—to doves, or chickens; but He calls them His *jewels*, and He does so because, like jewels, they are *rare, precious, beautiful, imperishable*.

Like jewels, good and holy children are *rare*.

If you wanted a jewel, particularly if you wanted a fine jewel, what trouble you would have to find it! You might, indeed, get it easily enough at a shop, for jewelers buy them up, and keep them for sale; but I mean if you had to look for it yourself, what hard work it would be! You would have to live in a hot and sickly country—you would have to wander up and down rocky mountains and valleys, or dig with a pickaxe in a dark and dismal mine, and even then you might be years before you would discover one worth having—jewels are so rare.

So it is—alas! that it should be so—with His jewels; they are few and far between. Here and there they are mentioned in the Bible—a Samuel, a Josiah, a Timothy. Here and there we meet with them in books—a little “Jane, the cottager,” a little “African Willie,” a little “Bertie.” Here and there we can point them out alive—a boy or girl whose heart is tender; yes, “who fears the Lord and thinks upon His name.” Careless children, thoughtless children, selfish children, children who do as others do—they are as plentiful as minnows in a brook.—We could catch you a netful in five minutes. But where, in our schools, Sunday or week-day—where, in our family circles, are children who can be said to be “born again,” and are growing in grace and in the knowledge of Christ? Do you not agree with me that, like jewels, they are rare?

Again, the Lord compares good and holy children to jewels, because like jewels they are *precious*.

Jewels—emeralds, and rubies are little things in themselves,—the largest is not larger than an egg; but they are priced at enormous sums of money. The Koh-i-noor diamond, which you may have seen in the Tower, would buy the finest park in the country, the best house in Belgrave Square, furniture, plate, carriages, horses, pictures; and when all these were paid for, there would be thousands of pounds left to live upon.

The Queen's jewels are kept in a double iron cage, with soldiers to guard them. A big ship was once sent over to South America to bring back a single jewel. But what is the value of a stone, however transparent, however richly coloured, when weighed against a good and holy child? Who can tell the intrinsic value of such a child? Men may judge differently, but God gave His own dear Son for it. He prizes it above “the topaz of Ethiopia.” Good and holy children are made white by Christ's blood. They are part of the reward of the “travail of His soul.” “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” “Their angels do always behold the face of my Father;” and soon they themselves will be with “their angels,” singing, “Glory, glory, glory” to Him! No wonder, then, that they are precious.

Further, The Lord compares good and holy children to jewels, because like jewels they are *beautiful*.

I have seen jewels which sparkled as our eyes do, they seemed to be alive; or they glitter as stars do on a frosty night, they were so brilliant. And then their splendid hues: orange, blue, crimson, green; put together, they make a perfect blaze.—You could fancy that they were fragments of the rainbow. And are not good and holy children lovely in God's sight? Must they not be beautiful to Him, when He sees that they bear the image of the Saviour, when they are becoming pure as He was, meek and lowly as He was, obedient as He was. Depend upon it, dear children, those who resemble Jesus are as fair in the Lord's sight as the most splendid amethyst is in yours. He rejoices over them with singing. And when He “makes up His jewels,” He will set them (as it were) on His own imperial brow!

Once more. The Lord compares good and holy children to jewels, because they are *imperishable*.

Jewels may last for ever. There is no reason why the jewels which the Israelites borrowed of their Egyptian oppressors on that dreadful night of the *exodus*, should not be in existence now. In the British Museum there are jewels which were worn by the Greeks before Christ was born; and others which had been many years buried in Babylon, when St. Matthew was preparing his gospel. A duchess was dressing for an evening party—she had all her jewels spread out on her table; but sad to say, her sleeve caught fire, and she ran about the room shrieking for help. The flames spread to the curtains, and then the whole house was a roaring furnace! It was burned to the ground. When the labourers came to clear away the rubbish, they found nothing of the poor duchess save a handful of black cinders, but there lay her jewels unhurt, except that the gold and silver casings had melted.

So, too, it is with good and holy children. They are imperishable. Their bodies,—their casings, will wear out and return to the dust, but their souls will live on till their bodies are raised again, and then they will be reunited to live together for eternity. “He that believeth on me (says Jesus) shall never die,” that is, they shall pass from their beds of pain to his bosom, and abide blissfully there till the trumpet shall sound! They have already entered upon everlasting life—a life in which they will by-and-by be older than Methuselah was,—a life in which they will by-and-by be millions of years of age. Good and holy children, though they have had but a dozen birthdays so far, are henceforth to live as long as God lives!

In conclusion, What will God do with His jewels?

He will “*make them up*”—“In that day when I make up my jewels.” Now, “that day” is the day of judgment,—the day when everybody will be seen to be what they actually are. Now, it is possible to deceive both others and ourselves, and now frequently Christ's jewels are hidden from sight, as the loveliest violets and primroses often are hidden in hedges and ditches; but in “that day” there will be no more of this. The-

wicked will be unmasked, "and the righteous shall shine forth as the sun." Jesus will declare who are His and who are not. He will reckon His own, as a shepherd reckons his sheep at the end of a weary drive. Having endured agony, and shame, and death for them, and having taken such pains to purify them and fit them for His presence, He will not let Satan hold any of them back from Him.—"Where (He will say) is that missing jewel? Let it be delivered up to me?" He knows them now himself, but in "that day" He will show them to the universe. He will publicly acknowledge them as "the blessed of His Father." "And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." The jewel shall be undimmed by a single tear.

Beloved children, how about yourselves in "that day"? What is your prospect? Assuredly that day is hastening on to us, and we are hastening on to it. It will arrive, and we shall have to pass through its fiery trial. Then the question will be, "Am I Christ's jewel or not?" Oh, what rapture if you are! Oh, what woe if you are not!

But the same question can be addressed to our consciences now, when we have the opportunity of altering our state. If conscience answers, "You are not amongst the Lord's jewels now," you can cry to Him to help you to become one. His Almighty Spirit can change a flint into flesh. And if so, can you be willing to remain as you are, and die as you are, so that He must say to you, in that day when He is making up His jewels, "Depart from me, I never knew you?"

If you can humbly trust that you are amongst His jewels, then you need not be troubled whatever be your earthly lot. The Lord's jewel! What title can equal that? The Lord's jewel! then depend upon it, His eye is on you, His ear is open to you, and His arm overshadows you. The Lord's jewel! then what can the fiercest foes do to damage you? The Lord's jewel! then in that day when He makes up His jewels, you will certainly behold His glory, and share His glory, ay, and add to His GLORY!

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

A SERMON BY JOHN EDMOND, D.D., LONDON.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."—MATT. II. 1, 2.

In the great "book of nature," as the visible creation has been sometimes called, there are three volumes lying open for our study. There is the volume of ocean, the volume of earth, and the volume of the sky. In the last with which we have to do at present (because, so to say, my text was quoted out of it into the page of the New Testament), there are three distinct and wonderful pages. There are the sunny, the cloudy, and the starry heavens. They are all very grand and beautiful, but

perhaps the last is the most admirable to look at of them all. The colour of this page is a lovely azure, and the letters printed on it are glittering and golden. God made it and printed it with his own hands. A great many people at different times, and with different feelings and objects, have read from this book of the nocturnal heavens. You may have heard of two little boys who had looked into it, and were one day talking with each other about what they saw there. Their names might be John and James. We shall call them so. James was the first speaker. He said to his companion, "What do you think the stars are?" John's reply was that he did not know, unless they were the heads of brazen nails driven into the great ceiling of the world. "I do not think so," said James in answer, quickly, "I think they rather are gimlet holes in the blue heavens, letting the glory from above shine through." That was a fine conception, though a boy's, and not correct as to fact. The stars, however, do shine in God's light, and show his glory. David says so in the nineteenth Psalm; and there, and in other psalms, he lets us see that he was in the habit of reading in God's great book over his head. I think when he was a shepherd lad, keeping his father's flock on the plains of Bethlehem, he studied it with wonder and delight. He saw God's greatness shining there, and he drew from it a lesson of humility and adoration. He says, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Astronomers in our own day study the skies, to find out wonderful things in them. What they have told us as the result of their search into this golden book is very strange and grand. There were astronomers also long ago, but they had not such good helps to read the book clearly, and they did not find out so much. And there were others, who were called astrologers, men of star-science, that studied the stars for very foolish purposes. They were either silly or knavish. They pretended to find out from the stars what kind of life, fortunate or unfortunate, each person was to lead. Some think the wise men of the East were astrologers, but there is no evidence of this, and I believe they were better taught. They were astronomers, very probably; and what is curious, they did for once find out what had happened at a distance, from looking at the stars. For once, we might say, there was a true astrology; a star came out one night before the eyes of those wise men, which brought them a message from God. This is what I am going to talk about with you at present. I shall arrange what I have got to say under four heads. I shall ask these questions about this star:—

- I. *What was it?*
- II. *Who saw it?*
- III. *What said it?*
- IV. *Whither led it?*

Or let us suppose that you ask me these questions,

and I shall try to answer them. You ask, then, about this star,—

I. *What was it?*

Astronomers tell us of different sorts of stars. There are planets, for example. These are wandering stars. This does not mean that they have lost their way, or are without a guide, but simply that they move about in the sky, and are seen, at different times, in different places of it. They have a path, and God leads them in it; and they are so near to us, that we can see how they move about. One of them is well known by most people to be at one time an evening star shining in the west, and at another a morning star seen in the eastern heavens. Now these planets are sister worlds of our own globe. You might call them the family of the sun. Then there are fixed stars. These, probably, move also in the way God makes for them, but they are so far away from us, that they appear to our eye to be always in the same place. These do not belong to the sun's family. They are supposed to be suns themselves. If you wish, just by looking at them, to know them from the few planets you can see at any time among them, this simple rule would help you. Planets shine steadily—fixed stars twinkle. It must have been to one of these that the child is made to say, in the pretty little hymn you know,—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Then there are comets,—that is, stars with hair. They are called so because, besides having a round body, like other stars, they send out from it a brush or stream of light. When this goes before them, they are bearded stars. When it follows them, it is called their tail. They are only seen now and then in the sky. You may call them servants in the sun's great household. They run on far errands. There is still another class. We call them shooting, or falling stars, because they run or shoot across the sky, or come down, as if they were indeed stars falling. These are not worlds at all, but some kind of matter lighted up in the high air, and soon burning out. Now, the star the wise men saw could not be one of any of these classes. "How do you know that?" you say; "you did not see it?" No, certainly. "Nor does Matthew say what it was?" He does not; but he tells us what it did, and that helps us to find out what, at least, it was not. After the wise men saw it, you remember, it disappeared; then after they came to Jerusalem it met them again, and came and stood over the house where the young child was. None of the stars, properly so called, could do that. Neither could what the wise men saw be a shooting meteor; for it was steady. What, then, was it? I will tell you a curious fancy some have had. You know on the night Jesus was born, an angel appeared over the plains of Bethlehem, to tell the shepherds; and a multitude of the

heavenly host sang praises to God about his nativity. Now, some say the wise men far in the East saw the shining of this troop of angels as if it was a star. That is a pretty fancy, but it is no more. Well, then, what was the star? After all, I can only say it was a star-like light sent from God. But if any of you should say, "I think it would be the lamp of an angel," I shall not say that you are wrong. I think it very likely that an angel kindled it, and put it out, and lighted it again. But this alone we know certainly, it was star-like, and it came from God. You ask, again,—

II. *Who saw it?*

They are called wise men from the east. They were in the east when they saw the star. They did not see the star in the eastern part of the sky. It was probably in the west, away toward the land of Judea. I am not going to talk with you about what was the country where these magi stayed. Some learned men say, Arabia—others Persia. I think the latter are right. We shall not stay to discuss the matter. But notice several things about them. They were wise men. They were learned men. They knew science. And they were not poor men. They were not kings, indeed, as they have sometimes been represented, but they were rich. We see this from the gifts they brought. God sent angels to humble shepherds,—but he also sent a star to great people. Jesus is needed by the rich as well as the poor. The Queen's children need him as really as you do. He is willing to save the rich as well as the poor, and the poor as well as the rich. Then these wise men were Gentiles. They did not belong to the Jewish nation. For Christ, whose star they saw, was to come a Saviour for the whole world. I do not know if any little child may be hearing me who is not a Gentile, but a Jewish child. Christ, I would say to that child, loves you all the same. All are one in him. The wise men, you will observe, got a sign suitable to their profession. God likes to fit things into one another. Suppose these men had been shepherds, he might have said to them, "When your staves begin to bud, and have leaves like a tree, Christ is born." What a supposition, you say. But a thing like this once happened. You remember how Aaron's rod blossomed. These men, however, being men of learning, astronomers accustomed to read the stars, God gave them a star-sign. Observe, finally, they were good men. They knew the true God. But how could that be? I will tell what I have seen, and it will help you to understand. I have seen trees growing on the face of steep rocks. I know a little church, near the base of Scottish hills of romantic beauty. I see it now in my mind's eye. It is fallen into decay, and is in great part a ruin, but the spire still stands. Well, when I passed it lately, I saw a little tree growing out of the spire, rooted in one of its crevices. How could the tree get there? Man did not plant it as gardens are planted. No, but God bade some bird or wind carry the seed. So the Jews had truths like seeds sown in a field,

or roots of trees planted in a garden. But among the Gentiles also there were sowers of truth, like the breezes and the birds. The captivity of Judah was a means to this sowing. A great many Jews did not go back when the captivity was restored. Some of them grew heathens; but some of them taught the heathens how to love the true God. Daniel taught the wise men of Babylon a higher wisdom than they had known before. The third question about the star was,—

III. *What said it?*

Now, you may be ready to exclaim, You don't mean to say that the star spoke. No, certainly; not with a voice which went in at the ear. But there are other ways of speaking than that. When you get a letter enclosed in an envelope with a black border, does not the sable rim of the paper tell you a sad story. When you read a book it speaks to your soul. A well-known missionary tells a story which illustrates this. He was working one day at a distance from his house, and he wanted a hatchet to do something. His wife was at home; and taking up a bit of wood, he wrote two or three words on it. He then gave it to one of the natives. He knew nothing of writing, but he carried the chip of timber to the missionary's wife. She read the words, and then gave the messenger the hatchet that was wanted. The man started in perfect astonishment, and then he took hold of the bit of wood, and put it to his ear to listen if it was a speaking thing. Fifty or sixty years ago the people of this country were afraid of invasion. So they piled up wood on the hill-tops along the coast, that when the foe came, the beacon-fires might be lighted and send the news far inland. Now, the star spoke in this way. God had said to these men beforehand, When you see a new star, in a particular place, you will know that Jesus is born. You know a country, on the banner of which are stars, symbols of states. This star said, that Jesus who was born, would be a high and glorious king. This was what the star said. The King of the Jews is born. Then, though born in a stable, Jesus was a king. Yes, so he is. He is the king of heaven. The king of the Jews he was not, in the sense of being crowned in Jerusalem,—the only crown he got there was one of thorns. But he is king of the people of God; he rules in the hearts of men. He does this in all ages. His throne is in the sky. You will see it one day when it is set for judgment in the heavens. I hope you may see it also, when he sits on it in glory in the new Jerusalem, and when the crystal river of life flows out of it. Ask, finally, about this star,—

IV. *Whither led it?*

Here the answer is. It led them to Jesus. The star was not Jesus. It was a sign of him, and a guide to him. It did not, indeed, go with them all the way; for God does not waste wonders, and the wise men could get the way to Jerusalem without a heavenly guide. But when they needed one, then the star shone

out again. In this the star is like all the messengers of God. They come to lead us to himself. The Bible is a star to lead to Jesus. Ministers are stars to lead to Jesus. John the Baptist, like the morning-star before the day, came to foreshow Jesus, and wake men to receive him. Every preacher of the gospel has a similar work. Ministers are angels of the Church. Sabbath-school teachers are stars. This service is a star to guide to Jesus. Shall it succeed with any of you? Some of you have gone to him already, and given him your hearts. That is right. The wise men offered gifts. He asks from you first your hearts, then your lives. Will you love him? Will you sing of him? Will you serve him?

Having thus told you about the star in the east which informed the wise men that Jesus was born; having told you what it was, who they were that saw it, what it said to them, and how it led them to Jesus;—I shall close with two advices, which put together, make a sort of couplet.

1. Believe the star, and you will get a star.

2. Be like the star, and you will be a star.

1. Believe the star, and get a star.

Believe it, that is, trust in the King of whose birth it told. Follow it to the place where Jesus is. Do as the wise men did, go to the King and worship. If you do so, you will have share in this promise given to them that overcome, "I will give him the morning-star." Jesus himself, who is the bright and Morning-star, will be yours, and you will reign with Him, like the leader of stars, for ever and ever.

2. Be like the star, and be a star.

That is, strive to guide others to Jesus. Light your little lamps of persuasion, and example, and prayer, and seek to save others. If you live for such a purpose as this, you will not live in vain. And when Jesus comes to take His people all home to Himself, you will have part in the fulfilment of that promise, "They that be wise shall shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

A LITTLE THING.

A CHILD'S SONG.

I AM but a little thing;
Can my feeble cry,
Piercing through creation's din,
Reach the vaulted sky?

I am but a little thing,
As a mote might be,
Floating in a cloud of dust,
To eternity.

I am but a little thing,
As a grain of sand,
Lost amid the countless grains
Of old ocean's strand.

Hush, my heart! Little things
Thou canst not define;
God alone can tell if works,
Great or small, be thine.

He who rolls the worlds above,
Sees the sparrow fall,
Clothes the lilies of the field,
Loves and cares for all.

He has given thy work to thee,
Though we cannot tell
How great it be—it matters not,
Only do it well.

TRUE FRIENDS.

"HARRY, who did you part from at the gate just now?"

"Tom Kennedy, papa."

"And who is Tom Kennedy?"

"O papa, do you not know him? he is one of my great friends."

"A great friend! that is a strong expression. How long has he been this to you?"

"Let me see,—ever since he came here, that is more than two months ago. We were friends at once."

"Indeed! There must have been something very delightful about him to whom you feel friendship on so short an acquaintance. Tell me what it was; what there is in Tom which makes him so attractive to you."

"Oh, he is such a fine, funny fellow!"

"A fine, funny fellow,—I do not quite know what you mean by that."

"Papa, why are you so serious? Let me go for my books now."

"Not yet, Harry; I wish to give you another kind of lesson in the first place. I am serious, because it is a serious matter to choose a friend, and I fear you have not thought enough about it when you chose Tom Kennedy. Remember, I am speaking of him as a *great friend*, to use your own words, not an ordinary companion. A fine, funny fellow may do well enough for the last, to be sure."

Harry sat down, looking rather uncomfortable. "Well, papa, do you not wish me to have friends?"

"There is nothing which I should so much desire for you, my dear son, as a faithful, true friend. God has no greater blessing to bestow upon earth. But I wish you to have a better idea of what the thing really is about which I have often heard you speak so lightly. For Tom is not the first great friend you have had. What has become of Frank Wilson, whom you were so intimate with last year?"

"Papa, you know Frank was found out to be a bad boy, and you and mamma were both very glad when he left school."

"And James Ross?"

Harry coloured. "Oh, if you knew how I was taken in by him!"

"But were not they both your 'great friends' in their day?"

Harry was silent.

"Well, many have been deceived and disappointed before you, in those whom they loved and trusted. But such experience must surely have taught you wisdom. Your new friend, at all events, you will have studied and tested before you admitted him into your heart. For true friendship we ought to consider as a sacred relationship, a tie not to be lightly either formed or broken. Other relations are often imposed upon us by birth, and circumstances over which we have no control; this must be of our own choice. What should be the first thing we look for in the person we wish to make our friend?"

Harry had been piously instructed. He answered, after slight hesitation, "I suppose, papa, he ought to be a Christian."

"Yes, if we are real Christians ourselves, we shall surely find little pleasure in the society of those who cannot feel along with us on the subject nearest and dearest to our heart. We should tremble at the idea of loving any such warmly on earth, and then, whenever death approached, feeling that we must separate for ever. Our life here is so short, so uncertain, that no ties of affection seem worth forming which will not last beyond the grave. Besides, to speak of this world alone, I believe that nothing short of religious principle can give real strength and value to character, so as to make a man to be depended upon as a true friend. Well, how does Tom stand this test? Is he a good boy?"

"Papa, we never spoke about religion."

"That is strange, if you are both in earnest about it. Yet deeds are often better than words. You must have some idea how Tom spends his Sabbaths, how he values the Bible, how he thinks and speaks of the true people of God."

"O papa," said the boy hastily, "I am afraid neither Tom nor I feel as we ought to do about these things."

His father laid his hand gravely upon his head. "That is a sad and solemn admission, my son. Think over it when you are alone,—think over it on your knees before God. Then we must no longer consider this subject of friendship from the Christian point of view. We must talk of it only in connection with this short life, and leave the eternity to come out of the question. Well, let it be so. Here is a test which a mere worldly man can apply. If I think of making any one my friend, I should first inquire how he has discharged other duties and relationships. If he has been an undutiful son, an unkind brother, an unfaithful servant, or a harsh master, I have no good reason to expect that he will prove a true and tender friend. I must know him in his own home before I take him to my heart. What do you know of Tom's home conduct? I believe his father died last year, but he has a mother in delicate health and a young sister. Is he dutiful, and gentle,

and anxious as far as possible to make up to them their sad loss, at least to be their comforter under it?"

"I have hardly seen him at home."

But you must know something of how he acts towards his mother?"

"Indeed, papa, when I think of it, I am afraid he thinks more of his own wishes and his own will than of hers."

"Ah, Harry! a boy who is not the best comfort of his widowed mother will never be much of a comfort to his friend. I shall only give you one other test at present, and it shall be a scriptural one. A friend, one worthy of the name, 'loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.' The love worth possessing is that on which we can always depend, which will cheer us in the days of sorrow, sickness, misfortune, when the world looks cold upon us, and our hearts are sad and weary. Now, could you trust Tom for this? Would the 'fine, funny fellow,' who is so pleasant a companion in your school games or evening rambles, have come to weep with you last year, when we were all in sorrow, or sat by you, day after day, when you were confined by your sprained ankle to the sofa, as Cousin Ellen did? You did not know him then, but would you expect such comfort from him now?"

Harry coloured again and looked very thoughtful.

"No, Tom is not the boy, I think, who would do that."

"Then call him a pleasant acquaintance, if you like, but not a *great friend*. Keep that sacred title for those whose love has been tested and proved, on whom you can trustfully lean in the days of adversity, and with whom you hope to share for ever the blessed services and communion of heaven."

J. L. B.

OUR "GOLD DUST."

"First, I am going to write to my mother," said Thomas, with his eye on the clock, parcelling out Wednesday afternoon; "next, two hours' play; next, come in and study my algebra lesson; after supper, go and hear that man lecture on Africa." Did he? for boys as well as men make capital plans, which they do not always execute.

No sooner said than Tom took his writing materials, and sat down to write. There was a great hurrah in the street, but he never got up to look out. He went once for the Dictionary to learn how a word was spelled. "Do you care when you are only writing home?" asked one of Tom's cousins who was waiting for him. "I always care," answered Tom. The letter was finished, well done for a boy of his age, in about three-quarters of an hour, and he was ready to be off. And so the afternoon was filled out as promptly as that letter was filled up. That is a specimen of Tom.

"Uncle," said Tom one day, "it seems to me your things don't look as well as they might." They were in the garden, and "the things" the boy had his eye on were the currant bushes.

"I don't suppose they do," replied his uncle; "I'm no great hand at a garden. But what can you improve?"

"I can *try* on the currants," said Tom. "They want to be trimmed out, and the old wood cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't you ever dig around them, and put ashes on the roots?"

His uncle never had done one of these things; did not know they ought to be done. He thought, he said, currants took care of themselves.

"But they can be cared for," said Tom, "and do all the better."

"Suppose you try, boy," said his uncle.

Tom's uncle gave him a home for two years to attend the High School and prepare for college, and that gave him time to try the bushes. In the autumn he dug round their roots, pulled up the grass, separated the large old bushes, and put out new ones. It took time, but he tugged hard at it. In the spring he loosened the soil, laid on coal ashes, watched the young shoots, kept some, and cut down others. His uncle did not believe much would come of it; but he had reason to change his mind. Much *did* come of it. All at once, it seemed to him, for time goes fast to an old man, his bushes were loaded with fruit, fine large currants, such as his garden had not seen for many a day, if ever before. People, when they walked in the garden, exclaimed, "What splendid currants you have!"

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said his uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him, he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly. That boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of the gold dust."

"Gold dust!" where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold dust? Ah, he had the *seconds* and the *minutes*, and these are the "gold dust" of time—*specks* and *particles* of time, which boys, and girls, and grown-up people are so apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His deceased father, a poor minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth more than gold; and his son took care of them, as if they were. He never spent them foolishly, but only in good bargains; "for value received" was stamped on all he passed away.

It is a mistake to suppose the miners and the mints have all the "gold dust." You, children, have some,—some of infinitely greater value than the richest mines can yield. God does not give it to you in gold bars, a day, a month, a year long; nobody can be trusted with so much time all at once; but God wisely deals it out in seconds and minutes, so that you can make the most of it. If you are robbed of one, or lose it, the loss is comparatively small. It cannot, to be sure, *ever* be made up; the *whole world* cannot ever make up for a minute lost; but if it teach you to be thoughtful and

careful of the rest, you will by-and-by be rich with the golden years of a useful and happy life.

Take care of your "gold dust," children.

KITTY.

"Oh, dear!" said Kitty Brown, "I wish I could go to school like Lucy! I am so tired staying at home all day with nobody but the cat to play with; and then I hate to say the letters to mamma. I know it would be nice to go to school and read in a class!"

So Kitty pouted and looked quite miserable.

By-and-by when she was tired of pouting she came along to her play-house, and saw the doll's tea-table standing in the middle of the play-house parlour.

"Why, Geraldine!" said she, taking up the black doll she played was the servant; "how careless of you to leave the tea-table standing all night! I shall have to send you away without a 'character.' I shall, truly."

Then she began to talk in another tone, pretending to be Geraldine, and to say what a headache she had, and how she broke her arm, and was threatened with whooping-cough and typhoid fever, so she could not work.

By this time Kitty had forgotten she was not the happiest little girl in the world, and she was so engaged with her numerous family of dolls, that for an hour she never remembered it once. Then she was tired of playing, and so she began to fret again, and wish she could go to school.

It is always easy to find some trouble to think about if one tries, and day after day, and week after week, and month after month, Kitty kept herself discontented about the matter of going to school, when she was not too busy at play to think of it.

At last a long, long year had gone by, and the blue violets and trailing arbutus had come again by the brook, and by this time Kitty had grown older and stronger, so her mother sent her to school with her cousin Lucy.

Now, I suppose you will think she must be very happy, but she carried the same little uneasy heart along, and so she still had a trouble.

It was so dull to have to read in a primer all the time, and sit on the low seats. Oh, dear! If she could only sit by the window where Lucy did, and read in the Third Reader! And how she wished she didn't have to wear high-necked aprons, and to have her hair braided!

So she sighed and looked abused every time she thought of any of these things that she imagined kept her from being one of "the great girls."

One day her father said to a gentleman who was visiting him, "This is my baby," as he introduced Kitty. She did not show a very pleasant face as he came up to shake hands; and as soon as the gentleman stopped

speaking with her, she ran into her bedroom and locked the door, then flew around there as though she had the jumping toothache.

"Oh, what *made* father say so! I don't want that hateful man to know I am the youngest. I wish he thought I had ten brothers and sisters smaller than I am! I wish he *never* had come here!" Then the silly creature began to cry, and when the dinner-bell rang she had such red eyes she was not fit to come to the table.

Poor Kitty! She is always willing to hold her aunt's silk and thread her grandmother's needle; she will run errands without looking cross at all, even though she is doing something she doesn't like to leave, and she is just the best nurse for her mother, when she has a headache, you ever saw.

Then she asks God every day to forgive everything she does that is wrong, and to help her to be like the patient, holy Christ.

But I fear she scarcely knows what these words mean; that she has never thought that God cares for what she deems such little things, and that fretting about what we cannot help is finding fault with him. So she has not learned to try to stop thinking about anything that does not please her, and thinking of any trouble only makes it the harder to bear, you know.

The violets have come and gone so many times, that Kitty is old enough to sit in the back seat at school, to wear short aprons, and to have her hair braided, besides reading in the first class at last. Do you suppose she is contented now? Oh, no! of course not! She thinks she should be, though, if she could wear a large cameo pin, and live in style as her aunt Kate does.

O Kitty! Kitty! You never will be happy till you can say this lesson which God has put for you and for us all, "For I have learned whatsoever things *I have*, therewith to be content."—*Independent*.

A SHORT RULE FOR FRETTERS.

A LITTLE girl has been visiting me who was a fretter. She fretted when it rained, and fretted when it shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself and troublesome to her friends. We, to be sure, have our trials; but fretting does not help us to bear or get rid of them.

I have lately come across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have. Here it is, *Never fret about what you can't help, because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help; because, if you can help it, do so.* Say this when you get up in the morning, say it at noon, and say it at night; and not only say, but do; and that will be, do not fret at all—a fine doing.

"But we have our trials," the children say. Yes, you have, and your little trials are as hard to bear as our big ones. But *fretting* don't help them, nor wish-

ing we were somewhere else, or somebody else, or dwelling upon them until they look a great deal bigger than they really are. Did you ever see that fable about the toad and the plantain-leaf?

A toad used to live under a stone beside the brook. He was a pretty fat toad, and got along in the world as well as toads generally do. One day he went out to find something to eat, and hopping out among the green leaves by the creek's side, he heard a rustle among the leaves. He said to himself, "There's a beetle! I like beetles. I'll be quiet and catch him." So he crept along till he got to it, and stuck out his tongue to get him; but it happened to be a *bumble-bee*! He dropped it like a hot coal, and had to cry out in the way toads cry, and hop back to his hole under the stone. He suffered with the pain, and his tongue swelled up, and he was obliged to lie by for two or three days. Hopping back to his home, he plucked a leaf of the plantain, and took it home for his medicine, and put it in his mouth to cure the sting of the bee. He stayed at home for two or three days, and began to get hungry, and poor, and lean. As he hopped along, he came under the leaf of a plantain, and being very tired and hungry, he stopped under the leaf, and looking up, said, "Oh, what a nice time you plantains have! I should like to change places. Toads have a hard life."

The plantain said, "Friend toad, I should like to change too. I don't see what toads can complain of. I think they must have a fine time of it."

"Let me tell you," said the toad. "In the first place, we have to work for our living, and find all we get to eat; and sometimes, when we think we are going to get a beetle, we get a bumble-bee. Then, again, in winter time we get frozen up, and when we come out the boys come along and stone us, and the crows pick us up; isn't that trouble? while you plantains have just to sit by the river, and don't have to work. I should like to change places with you."

"Stop; let me tell you my side," cried the plantain. "We cannot hop about as you can, but have to stay where we are put. If we want a drink of water, we can't go to the creek and get it. We can't move an inch to go and see the world and visit our next neighbour. Then, the sun shines hot all day, and we have to bear it, and can't hop under a cool leaf as you do. Then, by-and-by, comes along a cow and nips off our head, or a little worm, and eats into our heart, and we have not power to shake him off. I should like to change places with you. You take mine and I will take yours; for I am so anxious to hop down to the creek and get a drink."

"Stay, stay," cried the toad, "I hear a cricket. Let me get it;" and off he went after the cricket, and never came back.

So it appears everybody does have trials; and the only right way of getting along is not to wish ourselves somebody else, and fret ourselves because we are not, but contentedly bear our lot, and be satisfied with what God has given us.—*Child's Paper*.

BIRDIE GOING TO BED.

WHEN the sun has left the skies,
Birdie knows 'tis time for sleep;
Gaily to his nest he flies,
No late hours will ever keep.

Never does the birdie say,
When it comes his time for rest,
"I don't want to leave my play,"
And go pouting to his nest.

Birdie sings his evening lay;
God he praises in his song:
He is happy all the day,
Never doing what is wrong.

Birdie hides his little head,
Softly pillowed on his breast;
Rests he without care or dread,
By our heavenly Father blest.

Little children, how do *you*,
When has come *your* hour for rest?
Do you fret, make great ado,
Whine and cry, when you're undrest?

Do you close your little eyes,
With no thanks for tender care
To your Father in the skies,
Thoughtless of your evening prayer?

If you do, hear birdie say,
"Let no murmuring sounds be heard."
Children ne'er forget to pray;
Learn this lesson from the bird.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY OF DOING RIGHT.

"I'm thankful to see you minding your books so, Johnie," said a poor, anxious mother to a bright-looking boy who shared the small table and dim lamp with her.

Johnie used to like to be out in the evenings; now he stayed at home and studied, or tried to study. "Because we've got the right master now," said he; "he knows the right way of doing right; that's what some folks don't. The master before, he didn't."

"Right way of doing right," said his mother; "I didn't know there was a wrong way of doing right: right is right."

Johnie looked into the flame of the lamp, puzzled. "Yes," he said at last, "I think there *is*, mother, a wrong way of doing right. I see it as plain as can be."

"Tell me," said his mother.

Johnie looked as if he did not quite want to tell all that was in his mind, but presently he did. "Mr.

Jones, our last master," he went on to say, "thrashed me for being idle, and escaping my lessons, and playing truant; and he ought to have thrashed me, I deserved it, I know that; but he did it as if he *didn't care*; and so I didn't care. I always said to myself, 'Thrash away, old fellow.' He did it as if he was angry, and that made *me* angry. I used to get so mad with him. I felt his smarting on my back, but it was only skin-deep; I didn't feel any sore or sorry place *here*," said Johnie, putting his hand on his heart. "Then Mr. Jones went, and Mr. Day came. The boys saw in his eye they'd like him. Well, I was at my old tricks again, and after a while *he* had to thrash me. I wouldn't take another for anything. He felt *so* sorry, that what should I do but feel sorry too. I felt awfully. I said to myself, 'What a rascal you are to hurt Mr. Day's feelings so;' and, mother, I try to be a good boy in school now. I try hard, *real* hard. Don't you see, mother, Mr. Day does right the right way?"

His mother did indeed; and she said sorrowfully, "Yes, Johnie, I do,"—sorrowfully, for she began to be afraid lest she, too, had not always done right the right way. A great many may feel afraid so likewise.

One day two little girls got into a violent quarrel. Mary snatched Jane's doll, and Jane struck Mary in the face! Their mother parted them, and tried to settle it. She told Mary to ask Jane's forgiveness, and to kiss and make up, and be two loving little sisters. They did as their mother bid them, but they did it pouting. The spirit of penitence and forgiveness does not speak with pouting lips or walk with unwilling feet; and these were the feet with which Mary and Jane went towards each other. So there was no true making up, and the consequence was, as soon as their mother's back was turned, the old dispute revived, and they began to quarrel as bad as before. You see they did right the *wrong* way.

One day there was a loud outcry under our window. We looked out to see what the matter was. A little girl was sprawling on the pavement.

"You ran against me, and pushed me down, you, Sarah Barnes, you!" bellowed the child angrily; "I'll tell your mother, and you'll get a thrashing."

Sarah Barnes stopped and went back. She was evidently going somewhere in a hurry, and had not minded where she went. "I didn't mean to," said Sarah; "I am very sorry;" and she began to lift the little girl up.

"You shan't touch me!" cried the child.

"Lizzie, dear, I didn't mean to," said Sarah Barnes sweetly; "and it was naughty in me not minding. I'm real sorry. Do let me brush the dust off your dress."

Her voice was so kind, there was no resisting her; so the little girl consented to be helped up, and have the dirt shaken off.

"Shan't I lead you home, Lizzie?" said Sarah Barnes.

"No, thank you," replied the little girl, quite comforted, "I'm not hurt a bit."

Sarah then kissed her, and the little girl kissed Sarah back, and each went on their way cheerily as before. Sarah Barnes, you see, had the *right way* of doing right.

There are a good many parts to right doing. It is like a machine; the wheels sometimes grate on each other, and do not run smooth. They need oiling. What shall we oil them with? The *oil of love*. That makes the right way of doing right.

BABY'S FIRST PLAYTHING.

WHEN baby Lizzie woke from her morning nap, she found a beautiful plaything. It had often been in her cradle before, though she had never noticed it. What could it be? It was her little hand. She looked at it, turned it over and back again, closed the tiny fingers, and bent the little wrist as if she was quite used to doing so. Who taught her to do this? God, who made it, taught her how to contract each muscle and bend each little joint. Soon she found that she had two of these pretty playthings. First one, then the other, then both together attracted her attention. As she grew older, the little hands grew too. In a few weeks she found she could lay hold of other playthings, and by the aid of her little dimpled arm, could bring them near her.

Lizzie has had many new playthings, but she has never had anything half so beautiful as the hand that God made for her. Little children, look among your toys. Has man made anything that is in every way so perfect as the hands with which God has furnished you? How skilfully they are made. Can you not move them at your will? Do you not control the joints and muscles and little bones of which they are made, so that they all work together, serving you faithfully, whether at work or play? These hands, so curiously made, are God's workmanship, and are given you for good, and not for evil doing. Let them be often engaged in healthful, vigorous play, that they may grow strong and active, ready for greater service as you grow older. If ever raised in anger, say to yourself, God gave me these little hands. Shall they disobey him, and break his golden rule? Oh, no; let them not disobey their Maker. Let them ever be engaged in doing good. However small, they may do something for those about you, something for God. To him you are accountable for all that they do. To have good hands you must have good hearts, made white and clean by the blood of Christ.

A RECKLESS BOY.

IN one of our large cities was an orphan boy named Johnie. His parents died, and he was left alone in the world. A poor woman took him, from whom he often received most cruel treatment.

While playing in front of this cheerless home one Sunday morning, the voice of a kind lady fell on his ear,—

"Would you like to go to the Sabbath school?"

His eye beamed with curious delight as he replied, "Yes; but I've no clothes to wear."

"Come just as you are," said the lady.

"Will you take me with you?" asked Johnie.

"Yes, yes," was the answer. "Come now."

Johnie went; but it was a strange place to him, for although he had lived to the age of twelve in a great city where church spires rise from almost every square, he had never been inside a church, never heard the story of Jesus and his love for children. Johnie stared around at the pictures and cards which hung on the walls; but he could not read them, and knew not what they meant. The singing pleased him; but he talked and laughed till all eyes were turned upon him,—and confused, he sank under the seat to hide himself. Every Sabbath found Johnie in his place; but, sad to say, no impression seemed made on his mind. He was very troublesome, disturbing all around him, and bold and reckless in his mischief, till he exhausted the tact and energy of his teacher. He was often reproved; but it seemed of no avail, and it was thought best for the school that Johnie should stay at home.

So the next Sabbath Johnie was locked up at home. This he thought very cruel, and as he saw the children assembling and heard their songs, he could not be restrained. Carefully raising his window, he jumped to the ground, and soon made his appearance at the Sabbath school, creeping in on his hands and knees during prayer-time. Coming towards the friend who had first guided his steps thither, he exclaimed,—

"I want to be in your class. I'll be very good."

As my class was small, I directed all my questions and remarks to him, and in this way Johnie was diverted till the close of the lesson, when I related the story of Moses. This pleased him, and he was anxious I should tell a long story every Sunday. I consented, in case he was quiet and good.

Here was the turning-point. From this time he came regularly; he learned to read, was orderly and well-behaved. A prize was offered to the pupil who would bring into the school the greatest number of scholars in a month. Need I tell you that Johnie took the prize? He brought in many boys that scholars and teachers could not reach. Yes, the boy once so mischievous and uncontrollable, was the one who accomplished the most good in winning bad boys and young men from their Sabbath-breaking, and inducing them to join the Sabbath school.

One old man, who had long been vainly entreated to come by teachers and superintendent, was interested by the descriptions given by this ignorant little child, and came trembling to see and to hear for himself. He has learned to read, and is now, as we hope, an humble follower of Jesus.

A BRAVE GIRL.

THERE are not so many brave girls in these days as there ought to be: We have been watching, and this is the conclusion to which we have come. Many of them are real cowards—they are afraid to keep on the side of truth. They may not be afraid of the dark, nor of dogs, and spiders, but they are afraid to do what they know is right.

There was Hattie Stone, a bright eyed, intelligent, sprightly, lovable creature, sitting by her mother who was trimming her winter bonnet with gay ribbons and beautiful feathers, when Nellie Larkin, one of her play-mates called.

"Is that your bonnet?" inquired Nellie.

"Yes," replied Hattie. "Isn't it pretty?"

"It is very pretty indeed, I think," answered Nellie. "Mine is a poor looking thing beside that."

"Are you not going to have a new one?"

"No; mother says my old one must do this winter with a little repairing, and I think it will myself."

"You will be the only girl in the church with an old bonnet on," continued Hattie, "and that will make you feel badly."

"No, it will not make me feel badly at all," said Nellie. "I like your new bonnet very much, and at the same time I am contented with my old one."

"Well, I should be afraid that people would laugh at me when everybody else had new bonnets," responded Hattie. "I want to look as well as the rest."

"Mother says it is cowardly to be afraid of what people will say about us if we are doing what we know is right."

"Then there are a good many cowards in the world," said Hattie, "and I suppose I am one. But you mean to be brave and wear your old bonnet," and Hattie smiled as she said it, for she was evidently amused by Nellie's idea of bravery.

"I don't think it is necessary to be very brave to wear a last year's bonnet," replied Nellie. "I am sure that it is not a great cross to me, although I don't like to be laughed at any better than you do. My mother says she can't afford a better one, and that is enough to make me satisfied with what I have."

Now Nellie really did not know that she was a brave girl in deciding to wear the bonnet that she had worn for a year. But she was the bravest girl in the neighbourhood. Hattie, poor little mincing coward, was afraid somebody would laugh at her, if she did not have a bonnet as gay as a peacock's tail, and be in the height of fashion. She had no courage to say, "Let others think as they please, I shall do what my mother thinks is best." Poor weak thing! How much nobler is Nellie, who dares to follow her mother's counsels though she may not appear quite so fashionable! And yet how many thousands are there who always stop and ask, What will be thought of this or that? What will Mrs. A. or Jemima B. say about me if I do thus and so? not

having courage to do right even, lest some one should laugh or sneer.

Ah, children! first *be right*—make sure of this—and then a snicker should be a small matter. God's eye is both on you and on those who laugh at you. To which does he say, "Well done, good and faithful servant?"

HANNAH'S MITTENS.

ALL day long the old grandmother sat in her high-backed chair by the sunny south window, where the honeysuckle and the sweet brier peeped in, and where pussy loved to watch the flies humming about her head as she lay in the warm light.

Fast flew the shining needles, and pussy eyed the bright red ball of yarn, waiting for it to drop, and the grandmother looked pleased as her work progressed, for she was knitting a pair of mittens for little Hannah.

Only yesterday night the poor child had cried with pain over her little red hands when she came from school, and to-day the good grandmother had looked in her bag of yarn and found this ball of scarlet, and soon she would knit some gay little mittens for those aching fingers.

The needles fairly flew as the old clock in the corner struck four, and the second mitten danced and hopped about in the grandmother's fingers, while the first lay quietly on her knee beside the little red ball. Very soon the snow, which lay lightly on the doorstep, was scattered hither and thither by hasty feet, and in another moment Hannah had sprung into the room, was soon watching the glittering needles of her grandmother as they wrought that mystery of all mittens, the creation of a thumb. Very eager was she to put them on, but it was not permitted until the last stitch was taken, and the ends of the bright yarn cut off. So she stood demurely waiting for the happy moment to arrive when she might hide her restless fingers in the soft scarlet; and while she waited the old lady said to her, "Hannah, I have been thinking about these mittens to-day, and I have concluded that they may do much good if you will let them."

"To be sure, grandmother," replied little Hannah, "I will let them keep my hands as warm as ever they can."

"Besides that, I want them to do more, and let us see if you cannot tell me every night of something these little mittens have done besides protecting your hands."

Hannah laughed at the plan, but she was really pleased, and resolved to teach the fiery little mittens every day something to tell the kind grandmother who had made them. The next morning, on her way to school, she overtook little Rosa, dragging her lame brother on a sled through the drifted snow. Hannah saw that the child was tired with her exertions, and so she let the red mitten grasp the short rope, and merrily it worked to draw the reluctant sled up the steep hill

to the school-house. At recess the children all hastened to make a snow man, and Hannah went too, but at the door she saw that the steps were becoming very slippery with the trodden snow, and she thought of the broom behind the door. Then she caught sight of the wonderful man rising slowly out of the huge drifts, and the little hands longed to roll the light snow together for his head. But she remembered the mittens, and grasping the broom, she swept the stone steps and the pathway quite clean, and then had time enough left to assist in the completion of the rude image in the corner of the yard. At night she told the grandmother what her mittens had done, and the kind-hearted old lady smiled at the success of her plan, while she encouraged Hannah to let the brave little fairies accomplish all they could. And it was wonderful to hear all that those merry-looking little mittens did in the course of the long winter. They drew the lame boy to school and home again every day, they served as a pattern for several other of the school children, they carried many a basket and bundle for the aged grandmother, they led three children to the Sabbath school, they put many a penny into the box for the poor heathen, and still there was always something more for these willing workers to do. Not a day passed but Hannah found plenty to test the ability of her mittens, which never failed to do her bidding.

Before the spring again came peeping through the rents in winter's garment, one of the well-worn, much-used mittens was lost, and the solitary mate Hannah converted into a purse to hold her missionary pennies. But the hands had learned a lesson from the faithful mittens, and now the work that they found to do was done willingly. The good grandmother's lesson sank deep into the heart of little Hannah, and long after the shining needles were rusty in the leather-case, and the sunlight fell across her vacant chair, her Bible still full open at the words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

THE RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth."

How gently in night's silent hours
The dew distills upon the flowers;
How softly on the grass new mown
The crystal drops of rain are strown.
But gentler, softer falls thy word,
On childhood's tender heart, O Lord
Making the germs of grace appear
Like snowdrops in the opening year.
Its light revealed to infant eyes,
Is darkness to the worldly wise,
We know, we feel the Bible true,
For it has made our hearts anew.

—Rev. Hugh Stowell.

THE TREASURY PULPIT.

A DIFFICULTY OVERCOME.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D.

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—JAN. xii. 5.

ONE of the greatest battles on record was fought, and won, seven hundred years ago, by the merchants, tradesmen, and artisans of Brussels against the arms of France. Reduced by famine to the greatest straits, Brussels one evening opened her beleagured gates, not to admit the enemy, but that such as were able to carry arms might march out—to make their last throw in the bloody game of war. They were resolved to do or die. Their resolution was strung to the highest tension; and they had it from the lips of their wives and daughters that, whatever were the result of to-morrow's battle, they should be safe from the violence of a brutal soldiery. If their fathers and brothers conquered, they would be at the gates to receive them in their arms; if, on the other hand, they were defeated, still they had a refuge—the last refuge of the oppressed,—the grave. They would fire the city, and, throwing themselves into the flames, leave nought to the spoiler but blackened corpses, and smoking ruins. The forlorn hope, on leaving Brussels, carried provisions only for one meal. If God was pleased to bless their arms, they would get plenty more; if the day was lost, they would need no more. The night fell down when they came in sight of the banners and tents of France. Spent by their enemies in riot and carousings, it was spent by them in seeking rest for to-morrow's fight; and by their leaders, in making the most skilful arrangements.

The men of Brussels rose with the dawn. They took what was to some—and might be to all—their last earthly meal; then, knowing that they, a few rude burghers, had no chance against that magnificent host unless God helped the fight for home, and wife, and children, and liberty, they cried to Heaven for help. Arrayed in sacred vestments, with the symbols of salvation in their hands, the priests went up and down the ranks; every man confessed, and received the rites administered to the dying. The solemn service of their Church concluded, they rose from their knees; closed their ranks; levelled their pikes; and wheeling round so as to throw the glare of the sun in the eyes of the enemy, they came down an avalanche of steel. The charge was irresistible. They bore cuirass, and knightly lance before them; and these base-born traders scattered the chivalry of France, like smoke before the wind, and chaff before the whirlwind.

Such is a story of the olden time as told by Froissart in his Chronicles. It illustrates a remarkable saying of one who fought many battles, and seldom—if ever, lost any. Asked to what he attributed his remarkable success, he replied, "I owe it, under God, to this, that I made it a rule never to despise an enemy."

To what warfare is this rule so applicable as to the Christian's—to the battles of the faith—to those conflicts which the believer is called to wage with Satan, the world, and the flesh? His past experience, an examination of the circumstances in which he has failed, and of those in which he has conquered, cannot fail to prove that. Those works are commonly best done by us, which we count most difficult—the athlete leaps the highest who bends the lowest to the spring. And have not we found that when Satan looked most formidable, he proved to be least so? Stand in awe, and sin not—these are joined as cause and effect. The way to sin not, is just to stand in awe. Never to feel too secure, never to underrate the difficulty of a duty, never—be it the world, the devil, or the flesh—to despise the power of an enemy, is not that just what Scripture teaches in these words, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch;" again, "Pray that ye enter not into temptation;" again, "Put on the whole armour of God;" again, "Having done all, Stand."

The adage, Extremes meet, applies as well to spiritual as to common things; and thus it is that despondency—the fear that we shall never succeed, by depressing a man's energies and paralyzing his power, leads to disaster, almost as certainly as presumptuous pride. For example, it was the witch of Endor more than the Philistines that conquered Saul. When she buried hope in his brave heart, she dug his grave; victory vanished with the mantled phantom; and when Saul, pale, haggard, his courage sunken as his eye, hopeless and heartless, went to fight, he had not a chance—the battle of Gilboa was lost before it was begun. Despair, in fact, is as bad a leader as presumption—this is Scylla, that Charybdis; and both extremes, the rock, horrid with breakers, and the glassy whirlpool, are alike fatal. Here, how true is the heathen proverb, "The middle is the safe passage!" The Spirit guiding us, we are to steer right between the two; and, with God's bless-

ing, to help you in this course, let me explain and answer the question, "If ye have run with the footmen, and they have wearied you, how will ye contend with horses?"—in other words, if ye have not done the less, how can you do the greater?

The difficulty implied by this proverb appears—

I. In this, That man is less a match for Satan now than when Satan proved himself more than a match for man.

In Eden, our first parents and the tempter were not unequally matched. Belonging to a superior race of intelligent beings, he had more mental, but they, on the other hand, still innocent, were superior to him in moral power; and so, like a man who, though he brings less strength to the field of battle, brings better weapons than his enemy, Eve might be considered as a fair match for the devil. Vice cannot look virtue in the face, any more than an owl can the sun; and, imperfect as it is, innocence still seems to possess such power over guilt as the eye of a man has over a lion,—the savage beast quails before his fixed, and steady look. When naked, Eve was clad in the panoply of innocence; and it was her own fault that the simplicity of the dove did not prove more than a match for the cunning of the serpent. But it did not—and you know the result. It is seen in the flames of hell; it was heard in the groans of Calvary; it is felt in the corruption of our whole nature; it is written in the blotted pages of each man's history; it is engraven on every tomb-stone. Beneath its burden the whole creation groaneth and is in pain; and waiting for redemption, and, till He come who shall set free the prisoners and lead captivity captive, crieth, "O Lord, how long, holy and true? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! why tarry thy chariot wheels?"

Beaten in Eden, where else can man look for success? Overcome in our innocence, what hope remains for us in this warfare now? The bravest soldiers hang back from the breach where, as it belches forth fire and smoke, they have seen the flower of the army fall—mowed down like grass. The bravest seamen, as lately happened on the English coast, dread the storm which has wrecked, besides the gallant ship, the stout life-boat that had gone to save; men say, If, with her brave hands and buoyant power, whelmed among the waves, she could not live in such a sea, what chance for common craft? And what chance for us where our first parents perished? how can guilt stand where innocence fell? Beneath a heaven that has empty thrones, and on a world full of ruins, how may poor, fallen creatures hope to conquer an enemy who has won victories in the fields both of heaven and earth, and overcome the innocence both of angels and of men! To set us up against Satan, saying, Now fight the good fight, and resist the devil, is like raising a sick man from his bed, and, when the earth is spinning round to his dizzy eyes, bidding him fight an enemy that conquered him, when health bloomed on

his cheek, and strength lay in the arm that hangs powerless by his side. What chance have infants against the lion that, with bristling mane, lashing tail, and flashing eyes, stands with his paw on the bleeding body of their mother? What hope has a city, with traitors swarming in her streets, to resist a foe that scaled, and breached, and carried its walls, when no traitor lodged within? We have been reduced to slavery; and did bondmen ever win where freemen lost? Hope, there is none for us out of Christ—no hope but David's, when, as the stripling presented himself to do battle with the giant, Goliath, as if he felt insulted to be bearded by a beardless boy, exclaimed, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" Come on; rush to thy doom, and "I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field." And David answered, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and a spear, and a shield; but I come unto thee in the name of the Lord God of hosts." And but that we go to battle in the name of Jesus, backed by the Lord God of hosts, we had had no answer to the question, "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, how wilt thou contend with horses?"

II. If we were overcome by sin ere it had grown into strength, we are now less able to resist it.

The morning of life, like that of day—with every flower glistening in dews, the fresh air loaded with perfumes, the hills bathed in golden light, the skies ringing with the song of larks, is beautiful. Fallen though we are, there remains a purity, modesty, ingenuousness, and tenderness of conscience about childhood, that looks as if the glory of Eden yet lingered over it—as you see the light of day on hill-tops in the evening, when the sun is down. We are dead in trespasses and sins: and I don't say but there is death; but it is like death before the body is cold, or the colour of life is blanched upon its cheek, or decay has begun its work. Look at childhood! It does not behave itself unseemly; does not rejoice in iniquity; does not glory in its shame; nor stand with unblushing front before a shocked and wondering world to avow its vileness, and proclaim itself seducer, liar, murderer. It has blushes on its cheek; and in its bosom, a conscience that protests against thoughts, and words, and actions that men live to boast of. Sin, afterwards rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue, is followed in early life by fears and uneasy feelings, stings of conscience and bitings of remorse; so that the child is no more like what the man becomes, than a sweet rose-bud, bursting its sheath, breathing odours, and opening into beauty, is like that vile, soiled, and rotten thing which I have seen hanging on the leafless branch—a nest of worms, and smelling rank of decay. It has wrung our heart to look on some lost and loathsome creature—the pest of society, and the shame of her sex—and think of the days when she was an angel-like infant in a mother's happy arms; when, ignorant of evil, she lisped long-forgotten prayers at a

mother's knee ; when her voice rose in the psalm at family worship and in the house of God, like the song of a seraph in the skies. Alas ! "How is the gold become dim ! how is the most fine gold changed !"

Yet, justifying this sad description, "The wicked are estranged from the womb ; they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies"—how soon sin clouds life's brightest dawn ! Well, if when sin was comparatively weak, and conscience was comparatively strong, we were so easily, and so often overcome by temptation, what hope for us, when this order is reversed—when conscience is weak, and sin is strong ? If we were no match for the cub, how shall we conquer the grown lion ? If we could not pull out the sapling, how are we to root up the tree ? If we could not turn the stream near its mountain cradle, how shall we turn the river that, red, roaring, swollen, pours its flood on to the sea ? If we could not arrest the stone on the brow of the hill, how shall we stop it when, gathering speed at every turn, and force at every bound, it rushes into the valley with resistless might ? Yet such power sin gains by time and habits. "If we have run with the footmen and they have wearied us, how shall we contend with horses ?" Spirit of God ! but for thy gracious aid the attempt were hopeless.

Not without reason, the strongest reason, does the wise man address himself to the young, saying, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The difficulty of resisting our bad passions and corrupt nature, grows with man's growth, and strengthens with his strength. Some things become weak, and wear away by use ; not the power of sin—like the muscles of a blacksmith's brawny arm, the more it is used the stronger it grows. Thus all sinners, as well as "seducers, wax worse and worse ;" the dead become twice dead ; and if no bones can live, still less those that are very dry. The further we go down the slope of evil, it is the more difficult to return. Every new act of sin casts up another impediment in our way ; so that what was once but a molehill, grows into a mountain. Nor could we ever hope that, having been overcome of sin when it was weak, we should overcome it when it is strong, but that faith, undaunted by difficulties, can say, "What art thou, O great mountain ! before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

Yes—they that are accustomed to do evil may learn to do well. The Ethiopian has changed his skin, and the leopard his spots. Down into that crimson fountain, and it is done ! With the blood of Christ to wash away the darkest guilt, and the Spirit of God to sanctify the vilest, and strengthen the weakest nature, I despair of none. Too late ! It is never too late. Even hoary age, tottering to the grave beneath seventy years, and a great load of guilt, may retrace its steps, and begin life anew. I have seen the morning rise cold and gloomy, and the sky grow thicker, and the rain fall faster, as the hours wore on ; yet, ere it set in night, the sun, bursting through heavy clouds, has broke out to illumine

the landscape, and shed a flood of glory on the dying day.

III. Show how these difficulties are to be overcome.

The Spirit and the flesh, grace and nature, heavenly and earthly influences may be so fairly balanced, that like a ship with wind and water acting on her with equal power, but in opposite directions, the believer makes no progress in the divine life. He loses headway. He does not become worse, but he grows no better ; and it is all he can do to hold his own. Sometimes he loses ground—falling into old sins. Temptation comes like a roaring squall, and finding him not watching, drives him backward ; and further from heaven than once he was, he has to pray, "Heal my backsliding, renew me graciously, love me freely—For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great."

Our state is often a very unsatisfactory one. The affections that should point steadily to heaven, go wheeling about like a weather vane, that shifts with shifting winds. Sinful thoughts and bad desires spring up, thick as weeds in showery weather—faster than we can cut them down ; and every attempt to keep the heart pure, holy, heavenly, ends in miserable failure—extorting the question, "Who is sufficient for these things ?" It is often most disheartening. We go into our gardens, and see the flowers growing by sunny day, and silent night ; week by week, the fields around grow golden for the harvest ; and year by year, childhood in our homes rises into youth, and youth into bearded manhood ;—but our poor souls seem standing still. There is no appreciable progress ; and we begin to ask, Are we never to grow fit for heaven—is our hope of it but a dream, a beautiful delusion ? Daily called to contend with temptation, the battle often goes against us—"The sons of Zeruiah are too strong for us." That startling cry, "The Philistines are on thee, Samson !" rouses us ; we make some little fight ; but too often fighting only to be conquered, we are ready to give up the struggle,—to say, It is useless ; and like Saul in Gilboa's battle, to throw away sword and shield. We would ; but that, cheered by a voice from above, and sustained by hope in God's grace and mercy, we can turn on our souls to say, "Why art thou cast down, my soul ; why is my spirit disquieted within me ?"—rise ; resume thy arms ; renew the fight ; never surrender—"Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

To encourage you to this, let me show two cases—those of Peter and Abraham—where they who had been overcome by the lesser, overcame the greater trial ; and, to use the language of my text, though wearied by the footmen, nobly contended with horses. No doubt we are not Peter or Abraham ; still their God is our God for ever and ever—the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. What he did once, he can do again. His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear ; nor his hand shortened that it cannot save.

1. Look at the case of Peter.

The arena where he is matched with footmen, is a judgment hall. A woman—no proud Jezebel, plotting Naboth's murder—no Athaliah, ambitious of a throne, and wading to the ancles in the blood of her children—no Herodias, gazing with grim satisfaction on John's gory head—has dragged Peter to her presence, and fixing on him her evil eye, asserts, Thou also art one of them! It is but a humble maid—come perhaps to cast some billets on the fire—who without intending to hurt him, or with any object other than to satisfy her curiosity, catching a sight of Peter's face as the rising flame throws its ruddy glare on the crowd around, says, Thou also art one of them! Coward! He denies it—denies his Master—asseverates with oaths, I know not the man. What a fall was there!

The scene changes, and the arena is again a place of judgment; as if providence kindly intended that Peter should win back his laurels on the field where they were lost. He stands at the bar of stern, blood-thirsty judges—and at his back a band of martyrs. Far more severely tried, he is now equal to the occasion. His courage mounts with the danger. No denying of his Master now! no repudiating now of his discipleship! He stands like a lion at bay. Accused, he turns the accuser; charges his judges with murdering the Lord of glory; and boldly tells them that Jesus he has preached, and, let them do their worst, Jesus he will preach—obeying God rather than man. He had run with the footmen, and they had wearied him, see how nobly he contends with horses!

2. Look at the case of Abraham.

We would touch the patriarch's fault lightly, but that he nobly redeemed it; and that, like the dark background of a picture, it brings out the faith which shone so brilliant in his greatest trials. Woman's beauty has often been her snare—supplying food to vanity, and exposing her honour to the seducer's wiles. But Sarah's beauty was her husband's snare. About to sojourn in the land of Egypt, he looked on her face with alarm—not with pleasure now. These bright eyes shall be my death; throwing their witchery on the king, he will covet my treasure; to get this fruit, as when axes are levelled against the stately palm, they will hew down the tree. Alarmed at such thoughts, and frightened by a shadow, his fear of Pharaoh got the better of his faith in God. It prompted, and his tongue taught this lie, at least, mean shuffle and equivocation to Sarah, Say thou art my sister; and it may be well with me for thy sake. He ran with the footmen, and they wearied him.

Look again—the scene has shifted. Once more he is on his trial in the arena. It is a mountain summit. He has to contend not with footmen, but with horses now. God has said, "Take thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest; and offer him for a burnt-offering on a mountain that I will tell thee of!" Offer Isaac! make a burnt-offering of my boy—my son—my only son; bind him to the horrid altar—and a father's

hands to bind him! Never, in man's or mother's breast, was faith put to so great a trial. Contend with horses! he has to contend with passions stronger far than horses,—with love strong as death, love that many waters cannot quench. A thousand devils whispered in his ear, Do it not! and nature, turned traitor to her God, rose in all her might to forbid the bloody deed—protesting that God could never, never demand such a horrid sacrifice. He turns away his head. Each cutting into his own heart, he twists the cords round Isaac's limbs, and draws them tight; and now he takes the knife. Would God let him, he would bury it to the haft in his own bosom. And look there—with arm arrested from plunging it into Isaac's, he stands, on that mountain summit, on the highest pinnacle of faith that human feet ever stood on. God helping him, see how a man who has been wearied by the footmen, may contend with horses!

There were giants in those days—there were. But it was God that made them strong; and what Peter and Abraham did, they did through the power of his might. He strengthened them with all might by his Spirit in the inner man; and though these actors have left the stage for lesser men to fill, the might, the power, the promises remain—God remains behind. Listen, "My grace is sufficient for thee"—"O worm Jacob, thou shalt thresh the mountains"—"One man shall chase a thousand"—"He that is feeble, not he that is strong, he that is feeble among them shall be as David; and the house of David shall be as God"—"The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound."

With such promises, and the assurance of his gracious presence, may we not go down undaunted into the swellings of Jordan? Great swellings these! Ah, sins assume a magnitude, our guilt a blackness, and our salvation—out of Christ—a hopelessness that they wear nowhere else! The swellings of Jordan! Not the pangs of dying, nor the mortal struggle, terrible as it seems—these are the memories of the guilty past that rise on the trembling soul, and the prospect of a judgment near at hand, just, irrevocable, eternal. I have seen these cast a solemn shadow on the faces of the holiest; and what shall we do in these swellings of Jordan? Do? What can we do, but cling to Jesus; lay our sins on Jesus; cast our fears on Jesus; die with our head pillowed on his bosom, and our last conscious gaze fixed upon his cross—breathing out our life in such words as these,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
When the nearer waters roll,
When the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last."

THE CITY OF DROUGHT.

IN accordance with that law of dreams by which the sense of incongruity and the emotion of wonder seem banished from them, I once passed through the following scenes without any perception of the contradictions involved in them.

I saw, in my dream, a city in the midst of a wilderness. It spread through a narrow valley into an open plain, and its streets climbed the steep sides of the hills. When I entered the city, I saw many magnificent buildings around me: palaces glittering with gilded domes, and white minarets rearing their delicate stems in the brilliant sunshine: stately halls, adorned with sculpture and painting, where you might lose yourself in vistas of marble columns: bazaars festooned with Oriental draperies, and heaped with precious wares: luxurious libraries, spacious amphitheatres. There were also magnificent temples in all orders of architecture, to all kinds of deities, some gorgeous with paintings and fragrant with incense; some mere rock-hewn caves, shapeless without, but within roofed with gold and frosted silver, and pendent crystals of a thousand shapes and hues, sacred to the earth-gnomes; some stately in the severe beauty of marble and alabaster, containing no meaner ornament than the sculptured form of man.

One thing, however, one essential thing, the city of my dream entirely lacked,—there was no water in it; throughout its streets and open squares you never heard the cool sound of living streams. There were, indeed, marble drinking-fountains, and large reservoirs, of the most beautiful forms and materials, in the streets. There were goblets and bowls of every costly substance in the houses, and these often sparkled with the richest wines. But not one drop of water could all the wealth of that city purchase, or all its ingenious industry introduce.

There was, nevertheless, an ancient water-course running through the principal thoroughfare, and in its bed were incrustations and rounded pebbles, which the geologists of the city said plainly indicated that water had flowed there once. Some even tried to explain this fact by speaking of a convulsion, which had cut off the river; but this theory was generally regarded as apocryphal. The greater number of the citizens held either that their luscious and intoxicating beverages were water, or that there was no such substance. Some imaginative men had invented a clear sparkling beverage, which resembled water in all respects but one: it burned instead of cooling. And not a few philosophers insisted that as the component elements of water were well known, and these elements existed in their atmosphere and in other substances, due proportions of these component gases taken separately, must obviously answer all the purposes of water. This theory found great favour with the corporation of the city. They declared it was incontrovertible, and imposed a heavy fine on any who refused to believe their faces washed, or their thirst quenched, by inhaling these scientifically measured ingredients.

There was, however, one fearful plague to which this city was subject, which set all their subtlest arguments and most stringent laws at defiance; its one characteristic being a consuming thirst, which nothing but water could satisfy.

Indeed, so well did the citizens know the hopelessness of this disease, that their general remedy for it was to intoxicate, or lull its victims into a death-sleep, to end their agonies. This purpose, however, they could not always accomplish: all opiates being set at naught by a raging delirium. Indeed, it was hinted by some that in that death-sleep, or that delirium, all the inhabitants of that hapless city must at last perish.

On the evening on which I entered the city of my dream, there had been a great festival in the house of one of the nobles, in honour of the birth-day of his only child, a maiden of a grace and beauty it was a joy to see.

Night came on. The guests left. The fading lamps gleamed through the empty halls on the relics of the feast. The father and mother were left alone with their child, when suddenly a hectic glow began to burn in the maiden's cheeks. The mother saw it first, and with a horror-stricken look, significantly touched her husband's hand.

They looked wistfully at one another, and at the child, but dared not speak their fears. At length the maiden said languidly,—

"I thirst, mother, I thirst."

They offered her the choicest wines from the festal tables; but she turned with loathing from them all.

Then the mother laid her on a couch, and tried to lull her to sleep, by holding her hand and singing softly to her, as when she was a little child. The weary eyes closed for a few instants, but then again they opened with a deep, wistful, sleepless gaze; the hectic spot deepened on the cheek, the bright, soft eyes grew wild, and all through the night she kept feebly murmuring,—

"I thirst. Give me water, or I die."

They sent for physician after physician; they tried remedy after remedy; but all with the distracting conviction how it must end.

Suddenly, however, and silently, an irresistible spell seemed to fall on every one in the house. A deep alumber overcame them all. And while they slept, two bright beings came and bore the maiden away with them into a city very unlike her own. Crystal walls, and golden streets, and gates of pearl were there, but what were these to the dying girl? Water was there; living water! In the midst of the street flowed a river of pure water, bright as crystal, cool as sea-breezes. But no imagery could express its value to her. It was water, common homely water, and she was dying of thirst. She stooped to drink. But to her horror, the waters glided from her lips, and she could not even touch them.

Then a happy band of the dwellers in that city gathered around her, and with tender sympathy wiped the burn-

ing tears from her eyes, and took her dry and feverish hands in theirs. The touch seemed healing, but she could only gasp,—

"Water, water! You are too good to mock my thirst. Water, only water, or I die."

"You shall have abundance," was the gentle reply, "but it cannot be here. You cannot drink of these streams yet. A fountain flows in the desert for you,—do you not know of it. It is close to your own home."

"I never even heard of it," was her reply.

"But it is there," answered many joyous voices. "It is there. We all know it. We all drank of it once, and we are all from the City of Drought, and we know it well."

"But how shall I find it?" she asked.

"In the desert close outside the gates of the City of Drought it springs," they answered. "Pass through the gates, and on the right hand you will see a wild and desolate ravine strewn with rocks. Enter it fearlessly. That chaos of rocks is the relic of the great battle which our king had with the gnomes and earth spirits when he opened the fountain. They still roam around the place in the form of wild beasts, howling furiously whenever they see any approach the spring. But they cannot do any real harm to those who pass onward. Around the fountain is a charmed circle which not one of them can ever enter, however they may rage and howl around."

"But when must I seek it?" asked the maiden.

"You must go there alone whenever you can leave your city unobserved. Every one must tread that path for himself alone and unobserved."

"Are there then others still in my city who have trodden it?" she asked.

"We trod it," was the joyous reply of countless voices, "and for the rest you will find that out for yourself by-and-by. But first you must fulfil these directions of ours. In that green circle by the spring alone, you will learn whatever else you need to know."

With these words she was taken back to her couch. When she told the vision the next morning, her friends looked significantly and mournfully at one another; they thought it a delirious raving, another stage of the fever. Therefore she lay quite still all day, until again night came; the lights were extinguished, and all were sunk in slumber. Then she rose hastily, and flew down the street to the gate she had been directed to.

As I have said before, the city was situated in the midst of a wilderness. A sandy desert encroached on its walls, so that the moment you left the gates you were in a solitude. Through this solitude the maiden wandered. It was quite silent and dry; but on one side lay a wild chaos of rocks, huge black boulders, and water-worn pebbles, the traces of some past deluge, which but mocked the present drought. Boldly, according to the directions given her in the City of Waters, she plunged among them, climbing the craggy rocks, and laboriously toiling through the water-worn, but dry shingle. Wild

beasts howled around, and their howls grew nearer and more fearful in the night, until they seemed to hem her in on all sides; but the fever was in her veins, and the recollection of the coolness of the waters, clear as crystal,—and she pressed forward, trembling and faint, but undeterred.

At last there was a moment's pause in the howls of the wild beasts, as if they were silently preparing to spring upon her. Then suddenly, in the silence came the delicious sound of waters on the ear, not loud, but low, as of a little bubbling spring close at hand. At that instant the moon looked out from a veil of dark clouds, and her rays smiled on the gladdest sight the maiden had ever seen: a little solitary spring, not leaping into the light in sparkling cascades, but quietly bubbling up, so quietly that, until quite close to it, no one could have heard its voice, or dreamed that it was near.

The maiden knelt down beside it with unutterable joy, and drank, and bathed her burning brow, and arose another being. The wan look had passed from her face, the unnatural gleam from her eyes, the hectic spot from her cheeks, and instead her eyes shone with calm light, and her face glowed with the even colour of health, and through her whole countenance shone a peace and calm so lovely that I could scarcely tell if it was only the light of inward content, or an absolute visible radiance, like an aureole.

She was cured. The fever had left her. But as she stooped down again to drink a cry of joy burst from her lips. She had discovered that the living spring was also a mirror; and in its tiny basin shone the reflection of the City of Waters. There in the clear and quiet waters lay a vision of wondrous beauty, as in a miniature. Bright forms moved in and out among the radiant palaces, such as she had seen in her vision. But among the happy throngs she now first caught sight of One around whom all gathered in loving reverence. To her inexpressible joy he turned from them all to her; his lips moved, and while all the rest, beautiful as they were, seemed distant and dumb, when those lips moved, a voice came to her as if close, yet in heaven; so near it seemed a whisper in her ear, and yet with a strange depth as if it were from the depths of the sky above.

She knew it was the voice of the Prince who had opened the fountain; and when that voice sounded the howlings of the wild beasts around her ceased entirely.

Then, for the first time, I saw that within the little circle of living green which surrounded the spring not one of those savage beasts could enter.

The maiden would have lingered there, listening and gazing for ever; but the voice said, "Go home and tell of this fountain in your City of Drought; I have opened it for all."

Then she returned with footsteps, eager as those with which she came. And when the morning dawned, her friends found her sitting quietly on the couch, without a trace of fever on her face.

She told the story of the fountain, and many listened

with eager thankfulness. The mother went there at once, and came back rejoicing, and so also did many in her home. And by degrees they found that the happy secret was known to many in the city, and that lonely path was trodden by many feet.

But now I came to the most inconsistent part of my dream, to which I alluded in the beginning, and which proves it to be one of those wild blendings of incongruous images, which show dreams to be so nearly allied to delirium. Although many one in that city was parched with thirst, although the fountain in the wilderness was free to every one of them, opened at great cost by the Prince, and freely offered to every thirsting dweller in the City of Drought, although none could ever drink of the streams of the City of Waters, except those who had first drunk of the Fountain in the Wilderness, not one tenth of the inhabitants ever cared to visit that living spring. But with that insane absence of the sense of contradiction, and the emotion of surprise characteristic of dreams, I did not wonder at this.

Hampstead.

E. C.

BIBLICAL TREASURY.

PAUL AND JAMES RECONCILED.

[Divines have accomplished this work of reconciliation times without number—none of them more happily than our esteemed contributor, Mr. Arnot, in his most recent work—“*Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life*”—to which we are indebted for the following:—]

The covenant of mercy, although framed before the fall, was revealed after it. The Bible is not so old as sin. Error came first, and truth followed it. A daring rebel rose in a portion of the sovereign's dominions, and a force was sent to discover and destroy him; the position, magnitude, and character of the insurrection, determine the dispositions of the royal army which has been commissioned to put it down. Thus, error that sprung up on earth has determined the form of the truth that invades it from heaven.

The mould and the thing moulded on it, are in one sense similar to each other, and in another opposite. The mould communicates its own form to the liquid metal which is poured in, and yet the moulded figure, when complete, is precisely the reverse of that which formed it. Every hollow in the receiving matrix leaves a protuberance on the vessel which is cast. It is thus that revealed truth takes its shape from pre-existing error, although the truth so framed is, feature by feature, the opposite of the error from which it received its form. Into every hollow of the pre-existing falsehood ran the searching outpoured truth; and, corresponding to every deep lie of Satan, stands ultimately out an opposing solid truth from God. The deeper and wider the yawning pit of lies, the stronger and higher towers the truth antagonistic.

It is thus both in the main principle and in the subordinate details.

In its leading principle the salvation revealed followed the form of the loss previously sustained. The pliant remedy went round the disease, and came out its like, and yet its opposite. The serpent bruised the woman's seed; the woman's seed therefore bruised the serpent. The tempter closed with the first Adam, and the embrace was death to man; the second Adam closed with the tempter, and the embrace was death to man's great foe. As by man came death, so also by man came the resurrection from the dead. Condemnation was first, and stood alone triumphant: salvation came afterwards, and fastened on the foe, and closed all round, and overcame. Emerging from the strife victorious, salvation appeared in the form which it got in those fires. The truth which the Bible contains was, in its essence, prior to all error and sin, for error is originally a deviation from eternal truth; but the Bible which brings the truth to us, has been shaped upon falsehood its foe.

The same rule holds good when you descend to the specific features of revelation. Even the sayings of Jesus often took their shape from the cavils of devils or wicked men. It is an instructive exercise to read the evangelical history from this point of view. Large portions of the record consist of conversations: the sayings of proud Pharisees, or scoffing Sadducees, or weak disciples, or tyrant rulers, alternate with the sayings of Jesus, as hill and valley alternate in a landscape. When self-righteousness, or malice, or blasphemy, spurt up from an evil heart of unbelief, he gently covers it with saving truth. Thus the wild fires in the heart of the earth threw up the hills and mountain ranges; then the rain and sun came down from heaven, and clothed their jagged sides with verdure. All unfit were these internal fires to make a green and growing world; and yet their wild upheavings were permitted, and employed to give that variety to the earth's surface, on which both its beauty and fertility so largely depend. Those outbursts of sin which the evangelic histories record, could not by themselves have done any good to men; but they became the occasion of drawing from Jesus a corresponding opposing covering truth, which lies upon them yet, yielding in abundance the bread of life to our own generation.

The operation and effect of this principle may be seen in the teaching of the two apostles, James and Paul, regarding faith. Had the errors of those days been of another cast, the truth on that subject would have descended to us in a different form. Each strong projecting truth about faith, that stands out in the apostolic epistles, received its shape by going into the dark recesses of error,—the depths of Satan as they then existed in the world: the true doctrine, when cooled and solidified for preservation through all time, was found to have taken its form from the manifold deceits that prevailed among men, when that doctrine flowed warm and new from the Spirit of God through the apostles' lips.

More particularly the two main features of faith, as represented in the Scriptures—the two feet on which it stands secure—have been moulded in two deep pits

which Satan had prepared for the destruction of men. The two errors regarding faith were contrary to each other, and yet both alike were contrary to truth. The one despised living faith as unnecessary; the other exalted dead faith as sufficient. This heretic laboured on what he called obedience, and held that thereby he might be justified; that heretic professed faith, and thought he might thereby be relieved from the pain and trouble of a strict obedience. The Legalist and the Antinomian stand on opposite extremes, equally distant from the truth that saves. Both put asunder the two whom God has joined, and the severance is death to the severed: as well might you expect the right and left sides of a human being to live and act after they are separated by a sword. The works of the Legalist are dead for want of faith; the faith of the Antinomian dead for want of works. These two deep pits, so situated, give form and position to the two main pillars of the truth.

The errors being opposite are mutually intolerant of each other: the two pits are dug on opposite sides of the right path, and the same traveller cannot fall into both at the same time. The adversary goeth about seeking whom he may devour, and how he may devour them. Persons of one character and tendency lean to the right; persons of another character and tendency lean to the left: for either a snare is set.

As the errors are opposite, the same enunciation of truth is not fitted to subvert both. The truths that will meet and match these lies are in an important sense the opposite of each other. The errors, though opposite, are both errors, and the truths, though in a subordinate sense opposite, are both truths.

Two separate witnesses have been chosen and called to give evidence against these two errors, and enunciate the corresponding counteracting truths. Paul deals with one of the adversaries, and James with the other. The two boldest leaders are sent against the two main divisions of the foe: Paul meets the Legalist, who trusts in his own righteousness, and tells him, By faith a man is justified, and not by the works of the law; James meets the Antinomian, who thinks obedience unnecessary, and tells him, By works a man is justified, and not by faith only. Thus saving truth is flanked on either side by two strong towers, as sentinels on the two chief approaches to her citadel; and the divine wisdom and goodness are manifest in this, that while the defensive truths are posted there to repel assailing errors, those errors were the means of drawing out the truth in those lines, and casting it into those forms of strength.

Paul insisting on faith only, and James on works also, stand not face to face fighting against each other, but back to back, fighting opposite foes; they are both on the same side, although for the time they look and strike in opposite directions. Paul's argument is not truth at rest, exhibiting her countenance in full; but truth in conflict with the heresy of legalism. In like manner, the argument of James in our text gives not a portrait

in full; but a glimpse of truth in the act of doing battle with the Antinomian heresy. In that combat you see one side, and in this another, of the same truth. A confession is like a picture in which the face of faith appears full, but still; with all its features in view, but none of them in motion: the Bible, on the contrary, is the real battle-field where living warriors fight. Various and ever-shifting are the attitudes of the combatants: in the mazes and evolutions of the fight some of them seem at times to be arrayed against their comrades; but they are only pursuing to extremities certain divisions of the foe, and fully executing each his own portion of the great Captain's plan. Neither the argument of Paul concerning faith, nor the argument of James concerning works, could be inserted in a confession. The confession, being only a picture, must hang stiff and motionless on the wall; but in the Bible the soldiers, fighting against heterogeneous, ever-shifting hosts, and under the eye of their living Head, exhibit a freedom of movement which is not possible in any representation. When the strife is over and the victory won, Paul and James will stand side by side before the Captain of their salvation, and receive in common the same award: Well done, good and faithful soldiers, enter ye into the joy of your Lord.

The errors with which these two apostles were respectively called to deal were very diverse, and consequently the same treatment was not suitable for both. The contest in Paul's argument lay between faith and something else as its rival in the justification of the sinful; the contest in the argument of James lay between two different kinds of faith. The first battle is fought by Paul: he contends against all comers, that a sinner can be justified only through faith in the righteousness of Christ. Then appears James, and carries the question a stage further, insisting that only one particular species of faith can justify, to the exclusion of spurious kinds which usurp the same name.

Paul divides the whole world into two: those who seek to be justified before God through faith in Christ; and those who trust in other appliances. He then tells off as on the right side those who cling to faith, and sets aside all the rest as errorists. Observe, now, it is the division whom Paul has pronounced right, and that division only, with whom James deals. He addresses, not those who denied Paul's doctrine of faith, but those who accepted and professed it. Paul's test decided the soundness of the profession: James throws in among the sound another solvent which precipitates a quantity of dark and fetid grounds. His question is: Assuming that you all acknowledge faith, is your faith living or dead? The orthodox, like Gideon's army, after having been greatly diminished in numbers by one test, must be still further reduced by another. Of those who confessed the doctrine that a man is justified by faith alone, some were regenerated, and some still remained carnal. The creatures acted not after their name, but after their kind. Some who professed the true faith served the

Lord that bought them in newness of life ; others who professed the true faith, thinking that their profession would shield them from punishment, gave themselves over to the pleasures of sin. For the conviction of these self-deceivers, the apostle James proves by his dividing word, that faith without obedience is dead, and that dead faith does not save.

TRIFLES.

WHAT are trifles—who may guess
All a trifle's meaning ?
Scattered ears on life's broad field
For a wise one's gleanings.
Nought but hath its work on earth,
Fraught with pain or pleasure,
Links in nature's mystic chain,
Though of tiniest measure.

But a trifle seems a word
All unkindly spoken,
Yet the life-harp waileth low
For a gold string broken.
But a trifle seems the smile
On a kind face beaming,
Yet a faint heart groweth strong,
'Neath its gentle gleaming.

Just a look may waken thoughts
Full of proud resentment—
Just a look may fill the soul
With a glad contentment ;
Little prayers of children fair,
By their mother kneeling,
Touch a worn and weary heart,
With a childlike feeling.

But a flower's perfume may bear
Back through years of sorrow,
The sunny morn of life,
With a bright to-morrow—
And a tress of silken-hair
On a young brow parted,
Wake a fount of bitterest tears,
For the broken-hearted.

'Twas a single rain-drop fell
On a green bud thirsting,
Strengthened by the fairy draught,
Lo, a flower is bursting ;
And an acorn lightly flung
In a pathway dreary,
Spread an oak's broad shadows out,
To refresh the weary.

Trickling from the mountain-height,
Through the beech roots stealing,
See, a thread of silver light,
Sunbeams are revealing.

Drop by drop it gathers fast,
Never resting, never,
Till it swells and flashes forth
In a glorious river.

Trifles ! each one hath a part
In our pain or pleasure,
Making up the daily sum
Of our life's brief measure ;
All unnoted as they pass
Scarcely worth our heeding,
Yet a trifle it may be,
God's own work is speeding.
Churchman's Magazine.

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

BETHEL, SHILOH, AND THE WELL AT SYCHAR.

THE daylight which had served us for our last view of Jerusalem began to decline soon after we turned northward from that point, and descended the hills which hid from us the holy city and the hill country of Judea.

It is seldom possible to start on a long expedition in the East early in the day. Our departure had been delayed by a stormy debate in the courtyard of Simeon's hotel, between the dragoman and the muleteers. The Arab muleteers had endeavoured to persuade us to take two or three inferior horses, and on a journey which was to last a month this was a point which could not be yielded, and the English consul for Caiapha and the French consul kindly came to our aid.

We felt sure the contest would end as we wished, and meantime could do nothing but watch the progress of the debate and regret the loss of time. Voices were raised to angry shrieks and lowered to fierce menacing murmurs ; the faces of the disputants expressed the most violent passions. The dark eyes glared and flashed, and the lips of some foamed with rage, and hands were raised in deprecatory or threatening gesticulation. The muleteers began to detach the trunks, and seemed on the point of leading away their animals and abandoning the bargain. Our dragoman helplessly stormed and pleaded ; the English consul stood calm amidst the tempest, occasionally throwing in a few strong quiet words which at first increased the clamour, but finally calmed it. The whole was to us like a most vivid drama or pantomime, the gestures and expression of the disputants rendering the knowledge of the language scarcely necessary to the comprehension of their meaning.

At length the horses we declined were led away, the horses we wanted were brought in their stead, and our whole caravan clattered out of the court-yard and over the rough stony streets. But the loss of time in this debate had left us only one hour's daylight for the four hours' journey to Bethel, where our tents were to be pitched for the night.

After we turned from our last lingering gaze at Jeru-

salem the sun sank behind the western hills, and almost before we had begun to think of the decline of day the brief twilight was over, and it was dark.

The guide, who rode before us, was deaf to all our entreaties to relax his pace. We scrambled on after him in the dark over the rough roads. The darkness deepened; no moon rose, and the stars which glittered so brilliantly above us, and the fireflies which darted to and fro on each side or across our path, only made the blackness of the night more apparent. To attempt to guide the horses was in vain; nothing was visible but the ghostly apparition of a white horse before me, of which I must on no account lose sight. Up and down the stony paths we scrambled, but might have been quite tranquil if we could have trusted our safe agile little Syrian horses as they deserved. They never made a false step; but we were not sorry to find our tents pitched at Bireh (Beeroth), when we reached it, instead of having to ride an hour further to Bethel, our original destination.

We had to rise very early on the following morning. A long day's journey was before us to Nablous (Shechem), and the lost hour of the preceding day had to be made up.

The way between Beeroth and Bethel lay over craggy hills, reminding us again of Dartmoor, only brown and grassless, and of limestone instead of granite. On the height of Bethel are the ruins of a Greek church and several old foundations of houses with large stones. Beyond these was a rocky hill strewn with many rough stones, of which Jacob might have made a pillow, or afterwards Jeroboam altar-stones for his rival temple.

And this is Bethel, "the house of God," where in vision the angel's ladder rested, linking Jacob's pillow to the throne of God. What made it "dreadful" and sublime? Certainly not any intrinsic beauty or sublimity in the scenery. When Jacob lighted on it it was "a certain place." No more characteristic word is found to describe it. He rested there, not because it was a place of streams or groves, or shady rocks, or in any way a tempting shelter, but just for the same reason we had tarried at Beeroth, "because the sun was set." It was a place in itself no more attractive or sublime than Jacob's own very ordinary character. It was no snowy Alpine summit, forming naturally a flight of spotless altar-steps from earth to heaven—a pedestal on which one could well imagine the angelic ladder might have rested. It was an ordinary brown hill-side strewn with rough stones, over which passed the high road. Nor was it fenced off from common ground, like Moriah, by precipitous ravines. You could not define the moment when you arrived at it or left it. There was nothing to distinguish it from any of the undulations or hills around.

When Jacob laid down to sleep, it was to him a bare featureless hillside strewn with stones, which he could not have recognised when he returned from Haran among the many similar places around. When he awoke out of sleep he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I

knew it not." There was no terror, or majesty, or beauty inherent in the place, especially to reveal or symbolize the divine presence. But God was there. This was its consecration and its glory. Heaven had been opened to Jacob's vision there. The voice of the Lord had spoken to his spirit there in human words, and therefore the place was full of solemnity and majesty to him. It was the house of God. And then when he returned, a patriarch and a prosperous man from his long exile, he built an altar and called the place El Bethel, because there God appeared unto him,—an altar of the religion whose highest manifestation is not in nature, or sun or stars, or mountains, but in the Son of man.

The subsequent history of Bethel has little more religious interest for us than that of any heathen shrine—a scene of idolatrous worship, with the old Egyptian animal symbols recalled by Jeroboam from Egypt, of feasts and sacrifices mocking and parodying God's ordinances at Jerusalem, of prophetic denunciation, and at last of judgment, when the bones of false priests and prophets were exhumed from the tombs among these hills, and burnt and strewn to the winds on an altar formed of these scattered stones.

Temple, city, altar, shady grove, all the relics of that idolatrous ritual have perished without a trace, and the bare hill-sides lie again ordinary and stony, and solitary and dreary, as when sunset surprised Jacob upon it, and the heavenly vision transformed the place in his eyes from a sweep of barren moorland into a gate of heaven.

From Bethel we rode along a rough watercourse, through a richly wooded valley among figs, olives, and vines, to a dell where was an ancient well. From this we crossed a plain to the foot of a steep hill crowned by a village, called by our guides Sinjel. Its situation was more picturesque than usual. The height on which it stood was rocky and precipitous, with an abundant ice-cold spring in the centre of the poor rough cabins, rising under the shadow of an arch, rudely hewn in the rock. We dismounted some of the women at the well, and filled their pitchers from the deep spring, and poured water into the stone troughs for our horses, and then gave us to drink, women and children flocking round us, and curiously examining our Frank dresses and faces while we rested. This fine spring is probably the cause why this village is still inhabited, among the numbers of deserted towns and villages which are dotted over the hills and valleys of this old inheritance of Benjamin. We led our horses down the precipitous rocky path from Sinjel to the plain, and after a short gallop across the level, reached another village on the plain, which the dragoman called Turmus Ayeh. The scriptural names I do not know, and yet, probably, there is not a village we pass but dates back to early Hebrew times, if not beyond these to the days of the Hittite and the Perizzite, with their gigantic stones, and cities walled up to heaven. Everywhere when you come amongst human dwellings in this country, you find traces of more energetic and prosperous races, large

regularly squared stones, tanks hewn in the rock for rain-water; broken cisterns once cemented and lined with stone, now holding no water; threshing-floors, levelled on the rocky hill-sides, where the wind would act as a natural "fan," sweeping the chaff from the grain; wells with stone seats on their edge; fine old terraces for vines and olives, broken in many places and bared by the winter torrents. Everywhere traces of industrious and skilful men, yet no ruins, only heaps of stones, squared and chiselled carefully, it may be, but scattered, except here and there the remains of a church built by the Crusaders, patched and twisted into a mosque. The wheels of time, and conquest, and misgovernment have ground too heavily over the land, to leave anything of value above the surface. It is only the *Intaglio* relics that are left perfect; the traces of labour graven in on the solid rock in tanks, and threshing-floors, and terraces cut out of the hill-sides.

Our next point of interest was Shiloh. Its name on the lips of the ignorant peasantry, unperplexed by any monastic tradition, identifies it. It is called Seilun. An ancient well marks the place where Shiloh was, and the hill-side is thickly strewn with stones, interspersed with tufts of parched vegetation. It is, indeed, a desolation, a desolation of many generations. Nowhere do Bible words come more vividly to the mind than here.

Here the ark found its first resting-place after the wanderings in the wilderness were over. Here the yearly feast was held to the Lord, when the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance in the dances. To this dreary, solitary spot, untenanted even by Arab peasants, with its dry well on the stony hill, the tribes of Israel came up of old to worship from the maritime plains and the west, through the eastern passes, from the first settlements in wooded Gilead and the Jordan valley, from the hills of Judea on the south.

Here, too, is the undoubted locality of that touching story which, almost earlier than any other, is listened to by little children in Christian lands. On this very spot the infant Samuel heard God speak. The scene of the dear old nursery picture we all know is actually here. Here Hannah came year after year to the sacrifice in bitterness of soul. Here one year, rising from the feast where none but Elkanah would miss her presence, she knelt outside the curtained Tabernacle, on this hill-side, beneath this clear azure sky. And on one of these stones, scattered around us, then a seat, Eli sat and watched the speechless, quivering lips, and marked that woman of a sorrowful spirit in the agony of her voiceless prayers, and unlike the High Priest in the holiest now for evermore, misunderstood the broken-hearted suppliant, and reproached her as if the cup which so overflowed for her had been a cup of intoxication instead of one of reproach and grief. And up this hill she came again with her little son, and dedicated him to God, no more speechless and sad, her gratitude overflowing in a song whose prophetic words blend with that other song, also from a woman's lips; that magnificent in which all Christendom

shares, singing evermore, "To us a child is born, to us a Son is given."

And to this sanctuary, year after year, she came up again. The feet of her children tripping up this hill-side beside her, their prattling voices in her ears and blending them with hers in thanksgiving, as she brought that annual gift to her firstborn, and clothed him in the little coat her hands had been busy with before she came.

And here, not on the open hill, but in the tented temple, the child Samuel ministered to the Lord, and one night, in the dim lamplight, as he lay down to sleep near the ark, heard that mysterious voice, three times repeated, and at last understood, and answered by the childish voice in the words we know so well, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Then came the doom of the house of Eli, and the old man, once more sitting on a seat by the wayside (as when before he had marked Hannah), received the terrible tidings of the ruin of his house, and of his people, and when he heard of the capture of the sacred ark, fell backward from his seat and died—on this hillside.

Thus the ark and the divine presence passed from Shiloh, and the name of Shiloh passes from the Bible. The dominion of Benjamin, Ephraim, and Manasseh is transferred to Judah. The sanctuary is transferred to Zion. Then, after the lapse of centuries, the name of Shiloh is heard again from the lips of the prophet of lamentation (Jer. vii. 12-14; xxvi. 8). It had passed into a by-word of desolation and ruin. "But go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel. And now, because ye have done all those works, saith the Lord, and I spake unto you, rising up early and speaking, but ye heard not; and I called you, but ye answered not; therefore will I do unto this house, which is called by my name, wherein ye trust, and unto the place which I gave to you and to your fathers, as I have done to Shiloh."

The prophecy evidently made a deep impression, for "Now it came to pass, when Jeremiah had made an end of speaking all that the Lord commanded him to speak unto all the people, that the priests, and the prophets, and all the people, took him, saying, Thou shalt surely die. Why hast thou prophesied in the name of the Lord, saying, This house shall be like Shiloh, and this city shall be desolate without an inhabitant? And all the people were gathered against Jeremiah in the house of the Lord."

Through the crimes of the later monarchy this desolate hill stood a warning to Jerusalem. To us who had stood so lately on the site of the levelled temple of Jerusalem, and had thus seen both desolations accomplished, the ruin which the Jews of Jeremiah's time knew so well, and the ruin which they thought so impossible, this dreary hill of Seilun had indeed a solemn interest, rare even in this land of promise and of doom.

We turned away from the scene of so many tender and terrible memories, where human hearts had throbbed

with such varied passions of grief, and joy, and despair, and resumed our journey.

On the side of a hill near Shiloh we saw the cavities of many tombs. On another height near it we explored two considerable, but not very ancient ruins, of an Egyptian-looking church, supported by pyramidal buttresses, with a few olives near it, and three broken Corinthian columns prostrate inside,—and of a mosque, shaded by a beautiful evergreen oak.

Our visit to Shiloh had taken us out of the main route; for Shiloh (Judges xxi. 19) is on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah.

From Bethel we came; we had turned to the east out of the highway to see Shiloh, and now we resumed the caravan route at Lebonah (El Lubban), on our way to Shechem (Nablous).

Near El Lubban we made our mid-day halt, in a valley under the shade of olives, and refreshed ourselves with oranges and hard eggs—the contents of our saddle-bags. Here a disappointment befell us, which certainly gave us a strong practical illustration of the value of water in these lands. We had sent the German servant, Wilhelm, to a well a mile off for water, and after waiting for some time, had the satisfaction of seeing him galloping up to us with the water-skin trickling at every step, so that, when he reached us, it only contained a wine-glass full. In a small way we could understand what the Israelites felt at Marah. But there was no resource. We had too long a journey before us to risk fatiguing the horses with any further expeditions, and the precious drops were generously declined by all, and at last conscientiously divided among all, and mixed with wine,—at that moment by far the least valued beverage of the two. That, however, and oranges consoled us; and in an hour or two we remounted and went on our way, over one rocky hill after another, with occasionally a white village cresting some height in the distance, or a grove of olives dotting the hillsides, until on the summit of one of the hills we caught a glimpse, far off, of a tower which we were told was on a height above Nablous. Between us and it rose other lower hills, and a plain or broad valley, in which the brown earth was chequered by a mosaic of that greenest green of young corn. In this valley was “the parcel of ground which Jacob gave to his son Joseph.”

In descending from the brow of this hill we again lost sight of our landmark and of the plain. In the side of the hill the path wound by a well deep in the shade of a rocky arch. We were too thirsty to consider what the character of the water might be, and eagerly filled our water-bottles to drink. But the water was green and very objectionable. A little further on, at the commencement of the plain near Nablous, we met a shepherd boy with a flock of sheep and goats. We asked him for some of the milk of the flock, and he

milked some of the goats for us and gave us a draught. I would recommend no one to try this remedy. The new milk certainly increased our thirst, and, in a very short time, made our throats and lips feel more parched and dry than ever.

But while we were waiting for our beverage we had leisure to consider the scene. We were probably just in the district where Joseph, the shepherd boy, went to see if it was well with the shepherds, his brethren, and well with their flocks. “Jacob sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem, and a certain man found him wandering in the field.”

These fields, just such flocks as these, and Joseph a shepherd boy, with probably just such a dress as the lad who gave us the milk to drink,—a short tunic, with a wrap like a plaid, over his shoulders, and a crook,—a boy with a clear, brown skin, and a lithe agile figure. He recalled vividly to us the shepherd prince's son, except that Joseph was clothed in the coat of many colours, the coat which was afterwards dipped in the blood of a kid, and taken to bear its false tale of death to the father who gave it.

We turned away with some reluctance from our suggestive shepherd lad, with his quiet white sheep and black goats browsing around him, and rode along the hillside towards the entrance of the valley of Shechem. The valley became very rich, in some places green with young corn, which we believed to be maize, and in others golden with wheat-fields ripe already to the harvest.

Two bandit-like Bashi-Bazouks joined us here, and gave us a specimen of their ingenuity as horsemen, and their regard for the property of the people they profess to protect, by galloping their swift Arab horses through the corn-fields, wheeling round and round among the ripe grain, and ruthlessly trampling it down. We remonstrated in vain through our dragoman. They evidently stood as much in need as any of their predecessors in this oppressed land of the lessons of John the Baptist.

Towards evening we reached the entrance of the valley of Nablous, one of the few places in Palestine which has preserved the intrusive Greek name (Neapolis) instead of the earlier scriptural one, Shechem or Sychar. The narrower valley of Shechem branches off from the broad valley we had been skirting, to the left, between the mountains Ebal and Gerizim.

It is said that no place in Palestine is more absolutely identified as connected with an event in the history of our Lord than this spot. And this spot at the meeting of the valleys, links together the sacred history of more than three thousand years.

Here is Jacob's well, dug by the prudent patriarch, (whose father, Isaac, had had so many disputes about wells), in the parcel of ground he bought of Hamor, and, perhaps, at once given to Joseph, then the only son of Rachel. Here the children of Israel laid the body of Joseph, which they had brought embalmed from Egypt. Here one of the most dramatic scenes in Jewish history

was enacted, when the whole multitudes of victorious Israel, with the strangers among them, the women and the children, stood in two great companies, covering these two hills, and probably the valley between and around them, whilst Joshua read the blessings and the curses of the law successively from Ebal and Gerizim, and, from time to time, the deep Amen of the nation echoed from height to height, and swept through the plain. And here Jesus, with all these recollections speaking to him from hill and valley, "being wearied with the journey, sate thus on the well." And to us all the other memories of the plain shine through the light of the last.

We turned off a little to the right to see this sacred spot, but a very great disappointment awaited us. Until last January, they told us, the well had been preserved—a relic of three thousand years, and of one hour worth them all! Until last January you could sit on the edge of the well, and look down into the depths too deep for Him to draw from. But this year the Arabs had broken and scattered the stones, and filled the well with rubbish. The Christians and Turks had been at war in Nablous, a Turk had been accidentally killed by a Christian; and they told us the filling up of this well was an act of revenge on the part of the Moslems, knowing how sacred it was to Christians. It made us feel very bitterly, as we stood among the scattered stones and heaps of rubbish where the well had been.

Near this melancholy ruin is the tomb called Joseph's. It is a holy place of the Moslems, plastered and domed like the tombs of Mohammedan saints. But there is one interesting feature about it in connection with Jacob's blessing to Joseph, comparing him to the "fruitful bough by a well whose branches run over the wall." A fine old vine springs out of the tomb throwing its green leaves and fruitful branches over the wall.

As we rode to and from this tomb some peasants, working in the fields, warned us away from the place with furious gestures, but whether they thought our own infidel feet would desecrate Joseph's Tomb, or our horses' feet injure their fields, we could not make out. Perhaps they were venting on our innocent heads some of the wrongs inflicted on them by our late companions, the Bashi-Bazouks.

We paused once more before entering the valley of Sychar, by the sacred ruined well. Except that sacred relic itself, all was unchanged. Down that narrow valley the woman came with her pitcher, whilst Jesus was resting on this well. The Saviour and the sinner met alone, and to her at first he was nothing more than a stranger and an alien from her race. Then followed that rapidly varying dialogue with its vivid imagery, taken, as so constantly in our Lord's conversations or sermons, from the things in sight at the time; the imagery so suddenly abandoned to flash the unexpected light on her conscience. Then the answer of the woman, betraying how, in hearts where no human eye would suspect a serious thought, deep religious perplexities

may be dimly stirring, and how theological uncertainty and moral laxity accompany each other. Probably not a person in Sychar suspected that Samaritan woman of having a conscience, still less of weighing the merits of various religions, and expecting a Christ who would solve all difficulties. Was there, she seems to have thought, indeed, after all, a true faith to be found? The Jews believed one thing and her people another, and there might, perhaps, be much to be said on both sides; the balance of probabilities was pretty even, but might there, indeed, be One who would tell her absolutely which was right? There certainly was one before her, no empty disputant on her own level, speaking without authority, but "a prophet," who knew all her life, yet did not scorn to speak to her. To Him the secret perplexities of the doubting, sin-burdened heart came out.

Words, altogether new to her, came in reply. The controversy was carried to a higher level than her thoughts had reached. It was to be no more Jew or Samaritan; but God and adoring men and women. No more Gerizim, or Sion; but the Father and the human spirit.

One more secret lay in her heart. Through all that life of sin and doubt a dim desire and longing had lived on. The Christ was coming, the expectation of Jew and Samaritan alike. One who could answer all the heart's questions was coming. One who could read all the heart's secrets was before her. In words, at least, she made no inference, but all the secret aspirations of her soul were poured forth.

And she found the answer to which, perhaps, her heart had already almost sprung, "I that speak unto thee am He." Then, also down this valley, unless they had bought bread in that village on the hillside nearer, came back the disciples.

The woman had placed her pitcher by the well. It was not in her hands. She had not drawn any water for herself or for Jesus. But she had understood Him, as so few did. Water-pot, water, all were forgotten. There were men in Sychar who wanted the Christ as she had; there were hearts there who looked for him. She had good news to take. And up that valley, to the city out of sight behind the folding of those hills, sped her eager steps.*

The disciples loved their Master, they had followed him faithfully; they had gone to buy him food while he rested. But when we turn from the Samaritan women to them, it is like turning from earnest, intelligent eyes which read your every glance, to a dull prosaic countenance, beaming, indeed, with the best intentions, but understanding neither glance nor illustration, but

* The other interpretation that the Samaritan woman intended to turn the conversation because it was becoming too personal, is surely unworthy. Could the heart which had suddenly felt itself seen through and through possibly resort to such a wretched subterfuge? Let us take it rather as a proof of the thirst and void existing in the hearts of the worst; and be encouraged to spread these glad tidings

exactly the literal words you say and no more. Jesus said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of;" and the disciples, who had walked with him from Jerusalem, and listened for months to his teaching, of which almost every sentence was an illustration, had no idea that he could mean anything by "meat" but something to eat!

Women and the Pharisees often understood our Lord best. The Pharisees, because their understandings were sharpened by dislike and fear, and "they knew he spoke those parables against them;" and women, because their hearts were warm,—they felt what he meant, felt that sinners might bathe his feet with tears; that He must help a mother whose young daughter was possessed, whether Phœnician or Hebrew: that He would welcome the love which broke the alabaster vase, and poured out the precious ointment.

I wonder if the disciples understood the next parable which our Saviour spoke, or perplexed themselves as to what he could mean by there being "four months to harvest," and yet the fields, so obviously green with the young corn, being "white already to harvest?"

Probably the eye of the Master directed them to the explanation, as, turning from the broad valley behind him, green with the young corn, He said, "*Lift up your eyes* and look on the fields white for harvest," and as he said so glanced up the valley of Sychar, and watched the Samaritans coming to him,—the golden first-fruits of the harvest of the Gentiles.

They came down that deep valley, probably guided by the woman, no doubt conversing in eager groups as they came, and questioning and re-questioning her, on account of whose saying they had come. And when they reached the well where the Saviour and the disciples were still lingering, they besought him that he would tarry with them.

It was a new incident in that life spent among bitter enemies, and disciples so slow in understanding and heart. The people of Sychar had seen no miracle, they had heard none of those unequalled discourses. They had only heard that One sat on the well, at the opening of their valley, a stranger who saw with prophetic insight into the inmost heart and the past life, a Jew who did not scorn to have dealings with Samaritans. They came all that way in the evening from their city, simply because they had some dim hope of finding the Messiah there.

And when they found Him they recognised him. We do not read that he wrought any wonders among them. We might think it was impossible for him to come to any place without being troubled with compassion by its sorrows as well as by its sins, and healing bodies as well as souls. But we are told nothing of the kind. And for eighteen hundred years since then, his heart being the same, and his arm not shortened, he has been content, whilst healing souls, to let bodily sickness fulfil its work of discipline. Perhaps he could trust these Samaritans enough to treat them in the same way. He abode there two days.

Up this valley, which we were entering, He walked with that listening company and the wondering disciples. Beside this stream they went to that white cluster of flat-roofed houses, nestling among the thick trees.

Here, in the bosom of the hills, amongst the figs, pomegranates, and mulberries festooned with vines, on the fresh grass under the shade of the grey olives, and among the delicious sound of many waters, our Lord abode and taught for two days, and the Samaritans understood him as, perhaps, neither Pharisee nor apostle had yet done, to be not only indeed the Christ, but "the Saviour of the world."

It was Saturday evening as we rode up that lovely valley. Our tents were pitched outside the town under the thick shade of trees, amongst a chorus of streams flowing on every side. And here we were to remain for nearly two days, from Saturday until Monday.

I may add some lines which were written that Sunday at Nablous, to give some consolation for our great disappointment about the ruin of the well.

ON JACOB'S WELL RUINED BY THE ARABS.

They have stopped the ancient well,
Which the patriarchs dug of old;
Where they watered the patient flocks at noon,
From the depths so pure and cold.

Where the Saviour asked to drink,
And found at noon repose;
But the Living Spring he opened there
No human hands can close.

They have scattered the ancient stones
Where at noon he sat to rest;
None ever shall rest by that well again
And think how his accents blessed!

But the Rest for the burdened heart,
The Shade in the wearied land,
The riven Rock with its living streams
For ever unmoved shall stand.

Earth has no Temple now,
No beautiful House of God;
Or earth is all one Temple-floor
Which those sacred feet have trod.

But in heaven there is a Throne,
A Home and a House of prayer:
Thyself the Temple, Thyself the Sun
Our pilgrimage endeth there!

Nablous, Sunday, June 22, 1856.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

BALAAH.

WHAT a strange course was his! strange, I mean, regarded theoretically, and without reference to the weakness and wilfulness of men,—not, alas! either strange or uncommon when we think of men as they really are. He first asks the direction of God, and, receiving it, follows it implicitly. He will not go, for the Lord has forbidden him. When the "more honourable" ambassadors press him further, he sins by soliciting God again, and endeavouring to alter his will. He receives his permission; but it is given in anger. See how the worldly

heaven is working in his heart, and how nearly, but for the rebuke his madness wonderfully received, he had lost his life for it! But he acknowledges his fault, and is ready to return home,—again a partial return to duty and repentance. Sent forward by God, he still attempts divination, and would fain steal a curse, where he knew that God designed to bless. How long he struggles against the light and truth of God! till at last inspiration overbears him; and he pours out the full voice of prophetic utterance, and seems to lose all hopes of worldly honour and advancement from the faithfulfulness with which he speaks cordially forth the divine blessing.

Had he gone home then, and stayed there; poor, but true; unhonoured of Balak, but faithful at the last and in the main to God, we should have drawn a different lesson from his story; we should have magnified the grace of God which had interposed so wonderfully and so often to rescue one who had so long and wilfully endangered himself, and we should have read the lesson of hopefulness and encouragement to those who have often felt tempted to give way, drawn from the example of one who had tottered and staggered over and over again, on the very edge of fatal sin and worldliness, but had at last yielded himself up to the guidance of God's grace, and in the strength of that grace had conquered, and was faithful in the end.

But alas for the deadly gift of cleverness! alas for the danger of that sharpness of wit which leads us to endeavour to compass our ends by indirect and circuitous means! The politician, who could not forego true words, tried his craft. He succeeded, and he failed. He succeeded against man; he failed against God. The evil that he planned, by means of other men's sins he brought about. The personal advancement that he sought was overthrown by miserable death, and a name blasted to all generations in the inspired oracles of God.

Oh, brethren, let us turn our eyes upon ourselves! Can we not read ourselves in much, at least, of this history? How apt we are to totter thus and stagger upon the edge of truth and duty! Not indeed visibly, intentionally, distinctly giving it up and forsaking it; but trying to hold it together with as much of worldly indulgence and prosperity as we can; trying to serve God and mammon, God and our own heart's lusts; trying by all sorts of cunning self-deceit to keep truth (so at least as not to abandon it) and be prosperous, to keep truth and be rich, to keep truth and be popular, to keep truth and be comfortable.

But if a man does thus allow himself to palter with that which ought to be the foundation and basis of all else; if he divides his aim between two objects in his life; if he goes on so, venturing to the very edge of duty and truth continually,—going, so to say, as near to the wind on every occasion as he possibly can, without actually disowning and forfeiting the truth which he believes, and thinks that he is holding fast,—do you suppose that that conflict will continue long? do you imagine that so painful a balance and inward battle can last?

No; by no means: that which the intellect holds will yield and give way; that which the heart loves will gain strength and have victory. At last it must needs be so, whether the ultimate condition of the man be produced by the gradual dying away of the intellectual hold of truth, or by some sudden device of cleverness, like the counsel of Balaam, designed, by a stroke of policy and skill, to gain both objects at once. One way or the other, the worldly heart will have its way. It smothereth the intellectual faith. It necessarily kills it. The world cannot be taken in to share the empire of the heart without becoming, ere long, the sole ruler and tyrant in it.—*George Moberly, D.D. (Oxford.)*

"I HAVE PLACED YOU."

THERE is often much comfortable suggestion in a single phrase, a word of inspired Scripture. Jesus said to his disciples in the hour of deepest grief and anxiety (John xv. 16), "I have chosen you and placed you." Our version renders it, "I have *ordained* you." But the original is simply, "I have *placed* you (*ἔθηκεν*)." The place we occupy, then, is his appointment, his choice. We may not like it. It may be a low place, a narrow place. The work it requires may not afford much scope for energy, or excitement to activity, or opportunity for distinction; it may not even be so directly spiritual, or have so proximate a relation as we could wish to the advancement of the kingdom of God. But if Christ by his sovereign providence has allotted it to us, we had better be contented with it and make the best of it.

One of the titles of Christ is "the Captain of salvation." No captain will permit a soldier to quit his place in the ranks because he thinks it below his merit—because it does not give him a good chance to show his courage, or to win distinction in the war. Whether he is placed in front or rear, in the forlorn hope, or among "the reserves;" whether he is attached to a scouting party, or ordered to cover a retreat, or guard the baggage, his part is bravely, watchfully, skilfully, *cheerfully* to keep the place and do the duty assigned him. No act of disobedience would be more flagrant than to forsake it without orders for one more conspicuous. Even to murmur or "sulk" because of the inactivity or obscurity to which he was consigned would be regarded as disloyal, and expose him to rebuke, perhaps to degradation.

The Captain of the Lord's host—the Captain of salvation—does not require a less prompt and absolute obedience than human commanders.

The most skilful and penetrating officer may be mistaken in his estimate of the capacity and skill of a subordinate. Christ cannot be mistaken in us. He made us. He gave us whatever of talent or grace we have. He will not waste a particle of either. He knows—

"the very niche we were designed to fill."

and if we will humbly and observantly yield to his guiding hand he will "drop" us into it.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" was a prayer which began a glorious career of usefulness.

His own gracious words may calm our disquieting aspirations,—“he that is least among you all, the same shall be great.”

HEART AND LIFE.

It sometimes happens in a great system of machinery, that some break in the gearing cuts off the connection between the central power and the remoter parts. In that event the main wheel, with its shaft, will be seen revolving as regularly as ever, while the far distant belts, and wheels, and bars, are silent and motionless. Now, there is often a *break in the gearing* between a Christian's heart and his outward life. Let us offer an example or two.

Two Christian women sit chatting together with their sewing. Presently the conversation turns on the character of some neighbour. They mean no harm; but here and there among their random censures and insinuations, are many that might utterly ruin the good name of an innocent man. They are not at heart so unchristian, so inhuman rather, as to *design* such a result. But their words have played truant from the control of their religious principle. It has never occurred to them that their religion ought to govern every utterance of the lips, as truly as every affection of the soul. Heart and life, which God would have ever to be joined together, they have put asunder.

Again, it is the Christian theory, that all believers are uplifted to a common exaltation, as kings and priests unto God; that they are one in Christ Jesus, united in a bond as enduring as eternity. This is the *theory*. But how often, in practice, they are found conniving at a miserable exclusiveness in social life,—prating of their “set” and their “position” in society, and their “peculiar affinities,”—as if an interest in atoning blood were a groundwork of friendship too common, too low, for their taste. This exaggeration of the natural and necessary inequalities of life into artificial walls of distinction, is simply an encouragement of the earth-born selfishness that would gladly bury from view the one, grand, eternal distinction between the friends and the enemies of God. And yet, he would sadly err who should reason back over-confidently from this poor folly in the lives of many Christian believers, to infer from it their *heart's* condition. There is a *break in the gearing*. They have never drawn out their religion to reach their social usages; never paused to consider that it ought to control those usages as truly as their church-worship.

Others break loose, in another direction, from the control of their inward Christian principle. They bother and fret at their social position, are incessantly on the outlook for a slight, and construe into an affront the most innocent oversight. Discontent is their chronic

disease. They do not feel *at home* in the church. They have been members of it three or six months, and nobody has called on them, except three or four humble folks who ought to have had less presumption. So, continually talking of and emphasizing the very social distinctions of which they complain, they grumble at all below and all above them, nursing their pet grudge as a silly woman nurses a whining poodle. Yet they may be, on the whole, true believers. They have never brought their religion into contact with this peevishness; for an electric shock to the latter would have awakened them to serious reflection.

There are, in short, more practical sins than we have time to enumerate, committed by genuine believers; sins which too clearly show that the spiritual life-blood at the heart has not yet been driven out to the extremities. What is wanted is not so much *more religion*, desirable as that may be, as the *equal diffusion* of the religion already possessed over all the affairs of life.

THE RIVER OF SPEECH.

THERE flows a river through the earth,
From hills of heaven it hath its birth;
Through all the lands that stream hath gone,
For men to float their thoughts upon.

Some send rich fleets of myrrh and gold,
Ships argosied with gems untold!
And though the men upon the shore
Bind them upon their hearts, the store,
Like prophet's oil, grows more and more.

And some send flowers from holy lands,
That float to little children's hands;
And some—alas! that this should be—
Send ships, that sail to meet the sea,
Beneath the pirate's flag of black,
With wreck and rapine on their track.

And some send idle straws alone;
And some rich seeds, that may be sown
In quiet creeks; for they will rise
Dear flowers to aching hearts and eyes.

And some send holy words that shed
A strange light on the river's bed—
A light so steady, earnest, fair,
You almost think God's stars are there.

Long years ago, past ships and stars,
A fleet sailed through the Eastern bars,
And on the wave a heavenly spell,
A silent consecration fell;
The stream grew holy as it bore
Christ's spoken thoughts from shore to shore.

—A. A. A.

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."*

PART FIRST.

TO those who have watched, of late years, the tendencies of religious speculation, and sought to trace them to their source, it must have seemed not improbable that the Christian faith of these lands was about to pass through an ordeal different, in some well marked phases, from any it had previously endured.

Its history records many an attempt on the outworks of the citadel, and its literature remains to prove that if these have been hotly assailed, they have been as valiantly defended. But none who have observed the recent movement in the hostile leaguer, the patient care and skill with which they have traced their parallels, the gradual and cautious manner in which they have pushed their approaches, and the point to which all these zigzags and covered ways were converging, could fail to perceive that the next attack would be made on the stronghold itself. Nor were there wanting indications that the ranks of the enemy would be reinforced by some strange auxiliaries.

The volume to which certain notorious incidents have given a factitious importance and wide-spread currency is but the newest, as it is far from the ablest, development of principles that have been long insidiously at work,—with which, indeed, in one or other of the many forms of the so-called Negative theology most of our Christian communities have been unhappily familiar. The sensation it has produced has been not unlike that of a masked battery suddenly opening fire at a point to which general suspicion had not been drawn. This is by no means so dangerous as the stealthy mining that had been carried on so long underground. True, the armament is heavy, and the report has been loud; but on a closer investigation, it is found that most of the seven guns bear the mark of Teutonic foundries, and are of a construction superseded in their birth-place by more modern improvements.

Besides, it is but fair to acknowledge that each of the seven assailants claims to be responsible solely for the injury his own independent aim may have occasioned, and has no idea of being involved in the general result of the discharge should it prove to have been serious. Each writer stands apart from his associates; no critic need attempt to construct a Harmony of these seven Rationalist Gospels. Each is no more to be held liable for aught beyond his own share of the book than the pamphleteers who have taken opposite sides in a public question, are to be held answerable for the contents of the volume into which they are promiscuously gathered

after the controversy is ended, because they happen to be bound up within the same boards, and to repose in amicable and dusty oblivion, side by side, on the same elevated shelf of the library.

"It will readily be understood that the authors of the ensuing Essays are responsible for their respective articles only. They have written in entire independence of each other, without concert or comparison."

We fear that this concession will not be made so frankly as the sanguine writers anticipate. Since the philosophy of Epicurus was exploded, people are slow to believe in a fortuitous concourse of atoms,—nor do we see how, on their own showing, it can be made, when in this Prefatory Note they immediately proceed to express a hope that, from certain merits which they believe it to possess, the volume will result in "advantage to the cause of religious and moral truth."

Abstracting our view, for the present, from the general tendency of the book, we cannot hesitate to admit that, in the method of treatment the writers have adopted, there is a marked diversity. We know not whether it has been by accident, but so it is, that the opening and closing Essays, in their prevailing tone, contrast very strikingly with the others that form the substantial matter of the volume. With all their defects and ambiguities, in spite of their latitudinarian sympathies, and their uncertain or misleading utterances on essential points, they are pervaded by a higher tone of Christian feeling, and exhibit a less violent and painful departure from the truths and facts of Revelation as they are commonly believed among us.

There is at least a spirit of reverence in the Essays of Dr. Temple and Mr. Jowett, which might lead us to hope that Christianity is to them something different from what it appears in the remorseless criticism of Dr. Rowland Williams, or the chilling materialism of Baden Powell. Yet, in their unguarded expressions and license of speculation, untrammelled by any definite system of doctrine, it is not difficult to detect those principles in germ which are capable of being worked to the most destructive results by less fastidious hands.

The essay on the "Education of the World" is an ingenious development of the theory, that in the training of the race there is an analogy to the training of the individual, each having its three stages of childhood, youth, and manhood. "First came Rules, then Examples, then Principles: First came the Law, then the Son of Man, then the Gift of the Spirit. The world was once a child under tutors and governors, until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season

* "Essays and Reviews." The Seventh Edition. London: Longman, Green, &c. 1861.

had arrived, the Example, to which all ages should turn, was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was left to itself, to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within."

The distinction between the first and second of these periods is defined clearly enough by the expansion of the Old Testament dispensation into the New. But when we come to the transition point, from youth to manhood,—the period when the Church advanced from the lower stage of education by Example to the higher, of teaching by the Spirit, we are hopelessly bewildered. For while, according to the essayist, the Church of the early Christian centuries was still in its fresh impulsive youth, we are told that the Church of mediæval times was from circumstances obliged to revert to the discipline of Law, that is, the education of the world for several centuries was retrograding,—the dull pupil sent back to his rudiments in the close dim school of his childhood. We are left to infer, for we have no certain utterances, that the dispensation of the Spirit begins with the Reformation, or perhaps rather later, with the establishment of the idea of "toleration," and the rise of the modern school of free interpretation,—its tendency being "to modify the early dogmatism by substituting the spirit for the letter, and practical religion for precise definitions of the truth."

On a further view, the "gift of the Spirit" resolves itself into scientific culture and intellectual enlightenment. "The age of reflection begins. From the storehouse of his youthful experience the man begins to draw the principles of his life. The spirit, or conscience, comes to full strength, and assumes the throne intended for him in the soul. As an accredited judge, invested with full powers, he sits in the tribunal of our inner kingdom, decides upon the past, and legislates upon the future, without appeal except to himself. He decides, not by what is beautiful, or noble, or soul-inspiring, but by what is right. Gradually he frames his code of laws, revising, adding, abrogating, as a wider and deeper experience gives him clearer light. He is the third great teacher and the last."

It will be remarked that the "spirit" and the "conscience" are identical. This is the "*spirit*" (not "Spirit" in the sense of a divine personality) which leads the soul, whose office it is to guide us into truth. The law which governs and educates the grown man is "a voice which speaks within the conscience and carries the understanding along with it; a law which is not imposed on us by another power, but by our own enlightened will." For this illumination of the will the grand requisite is knowledge, knowledge of any and every kind, "for every increase in our accumulations of knowledge throws fresh light upon the religious problems of our day." At this time "the great lever which moves the world is knowledge, the great force is the intellect." "In fact, no knowledge can be without a beneficial effect on religious convictions."

It must be confessed that there is something like

magnifying one's office in all this,—a kind of consciousness of the writer's professional position. The Master of Rugby delivers these platitudes with an oracular tone, as though it had never occurred to him that knowledge is not wisdom, and that faith, love, reverence more than intellect, are the real dynamic forces of the soul. The Church of the future would seem to be a reunion of men of science, transcendental philosophers, and Biblical critics,—its Scriptures an Encyclopædia,—its evangelistic agencies Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Full provision is made for the cultivation of the mind; heart and spirit are left to educate themselves.

All the truth there is in Dr. Temple's essay has been long ago condensed into the lines of Tennyson:—

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the sun."

It was scarcely worth while to perform so elaborate a *fantasia* on a theme so simple. Surely if the history of civilization, or as Dr. Temple would prefer to call it, the education of the world, has proved anything beyond all doubt, it is that a high degree of intellectual culture and æsthetic refinement is quite compatible with utter moral debasement and corruption.

The Essay on "Bunsen's Biblical Researches," by Dr. Rowland Williams is, from beginning to end, a daring and unscrupulous attack on the divine authority of the Old Testament Scriptures. It is characterized by a spirit of bitter hostility to the idea of Revelation, in the ordinary meaning of the term, as a communication of the divine will by God himself to his fallen creatures. The writer seems practised in the rhetorical artifice of reckless hardihood of assertion, and is at a loss to find words strong and stinging enough to express his pity and contempt for the ignorance, or credulity, or hypocrisy which clings to the ancient faith in these records as preternaturally inspired.

Of all these essays (with perhaps the exception of the contribution of Professor Baden Powell), we might single out this as the most utterly possessed by the evil spirit of scepticism,—that last and worst phase of scepticism, which glories in levelling the barriers with which the piety of generations has fenced in holy ground. It is surely an ominous sign when the hand of the priest rends the veil and lays open the innermost mysteries of the Temple to the unhallowed gaze of every intruder. This pre-eminence amongst his brethren belongs to the Vice-Principal of the Theological School of Lampeter. Of the seven vials, his is charged with the most malignant and corrosive poison. One might have looked for some trace of regret or compunction at the necessity (if such he deemed it) of taking away from simple minds, and lowly believing hearts, that which they had learned to love and value as a precious heritage of truth, the faith that had so long taught them how to live and how to die. But we look in vain; once and again we are reminded of him who "sapped a solemn creed with solemn sneer," only Gibbon was not an Anglican divine. intrusted with the function of training young men for

the Christian ministry. This essay is the most significant in the book, both as showing the length to which the leaders of the new theological school are prepared to go, and as exhibiting the critical processes by which they have worked out their results.

Throughout this review, Dr. Williams stands forward in the character of an expositor of Bunsen, not avowedly endorsing all his theories, contenting himself at times with a simple statement of them, but not seldom taking them up, and giving them a freer development and more destructive application. The German scholar has not been generally supposed to have erred on the side of over-fastidiousness or cautious reserve in his treatment of the Hebrew Scriptures; but more than once his commentator regrets his timidity, and does not shrink from carrying out his principles to bolder conclusions. As a specimen of his manner, we may quote his remark on Bunsen's opinion, that the valid historical portion of Genesis begins with Abraham, whose character he is inclined to admire: "A sceptical criticism might indeed ask by what right he assumes that the moral dimensions of our spiritual heroes cannot have been idealized by tradition, as he admits to have been the case with physical events and with chronology rounded into epical shape." Or again, his reference to the belief which Bunsen was not disposed to surrender in the descent of mankind from a common father: "He could not here vindicate the unity of mankind if he had not asked for a vast extension of time for the development of commerce and government, and still more of languages and physical features of race, whether his petition of twenty thousand years be granted or not." No one can read these passages without feeling that the reviewer indicates his own leaning to the belief that both the Biblical account of man's creation and the history of Abraham may be relegated to the domain of legend. All the earlier portion of Genesis may be swept away amidst the rubbish of rabbinical cosmogonies and fanciful genealogies, the clumsy fabrication of a later age. Dr Williams may not know, or it is not convenient to avow the knowledge, that one of these expurgated chapters, the tenth of Genesis, containing the "Toldoth Beni Noah," the Genealogies of the Noachidæ, has extorted the admiration of modern ethnologists, who have believed they found in it anticipations of their greatest discoveries. For example, in the second verse, the striking discovery of Schlegel, which the word "Indo-European" embodies, the affinity of the principal nations of Europe with the Aryan or Indo-Persic stock, is indicated by the conjunction of the Madai or Medes (whose native name was Mada), with Gomer or the Cymry, and Javan or the Ionians.* When a French philosopher, who had evolved an ingenious theory from the depths of his own consciousness, was informed that all ascertained facts were dead against it, he quietly remarked, "So much the worse for the facts!"

The peculiar value of the "liberal criticism," accord-

ing to Dr. Williams, is that "it reduces the strangeness of the past into harmony with the present." It throws everything miraculous into its crucible, melts it down, and then points triumphantly to the residuum of myth which the process leaves. Thus it pronounces the deluge to be a prolonged play of the forces of fire and water, rendering the primeval regions of Asia uninhabitable, and urging the natives to new abodes. It was the "fierce ritual of Syria, with the awe of a divine voice," that bade Abraham slay his son; but instead of doing this, "he trusted that the Father whose voice from heaven he heard at heart was better pleased with mercy than sacrifice, and this trust was his righteousness." In this surprising elucidation of Scripture it is hard to say whether the exegesis or the theology is more to be admired. The Avenger who slew the firstborn of Egypt "may have been the Bedouin host, akin nearly to Jethro, and more remotely to Israel." The passage of the Red Sea "may be interpreted with the latitude of poetry;" the probability is that Pharaoh was not drowned. This method of "reducing the strangeness" of the last of Egypt's judgments is an apt illustration of Pascal's remark, "O infidel, great is thy faith!"* An irruption of Bedouins, with such results, would seem, to unrationalistic minds, the greater miracle of the two. After this, we cannot wonder that "it provokes a smile amidst serious topics," on the countenance of the Cambrian divine, "to observe the zeal with which Bunsen vindicates the personality of Jonah and the originality of his hymn."

The same purpose of eliminating from Scripture everything that savours of "irrational supernaturalism" is carried out with relentless consistency in the writer's views of prophecy. In no other sense does he admit that the Hebrew prophets could foretell future events, than as gifted with that presentiment or engacity which belongs to superior minds in every age—the attribute of men endowed by native powers, "the vision and the faculty divine," with a clearer insight or a wider outlook than their fellows. The idea of "literal prognostication" is dismissed with a sneer. Especially is the Messianic character of the Jewish predictions denied. The Christology of the Old Testament, which yields such affluence of material to the devout researches of a Hengstenberg, shrivels up to one doubtful passage in Zechariah and another in Isaiah; and there is every hope that, by a better adjustment of critical lenses and more skilful manipulation, these will also yield, and the last diamonds in the crown royal be carbonized. The writer cannot sufficiently admire the masterly analysis by which Baron Bunsen proves that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is a poetical amplification of the sorrows of Jeremiah. "Jeremiah compares his whole people to sheep going astray, and himself to a 'lamb or an ox brought to the slaughter.' He was taken from prison, and his generation, or posterity, none took account of; he in-

* Incrédules, les plus crédules. Ils croient les miracles de Vespasien pour ne pas croire ceux de Moïse. Pensées.

* Kailinson's Bampton Lectures for 1859.

terceded for his people in prayer, but was not the less despised and a man of grief, so that no sorrow was like his; men assigned his grave with the wicked, and his tomb with the oppressors; all who followed him seemed cut off out of the land of the living, yet his seed prolonged their days; his prophecy was fulfilled, and the arm of the Eternal laid bare; he was counted wise on the return; his place in the book of Sirach shows how eminently he was enshrined in men's thoughts as the servant of God; and, in the book of Maccabees he is the gray prophet who is seen in vision fulfilling his task of interceding for the people."

Masterly as is this feat of critical legerdemain, Williams inclines to the belief that by the "Man of Sorrows" is meant collective Israel, or the faithful remnant who had been persecuted by their brethren, and improving upon this conception, we have the audacious announcement that "Israel might be acknowledged as, in some sense, still a Messiah, having borne centuries of reproach through the sin of the nation." Thus wantonly is this innermost shrine, the Holy of holies of the prophetic sanctuary, violated, and a sacrilegious hand laid upon the ark to rife its mystic treasures. The Jewish rabbins interpreted this chapter as a prediction of the Messiah, but the divinity professor of St. David's is less Christian than Jonathan the Targumist.

EPISTLES OF CHRIST.

A SERMON TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men: forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart.—2 Cor. iii. 2, 3.

An epistle is a letter. The true Christians at Corinth served as letters to recommend both Paul the servant and Christ the Lord. The neighbours, whether Jews or heathens, learned from the holy life of the converts that the minister who taught them was true, and that the Saviour in whom they believed was divine. The apostle starts with the thought that the Corinthian disciples were a certificate in favour of himself as a minister, but he soon glides from that thought into a greater thing; he goes on to speak of the Corinthian disciples as being like written letters, in which all men may read of Christ.

It is of this second and greater thing that we propose to speak. Our subject is: CHRISTIANS ARE EPISTLES OF CHRIST. The text tells five things about this kind of letter:—

- I. THE PAPER.
- II. THE WRITING.
- III. THE WRITER.
- IV. THE PEN.
- V. THE READER.

I. THE PAPER, or the material on which the marks

are made. Many different substances have been employed in successive ages of the world to receive and retain written words, but one feature is common to them all: in their natural state they are not fit to be used as writing materials; they require a process of preparation. Even the primitive material of stone must be polished ere the engraving begin; all the rough places must be made smooth. The precious stones containing the names of the twelve tribes, and together forming the high priest's breastplate, were not capable of taking the engraving on when first the Hebrews found them. A sore and tedious labour was laid out on them ere all the sharp corners were rubbed off, and a glassy polish imparted to the surface. The reeds, and leaves, and skins which were used as writing materials by the ancients, all needed a process of preparation also; and therein they are like the living epistles of Jesus Christ, who must be renewed in the spirit of their minds ere they show forth the Redeemer's likeness in their life. But the preparation of modern materials for writing, although it was not directly before the apostle's mind, contains in fact more points of likeness to the renewing and sanctifying of believers than any of the ancient arts.

Although the text does not directly refer to paper, a substance invented long after it was written, there is a remarkable likeness between the method of its manufacture and the work of the Spirit on a disciple's heart and life in preparing them to be epistles of Christ. "Filthy rags" are the raw material of the manufacture. These are with great care and labour broken very small, and washed very clean. They are then cast into a new form, and brought out pure and beautiful, ready to get a new meaning impressed on their smooth, bright breast. Paper from rags is, in an obvious and important sense, "a new creature." From all its filthiness it has been cleansed. There is now no spot nor wrinkle upon it, nor any such thing.

Such a process of breaking down and building up again takes place every time that the writing material is prepared for an epistle of Christ. You might as well try to write with pen and ink upon the rubbish from which paper is manufactured, as expect legible evidence for the truth of the gospel in the life and spirit of one who has not gotten "a clean heart"—who has not been born again.

The paper manufacturer is not nice in the choice of his materials. He does not throw away a torn or a filthy piece as unfit for his purpose. All come alike to him. The clean and glancing cloth laid aside from a noble's table and filthy rags from a beggar's back are equally welcome. He throws both into the same machine, puts both through the same process, and brings out of both "a new creature," pure and spotless. How very like the kind that our Lord accepts!—"This man receiveth sinners;" "Go ye to the highways and hedges, and as many as ye can find bid to the marriage." Christ does not find on earth any pure; he makes them. Those that stand around the throne in white clothing

were gathered from the mire. They were once darkness, though they are now light in the Lord. Let no one think that he can be taken to heaven because he is good; but let no one think Christ will not receive him because he is evil. Him that cometh Christ will in no wise cast out. "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin."

Not on tables of stone, like those on which the law was graven, but on tables of flesh must the mind and likeness of Christ be written. Give the Lord your heart. He desires that his own name and holiness should be written there. Surrender it to him that he may blot out its stains, and mark it for his own.

II. THE WRITING, or the mind and meaning which is fixed on the prepared page. It is not Christianity printed in the creed, but Christ written in the heart. The mind of Christ is so graven in the heart, that his likeness shines through in the life.

It is well understood that a person's character may be best learned from his letters. These seem to be windows in his breast through which you may see his nature. How eagerly the public read the letters of a great man if they are printed after his death! People expect to know better by these than by any other means what the man really was.

As our Redeemer left no monument of himself in brass or marble, so he left no letters written by his own hand. He did not write his mind on tables of stone or on sheets of parchment. Even Rome, with all her rage for relics, does not pretend to show the Saviour's handwriting. Yet he has not left himself without a witness. He has left letters which truly make known his mind. Ye are "epistles of Christ." True disciples, whether young or old, when he desires to let the world know himself, he points to you. If you are renewed into his image, he expects you to walk in his steps. The world judges of Christianity chiefly from the life of Christians.

So Jesus sends a letter to the world, a letter to the people of the city, a letter to the members of a family. A merchant who is a disciple of Christ goes to India or China, to carry on his business. He sells manufactured goods, and buys silk or tea. But all the time he is a letter sent by the Saviour to the heathen. A boy becomes an apprentice in a great shop; but before he was bound to his master on earth, he had been redeemed by a Master in heaven. He is now, therefore, a letter from that Lord to all his shopmates. In his truth, and love, and gentleness they should learn the mind of Christ.

III. THE WRITER. The letter is written by the Spirit of the living God. Some writings and paintings look well for a while, but are easily rubbed off by rough usage, or grow faint with age. Only fast colours are truly valuable. Human art has found the means of making them lasting. The flowers and figures painted upon china ware, for example, are burnt in, and there-

fore cannot be blotted out. As long as the cup lasts the painting remains bright.

How shall we get a writing or a likeness made durable on a human heart? One thing we know,—many beautiful things in look and lip, which people admire for a day, are blotted out soon. Lessons that human hands lay on are not able to stand the rough treatment of the world. All the education which you can get at school is not enough. Its fair characters and beautiful colours may be soon stained by evil passions steaming within, or scratched by cruel treatment from without. We cannot make the writing deep enough on those secret tables of flesh. We cannot warrant it to keep the colour.

No writing on a human soul is certainly durable except that which the Spirit of God lays on. The process is in one aspect like writing, but in another it seems rather to be a kind of printing. The whole meaning is, in the Scriptures, set up like types, once for all. Then the Scriptures are impressed upon the heart, as the types are applied to the page. It is when the truth from the Bible is pressed into the soul by the Holy Spirit that any one becomes a new creature. Old things pass away, and all things become new. Henceforth the Christian bears about upon his character the likeness of Christ.

And there is also a kind of burning to make the writing durable. In conversion there is a sort of furnace through which the new-born pass. We must take up our cross when we follow Christ. We must part with a sinful pleasure, although it were as dear to nature as a right arm. Through this fire and water the Holy Spirit leads us, but he brings us into a wealthy place. It is gladsome as well as safe to "pass from death into life" in conversion; but there is something to be stripped off and something to be put on in the passage which you will never forget. Don't deceive yourselves; when, by the Spirit's ministry, you put on Christ, so that you shall be like him ever after, you must put off some things with which it is painful to part. "No man can serve two masters." In coming to Christ you must part with all that would displease him.

IV. THE PEN. In writing the new name and new nature on the tables of the heart, the Holy Spirit employs some instrument. It is expressly said in the text that Paul and the young evangelists who assisted him had a hand in the work. The terms, "ministered by us," show the place of man in the work of conversion and purifying. It is not a high place that the minister stands in, but it is the right place, and he cannot be wanted.

In photography it is the sun that makes the portrait. There is no drawing of the outline by a human hand, and no shading of the figure according to rules of the painter's art. The person stands up in the light, and the light lays his image on the glass. Yet in this work there is room for the ministry of man. Without the ministry of man the work could not in any case be done. A human hand prepares the plate for securing the

picture, and adjusts the instrument for throwing the light at the proper moment on the prepared surface. Although in the real work of making the picture the artist has no hand at all—although he has nothing more to do in the end than stand still, as Israel did at the Red Sea, and see the work done by the sun, his place is important and necessary.

A similar place under the ministry of the Spirit is given to the ministry of men. God does not send angels to make the gospel known. We learn it from men of flesh and blood like ourselves. Cornelius and his house will be saved, but Peter must go from Joppa to Caesarea and open up to them the way of salvation. The Ethiopian treasurer searching the Scriptures in the desert will find the Saviour whom he seeks; but not until Philip is sent from Jerusalem, a skilful evangelist, to guide the earnest but ignorant African. It is thus that the Lord employs parents, ministers, teachers in the present day as the instruments of breaking hard hearts and binding broken ones. Nor does he confine himself to any class of instruments or any age. "Ministering children" are often used to bring the word home in power, where older ministers are not admitted. A child forgiven through the blood of Christ, and loving the Lord that bought him, may be employed, like a little vessel, to convey the water of life to another child whose heart is like the dry ground. In some cases the glad voices of believing children, singing a spiritual song together, have made a path for Jesus into the heart of a full grown man, who was living without God in the world. Children who are themselves truly on Christ's side, may become the means of winning others; for the Lord delights to do his own great work by feeble instruments.

V. THE READERS. They are a great number, and of various kinds. The words have a very wide range, for it is said that these letters are "known and read of all men." The meaning is, that the writing is not a letter sealed or locked up in a desk, but exposed daily to public view. These epistles walk about upon the streets, and mingle with the crowds in the market-place. Every one who likes may read them: they are open to all. Some who look on the letters are enemies, and some are friends. If an enemy see Christ truly represented in a Christian, he may be turned thereby from darkness to light; but if he see falsehood, and envy, and anger, and worldliness in one who is called a Christian, he will probably be more hardened in his unbelief. Those who already know and love the truth are glad when they read it clearly written in a neighbour's life,—are grieved when they see a false image of the Lord held up to the eyes of men. Christians, old and young, seeing that you are epistles of Christ open to public gaze, read by friend and foe, what manner of persons ought you to be in all holy conversation and godliness?

Take some lessons away with you in the close:—

1. Every one's life is an open letter. Some are epistles of Christ; some are epistles of vanity; some are epistles of covetousness; some are epistles of selfishness. The spirit that reigns within is more or less visible outwardly in the life. In some countries the master's name is branded into the flesh of his slave, so that if the slave should run away, any one may know whose property he is. The captive may indeed be lawfully "bought with a price," and then he receives the mark of his new master. Thus, whether we like it or dislike it, people may read from our lives, with more or less of correctness, who is our master. The surest way to appear a Christian, at all times and in all companies, is to be one.

2. Some letters are forgeries. Some lives are forgeries too. They give out that they are epistles of Christ, while they are not. The name of Christ is written upon them by some ink of their own invention, but the mind of Christ has not been poured into their nature by the Spirit of God.

3. The letter, besides being true, should be legible—that is, clearly written and so easily read. Some readers are short sighted; and therefore the letters should be large. Some readers are only half-educated; and therefore the letters should be all distinctly and fully formed, no limb left out or contracted. Some readers are blind, and therefore the letters should not only be coloured so as to be seen, but raised up, so that they may be felt by those who cannot see.

We shall not be of much use in a blinded world, until the mind of Christ shall have been so substantially embossed, as it were, upon our whole way, that in the various jostlings of life, those who shut their eyes to the doctrines of the gospel, shall be compelled to feel, as they press against us, what it is to be a Christian.

April 1861.

BIBLICAL HOURS.

BY PROFESSOR KENDRICK.

"Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"—
MATT. xi. 3.

THE question which forces itself on the mind here, and which the Evangelist has not answered, is, What led to this extraordinary deputation of John to Christ? All the other statements of the New Testament indicate John's unbounded confidence in Jesus as the Messiah. He had shrunk from baptizing him; he had seen the heavens opened to inaugurate and attest his mission; he had pointed him out as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and expressed his joy in him as the principal to whom he was but an accessory. And yet, seemingly in the teeth of all this, we have here an abrupt and startling inquiry whether he was in truth the Messiah. The phenomenon is certainly extraordinary, and justifies the most earnest endeavours for an explanation.

The solutions proposed are two: one, that the ques-

tion was proposed to meet doubts which had arisen in the mind of John; the other, to satisfy John's disciples—to assure them, by bringing them into personal contact with the words and works of Christ, of his divine mission. This latter theory is plausible, but not convincing. John might, indeed, have sent his disciples to listen to the discourses and behold the works of Jesus, but he would scarcely have authorized them to address to him an inquiry so blunt, and so seemingly disrespectful. And again, the disciples put their question directly in the name of their master, "John the Baptist hath sent us to ask thee" (Luke)—and to John is the reply most explicitly and pointedly directed, "Go and tell John again." In short, everything about the transaction points to John as the person mainly interested, and the supposition that it was for the disciples, is improbable and gratuitous.

But how are we to explain the question as coming from John? I answer: it sprung from his misconception of the nature of the Messiah's kingdom. All Israelites expected, upon the coming of the Messiah, the setting up of an immediate, glorious, temporal kingdom. Even the most spiritual had their views alloyed by a large intermixture of secular conceptions. They looked for the breaking of the Roman yoke, the redemption of the temporal Israel, and a restoration of more than the glorious days of David and Solomon. The peace, the prosperity, the splendour which Isaiah had so glowingly depicted, were then to be the inheritance of the nation. Partly, certainly, in this light, we are to interpret the eager gladness with which the multitudes thronged to John's preparatory baptism; the anxiety of Herod to despatch the destined supplanter of his throne; the enthusiastic hosannahs of Jerusalem when Jesus made his public entry into it. The disciples surely did not fall behind even the religious Jews of their age, in the spirituality of their conceptions of his reign. Yet their disputes as to who should be the greater, pointed to a temporal kingdom, and the question, "Lord, wilt thou now restore the kingdom to Israel?"—put to him on the way to the Mount of Ascension—shows that even the startling phenomena of his death and resurrection had not been able to dislodge the deep-rooted prejudice. Can we doubt, then, that John shared the prevalent misconception of his countrymen? That when he came declaring that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, he had a like expectation of an immediate, glorious, outward empire?

Are we pointed, in reply, to the spiritual declarations of the harbinger in the fourth Gospel—such as, "Behold the Lamb of God," &c.? To this I answer, that John was a prophet—the last prophet of the old dispensation. As such we might expect from him prophetic utterances, and that, too, clear in proportion to his more favoured position and the nearness of the fulfilment. But we need not suppose any deviation in his case from the ordinary law of Old Testament prophecy. He did not himself fully understand the import of his own

predictions. One of the greatest trials with which our Saviour had to contend to the last in his disciples, was their grovelling and unworthy ideas of his work and kingdom. Was John exalted so entirely above them?

In my opinion, we are not left to mere inference. The point is decided by the express testimony of the Saviour. He pronounces in the hearing of the multitude an exalted eulogium upon John, declaring that as a prophet, and more than a prophet, as his own harbinger, he stood fully on a level with the most eminent of the earlier saints. Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, none of those could take rank above John. And yet, adds the Saviour, the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he. This is no personal derogation from the character of John. It shows the difference of the *dispensations*—the measureless superiority of the new and spiritual over the old and more secular economy. I answer here, what I do not believe is liable to any valid questioning, that the kingdom of heaven means here the new dispensation which Christ was about to set up, and that his language is simply equivalent to saying that the humblest subject of it stood in knowledge and privilege above the highest of the old. A beautiful commentary on the passage is his language to his disciples,—“Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear; for verily I say unto you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things that ye hear, and have not heard them.”

Our Saviour's authoritative declaration, then, declares the inferiority of John. It puts him among the prophets of the past dispensation,—the last and the greatest of them, indeed, but still of them, dwelling amidst their shadows, and not emancipated from that element of earthliness which attended the clearest revelations of the old economy. This, too, is our Lord's explanation of and apology for the conduct of John. He had sent to Christ because he did not understand the nature of his kingdom—its thorough spirituality. Hence he was vexed with his delay, with his lingering in obscurity, with his contenting himself with performing miracles among the peasantry of Galilee, instead of seating himself on the throne of David, and arraying himself with the glories of an earthly potentate. He was, in fact, *stumbled*, offended in Christ. And he sent the deputation to remind him how tardy was his procedure, how he was failing to meet the expectations which greeted the destined Monarch and Redeemer of Israel. The question was not one of innocent ignorance seeking information, but of prejudice, misconception, and presumption, which demanded a rebuke.

And the Lord rebuked him. In language delicate, dignified, and severe, he referred John to the works of beneficence and mercy which he was performing, and then adds gently, yet severely, “and blessed is he who soever shall not be offended in me.” John had been offended in Christ, and in sending this deputation he had shown how the weakness of the man and the pre-

judice of the Jew blended itself with the majesty of the prophet and the forerunner.

Let me beg the reader now to look at the whole carefully in connection, and especially to put the passages containing the question and answer alongside of that containing our Lord's comment on John's position. They mutually explain each other. They fit together like lock and key. The question from John shows what suggested the declaration of his inferiority, and this declaration again is a commentary upon the question. And as they harmonize with each other, so they harmonize with the usual tenor of the New Testament passages.

Let me add two reflections: First, this mission, thus interpreted, adds John to the list of Scripture worthies whose failings, as well as their virtues, inspiration has faithfully revealed. Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, all appear with their faults more or less grave. Peter, in the next breath after receiving an emphatic blessing for his sublime confession of faith, is rebuked with severity for his utter failure to understand the true work of the Messiah. And so here the faithful pen of inspiration has, with its usual apparent unconsciousness, placed the record of one blot on the otherwise stainless escutcheon of the Baptist.

Secondly, my subject reminds us of the cause of that virulence and malignity of hate which accompanied the Jewish rejection of the Messiah. There was with them not merely the working of ordinary human depravity, but the overthrow and utter blasting of their long and proudly cherished national hopes. That glorious kingdom which had been their dream of ages,—whose coming glory gilded the pages of prophets, and swelled into rapture the songs of their bards, was it come to this? This man of Nazareth,—this son of a carpenter, whose retinue was the halt, the blind, the illiterate,—was it in *him* that all those sublime predictions of the future Deliverer found their realization? Hence the infuriated rage with which they dragged him to the cross, and loaded with execrations, and with all the ignominy which outraged national pride could heap upon him, the impostor who declared that he was the long-looked for Hope of Israel.

TEACHERS AND THEIR TRIALS.

THE village of Ashton lay nearly three miles from the rectory at M——. Long a mere hamlet, it had within a few years increased to a considerable size, in consequence of a manufactory being built on the side of its little stream. The people thus suddenly drawn together were poor and ignorant. Their distance from the parish school made it difficult for children to attend with regularity, and it was evident that the temptation of sending them to the factory before education could be finished was too strong for the parents to resist. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley saw these evils, and felt much anxiety about this outpost of their charge.

A local school for young children appeared the best remedy for the growing evil. By pleading the case with the more wealthy among his people, and liberally assisting from his own funds, the minister accomplished his object. A neat, convenient schoolroom was built, and a young person who seemed well qualified for the post established in it, and considered as under Mrs. Stanley's peculiar superintendence.

"It is more than three weeks, Edward, since I have seen Miss More at Ashton. I think I must take a walk to the school this afternoon."

"Do so, my dear; and I shall make some visits in the same direction, and look in so as to walk home with you."

"Oh, that is right, it will cheer the poor girl; she seems so to value a little kindness from you. Were not you much pleased with the children at your last visit?"

"I was, and with Miss More also. I think, with a little training and experience, she is likely to prove a first-rate teacher. My only fear is that she may be rather too refined and sensitive for her present somewhat lonely position."

"I believe she is one of a much attached family circle, and that the death of their father, about a year ago, made a great change in their circumstances, besides being a deep affliction. Do not you think that teachers as a class are much to be felt for, in their separation from home and friends?"

"You mean female teachers, of course. Men, generally speaking, can seldom expect now-a-days to settle at home. But I never thought of pitying teachers in this respect more than many others,—female servants, for example."

"Yes, a servant, if she wishes, may in general remain within reach of her father's house, but a teacher, either as governess or schoolmistress, is most frequently placed among total strangers. And *home* seems so naturally woman's native element, that I do feel deeply for those who are called to the trial of leaving it and going into the world *alone*."

"Well, Frances, we have both in our day known the heart of a stranger, and it becomes us to do all we can to cheer and strengthen others. I hope you will pay a comforting visit to our young friend."

It was lovely summer afternoon, as Mrs. Stanley took the road to Ashton. She walked slowly, sometimes pausing to admire the varied beauties of nature around, sometimes lost in reflection.

"What a sad element," she thought, "is that of separation, among the discipline of our earthly pilgrimage! It is not enough that we must part at last on the banks of 'the river' from those most dear, but how often, long ere we reach that shore, our paths divide, and each has to proceed alone! Could we but, as it were, *colonize* as taste or affection would desire to choose, and group around us, wherever our lot is cast, all those

gifted and congenial spirits who seem most suited to soothe, to cheer, to elevate ours, as we go up through the wilderness to the heavenly Canaan! Ah no! earth would then be too like heaven, the place of exile so attractive, that there would be few longings for the Father's house. He who knows what is truly best for his people must have wise reasons for ordering otherwise."

The beautiful lines of the German poet rose to her memory, and she repeated them as she walked along.

"Thou shalt find kindred hearts, in love united,
And with them in the wilderness rejoice;
Yet stand prepared, each gentle bond untwining,
To separate, at my commanding voice.
Thus said the Lord. He gave, as he had promised,—
How many a loving heart has met my own!
But—over must the tender ties be broken,
And each go forward, distant and alone!
Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,
Then tears of sorrow overflowed mine eyes!—
But Thou hast known the bitter parting day,
From the beloved John hast turned away,—
Is this thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more."

But Mrs. Stanley's spirits were naturally cheerful, and before reaching the end of her walk, bright hopes and anticipations of meetings of unclouded joy in a "continuing city" yet to come, had dispelled her feelings of unwonted sadness.

The schoolhouse in Ashton was situated near the end of the village, a little retired from the other dwellings. It was a neat, simple building, and a cottage at one side had been fitted up as a teacher's house. The school hours were now long past, and no children near. Mrs. Stanley knocked more than once at the cottage door without any one replying. She turned to the lattice window, and looking in, saw a female figure seated before a table covered with books and work, leaning forwards, her head resting on and concealed by her hands. The attitude might be one of distress, but a second look convinced the visitor that the poor girl was only asleep. She withdrew from the window, opened the outer door, and knocked at that of the apartment. There was a start, a sudden movement, and then a hearty welcome.

"Dear Mrs. Stanley, I am so glad to see you! And yet I am ashamed,—had you knocked long? I believe I was asleep, I had felt so weary all the afternoon."

The speaker was a young, delicate looking girl, with no pretensions to beauty, but features which brightened up as she spoke with pleasure and intelligence.

"How tired you must be with so long a walk this warm evening! Will you let me make you some tea?"

"I shall be very glad of it on one condition, that you let me help you to carry the things into the garden, so that we may have fresh air and flowers round us. That will be better for us both than sitting in this hot room."

The proposal was received with lively pleasure, and in a short time they were seated together in an old fashioned arbour in the little cottage garden, sheltered by a chestnut-tree from neighbouring eyes. A long friendly talk, in the course of which kind inquiries drew

forth many particulars as to her family history, cheered and comforted the young teacher's heart. She soon looked a different being from what she had appeared when Mrs. Stanley first roused her that evening.

"What were you doing, or trying to do, when you fell asleep this afternoon?"

"I was trying to study my German."

"German? I think that you will not find much use for that in Ashton."

"No, not exactly, but perhaps afterwards, or I might give lessons to some of the farmers' daughters."

"Well, I do not like to discourage any kind of mental improvement, but I do think in these fine evenings you ought to be taking air and exercise, when your duties of the day are over, not sitting still at study. Keep your German for the winter nights when you must be within doors. Have you much talent for languages?"

"I am afraid not, I find German very difficult."

"That is an additional reason why you should not spend your strength upon it at present. To teach English thoroughly is your present duty, and ought to be your great object of attention; and from all I have heard and seen, there is no doubt of your being able to accomplish this, with proper diligence and the blessing of God."

"But I thought by learning to teach other things, I might perhaps gain a little more money, and be able to help poor mamma. Oh! if you knew how I desire that."

Her friend's eyes filled with tears as she replied, "My dear Elizabeth, it would be no true kindness, no real help to your mother, but the contrary, were you to overwork yourself now, and have to go home to her in winter as an invalid. I have seen too much of such cases, not to dread this for you."

"But John has been working all the evening, as well as attending college in the day. He could not have gone on without it."

"A young man at his age ought to be able for more than a girl, with safety. Besides, if this is really necessary for him, he may look up to God for strength and a blessing on his labour. But to take proper means for preserving your health you ought to consider a plain duty. No work, you know, of any kind, can be done without the proper instruments, or without their being in good order. Can you sew with a blunt needle, or write with a crushed pen? Just as little can mental work, such as teaching, be done to any purpose without the mind being in an active, vigorous state, and that, by the laws God has established, must depend to a great degree on our bodily health and vigour. Without a regular proportion of fresh air, exercise, and recreation, you cannot expect to feel cheerful and energetic. Do you attend sufficiently to this?"

"Perhaps not; I have so little heart to go out alone, and I often feel so tired."

After some more questions, Mrs. Stanley said, "You must consider me as your doctor just now, and attend to my prescriptions. Rise early, however great the

effort may be at first, and go out before breakfast. I do not say take a long walk, but be for at least half an hour in the open air. Take a substantial breakfast, and let your forenoon meal be a light one. When the school hours are over, make a conscience of having a good walk. Come down to see me at the Rectory; visit any of your absent scholars at a distance; explore the roads in various directions, and you will soon fall in with cottages where there are sick or aged inmates, who will gladly welcome your visits, and thus you will have an object for going so far. It is one great advantage of your position, that the evenings are lawfully your own. And they should be spent, in this fine season, as actively as possible, to counteract the evil of the forenoon's confinement." She paused, and took her hand affectionately. "I am sure you love the Saviour, my dear young friend?"

The reply was given with emotion, "I hope so—I desire so—but oh! I am often afraid I love them at home too much, more than Himself. Or else why should I feel so sad and lonely at times as I do?"

"There is nothing sinful, Elizabeth, in your warm home affections, nor in the sadness sometimes occasioned by your lonely situation. Only both must be kept in their right place. You feel your love for your mother prompt you to every exertion that will give her pleasure. So our love to Christ, if genuine, will assuredly lead us to active efforts in his service, as well as frequent communion with himself. And as we come to know him better, and love him more, we shall feel that his presence and sympathy are enough for our happiness, though all earthly sources of enjoyment were taken away. So his afflicted and persecuted people have often experienced; but this lesson is not learned in a day, nor must we wonder that we find it often difficult. But here comes my husband, who will tell you of these things better than I can do."

Mr. Stanley entered the garden as she spoke, and was cordially welcomed. He would not hear of returning to the house, but taking a seat beside them, began to make inquiries as to Miss More's family, and then her own prospects.

"You are engaged in a noble work," he said, "and I wish you much health and energy, with the divine blessing, to prosecute it."

"O Mr. Stanley, you are very kind, but I do not deserve to be spoken of in this way. Many of the children are so stupid, so heedless, and I am often like to lose temper and patience with them. I often feel as if they were making no progress, as if I were doing them no good."

"You must not judge of that from day to day, but by looking back over some space of time. As to losing your temper, that would be a much greater hindrance than the stupidity of the pupils, and there is no remedy for it but watchfulness and prayer."

"You call it a noble work to teach these poor little children to read and sew?"

"Everything is, which has such a noble aim as conveying useful instruction to the human mind, and influencing for good the immortal soul. And with regard to both, we have numberless instances of how much depends on the beginnings, the first bias, the first ideas given, for good or evil. You may not be permitted to teach those children very much, but you may give them a love of knowledge, a desire for it, which will be the true spring of all their future progress and success in life. And for their souls, by the Holy Spirit's blessing, you may be the instrument of doing everything. Children are capable of conversion, as truly as older persons. Besides, by gaining their affection and confidence, you will soon make your way with the parents, and may become of incalculable use to them also. Look upon yourself, in this quiet corner, as a home missionary to old and young. Get a true sense of the importance of your work; nothing will help you so well through it."

"Oh, how I wish my sister Emily heard you. She is a governess in a large school in Bristol. Would you speak in this way to her?"

"Surely, though I would consider her sphere more limited, and to my mind, not so desirable as yours."

"I am afraid it was very wrong and foolish, but I have been often tempted to envy my sister Fanny, and wish myself in her place. She stays at home with mamma, and takes in work."

"She is in *her* post of duty, and will get a blessing there, and be spared some trials which you must encounter. But there can be no question with any thinking mind as to your own post of duty being a noble one."

"Oh, if I were only nearer them, and could see them often! I think everything else would be easy then. But I do feel often so sad, so alone here." She could not restrain her tears as she spoke.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Stanley, with much kindness, "it is the will of our heavenly Father that all his children should find this world more or less a scene of trial and discipline. Your portion at present is that of separation from those whom you most love. Seek grace and strength to take up this cross in a right spirit, and it will soon become lighter, as you get more interested in your work, and acquainted with the people around you. But recollect that nothing can separate you from the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Let all your cares and sorrows be taken in faith and prayer to himself. "The joy of the Lord is our strength;" do not rest satisfied without that. Let your personal piety become deeper and more earnest, and it will be like rays of sunshine on every shady place in the pilgrim journey. But this makes me notice that we are in the literal shade now, and the sun going down. Let us join together in prayer before we part."

He commended his young friend, and all her concerns, to Him who is "the stranger's shield, the orphan's stay," and asked for all more simple trust in his wisdom and love, and devotedness to his service. Before leaving, it was arranged that Miss More's next holiday

should be spent at the Rectory. And as Mr. Stanley and his wife walked home, they felt how well their evening had been bestowed in lightening and strengthening that young heart.

c. c.

UNSTABLE SOULS.

[We are indebted for the following paragraphs to "What is Truth?" by the Rev. Ray Palmer, hitherto known to the Christian public of this country by his exquisite hymn, "My faith looks up to thee," &c.]

How large a number fall into the class of perpetual doubters!—of unstable souls, who habitually live in the disastrous twilight of uncertain speculation, and are carried about by diverse and strange doctrines, always catching at a new absurdity to relieve the weariness of dwelling on the last; who, in short, are very much in the condition of Milton's fallen angels when they—

"Reasoned high
Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

What can be more deplorable than this unnatural, this morbid bewilderment of the soul? A rational nature was surely never made to live in a realm of phantoms that for ever mock it by putting on new shapes. Such a state is, of all things, to be dreaded.

For, in the first place, it must needs be an exceedingly unhappy state. To all minds that have received even a moderate degree of cultivation, it is a source of positive pleasure to have, on all important subjects, clear views and well-defined opinions. The healthful faculties delight in reaching and grasping truth when excited to inquiry. They are gratified at being able to settle things with certainty. So, on the contrary, it is painful to the sound mind to grope about in the "everlasting fog"—to be threading backward and forward the mazy labyrinths of vague inquiry, which chases shadows and catches at emptiness, finding nothing solid on which it can rely. This, we say, is the constitutional law of the mind, let the subject about which it inquires be what it may.

But if the matter in question be one on the right understanding of which great consequences are depending, there must be, in addition to the doubtfulness, the pain of anxious apprehension. The fear of what calamities may, soon or late, result from failure to ascertain the truth, will often haunt the mind and mingle more or less with all its thoughts. Religion, it is clearly seen, if it be anything, is of the highest imaginable interest; and to miss the truth in such an affair, may, it cannot but be felt, involve irreparable loss, disaster that nothing can retrieve. Here is a most effectual cause of disquiet to the soul. How can a man have inward peace, when it is wholly uncertain, in his view, whether he is the offspring of an Infinite Mind, or of a blind chance; whether he has a nature essentially angelic, or is only a better sort of brute; whether he has any certain guide to duty, or is left to find it out by accident; and

whether, if he survive the tomb, his happiness or misery will, or will not, be then at all affected by his present character and conduct? Rest content with such questions as these unsettled! A fool may—a man of reflection cannot. You might as well rest content on a stormy sea, when you know not whether your ship be sound or rotten; your chart and compass reliable or worthless; the hoarse murmur which you hear, the howling of the wind, or the roar of the surf that beats on the fatal rocks! Nothing but profound stupidity can give the mind that lives in a state of wavering uncertainty respecting the essentials of religion anything that really deserves the name of peace.

It is also evident, still further, that a state of chronic scepticism tends greatly to enfeeble both the character and the mind. There is a very common mistake on this point. It is no unusual thing to meet with those, more particularly among young men, who have the notion that there is something indicative of a superior mind in a state of doubt. They imagine it a mark of originality and penetration to be sceptical about those things which others confidently believe—to be starting difficulties in opposition to all opinions; and so they are led rather to cultivate an unsettled habit of mind, than to endeavour to escape it. But the truth is just the reverse of this. A really vigorous and healthful mind cannot be satisfied to continue long in a dubious state, when, as is true in the matter of religion, the materials for forming fixed conclusions are at hand. A strong mind presses on to a decision. It is content only when getting at results. A sceptical habit—observe I do not say a season of temporary questioning, but a chronic *habit* of doubting—most generally indicates a want of mental energy to lay hold of evidence and to appreciate its force; a lack of the strength of mind required in order to rise above the prejudices and biases that embarrass and tend to warp the judgment. It betrays an intellectual feebleness already existing and likely to perpetuate itself.

For when the mind has been allowed, and rather encouraged, to wander among the mists of doubt; to look rather after difficulties, than after proofs; it seems to become incapable of logical deduction and unsusceptible to the effect of evidence. Having accustomed itself to waver, it cannot, when it would, decide; or, if it has in any case decided, it cannot hold to its decision. What yesterday it examined and concluded to be true, it is to-day, just as much as ever, disposed again to question. There is a manifest enfeebling of the power by which the mind, when in a vigorous state, makes use of evidence to establish itself with collected firmness on the solid ground of truth. That it should be so results from well-known laws of mind.

It will also be true that in proportion to this loss of force of intellect, there will be likewise a loss of general force of character. He who is unable to decide with promptness, will not be able to execute with vigour. The habitual vacillation of the mind will be sure to exhibit itself in a feeble, time-serving, irresolute course of

action. There is no class of truths which operates so powerfully in forming the whole character as religious truths. There are no motives which produce such energy of purpose as the motives which religious faith supplies. A state of habitual doubting therefore, while it tends, whatever be the subject, to infirmity of mind and character, must tend to this with special force and certainty when it is in relation to the essentials of religion itself that the habit is indulged. Live without any settled views in politics, in philosophy, in practical economy, and you will be a weaker man than you would be with fixed convictions in relation to those subjects. But live in dim bewilderment in regard to the great matter of religion, and the enfeebling influence will be felt in a far higher and more mischievous degree. It will make you vastly more inferior, as a man, to what you would have been with a settled religious faith.

There is yet another evil result of the habit of mind in question. It is very liable to impair the *love* of truth, and to lower the estimate set on it by the judgment. Truth has been well defined to be "the reality of things." To know truth is to know things as they are. On knowing them in this manner, on having a right understanding especially of those things that directly relate to us, our highest welfare essentially depends. Nothing therefore, in fact, is so precious to us as truth. As Solomon has said—the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. It is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to it. God has, accordingly, given the mind an instinctive love for truth, a natural desire to know things as they are. It is this that prompts the inquisitiveness of childhood—the prying curiosity that desires to have all mysteries cleared up, and that presses inquiry often back to the very elements of thought. It is an important end of education to encourage and strengthen this desire, and give it a right direction; and observation and experience show that, in respect to many subjects at least, it is, on the other hand, capable of being weakened, and almost or quite destroyed.

It is found, for example, especially easy to repress the instinctive desire to know, when there is occasion to apprehend that the knowledge of the truth might be for any reason painful; and this is the case invariably in respect to sinful man when he inquires about religion. While on this, as on other subjects, he feels the natural desire for knowledge, there are conscious reasons growing out of his own character, which prompt him to resist this desire, and rather to shrink from full and certain knowledge, than to seek it. He is inclined to indulge himself in something. The question, Is it right? suggests itself. If he presses the inquiry, he may find himself obliged to deny his inclination; and he will be very likely for this reason not to press it. The appetite for truth may yield to the stronger appetite for self-indulgence which now has possession of the mind. In every such case, of course, the love of truth must

necessarily be weakened. There will be less appreciation of its value than before; and if the oftener the love of truth is repressed for such a reason, the feebleness it becomes, it must finally be destroyed. But this is what is happening all the while in the unsettled, wavering, and doubtful mind. The inclination to indulge in all sorts of curious speculations and even idle fancies; to wander round and round from one opinion to another without seriously attempting to settle upon any, resists and gradually overpowers the instinctive appetite for truth. Truth now loses her attractiveness. There is a growing insensibility to her inestimable value; and at last there comes an indifferent recklessness that cares but little whether it has the truth or not; and which is ready to adopt the foolish maxim—that it does not matter whether one's opinions accord with the reality of things or not. Great, inexpressibly great, is the mischief done, when the rational soul, in its constitution noble, is thus virtually divested of one of its highest and most glorious attributes. It is fallen and debased, indeed, when its inward longing after truth, and especially religious truth, is felt no more.

It remains only to say finally, that a state of sceptical uncertainty is attended with great danger as regards its last result. To doubt about anything is, of course, to admit the possibility that it is true. To doubt about the claims and obligations of religion is to allow that we are not sure that these are not founded in reality. But while those who are floating on the sea of doubt, confess, by their very uncertainty, that the teachings of religion may quite possibly be true, they are sure to act, in the main, as though certain they were false. So long, for example, as you doubt whether there be a God, you will act, almost with certainty, as though you knew there were none; that is, you will live to yourself alone. So long as you doubt whether the Bible be a supernatural revelation, you will allow it to have little if any more weight with you than if you certainly knew its claims to be unfounded; you will not suffer it to control you. So long as you doubt whether you are to live beyond the grave, you will demean yourself, for the most part, as though the contrary were the fact; you will confine your thoughts to the present life. And then, by the supposition, when you have lived and acted as though these things are false, they may, after all, turn out to be the great and solemn realities which they are believed by religious men to be. When you shall have wasted life and opportunities in urging difficulties, and asking curious questions, and indulging in speculative scepticism, you may, as your doubts imply, awake to the serious certainty that there is a God, that the Scriptures are divine, that your spirit is immortal, that life was a season of probation, and that eternity is the scene of righteous and unending retribution. We are not now asserting, let it be observed, that these things are indeed so; we are only saying that since by doubting, you concede that they *possibly* are true, even to your own judgment it must be clear that you run the tre-

mendous risk of *finding* them all true, though you have lived as if they were all fiction. It needs no words to show that if you live as though the truths of religion were mere dreams, and it shall finally turn out that they are great realities, you are undone inevitably, and that for ever. This, then, is the amazing peril of resting in a dubious, unestablished frame. Even those who do this cannot but perceive that they run the hazard, the unspeakably awful hazard of a wretched, lost eternity. Religion and godliness, according to their view of things, hang trembling in equal balance. The side of religion may, they admit, preponderate; and if it does, they have made everlasting shipwreck of their souls! How much to be deprecated and dreaded is a position that involves continually the danger of a fall from which there is no recovery!

Do any of you, my young hearers, find the impressions of your childhood giving way, in some degree, so that you feel disposed to question them and to demand on what foundation they are based? You see with what seriousness you should regard the crisis. Never, in all your life, has there been a time when you so greatly needed the counsel of your kindest, most faithful, and judicious friends. To listen now to the cavils of the scoffers; to neglect calm, honest thought and careful reading; to indulge the affectation of singularity in your opinions, or the taste for idle speculation; to please yourselves with the fancy that it is a mark of manliness to doubt; is almost certainly to place yourselves in that permanently evil state which we have been considering. Such a course is worse than folly; it is madness such as words cannot express.

Yes! Believe it, my intelligent young friend—the poor way-faring man, who wanders homeless and friendless over the wide world, finding never a voice of greeting nor a resting-place in which he may take up his abode, is far—far less an object of compassion, than he whose *soul* is driven about perpetually in the chaos of confused and dubious thought, where all is dim and shadowy, and can find nothing that is stable; who as to the highest and most vital questions of his being, has established nothing, and positively believes nothing! Rather than suffer yourselves to slide into such a state, it were wisdom to suspend all other business, to shut yourselves up in the chamber of meditation and research, and to bend the undivided energies of your minds on this one work of reaching conclusions which will satisfy; and this with humble, earnest prayer to the Father of lights for that divine illumination without which spiritual things are never clearly seen by any of mankind.

HUBERT GOFFIN.

My young cousin Henry has been reading a history of Napoleon Bonaparte.

One evening, as we sat together, he laid down his book, and, with glowing cheek and sparkling eye, ex-

claimed, "Wasn't he the most splendid man that ever lived? I'd give anything to be half as great!"

The portrait so carefully concealed the blemishes of the hero, and was set withal in so dazzling a frame, that I could not wonder at a boy's enthusiasm in contemplating it. But I said, "Your chance of being half as great as Bonaparte is very good, I think. That is not always great which consists in brilliant achievement. The highest greatness is moral, and seeks the glory of God and the good of others, rather than its own glory. I could tell you of a more noble hero than Napoleon, who lived in his own time."

"I should like to hear of one," answered Harry, with an air that said he was not to be convinced. But he still loved a story; so I told him the following:—

"Years ago, in the deep heart of a mountain in Belgium, a hundred men were working a coal mine. Grim-visaged and dusky, moving about by the dull red light of their safety-lamps, they might have been mistaken for the demons of the mountain, once supposed by the peasants to dwell in its caves. Their work was hard, and surrounded by dangers; but their wives and children were in the hamlet above, and long habit made them forget their perils. So they might be contented, and even happy.

"The creaking windlass raised and lowered a huge bucket through the deep and narrow shaft, from morning till night, carrying men and tools to and fro. This was their only doorway.

"It was noonday, and the sun shone down one side of the shaft, and brought a glimmer of daylight to a part of the mine, when Hubert Goffin, the master miner, took his place in the great kibble, and was let down to the mine, many feet below. When he reached the bottom, he commenced handing some tools and stores to Victor, a blind miner, who was waiting there. Victor had left a sick child in one of the cottages, and it was to inquire after him that he stood waiting at the bottom of the shaft.

The bucket was soon emptied, and Hubert was just stepping out, when hark! What sound was that which made his cheek pale? It was the rushing and trickling of water. The next moment he caught sight of a stream forcing itself through a fissure in the mountain close to the shaft. Hubert's long experience instantly showed him their full danger. It was not a feeble, oozing stream, but a mighty pressure of water that had found its outlet here. They would be overwhelmed—lost!

"One foot was yet in the bucket—a jerk at the rope would save him. But though death stared him in the face, he could not sacrifice others to save himself. Quickly jumping out, he seized blind Victor, and placed him in the bucket, saying, quickly, as he jerked the rope, 'Tell them the water has burst in, and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the further end of the right gallery. Say farewell to our poor friends.' In a moment he was gone, and with him

Hubert's only certainty of escape from a terrible death.

"The mine consisted of long, narrow passages, and on all sides deep caves from which the coal had been dug; the men were all at the further end of the mine, hewing out the solid mountain, unconscious of danger. Hubert quickly made his way along the dark passage, followed by the swift-spreading water, and soon reached his fellow-workmen with the dreadful intelligence. It was a moment for panic, when each would have rushed to certain death in a vain effort to save himself. But looking firmly into their ghastly faces, the master spoke a few courageous sentences,—

"Follow my words, lads, and be quick; our picks may save us!"

"Then came a few steady, quick commands, to hollow a new chamber above the level the water would probably reach. The men obeyed in silence, though each knew not but that he might be digging his own grave. A hundred pairs of hands soon finished the work, and into the cave a hundred men crowded to wait for death, or an almost impossible chance of relief. The water gradually filled all the old avenues and chambers, and then seemed stayed. Never was a situation more dreadful. Not more than a day's provisions had been saved; and already two or three of their number had been killed by the falling rocks while hastily digging the new chamber. The long, dismal hours, with no change to mark them, brought only the advance of certain death.

"Courage, brave Hubert! God, who saw thy noble sacrifice, will help thee!"

"The terrified friends and townsmen, on hearing Victor's dreadful news, ran wildly about in hopeless panic. But soon, guided by the message Hubert had sent, they commenced working a new shaft as near as possible to the spot where the hapless men might be. Five days and nights they toiled, digging deeper and deeper into the solid side of the mountain.

"It is a vain task," said the men. But the women cried, "Do not cease! God will help us!"

"At length, on the morning of the sixth day, the muffled sound of blows from within met the ears of the workmen in the shaft. A signal ran along the rope, and told the news to the waiting multitude above, who rent the air with joyful shouts. Soon a communication was made. They were saved—at least, some were saved!

"Who can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate men buried for five days and nights, without food, when first the day gleamed in upon them, revealing a human face.

"Of the hundred who had been imprisoned, over seventy survived, and with them Hubert. Without him, indeed, probably no one would have been spared to tell the story.

"This noble act, done in a place and at a moment when no praise of men could have been looked for, echoed throughout Europe, and obtained the praise and

gratitude of the world. The ten thousand miners of Liege hailed their fellow-labourer with delight and pride. Napoleon heard, and admired in his palace in Paris, and sent a reward to the peasant nobleman. He sent him his Cross of Honour, the mark which all the high and great coveted; and better still, offered him a pension which raised him above want for the rest of his life.

"When God unfolds in heaven the secret charity of men, many such heroes shall stand revealed, whom the earth and the waves have covered, sending no testimony to the world. Their Father who seeth in secret shall reward them openly."

BIBLICAL TREASURY.

L—HUMANITARIAN THEOLOGY.

There is a mode of theologizing that wins extensive popularity, but at a heavy cost to the interests of truth. It starts from man as the grand centre, and judges of all things in heaven and earth, actual or possible, by their relation to him. Nothing is to be accounted true which cannot be made out to consist with his ideas of what is reasonable, just, and kind. However clear may be the revelation of a truth in Scripture, it is not to be believed unless we can satisfy ourselves that it is right. Any sophistry of interpretation is better than the admission of a "repulsive" doctrine.

This method of dealing with divine things is very different from that of the inspired writers. Two great principles are *assumed* by them as certain, and not to be conceded away: That God is just and good, and that his ways are unsearchable by us.

It is not a question with prophets and apostles, whether God is good and just. They do not make it their business to prove the affirmative. They will not listen to the negative. Instead of arguing that a given course would be right, and that therefore it must be God's will, they say, It is God's will, and therefore it must be right. Men now seek to prove that a statement is true, and thence infer that it is the sense of the word of God. Paul says, "Let God be true, though every man should be proved a liar!" According to the Scriptures, God reigns in righteousness, and requires that men should have faith in the righteousness of his will. Abraham might have said, It is cruel to sacrifice my son, and it cannot be God's commandment. That would have been quite in the modern style. But it was not thus that the patriarch became the Father of the Faithful.

The inspired writers equally assume that the will of God cannot be judged by us, because of our insufficient knowledge. If we knew all that he knows, we might be qualified to try the rectitude of his determinations. But we are now wholly incompetent for such an inquiry.

tion. A day is coming when the secrets of men shall be judged, when all the arrears of time shall be settled. It is called "the day of the revelation of the righteous judgment of God." Then it will be seen and acknowledged how just his judgment is. Then "the heavens shall declare his righteousness, for God is judge himself." Now, clouds and darkness are round about him. Who, by searching, can find him out? Then, every eye shall see him. "Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence."

Not only is the current humanitarian logic discordant with the tone of Scripture teaching, it labours under a burden too great for it to bear. Every attempt to establish religion upon that basis is a failure. A sermon which we lately read, starting with the proposition that God is good, argues that one of the doctrines of grace must be untrue, because it does not make benevolence to man the highest and controlling principle of the divine administration. The doctrine of atonement, as a satisfaction to divine justice, is also denied on the same ground; God must not be supposed to have any *higher* reason for his acts than a regard for *our* benefit. The preacher did not seem to be at all aware that this principle, once admitted, is equally decisive against the doctrine of eternal retribution. He fancied, to be sure, that when he had asserted the doctrine of the will in such a form as to make every man as much the absolute master of his own destiny as if there were no God, he had cleared away all difficulties. It being asserted that men go to destruction because they *will* do so, in spite of God's grace, the theory is rested on as a rock. But on what does the rock rest? The question at once recurs, Why should God create beings with such powers, knowing that they would make so perverse a use of them as to produce an inconceivable amount of misery, temporal and eternal? Or, shall we deny the divine foreknowledge, assume that God created beings without knowing what they would come to, and suppose that the whole scheme of things is an experiment on his part? That would overturn Christianity at a single blow, for without foreknowledge there can be no prophecy, and the denial of prophecy makes the apostles and prophets "false witnesses for God." When we assume that man does not exist for the glory of God, but that God exists for man's sake, we have denied the reasonable possibility of any religion whatever.

That God is perfectly good is abundantly evident from the revelation he has made. Enough is made known to leave no rational doubt of this. It is reasonable to *believe* that all his acts are done in the exercise of benevolence. But that is a matter of faith, not of knowledge. Abraham knew that God would command him to do nothing that was wrong, and therefore he surrendered Isaac to sacrifice. Job did not understand why he was made to suffer, but said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Paul saw, by means of a glass, obscurely, but was willing to wait until he entered on a higher sphere of existence before he should see

"face to face." "What I do," said Jesus to Peter—and he says the same to us in many a season of doubt—"thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—*Examiner*.

II.—PROPHETIC PHOTOGRAPHS.*

In respect to prophecy, Dr. Williams tells us that there is "one perhaps in Zechariah, and one in Isaiah, capable of being made directly Messianic, and a chapter possibly in Deuteronomy, foreshadowing the final fall of Jerusalem."

Not being informed which passages of Isaiah and Zechariah are intended, I may be allowed to make a few observations on the single definite prophecy thus graciously left to us by Dr. Williams, the prophecy contained in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy; for I will venture to assert with confidence that that prophecy alone is sufficient to supply at least the foundation of an answer to the criticism which thus audaciously denies the supernatural inspiration of the Old Testament.

Nearly fifteen hundred years before Christ this prophecy was spoken. It declared the promises of God to the children of Israel in case of their obedience, and his judgments if they should prove finally disobedient. It was spoken when the people still wandered in the wilderness, homeless and landless, and before yet even the sight of their promised inheritance was allowed to Moses. "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as the eagle flieth,† a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young." Had Moses mentioned the Romans *by name*, this would have proved, according to Mr. Jowett's view of prophecy that the words were spoken after the event,—but can *description* of a nation be mere precise or unmistakeable than the description here given by Moses of the Romans, some seven centuries before Romulus? Are they not, as it were, *photographed*, though not named in these words? "And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land: and he shall besiege thee in all thy gates throughout all thy land, which the Lord thy God hath given thee. And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, which the Lord thy God hath given thee, in the siege, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee. . . . The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward

* Dr. Moberly in Preface to "Sermons on the Beatitudes" J. H. and J. Parker.

† *ὡς ἀετὶς ἐκ τέρους ἐλθούσα*.—LXX.

her daughter, and toward her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and toward her children which she shall bear: for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates."

Need I refer to the horrid tale of "Mary the daughter of Eleazer" told by Josephus, which makes the siege of Jerusalem by Titus,—Jerusalem which did not belong to the children of Israel for some five hundred years after this prophecy was uttered,—conspicuous for "tribulation such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be," among all nations?

Is this a case of *clairvoyance not supernatural*, according to Baron Bunsen, or of "*seeing the ideal in the actual*," according to his improver Dr. Williams.

Or shall we be told that siege of cities, and famine, even to so dreadful an extent, are not such strange or unusual events in the history of a nation as to require us to suppose supernatural prescience on the part of the lawgiver,—or that perhaps the very particulars of the prediction indicate a date when the Jews already possessed a fortified city, and were uneasy about the possibility of an Assyrian attack, so that the quasi-prophecy might find its fulfilment in the days of Sennacherib? I do not now urge the photographic description of the conquerors, nor the language of the historian, who plainly believed that the characteristic horror of Titus's siege was unprecedented in the sufferings of other times and people, but I confidently ask whether the wonderful sequel of this prophecy does not absolutely fix its meaning to the final destruction of the city, and prove beyond a doubt, to all who are not wedded to scepticism, the supernatural prescience of the prophet: "And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth, even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone. And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest: but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."

There is no vagueness here. The judgment denounced against the nation after the destruction of its city, is one most signal, definite, and unexampled. "Slay them not, lest my people forget it, but scatter them abroad, O Lord our defence!"

The Jewish nation has now been scattered for near eighteen hundred years. They have had neither land nor city, neither temple nor daily sacrifice in all that time. They ceased to be a nation near five hundred years before any of the existing nations of Europe began

to be; above seven hundred years before England was united as a single nation under one ruler. They have suffered precisely such unspeakable distresses in their scattered state as the lawgiver above three thousand years before denounced in such striking and wonderful terms. Yet they are found, and have been found, in every land; present, yet never blending; suffering, pillaged, yet never rising again to wealth and affluence,—better known, at this moment, to all men by feature, by character, than the natives of any other country upon earth.

Is this a case of *natural clairvoyance*, or the *sight of the ideal in the actual*? Perish the miserable, self-styled philosophy which would dare to call it so! No! It is the finger of God making good in history and life the word of God. Many miracles may be of temporary evidential force, many prophecies may be of doubtful interpretation,—but every city of Europe with its "Jews' quarter," its "Old Jewry," and the like, every Jewish face with its unmistakable features, every fact in ordinary life which testifies to the continued existence of "the Jews" among us, as in the midst of us, yet distinguished from us, not by dress, not by colour, not by rank, not by habits, but by the unextinguishable nationality of God's scattered wanderers, is a continued witness, addressed to the mind of every single man among us, of the truth of God, of the divine inspiration of his servant Moses, and, *pro tanto*, of the supernatural character of Holy Scripture.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANOTHER little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet have gone the way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair;
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook
Where the flowers love to grow—
And these are all of the little hope
That came three years ago.

The birds that sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high.

THE UNJUST STEWARD.

LUKE xvi. 1-13.

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. BROWN.

I THINK you will find the key to this difficult but weighty parable of the unjust steward, in the fourth verse, "I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses"—a worldly-wise, sagacious, though unprincipled man, who, in the prospect of being turned out of one comfortable residence, will make quite sure, if he can, of finding another—this verse, along with the latter part of the eighth, "the children of this world are in their generation wiser [more prudent—the word is not the ordinary one for wisdom] than the children of light"—more prudent, that is to say, in the affairs and for the interests of that perishing world to which they belong, than the children of light are in the affairs and for the interests of the higher and nobler world to which *they* have devoted themselves. Carrying this key with us, we touch rapidly on the story, or as it were narrative, here.

"And he said also unto his disciples"—it will come out gradually why Christ addresses the parable, unlike those of the previous chapter, more especially to his disciples, that is to say, not the apostles alone, but all around him who had made a certain profession of faith in him and allegiance to him—"There was a certain rich man which had a steward," or manager of his whole property,—one intrusted, as will immediately appear, with large responsibilities and powers in the administration of it; "and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods"—*accused*, or informed against. The word is one which usually refers to a false accusation; not necessarily, however, and not here. It may simply mean an accusation, true, but preferred out of selfish and malignant motives. In the present case the accuser might have been some one, for example, who coveted the lucrative situation of the steward, and so gave information to the master of his corrupt and wasteful administration. "And he called him, and said unto him, How is it that I hear this of thee? give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward." *Give an account of thy stewardship*, evidently does not imply here any hesitation,—any mere purpose of investigating the state of matters with the view of determining on the course to be followed. The idea merely is, render up the state of thy accounts, of my affairs with thee. The dismissal was a thing decided on. The evidence had been unquestionable—"give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward. Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do? for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship: I cannot dig; to beg I am

ashamed." "I cannot dig"—have been brought up too delicately for manual labour; "to beg I am ashamed." He was not ashamed, however, to take a dishonourable course. Ashamed to beg, he was not ashamed to sin. "I am resolved what to do," he continues, "that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses. So he called every one of his lord's debtors unto him, and said unto the first, How much owest thou unto my lord? And he said, An hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty." He knew that the bill, or writing of debt—I acknowledge myself to owe so much to such a one—that this document, signed by the party, and countersigned by himself the authorized steward, while he still retained his office, would stand good in the eye of the law, as the sufficient and only legal evidence of the debt. Hence his words, "sit down quickly"—it points to the approaching dismissal from the stewardship—"sit down quickly, and write fifty. Then said he to another, And how much owest thou? And he said, An hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and write fourscore." The thing having been done and completed, no attempt was made at any careful concealment. The man had gained his object, and was comparatively indifferent about discovery. The lord, the master, speedily became aware (possibly by information still from the same quarter) of the dishonest transaction, but too late to make a better of it. And so, contenting himself with bringing the stewardship now as speedily as possible to an end, himself perhaps a man of the world who cared not very much about the mere dishonesty as such, he takes occasion to pass a compliment on the keen, quick-sighted sagacity of his old servant (as it is written, "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself")—"the lord," that is to say, the master of the steward, "commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely," prudently, sagaciously for himself—a shrewd, sagacious fellow that, at least! "for," adds the Lord Jesus, "the children of this world are in their generation more prudent than the children of light."

Here I may be allowed to refer back to a somewhat full illustration of this apophthegm, or maxim, or weighty saying of Jesus, which had been given in a previous discourse. The general idea of it being obviously this, that the children of this world are more prudent than the children of light, not absolutely, but relatively—more prudent (as already hinted) in the affairs and for the interests of that passing world for which they live, than the children of light are in the affairs and for the interests of the

nobler world to which they belong, the maxim had been found holding solemnly and mournfully good in such respects as the following: the thoughts of the children of this world running constantly on its interests; their making everything else bend to these; their skillful arranging and economizing of time with a view to them; their turning to the best account all means within their reach of advancing them; their requiring certainty, clear and definite security, as far as possible, in connection with them; and their lying on the watch to seize those special occasions of promoting them which come from time to time in their way.

But while the maxim is thus obviously a large and general one, and while Christ doubtless designed his disciples to view it thus largely,—studying it carefully, to learn many a lesson for eternity and heaven from the manner in which the children of this world pursue the interests of earth and time, the context, however, will now be found to point our thoughts more especially in the direction of the *second* and *fourth* of those examples or particulars. The second of them, that is to say, the children of this world making everything else bend to its interests. This man did not hesitate to make even his eternity bend, to sacrifice truth and righteousness, his soul, God, all, to his interests of earth—"he called every one of his lord's debtors to him," &c.,—a keen and cutting rebuke this, surely, to the children of light who, pursuing an everlasting inheritance, are yet found to grudge too often some little sacrifice of ease, or pleasure, or satisfaction, for the sake of it!

But more specially still, the parable, as it now proceeds onwards in its application *at the ninth verse*, points our thoughts in the direction of the fourth of those examples, namely, the children of this world turning to the best account all means within their reach of advancing its interests. For, see how this man, in view of being turned out of one comfortable house, bent on the one definite object of making sure another, loses not a moment in bethinking himself how this may be accomplished, and very promptly makes up his mind, and at once proceeds to execute it. He will secure friends for himself, at any cost, among the debtors of his lord, that he having done a good turn for them, they may do another for him,—that, when he shall be put out of the stewardship, they may receive him into their houses. "*And I say unto you,*" continues Jesus, "*Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.*" Now, if this verse be looked at with a very little care, I think it will be found not only free of any material difficulty, but full of weightiest instruction for the christian life—I say the *christian* life, because it is now plainly coming out why Jesus addresses the whole parable more especially to his professing disciples.

Observe, then, that Christ passes here, at this ninth verse, from the larger and more general application of the maxim of the eighth, to its application to one

specific subject—that of our property—the right and wise and christian use of whatever of this world's goods may have been intrusted to us by God. For, mark a moment, first, the expression, "the mammon of unrighteousness"—"make to yourselves friends of the *mammon of unrighteousness.*" The word *mammon* simply means wealth or riches. It is a Chaldee word, from a root signifying to trust—a humbling derivation, by the way, bearing witness to the deep-seated tendency of the fallen heart to idolize, to trust in riches. Then, when Jesus calls wealth "the mammon of *unrighteousness,*" or the unrighteous mammon, he has partly in his eye those endless shifts, and frauds, and falsehoods, of which the corruption of man in every age and country has made wealth the occasion and the subject; and partly he has in his eye the uncertain, treacherous, deceitful character of riches—men putting their trust in them, and continually finding what a broken reed they have leaned on,—how their trust becomes their chief trouble and torment, as Paul speaks, "They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

But now, what does our Lord mean by the exhortation to his disciples, "*Make to yourselves friends of, or from, or out of, 'the mammon of unrighteousness?'*" It is plainly a figure drawn from the conduct of the steward in securing friends for himself from among the debtors of his lord, who, on his being turned out of the stewardship, should receive him into their houses. Even so, says Jesus, make friends to yourselves out of your worldly possessions and goods—so use them wisely as to turn them to your eternal advantage—so lay them out that they shall in the end become, not enemies and curses, but as it were *friends* to you—so lay them out for God and his kingdom, for the poor and the needy, that He shall at last reward your use of them a hundred-fold,—that "when ye fail, when ye die, they may, as by the hands of so many friends, welcome, 'receive you into everlasting habitations.'" Compare those words of Paul, "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life:" and those words of Jesus, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink," and so on. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Ah, *everlasting habi-*

tations! What a contrast to the houses, the poor earthly houses of that fourth verse, "I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses!" It is but a little, very little while, and the houses that here know us shall know us no more for ever. Happy they who, in the near prospect of departure, can say, "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever"—"We know, that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"—"that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations!"

But now, do you see how Jesus is passing here into the idea of a trust, a *stewardship* in his kingdom—a high and holy *stewardship among his disciples*? "And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations. He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much. If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?" Observe, that he does not so much *affirm* such a stewardship, as *assume* it. It was enough, at least, that he had introduced at all the idea of a steward, and his account, into the parable; from hence he passes at once into it as a thing well known and certain, that there is a stewardship in his kingdom, standing, indeed, in deep and obvious contrast, many ways, to that in the parable, equally as respects the steward and the master there, yet corresponding with it in these fundamental particulars at least—the fact of a stewardship, and a fast approaching end of it, and an account of our stewardship to be rendered by us when we may be no longer stewards.

Only it seems to some as if there were a certain difficulty about that ninth verse, taken in connection with the previous story, as if Christ seemed almost to lend in it a sort of half countenance to the arts of Jesuitism, or at least to frown less deeply and strongly on them, and all approach to them, than is usual with him. Oh no, no. The fact is, on the contrary, that he only will not condescend to affirm in so many words, but assumes it as obvious, that the one element in the character of the steward which he holds up for the instruction of his disciples, is his keen and prompt sagacity in discovering, and at once following out, the means best fitted to secure a particular end, but that in the stewardship of his own kingdom, and with God for the Master, whom no cunning can ever overreach, and no iniquity ever please, not only can unprincipledness, injustice, avail nothing, but the very sagacity, prudence, wisdom here are identical with fidelity, righteousness, truth—as witness, accordingly, the immediate transition which Christ makes from the *prudence* of the ninth verse, "make to your-

selves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations," to the *fidelity* of the tenth, and eleventh, and twelfth, "He that is faithful in that which is least"—assuming, evidently, that the prudence and forethought exhorted to in the ninth verse are all one with the uncompromising fidelity of this one, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much. If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?"

Nor can I help just marking here a grand distinction which obtains between the stewardships and services of earth, and the service of the blessed God, which imparts a greatly additional emphasis and beauty to that rapid transition from the ninth to the tenth verse. I mean, that it never can well happen in the service of an earthly master, that the servant shall best consult his master's interests by just consulting thoroughly for his own, and, conversely, best consult his own interests by consulting singly, and thoroughly, and always, for his master's. But so entirely has God bound up his own glory with our highest interest and welfare—so entirely are these not only consistent, but inseparably linked together, that true prudence and fidelity,—self-interest at the long run, and righteousness and truth, are here altogether co-incident and identical. Hence the emphatic meaning and deep divine beauty of the transition here, "make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations. *He that is faithful,*" and so on; and "faithful," "faithful," is still the leading, central word in each of the three verses—Christ passing sublimely, and all the more sublimely that he makes no mention of any transition in so many words, from "the prudence which the steward had, to the fidelity which he had not,—the harmlessness of the dove, to which the serpent, with all his wisdom," or subtlety rather, "is a total stranger."*

And now a very few words will suffice on these three verses—suffice, that is, for the purposes of lecturing or exposition. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Taking this as a general axiom or principle, the thought evidently is, that fidelity does not and cannot depend on the mere amount intrusted to a man's care, but on his conscientious sense of responsibility; and that he who feels this in a little, will feel it also in much, and so conversely. But do you notice what it is that Christ means here by "that which is least,"—that he means riches, and not a little of them, but any amount of them which a man can possess? He calls all our worldly possessions, however great, "that which is least." Comparing them with the true,

* See Dr. David Brown of Aberdeen's brief but very valuable Notes on the Gospels (Glasgow: William Collins).

the everlasting wealth, see how he speaks disparagingly, almost contemptuously, of them, making them important only as they furnish a test of our fidelity, or otherwise, to God and his service. It reminds one of that significant fact in the Saviour's life, that he let poor Judas carry the bag—counting it, though it contained the earthly all of Jesus and his disciples, that which was least among his affairs: "This Judas said," writes John, "not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein:" and again, "Some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, Buy those things that we have need of against the feast; or, that he should give something to the poor." How solemnly instructive! "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Compare those words in the parable of the pounds, "Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds"—"Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." "And he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." Compare the words, "Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin"—"Thou wicked servant, wherefore gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury? And he said unto them that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds. Those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me."

Then, a single word will be enough on the eleventh verse, "If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?" If ye have not been faithful in the poor, treacherous, deceitful and deceiving riches of this world, much more you prove yourselves unfit to be intrusted with the everlasting kingdom,—with that which alone is worthy to be termed "the true riches," even the crown of glory, of righteousness, of life, the inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. "And (ver. 12), "if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's,"—more exactly, that which is another's—"who shall give you that which is your own?" *That which is another's.* Here the idea of the stewardship comes more expressly out—"If ye have not been faithful in that which is another's." Of course it is still our property Christ is speaking of. Ah! but it seems it is not *our* property at all as in reference to God, "that which is another's." It seems we are proprietors of nothing we possess, as in relation to God, but only stewards, administrators. O ye who are saying in your heart, Our goods (like our lips) are our own; who is lord over us? know, that though your goods are your own as regards me, they are not your own as regards God, but only a loan from Him, a trust, a stewardship; and that using them otherwise than according to his will and for his glory, you are guilty of the crime of appropriating and wasting the property of another

—squandering, scattering that which is another's, and that other your very Maker! "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, *who shall give you that which is your own?*"—that is to say, what would otherwise have become your own at length—referring to the heavenly blessedness, which shall become the property, as it were, of the saints in due time,—no longer, as with their goods in this world, to be held by them on mere loan, for a very little while, as a stewardship, as a probationary trust, but to be held by an inalienable, indefeasible title, secure to all eternity.

And now, in the last verse of all, the thirteenth, our Lord puts his finger, with divine unerring touch, on the hidden spring and source of all the evils against which the whole parable and passage are directed—even the attempt, alike sinful and vain, to serve two masters, God and the world: "No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Observe that the general maxim, "No servant can serve two masters," holds good even when the two services are not opposite in the character of them; since, if the one master bid the servant come here, and the other bid him at the same time go there, he cannot obey both, but must necessarily make his choice between the two. But much more, when, as with God and the world, the services are diametrically opposed, and essentially irreconcilable. In this case, if you will make the attempt to serve both masters, you must needs hate the one and love the other, love the world and hate God; "or else," if you shall say, O no, it is true I am no saint; I do not doubt love and serve the world; but I do not hate God, not I—well, Christ will not dispute this matter with you for the present. It comes to the same thing. Either you love the world and hate God, or else, and at the least, holding by the world, you practically despise, repudiate, turn your back on God and his service—"Ye cannot serve God and mammon." To attempt it is a crime; to perform it is an impossibility.

And now, in conclusion, how much is there here to humble the children of God! how much also to animate, how much to direct and guide them! How much to humble them in the dust! Ah, that stewardship! And once it was the utter waste with you of the Master's goods. But alas, even since you have tasted that the Lord is gracious, how much waste still! How much unfaithfulness! What a painful contrast between the zeal, the forethought, the energy, of the children of this world in their pursuit of its interests, and the manner in which you pursue the higher imperishable ones! "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord who shall stand?" As old Herbert says, in his peculiar but beautiful way:—

"Almighty Judge! how shall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able a heart of iron to appal,
When thou shalt call
For every man's peculiar book?"

What others mean to do, I know not well;
 Yet I hear tell,
 That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sin,
 That they in merit shall excel.
 But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline;
 And thrust a testament into thy hand.
 Let that be scann'd:
 There thou shalt find my faults are thine."

And thus how much is there also here to animate you, believers! The true riches—the everlasting habitations—that which shall be your own, yours soon by an inalienable title for ever! And how animating the principle, that in the service of the blessed God, we best consult for the Master's interests, when truly and thoroughly consulting for our own, and best for our own, when consulting most singly and always for the Master's! And thus, also, how much here to direct and guide! Stewardship, fidelity, prudence—"Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." And one only Master—"O Lord, our God, other lords beside thee have had dominion over us; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." "O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds."

But ye who are still out of Christ,—who make either no profession of discipleship, or a profession of it and nothing more, what shall I say to you? Soon that voice must reach you, "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward." And how different a Master from him in the parable! He could be overreached, and long was kept in ignorance of the waste of his goods. But "be not deceived; God is not mocked"—"all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Soon, I repeat, the voice must reach you, Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward. And then you must go forth from your houses in this world—yea, forth from the world itself into eternity—friendless, homeless, and with that terrible account to give up! But might not *you* also begin this day to say:—

"Almighty Judge! how shall poor wretches brook
 Thy dreadful look," &c.

Oh done, done, with the vain, miserable attempt at serving the two masters! If the world be God, by all means serve it. But if not,—if, when you die, it can do nothing for you but hang as a mill-stone about your neck to sink you in deeper ruin,—if Jehovah be God, then serve Him. "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips. Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses; neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods: for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy." "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my re-

proof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you"—as if Christ should say, I offer that *testament* to you also, that you may hand it back to me, as the first and foremost part of your answer to my "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward." Ah, *testament*? "Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver. I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment; that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures."

RESTING IN GOD.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
 Peaceful be;
 When a chastening hand restrains thee,
 It is he.
 Know his love in full completeness
 Fills the measure of thy weakness;
 If he wound thy spirit sore,
 Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
 In his hand
 Lay whatever things thou canst not
 Understand.
 Though the world thy folly spurneth,
 From thy faith in pity turneth,
 Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
 Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
 Thou canst stand;
 Childlike, proudly pushing back
 The offered hand,
 Courage soon is changed to fear,
 Strength doth feebleness appear.
 In his love if thou abide,
 He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
 Hath forgot?
 When the clouds around thee gather,
 Doubt him not.
 Always hath the daylight broken,—
 Always hath he comfort spoken,—
 Better hath he been for years
 Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
 Night or day,—
 Know his love for thee provideth,
 Good alway.
 Crown of sorrow gladly take,
 Grateful wear it for his sake,
 Sweetly bending to his will,
 Lying still.

To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength ;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care ;
Ask him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

From the German.

THE PROMISE AND THE SONG.

¹ For the Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness will be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."—ISA. li. 3.

² Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; for the Lord hath comforted his people."—ISA. xlix. 13.

A LIVING, loving, lasting word
My listening ear, believing, heard,
While bending down in prayer;
Like a sweet breeze that none can stay,
It fanned my soul upon its way,
And left a blessing there.

Then joyful thoughts, that come and go
By paths the holy angels know,
Encamped around my soul;
As in a dream of blest repose,
'Mid withered reeds a river rose,
And through the desert stole.

I lifted up my eyes to see—
The wilderness was glad for me,
Its thorns were bright with bloom;
And onward travellers, still in sight,
Marked out a path of shining light,
And shade unmixed with gloom.

Oh! sweet the strains of those before,
"The weary knees are weak no more,
The fearful heart is strong;"
But sweeter, nearer, from above,
That word of everlasting love,
The promise and the song.

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

SECOND PART.

As if these critical methods were not found sufficient for the work of destruction, another canon is enounced, which may be "trained" to bear with decisive effect upon the whole subject-matter of religious belief. It is that in our study of Scripture "we are obliged to assume in ourselves a *verifying faculty*, not unlike the discretion which a mathematician would use in weighing a treatise on geometry, or the liberty which a musician would reserve in reporting a law of harmony." That is, there is a kind of professional aptitude or knowingness in dealing with Scripture which comes

to the critic by education and practice, by virtue whereof he can bring all its narratives and precepts to the standard of his own "moral instincts," so that when he finds, from his own inward sensations, these narratives to be "inherently incredible," or these precepts to be "evidently wrong," he is bound summarily to reject them. This, it seems, is the meaning of "having the witness in ourselves." In this principle we find the key to the whole volume. However much the writers may differ among themselves as to the extent to which they apply it, there are many indications that on this point of a "verifying faculty" they are substantially agreed. We can conceive the results which follow from the application of this critical test to such doctrines as those of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the great spiritual facts of Sin and Redemption. The work of Christ as the foundation laid for human hope is thus described,—*"In Him man finds brought to fulfilment the religious idea, which is the thought of the Eternal, without conformity to which our souls cannot be saved from evil."* The Son of man, as he stands before us in the Gospels, is "dimmed by the haze of mingled imagination and remembrance, with which his awful figure could scarcely fail to be at length invested by affection." The simple meaning of this is that we may regard all the miraculous incidents of His life, and death, and resurrection, as mythical, the legendary accretion of after ages round the idea of the man Jesus.

Justification by faith is "the peace of mind, or sense of divine approval which comes of trust in a righteous God, rather than a fiction of merit by transfer." It was the conception of a later age that "shifted salvation from evil through sharing the Saviour's spirit into a notion of purchase from God through sharing his bodily pangs." It is possible that some of the writers would shrink from conclusions like these. But once admit this principle of a "verifying faculty" ("falsifying," we would suggest, as a more congruous term for an organ whose function seems to be to discredit revelation in every possible way), and where is the limit to be drawn? In the conflict, or collision of "verifying faculties," which is to have final jurisdiction, who is to have the right of arbitration? We are told that the more thoroughly the methods of scientific criticism are studied, and the more honestly they are applied, the idea of an external revelation will appear more apocryphal; from which it surely follows that, in proportion to philological attainments, and practised facility in wielding certain critical canons, the "verifying faculty" will at once be raised to a higher power of scepticism, and be invested with weightier judicial authority in its decisions. It is possible that the Vice-Principal of Lampeter is a greater adept in the art of rationalistic interpretation than the Head-master of Rugby; but Dr. Strauss, who is the Coryphæus or Hierophant of these unholy mysteries, leaves the Welsh theologian far behind. To his "verifying faculty," the historic Christ is the shadow of a shade,—the facts of the Gospels a clumsy forgery,—the whole body of Chris-

tian doctrine an allegoric presentment of the progress of humanity, God, the world-spirit, working in the gradual elevation of the race, which is a part of the divine being,—Christ, the God-man eternally incarnate, not an individual, but an idea, the idea being man exalted and spiritualized by railroads, and telegraphs, and the general enlightenment of the nineteenth century. We believe that, as all theories of ecclesiastical authority overruling the individual conscience, find their consistent development in Romanism, this theory of the supreme arbitration of our internal faculty in matters of religious belief,—call it an enlightened will, or a moral instinct, or spirit, or reason, or conscience, or what you please,—must inevitably result in that apotheosis of self, that transcendental pantheism, baptized with Christian symbols, which the Lutheran Church has seen so long as the abomination of desolation standing in its holy place. From Rationalism to Romanism the passage is short and easy. A religious community, founded on scientific criticism, would soon find itself governed by a general council of pedants, or by a despotic grammarian, the completest impersonation of the system; some rationalizing divine raised to the Patriarchate or Pontifical chair of the philosophic Church by the suffrages of his brethren.

We might select the essay by Professor Baden Powell on the Study of the Evidences of Christianity, as ominously indicating in another direction the extent of the divergence on the part of the new school from admitted principles of belief; in fact, fixing the low-water mark of its scientific speculations. No one can rise from its perusal without a painful doubt as to whether the writer admits in any Christian sense the existence of a personal God. Nor is the saddening impression weakened by the thought that, since the publication of his views, the author has passed away beyond the judgment of men. Throughout the whole visible framework of the universe we seem to see nothing but a play of physical forces,—laws mechanically operating in a chain of unbroken and inviolable sequences according to a preimposed necessity. He holds it as established that it is impossible by any amount or cumulative force of testimony to prove the fact of any miraculous interference with those laws, and that Darwin's masterly disquisition, "The Origin of Species by the Law of Natural Selection," substantiates on undeniable grounds the principle so long denounced by the first materialists, the *origination of new species by natural causes*, a work which "must soon bring about an entire revolution of opinion in favour of the grand principle of the self-evolving powers of nature." This grand principle aims in effect at dethroning a divine intelligence from the government of the world, and making nature all in all—an attempt often made before, but one that comes upon us with a novel sensation when we see the glitter of Voltairean armour under priestly surplice and academic stole. In this view the world becomes a wilderness from which all genial life has withered, all

bright signatures of a divine hand effaced, illumined only with the cold, dry light of material laws—no fountain springing, no spot of living verdure in the arid, melancholy waste, where the despairing spirit may wander and die without hearing the sound of a voice from heaven, a Father's voice of grace and hope to break the sepulchral stillness.

One of these Essays, that "On the National Church," is by the vicar of a country parish, and as a sample of the spirit of the teaching which must be addressed from the pulpit to a simple rural population week after week, to fit them for the business of life, and train them for immortality, we cite the following, which, after sundry careful perusals, we do not profess to understand. After remarking that "our Lord's own words leave no doubt of his teaching having been what we may call, from want of a better word, moral," Mr. Wilson goes on to say: "But to represent the Spirit of Christ as a moral Spirit is not merely to proclaim him as a law-giver, enacting the observance of a set of precepts, but as fulfilled with a Spirit given to him 'without measure,' of which, indeed, all men are partakers who have a sense of what they 'ought' to be and do; yet, flowing from him, especially on those who perceive in his words, and in his life, principles of ever-widening application to the circumstances of their own existence, who learn from him to penetrate to the root of their conscience, and to recognise themselves as being active elements in the moral order of the universe."

We might point to this sentence as an illustration of the mysticism or cloudiness of thought and style which pervades the volume. Looking at it as a whole, its literary merits are of a very mediocre kind. One has frequently to go back through a tangle of words to find the clue to the writer's meaning; only, when it is found, to be mocked and baffled by vanishing glimpses of ideas looming through a haze. The vicar of Great Staughton has expressed his unfeigned "assent and consent" to the Articles of the Church of England, and of course to the divine authority of Holy Scripture. But though Scripture may be called in a sense the "Word of God," all that this implies is, the "Word of God is contained in Scripture, whence it does not follow that it is co-extensive with it." "Under the terms of the sixth Article, one may accept literally, or allegorically, or as parable, or poetry, or legend, the story of a serpent-tempter, of an ass speaking with man's voice, of an arresting of the earth's motion, of a reversal of its motion, of waters standing in a solid heap, of witches, and a variety of apparitions. So, under the terms of the sixth Article, every one is free in judgment as to the primeval institution of the Sabbath, the universality of the deluge, the confusion of tongues, the corporeal taking up of Elijah into heaven, the nature of angels, the reality of demoniacal possession, the personality of Satan, and the miraculous particulars of many events."

We are told that it is the duty of those who are able to do so to lead the less educated to distinguish between

the different kinds of words which Scripture contains, "*between the dark patches of human passion and error, which form a partial crust upon it, and the bright centre of spiritual truth within.*" His theory of a future life might almost seem to indicate sympathy with the Brahminical or Buddhist tenet of an ultimate absorption of all souls into the Divine essence. "The Roman Church has imagined a *limbus infantium*. We must rather entertain a hope that there shall be found, after the great adjudication, receptacles suitable for those who shall be infants, not as to years of terrestrial life, but as to spiritual development,—nurseries, as it were, and seed grounds, where the undeveloped may grow up under new conditions, the stunted may become strong, and the perverted be restored. And when the Christian Church, in all its branches, shall have fulfilled its sublunary office, and its Founder shall have surrendered his kingdom to the Great Father—all, both small and great, shall find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent, to repose, or be quickened into higher life, in the ages to come, according to his will."

If such is the mould in which the articles of our Christian faith are to be recast and refashioned, so as to bring them into harmony with the demands and necessities of an age of intellectual progress,—if these are the doctrines to be deduced from the expurgated Bible of the new theology, we need not wonder that a shout of triumph has already been raised in the infidel camp, as if, when the battle was waging, a notable defection had taken place from the Christian ranks to theirs. We think it quite reasonable that they should express their surprise, and even contempt, that men who have traitorously surrendered the substance of Christianity, should affect to cling to its shadow.

They are shrewd enough to see that, when divine rewards and punishments, the fall, original sin, the vicarious penalty and salvation by faith are all, in the natural sense of the terms, denounced as figments, or exploded blunders, it is the merest folly to suppose that the Bible, which contains these untruths, can continue to be to the people the book of life. Well may one of the leading organs of our anti-Christian literature * ask, "Is the crumbling edifice of orthodoxy to be supported by sweeping away the whole of its substructure, and Christian divines taught to surrender all the most exacting criticism assails?" We quite concur in its remark, that "the mass of ordinary believers may well ask to be protected from such friends as their worst and most dangerous enemies."

We have no sympathy with much of the language of timid apprehension and foreboding which the appearance of this volume has called forth; the fears expressed as to its probable effect on the general mind, as if the foundations of faith were destroyed, and the righteous could do nothing but take up a lamentation over the departed glories of the Temple. Christianity has nothing to dread from an attack which recoils with the most

damaging effect on its originators. Dr. Williams, with a characteristic sneer, alludes to this irruption of rationalism as the "*Last Monster out of the Deep,*" and represents English scholarship as standing before it stricken with dismay and paralyzed by craven terror! One would think, from the self-complacency with which this Welsh theologian surveys the ruin he has wrought, that the mystery, hidden from ages and generations, had been made known to him, only the offensive arrogance and pretentiousness of his tone is fatal to his claims of inspiration, at least of a supernal kind. This vain philosophy may have its hour of seeming triumph, and it is easy to understand why it should be so. We see in it only the necessary re-action from the traditionalism of the Anglo-Catholic school. The pendulum has swung back in the direction of Tübingen, as far as a few years ago it oscillated in the direction of Rome. We knew that German rationalism was the product of the dead orthodoxy of the Lutheran Church—the fungous growth that marks the presence of corruption. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* For a season the Negative criticism ran its course, but, as Neander predicted, it had the sentence of death in itself. When a fire has crackled and swept over a tract of moorland or hill-side, leaving a wide and dreary stretch of blackened ashes, the heath and furze soon put forth green sprouts again, and the clothing grasses come up more succulent and tender. After the hideous ruin and combustion of the Neologic period, we have seen a healthier and purer spiritual life awakened in the birth-place of the Reformation, and men, chastened and tutored by experience, beginning to retrace their steps to the good old paths, where they may find rest to their souls. There is the same weakness and hollowness at the heart of this spectral system, which brandishes its brazen spear and vaunts so loudly. Before the everlasting truth of the gospel it cannot stand; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth this lying spirit must follow its forerunners into the abyss.

We would deprecate all attempts to suppress a volume like this by mere ecclesiastical authority, or to neutralize its effects by a demand for recantation. The witness of one of its authors is true, "He is guilty of high treason against the faith who fears the result of any investigation, whether philosophical, or scientific, or historical." The very apprehension of such a procedure at once drew sympathy to the writers, and from that moment the work, heavy enough in itself, began to rise steadily against an adverse wind.

"Truth, like a torch, the more 'tis shook it shines."

Let the reasonings of the essayists be fairly met; let their sophistries be unravelled; let their errors be carefully confronted with those truths which have a self-evidencing power in them to the conscience and the heart. Let their treatise be answered by the clear and faithful exhibition of the mystery of Redemption in its divine adaptation to the deepest necessities of man's spiritual being, and the result will be to place both the

* Westminster Review, No. 86.

facts and doctrines of revelation on a firmer and more impregnable basis.

Time after time the deluge rises; the landmarks are seemingly submerged, and the high hills that are under the whole heaven are covered. By-and-by the Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters, and they are assuaged,—Ararat, standing in its ancient place, lifts its green head again, and down in the valley, the olive-tree uncrushed, uninjured, puts forth its fresh and tender leaves.

J. D. B.

STEPPING-STONES TO THE CITY OF GOD.

I.

"THE development of mankind," said I, "appears to be laid out as a work for thousands of years."

"Perhaps millions," said Goethe, "who knows? But let mankind last as long as it may, it will never lack obstacles to give it trouble, and never lack the pressure of necessity to develop its powers."

"Men will become more clever and more acute, but not better, happier, and stronger in action, or at least only at epochs. *I foresee the time when God will have no more joy in them*, but will break up everything for a new creation. I am certain that everything is planned to this end, and that the time and hour are already fixed in the distant future, for the occurrence of this renovating epoch. But a long time will elapse first, and we may still for thousands and thousands of years amuse ourselves, in all sorts of ways, on this dear old surface."—(*Eckerman's "Conversations."*)

Thus spoke, on the 23d of October 1822, the most godless of all men that ever lived; the man who, during his long period of eighty years, built up systematically a life of the calmest atheism, and the grandest selfishness, that the world has seen. To this end did he come. Such was the view of life from those deep, clear eyes, that had resolved to look upon all things, and be as God, knowing good and evil. It is perhaps the most melancholy passage in all literature.

This strange saying of Goethe's brings to our recollection the striking passage in that book of a nobler man, "Sartor Resartus," where the German professor sits in his little garret or watchtower high above the city, and soliloquizes upon the world below. He hears the mighty hum "like the stertorous, unquiet, alumber of sick life." "The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void night." "All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them,—crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel,—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others. Such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane. But I, my Welter, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars." A cruel irony, full of deep and honest sad-

ness, and therein better than Goethe's, and, also, nearer the truth.

The following incident may have been a dream, but there is no reason why it should not have been real. I was walking through the streets of a great town on a warm autumn evening. A high wind was driving huge masses of cloud across the sky, a sight which, by some curious association, always awakens the deepest thoughts in my mind. So it was on this evening. I think I never had such a profound feeling of the emptiness and worthlessness of human life. How futile, and vile, and God-forgotten we seem; what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue! So thinking, I turned into a literary institute which stood near. A man was speaking there, and he was no mere babbler. He spoke eloquently and well of science, and literature, and art; and the more he spoke, my heart sunk within me the more. I looked round upon all those half-interested faces, of men immortal and sinful, and went out from among them in deep dejection. The wind was still roaring overhead, and the sky grey and troubled, as I turned to go home. But on my way, seeing another door open, and hearing a noise inside, I went in. It was a poor, uncomfortable room, not like the hall I had left, and the men and women there were simple and uneducated people, and many of them with faces filled with care, yet not without a grave gladness. The rich and refined people had been talking of art and science. The poor people were singing as I went in,—

"Blessed be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

When from the dead he brought his Son,
And raised him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die."

My despair vanished, as a cloud dissolves into rain. I went out once more, and the wind roared overhead; but it seemed now filled with the voice of the Eternal One,—that voice which calls sinful worms to the present possession of eternal life.

II.

Diogenes was a man whose nature God had made noble, and human sin made sour. Being asked by some of the people of Athens, whom he ever hated and scorned, in what part of Greece he had seen good men, he spoke with a cruel truth, "Men, *nowhere*; but good boys at Lacedemon."

Three thousand years later, an English poet, in whom the conscience of sin was far less developed than in the cynical Greek, and whose conception of Christianity was therefore dim and faint-lined, felt, in looking back, a mysterious blessedness about childhood. He has expressed this in words which convey to the minds of many a deeper and more touching meaning than he himself knew was there,—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily further from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day."

* * * * *

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither;
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Nor are these things to be believed merely, to quote the words of an old author, "with a poetical faith." There is something more in them. For JESUS CHRIST, when he called "little children" unto him, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and added, with an emphasis for all ages, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God *as a little child*, shall in nowise enter therein."

But is there any use in thinking of these things? The past is gone. It is irrevocable. Can God indeed do this thing—to give us back our youth? He can make the evil man a good *man*; but can he make him a child, with a child's freshness of heart? How can a man be young when he is old?

For ages men had sought the golden Indies by travelling east, moving slowly and painfully to the rising sun. But in the fifteenth century, one great-hearted mariner, trusting to the indications of nature and the promises of providences, resolved to seek them by sailing away into the distant west. The world laughed at him; but he turned his vessel's prow into the unknown expanse, and saw the sun sink day after day behind mysterious waves. And so God gave to Columbus, and Columbus to Castile, a new world behind which the Indies lay.

We who are hard in sin, and on whom custom lies with a weight deep almost as life, let us not wail over the past, or grope backwards for a forgotten youth. The land of youth is before us, and a Voice calls us to it. For those who hear that voice, it is "not too late to seek a newer world," even here, in the midst of our mortal years.

"His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth; he shall pray unto God, and He will be favourable unto him; and he shall see his face with joy; for He will restore unto man his righteousness." s.

A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW.

APART entirely from the mysteries that are supposed to surround it, that was a most remarkable interview which took place in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem nearly four thousand years ago. An Arab chief—a comparatively new settler from the other side of the Euphrates

—who had pitched his tent amid the rich pastures of Southern Canaan, is seen approaching on the one hand, bearing the trophies of a victory which he has just gained over some of the natural born kings of the country; and on the other is witnessed the unexpected spectacle of one of the very class that had been conquered—one of Canaan's kings—coming forth from his palace, not to try another battle with the intruder, but to bestow his blessing upon him, and offer to his weary followers the acceptable refreshment of bread and wine. This singular conduct of the King of Salem, however, was, when we take all things into account, not so extraordinary even as the style in which Abraham responded to the kindness. We infer that Melchisedec had learned that the immigrant from Mesopotamia was no common man. Himself a worshipper of the true God, in the midst of idolatry, he had recognised the fact with satisfaction, that the new comer was of the same faith. He had heard, moreover, and he believed that Jehovah regarded the man with especial favour, and intended to make him and his descendants a blessing to the world. And these, and other such considerations, moved him, doubtless, to resist any natural impulse he might feel to make common cause with the native chiefs, and elect rather to ally himself with the stranger. That is all very intelligible. But the strangest part of the case comes after, when we see Abraham, him who had the promises—the friend of God—and the heir of the world, not merely receiving courteously and thankfully the provision offered to his men, but thereafter presenting to this petty king the tenth part of all the spoils, and submitting to take as from the hand of a superior the boon of a formal blessing. What did Abraham see in Melchisedec to make him render to him such extraordinary homage? It was, we are told, because, besides being one of the kings of Canaan, he held high office in the Church of the living God.

Strange that in the heart of such a country—among such a race—and at such a time, there should have been a man of princely rank cleaving steadfastly to the primitive faith, and well known in the godly household at Beersheba as distinguished for his piety. It does not make the matter less wonderful to say that, in all probability, he was of the family of Japhet and not of the family of Ham. The question still remains, how came a member of that race into such a spot—how, above all, was there a well of living water in Salem, when all around was a dry and parched land? Ages, it may perhaps be answered, dovetail into one another. With the call of Abraham commenced a new era; but the transition from the old into the new economy was not so rapid and abrupt as that, on his appearing, all traces were instantly swept away, even of the better features of the previous time. Jehovah never for an hour left himself without a witness on the earth. The line of succession in the Church has, in the most literal sense, been unbroken. And it is easy to believe that while Terah's family were serving idols on the other side of the

Euphrates, the family of Melchisedec preserved in its purity the traditional faith, and upheld, in the midst of universal defection, the worship of the God of Adam, of Enoch, and of Noah. Just then, as we look with interest on the last flower of a passing summer, or the surviving representative of a bygone generation, we could not but have read the story of Melchisedec with deepest interest, even had we known nothing more about him than this, that he was the latest in the first series of the early patriarchs.

There is, however, something still more strange in this case than what we have now referred to. We are surprised to find a king in Canaan a witness for the truth; we are still more so to find that king executing the functions of a *priest of the most High God*. It is evident that the office described as being held by him, was not simply that which, before the consecration of Aaron, every head of a house was allowed to maintain by a sort of natural right. There was clearly something specially distinguishing about him. He had been singled out by Jehovah from the crowd. He had been ordained for higher than family purposes. And from Abraham's accepting his blessing, and paying him tithes, it is plain that the Father of the Faithful himself must have well understood that he occupied a place of pre-eminence in the primitive Church, and that even he and his household owed him homage as such. Is it too much to say that Melchisedec stood to Abraham in very much the same relation as that in which John the Baptist stood to Jesus Christ? John was the morning star, belonging properly to the departing night, yet lingering long enough in the sky to salute the rising Sun of righteousness. He was in plain terms the last prophet of the old dispensation, but he lived to preach in the new; and when by his preaching he testified to Christ and his baptism, he bestowed on him his blessing, it was like the dying economy saluting its successor, and joyfully making way for a greater than itself to come. That day when two of Canaan's princes met near Salem, and exchanged what seemed to be only the courtesies of life, nothing occurred to strike the senses or stir the curiosity of a common onlooker. But there was then, we cannot doubt, the meeting of two dispensations. A new and definite era is commencing. A fuller light is to be vouchsafed to the world. Clearer and more glorious promises are about being made. And there seems a beautiful propriety in the introduction at this point of a representative of the former time to offer to the rising hope of the world his salutations, and to receive what even the Son of God gave to his forerunner, that all righteousness might be fulfilled, the reverent recognition of a divine, though, it might be, a decaying institution.

The swiftness with which that single scene passes by us in the history, prevents, it is probable, many from even thinking for a moment of the suggestive circumstance that these two remarkable men lived together for a time in the same country, and, possibly, within visiting distance of each other. Knowing each other as

they did, recognising each other's claims and positions as they rejoiced to do, it is surely no fanciful notion to suppose that they must have been now and then in each other's company. And if so, what high converse must they have held respecting the world's melancholy past, and the same world's more hopeful and glorious future. Here, however, all is conjecture. The story does not tell what they said, or how far their views agreed as to the destiny of the chosen people. But it requires no stretch of imagination to feel assured that Canaan would have been a stranger land to Abraham than it was, if he had not found in one of its kings a friend with whom he could take sweet counsel; and that, prepared as he was to trust God in all circumstances, he felt his disposition to do that greatly stimulated on discovering that in the land where he had to take up his abode there was, besides abundance of pasture for his cattle, by no means an absolute dearth of that higher provision needed for the sustenance of his spiritual life.

We might have wished a fuller account of this king of Salem. But in the Bible there is a reason for everything. The brevity of the notice was intentional. It was, that Melchisedec might the better be used as the type of a greater priest, who, in the future time, was to be raised up "after his order." It is not our purpose here to pursue the line of thought suggested by this fact. But just by way of showing still further, in a word or two at the close, what a remarkable man this was who held his place among the kings of Canaan, when the father of the faithful crossed its borders, we may barely mention some of the typical elements in his character and position.

He was a priest upon a throne. Nor was the throne he occupied an ordinary one. His own name, and the name of his kingdom, were significant of something different from all merely earthly sovereignties. He was first king of *righteousness*; and after that king of *peace*.

No other priest but one approached him in dignity. It seems to us, as we read his history, that there could not have been then living in the world a greater man than Abraham. But there was a greater than he; and Abraham himself admitted as much. He accepted Melchisedec's blessing, and paid him tithes of all; and in doing this, not only did he personally acknowledge his official superiority, but Levi also, and the Levitical priesthood, offered homage in him.

His priesthood, moreover, is to us in a manner everlasting. That is to say, We know him in no other character than that of a priest. Suddenly, as by a flash of sunlight, a photograph is taken of a striking scene. A man of whose previous history we are told nothing, and whose subsequent history is equally unknown, comes forth upon the stage, and performs certain sacerdotal acts, which stamp his name and character for ever. And as the artist seizes some scene of nature, or some stirring event in life, and with his brush and colours arrests it, so to speak, ere it vanishes, and gives it a certain kind of immortality on his canvas—so the sacred writer, by

fixing this interview in his pages, and none other, has made Melchisedec to us a priest for ever; thus foreshadowing the royal, the glorious, and the eternal priesthood of the great Redeemer.

N. L. W.

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

PART SECOND.

EDWARDS died at a comparatively early age. He had never very good health to boast of, and his position as a country minister in an obscure colony was not, to say the least of it, exceedingly favourable to the leading of a literary life. And yet, as everybody knows, few have written so largely, so elaborately, and so profoundly on the most difficult questions in theological science. It is far from being the design of this paper to review his works. About their intrinsic worth and the manner in which they are executed, we need at present to say nothing. We are inquiring, however, specially into his personal character; and we should overlook one of the most remarkable features in that character if we failed to notice this notable fact, and did not endeavour to ascertain to what, in his constitution or habits, it was probably due. Here, if we mistake not, many of us may learn a lesson which we greatly need.

In the first place, I suppose we may admit that he was *constitutionally methodical*. His mind, while it was far from lacking that faculty of insight or intuitive perception which entitles us to call him a man of *genius*, was perhaps mainly logical in its cast. What we chiefly admire in his writings is the care and patience with which he collects and classifies his facts, and, by the slow yet sure process of induction, proceeds to rear upon them a solid and closely-compacted superstructure of argument. This habit of patient and thorough investigation appeared very early, and may be set down as having originated in a natural or constitutional tendency.

But, even making allowances for this, he would certainly never have achieved so much as he did in after life had it not been for one notable peculiarity in his training. Even when a boy, *he began to study with a pen in his hand*, not for the purpose of copying off the thoughts of others, but for the purpose of writing down and preserving the thoughts suggested to his own mind. This most useful practice he commenced in several branches very early, and he steadily pursued it in all his studies through life. His pen appears to have been always in his hand. "From this practice steadily persevered in, he derived the very great advantage of thinking continually during each period of study; of thinking accurately; of thinking connectedly; of thinking habitually at all times; of banishing from his mind every subject which was not worthy of continued and systematic thought; of pursuing each given subject of thought as far as he was able, at

the happy moment when it opened spontaneously on his mind; of pursuing every such subject afterwards, in regular sequence, starting anew from the point where he had previously left off, when again it opened upon him in some new and interesting light; of preserving his best thoughts, associations, and images, and then arranging them under their proper heads, ready for subsequent use; of regularly strengthening the faculty of thinking and reasoning, by constant and powerful exercise; and above all, of gradually moulding himself into a thinking being—a being who, instead of regarding thinking and reasoning as labour, could find no enjoyment but in intense, systematic, and certain thought." How many might have left their mark upon the world, if they had followed the practice, so early adopted and so persistently pursued, by Jonathan Edwards. No farmer with any regard to his own interest, will allow his fields to lie fallow if they please. He knows well that the soil requires to be systematically cultivated if it is to be really profitable; and he has his mind intentionally set on a plentiful crop in the harvest, to neglect the means necessary to secure that desirable end. Few of us, however, seem to look with anything like the same practised eye upon the capabilities and resources of our *minds*. They are left to grow wheat or tares—nothing or much—just very much as circumstances may chance to direct; and thus it happens that we stand in utter amazement when we come to contemplate a life like that of Edwards, in which there appears an extraordinary return for the outlay which, according to our calculation, ought to have preceded it.

But it was not merely the divine gift of "thought" that Edwards husbanded, so as to make the most of it. Time also was with him a talent far too precious to be wasted. He accustomed himself to rise at four, or between four and five in the morning; and, in winter, spent several of those hours in study which are commonly wasted in slumber. Not, however, that he neglected recreation entirely. In the evening, we are told, he usually allowed himself a season of relaxation in the midst of his family; and, while in the summer season he rode or walked for exercise, in the winter time he was in the habit of taking axe in hand and spending half an hour in preparing wood for household consumption. Yet still, with all these systematic endeavours to give himself relief, we can find that he seldom succeeded in securing entire abandonment for his mind. Even when he rode out into the country—ostensibly for recreation—he carried his pen and ink along with him, to note any thought that might be suggested, and which promised to throw light upon any important subject; and when these could not be used at the moment, he adopted a kind of artificial memory, with a view to the recollection of trains of thought or illustrations, pinning pieces of paper here and there upon his coat. We cannot but admire, of course, this thoroughgoing effort to turn every moment to account; though, perhaps, according to our modern notions, it

would have been better, for the health at once of body and spirit, if he had suffered his thoughts on these occasions to range abroad somewhat more freely.

To all this it may be added, in further explanation of the point now in hand, that recognising the intimate connection which subsists between body and mind, he endeavoured to regulate his diet so as to get the greatest possible amount of work out of both. In eating and drinking he was usually abstemious, and constantly watchful. He carefully observed the different sorts of food, and selected those which, while it sustained his bodily vigour, left his mind most sprightly and active; he most scrupulously and exactly confined himself to the prescribed limits, regarding it as a shame and a sin to waste his time, and his mental strength by animal indulgence. In a word, to sum up the whole in the language used by his biographer: "So exact was his distribution of his time, and so perfect the command of his mental powers, that, in addition to his preparation of two discourses in each week, his stated and occasional lectures, and his customary pastoral duties, he continued regularly his 'Notes on the Scriptures,' his 'Miscellanies,' his 'Types of the Messiah,' and a work he soon after his settlement at Northampton commenced, entitled, 'Prophecies of the Messiah in the Old Testament, and their Fulfilment.'"

It was to have been expected of one who was thus so frugal in the management of his time and strength as to accomplish an unusual amount of public duty, that in the more personal work of promoting the prosperity of his own soul he would exhibit at least an equally anxious and painstaking spirit. And such actually was the case. Among his private papers there are very many maxims and reflections in which this appears; and just as from the study of his plan of life we can explain to ourselves how it was that he was able, with his weak body to do so much of literary and pastoral work, so from an examination of his diary and resolutions, we can account, humanly speaking, for his eminence as a Christian. One or two extracts from these will serve to illustrate this point:—

"*Resolved*,—Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

"*Resolved*,—To live with all my might while I do live.

"*Resolved*,—To live so at all times, as I think best in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the things of the gospel and another world.

"*Resolved*,—To study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly, and frequently, as that I may find, and plainly perceive, myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

"*Resolved*,—To ask myself at the end of every day, week, month, and year, wherein I could possibly in any respect have done better.

"*Resolved*,—Never to give over, nor in the least to slacken my fight with my corruption, however unsuccessful I may be.

"*Resolved*,—After afflictions, to inquire what I am the better for them; what good I have got by them; and what I might have got by them.

"I think it a very good way to examine dreams every

morning when I awake; what are the nature, circumstances, principles, and ends of my imaginary actions and passions in them, in order to discern what are my prevailing inclinations, &c.

"How it comes about I know not, but I have remarked it hitherto, that at these times when I have read the Scriptures most I have evermore been most lively and in the best frame.

"Determined, when I am indisposed to prayer, always to premeditate what to pray for, and that it is better that the prayer should be of almost any shortness than that my mind should be almost continually off from what I say.

"I have loved the doctrines of the gospel; they have been to my soul like green pastures. The way of salvation by Christ has appeared in a general way glorious and excellent, most pleasant and most beautiful. It has often seemed to me that it would in a great measure spoil heaven to receive it in any other way.

"There are very few requests that are proper for an impenitent man that are not also, in some sense, proper for the godly.

"Though God has forgiven and forgotten your past sins, yet do not forget them yourself; often remember what a wretched bond-slave you were in the land of Egypt.

"One new discovery of the glory of Christ's face will do more toward scattering clouds of darkness in one minute than examining old experience, by the best marks that can be given through a whole year."

These sentences show that Edwards was not one who was concerned merely about right thinking in theology. The thirteen hours which he spent daily in his study were devoted to other ends besides the preparation of learned books. His thoughts took, to a great extent, a personal and practical turn. And hence we find in his writings quite as much of what may help us in holy living as what will give us clear, and sound, and satisfactory views of Christian doctrine. In every respect, in short, Edwards' was pre-eminently a *life in earnest*, and as such it may be commended to the study, not only of those who have talents to employ in the public service of the Church, but of the humblest individual believer.

We had intended to have given in this paper a brief sketch of the revivals in which Edwards took a part, and of his important contributions toward the right management of such movements. But our space in the present is exhausted. In the meantime, we may conclude with remarking that the kind of service which this great Christian thinker has rendered to the Church generally, is exactly that which we might have expected. Sitting from day to day in his study with his thoughts concentrated on the Bible—the system of divine truth which he believed it to reveal—and the relation of the gospel to the world at large, and to the individual soul with which it was brought into contact, he could not but feel impelled to address himself to the solution of the more perplexing spiritual problems, and to the discovery, if possible, of an inner law of harmony under the outward chaos which appears in so many places to reign. Accordingly, we have from his pen elaborate treatises on such subjects as *Original Sin*, and the *Freedom of the*

Will,—a comprehensive review of the history of the world in its bearings on the great central event of all time, the crucifixion, under the title of the "*History of Redemption*,"—a searching examination into the nature and phenomena of spiritual religion in his "*Religious Affections*,"—and many sermons and other minor works, in which an effort is made to grapple with all the more pressing difficulties which trouble thoughtful and earnest minds.

N. L. W.

WORDS TO SEEKERS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A FORMER article, addressed to the seeker after Christ, has called forth many kind and frank responses from various quarters. One of our correspondents writes to us out of the very blackness of darkness. Evidently an honest inquirer after elementary Christian truth, he proposes some very simple questions, which he says he "does not find intelligently answered" by those from whom he seeks spiritual guidance. As he states that "thousands of others" are as much in the dark as himself, we will try to reply to him and to them through the same column.

1. His first question is, "What is it to believe in Christ? As the devils are said to believe, how am I to believe differently from them?"

My friend, you want to know what faith is. It is simply taking God at his word. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." When the camp of Israel was in peril of death from the fatal bite of the fiery serpent, the command of God was to *look at a brazen serpent* on a pole which Moses set up in sight of all the people. That was a simple process surely—merely the looking toward an emblem of brass. The dying Israelite might sweep the horizon with his languid eye, and all to no purpose; but the moment that he fixed his eye on the serpent of brass, he was cured. Now there was faith in its simplest simplicity. He took God at his word. He trusted what God said, and relied on it. The restoration of the bitten Jew was made to depend on trusting in God's appointed method of relief. And your soul's salvation will depend on your obedience to God's command to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

You will perhaps understand faith in Christ somewhat better if you separate the idea into its three component parts. In the first place it implies *knowledge*. You know (from the teachings of the Bible) that such a being exists as Jesus Christ, and that he made an atonement for sin upon the cross. In the second place it implies *assent*. You acknowledge, with all the heart, the truth of this atonement, and the sufficiency of it; and this you do in reliance on God's veracity. But knowledge is not enough, nor is assent enough. They are both matters of the understanding. You must also *trust*. This is the third element of faith, and so vital is it that there can be no saving faith without trust.

While assent is somewhat a speculative thing, trust is a real and a practical work of the will and of the affections too. The will makes choice of Christ as a Saviour, and the affections cling to him. He is entirely and thoroughly relied on as having atoned for our sins, as having taught us how to live by his own spotless example, as having provided for us a complete salvation. To him you are to submit. To him you are to give up your heart; you are to love Christ more than you love your gold and your silver, more than you love your wife or child, more than you love your own life. Whatever Christ bids you do in his word, that you are to do cheerfully. No matter how severely it may tax your selfishness, or try your patience; no matter what loss of time or fortune or friends it may cost you. Obedience is the test of faith. If you are not willing to take up a cross and follow in the path which Christ and your conscience direct, you cannot claim to be a Christian. You are not a *true believer*. For while the devils in the pit know of Christ, and assent to the claims of his divine power and majesty, they do not trust in Christ, nor do they love him. Here is the answer to the second part of your question. The devils have a speculative faith in Jesus, but their wills do not submit to him, and their affections do not cling to him; instead of that their whole souls boil with hatred and malignity toward him.

And now, my good friend, I have tried to tell you, in the most transparent language of which I am possessed, just what it is to believe in Jesus Christ. Whenever you can honestly trust in Jesus, and in Jesus alone, for your salvation—whenever you can shun an attractive object simply because Jesus forbids you to touch it—whenever you can cheerfully do a disagreeable, painful duty, solely because Jesus commands the self-sacrifice—whenever your heart begins to love Christ, and to love men around you as his children, and to love to draw men to Christ,—then may you begin to hope that you are a Bible Christian. You will never reach that state until the Holy Spirit comes to your help; and you must cry for his powerful influences upon your heart. It is a stubborn, wilful, wayward, selfish, wicked heart, that only a divine power can reform. But pray, do not insult the Most High by asking him to make you a better man, while you are lazily drifting along in the current of your own selfish lusts and desires, or else persistently holding to every bad practice you were ever inclined to. There is no such thing as faith without *works*. I have no confidence in the conversion of a tippler who occasionally seeks out his old haunts for his favourite glass. I have no confidence in the conversion of a passionate man if he is still willing to explode the wrathful oath, or to strike the revengeful blow. I have no confidence in the conversion of a miser if it does not unlock his purse, or of the slaveholder, if it does not lead him at once to treat his slave as a man, and not as a chattel, and to apply at once to that slave the golden rule. I have no confidence in any "faith"

that does not make its possessor a better man, a better neighbour, a better citizen, a better child of our heavenly Father. Even a man's cat and dog ought to be the better off for his being a Christian.

I am not surprised to hear you say that you do not understand the nature of faith. Its very simplicity troubled you. You could not realize that the great thing and the one thing you were to do was simply to go to Jesus Christ, and to let him do the saving work for your soul. So in my schoolboy days in the country have I often seen a frightened sheep bewildering itself as to the right fashion of escaping from a pen, although the gate stood wide open. After many frantic dashings of its foolish head against bars and rails, it got the idea at last that it would be easier to pass out through an open gate than through a chestnut fence or a stone wall; and when it had found the right place, it bounded off with high leaps, perfectly overjoyed with its emancipation.

"The way of salvation is perfectly plain to me now," remarked a person once to her pastor. "The darkness is all gone. Everything is clear to me now. I do not know how or why it is so. But you read a hymn the other night, with these words:—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless wretch,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all!"

I saw then at once that I had nothing to do but to trust in Jesus. I sat all the evening just thinking of those lines. I did not hear your prayer, nor your text, nor a word of your sermon. I thought of nothing but those lines then and ever since. I am so contented and happy. Why, sir, don't you think that the reason why we do not get out of our darkness sooner is that we don't believe?" From that evening onward that person had no difficulty with the way of salvation. She found out the right road when she trusted Christ to lead her into it; and having once entered upon it, she found it a path of pleasantness and of peace. My friend, Christ says to you as he did to Jairus, ONLY BELIEVE. "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you." Perhaps the greatest difficulty with you after all is not so much an ignorance of the way of salvation as a refusal to walk in it. The theory of faith may continue to be a theological puzzle to you until you earnestly and prayerfully undertake to carry it into practice. Then you will discover that the right way of learning how a thing is done is to do it. May God give you strength equal to your day! He says, "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye search for me with all your heart."

SOUND LOGIC.

"Sir," said a pious lad to his pastor one evening, "the fellows in our shop are always picking flaws in Christians, and arguing against the Bible, and I don't know how to answer them."

"The best logic any one can use," answered his pastor, "is what a good man has called the *logic of the life*. Give them that, and they can't gainsay you.

"The logic of the life?" asked the lad, not quite understanding what his pastor meant.

"I will tell you," said he. "There was once employed at a dye-house as ungodly a set of fellows as could well be,—scoffers at religion, despisers of the word of God, swearing, drinking, betting, fighting, gambling. At last one of the number was drawn to a prayer-meeting, when the Spirit of God laid hold of him. Poor John was almost in despair about his sins, which, he said, looked black and blacker. But Jesus Christ came and spoke peace to his soul. Light broke upon him. Old things passed away, and all things became new. John really was 'made over.' He gave up his cups and the companions of his cups. He brought home his wages, set up family prayer, and everything, both within and without, wore an altered and improved look. Two of his fellow-workers, seeing this change for the better, took to John's new ways, reformed, went to meeting with him, and behaved like good Christians. John joined the Church, and from a tiger he became a lamb.

"John's religion was severely put to the proof at the dye-house. The dyers bantered him, ridiculed him, swore at him, and brought all their infidelity hotly to bear against both him and his religion. Tom and Jem tried for a time to stand up for him, and withstand the ungodly storm of their persecuting associates; but after a while they gave in, grew ashamed of their religion, deserted John, and went back to their old ways. As for John, much as his temper was tried, he bore himself patiently, watched over his weak points, clung closer to Christ, and stood firm as a rock. Poor John never undertook to say much, but his consistent Christian life was a powerful plea in behalf of his principles. One day however, after his fellow-workmen had been boasting what good infidelity would do, and how much harm the Bible had done, John's soul was stirred within him; he turned round, and said feelingly, but firmly, 'Well, let us deal plainly in this matter, my friends, and judge of the tree by the fruit it bears. You call yourselves infidels. Let us see what your principles do. I suppose what they do on a small scale they will do on a large one. Now there are Tom and Jem,' pointing to the two who went with him and then turned back. 'You have tried your principles on them, and know what they have done for them. When they tried to serve Christ they were civil, good-tempered, kind husbands and fathers. They were cheerful, hard-working, and ready to oblige. What have you made them? Look and see. They are cast down and cross; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week, their children half clothed, their wives broken-hearted, their homes wretched. That is what your principles have done.

"Now I have tried Christ and his religion; and what has it done for me? You know well what I used to be. There were none of you that could drink so much,

swear so desperately, and fight so masterly. I had no money, and nobody would trust me. My wife was ill-used. I was ill-humoured, hateful, and hating. What has religion done for me? Thank God, I am not afraid to put it to you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Am I not a better workman and a kinder companion? Would I once have put up with what I now bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily now as ever. Why don't I? Do you hear a foul word from my mouth? Do you catch me at a public-house? Has anybody a score against me? Go and ask my neighbours if I am not altered for the better. Go and ask my wife. Let my house bear witness. God be praised, here is what Christianity has done for me; there is what infidelity has done for Jem and Tom.'

"John stopped. The dyers had not a word to say. He used a logic they could not answer—the *logic of the life*. If you cannot *argue*, you can *act*. If you cannot reason with the enemies of the Bible, you can live out its blessed truths, and so 'with *well-doing* put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.'

SEEING AND NOT PERCEIVING.

HUMAN beings and the higher classes of animals have five senses—so the schools taught us. Whatever is cognizable by either of these, we perceive, while other objects have for us no existence. Revelation assures us that ministering angels visit our world. They exist among us, and the possession of another sense would enable us to perceive them. But at present they are without our consciousness, and exist to us only in faith. There are tribes of animals that are destitute of some of these senses, and men who are created without them, and hence the particular class of objects perceived by this wanting sense, have for them no existence. All beautiful objects in art, or nature, are annihilated to him that has no eyes.

"Cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds them."

The concord of sweet sounds exists not for him who cannot hear. The whole material world to us exists in our senses, and passes with them away.

These physical malformations suggests the frequent absence among men of some one or the other of what we may call the moral senses, or the faculty by which certain moral evils are recognised. We often see persons utterly unconscious of the evil that attends their steps. A man will walk over his plantation, hear the lash of the overseer, look upon brutalized beings that call him master, with no more capacity to perceive the real misery about him, than an oyster (supposing that animal to be made without ears) has of hearing the roar of the ocean. The assertion of the latter that the sea never makes a noise, is as convincing as the testimony of the former to the happy state of things existing about him.

Neither intentionally mislead, but both indicate clearly that a sense is wanting to perceive realities that are very near to them—as near as the angels are to us sometimes, without our perceiving it.

This want of a particular sense is manifested in the inability to understand the conduct of others. Men often move under the force of impulses, which their observers do not feel, in the clear view of things which they do not see. How inexplicable to most of the men of his day was the career of Martyn. Away from home, and kindred, and country, and the fair prospects which his learning and talents held out to him, he was borne by a force as mysterious as that which in the face of the wondering spectators urged the sailless, oarless boat of Fulton against wind and current. They wanted the "sense" by which to perceive the truth that, shining into his soul, made plain and luminous the path he trod.

"He saw a sight they did not see,
He heard a sound they did not hear."

In a review of Bunyan's "Pilgrim," Lord Macaulay asserts that some of the writer's religious experience exhibits evidence of insanity. In proof of this he quotes, among others, the following passage:—

"I walked to a neighbouring town; and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing, I lifted up my head; but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones in the streets and the tiles on the houses did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world! I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh, how happy now was every creature over I! For they stood fast and kept their station. But I was gone and lost." To this quotation the reviewer adds the following comment. "Scarcely any mad-house could produce an instance of delusion so strong, or of misery so acute."

Now, to multitudes, Macaulay has here proved, not Bunyan's insanity, but (the want of a sense to perceive the truth set forth in these words) his own inability to understand the language he criticises. Bunyan, with his peculiar temperament, and living in an age when no one thought or spoke by the halves, expressed feelings which great numbers now living have experienced in kind, and which are not therefore to them evidences of insanity at all, but of a singularly clear conception of the truth relating to man as a fallen and accountable being. How many a poor man could have shown him that these were words of truth and soberness, and perfectly plain to any one who had experienced the transforming power of the Spirit upon his own heart. We often read comments upon religious experience which remind us of a blind man's assertion that the colour of green resembled a cube. The talk is very fine, only it displays an utter misapprehension of the whole subject. The apostle explains the cause of the failure in 1 Cor. ii. 14.

"It is a misfortune to lose any of our senses." It is worse than that to lose some of them.—*Congregationalist*.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

THE Christ, so suddenly revealed, has vanished as suddenly from the sight of the Baptist. After those few moments of silent prayer, He has mingled with the throng of penitents, and passed through unnoticed as he came. The bright celestial sign that had rested on his head has disappeared, but the fulness of the Spirit abides on him, and not as the Man Christ Jesus came to the banks of the Jordan does He go his way—not now to turn his homeward steps to quiet Nazareth, but into the broad world of God lying in the shadow of sin, to begin the work to which he has been consecrated by the mystical unction of the Holy One. Yet before He can stand forth as the Messiah in the eyes of Israel, a season of severest discipline, a spiritual preparation for his work, must intervene. Other eyes than those of angels and men had witnessed the scene on Jordan's shore. That voice from heaven had struck the powers of evil—invisible yet anxious watchers of the baptism—with foreboding and dismay. Interpreted, it meant that the promise of Eden was at length fulfilled,—that on this earth, where the tempter had held for ages the souls of men in bondage, One had sprung up from amongst his brethren to defy the adversary and redress their wrongs. In that transient gleam which through the opening heavens had illumined the face of Jesus of Nazareth, the Redeemer had been unmasked to the Destroyer; and from this moment he is singled out for the fiercest assault of the Spirit of Evil.

A few hours, and as the purple fire of sunset burned out on the ridges of Moab, and the broad, still expanse of waters at their feet changed to ashy paleness, night closed in upon the Saviour amid strange and dreary scenes. It has been but a step from the crowded terraces of Jordan to the wild, chilling solitude of the desert. For miles around him stretches the unpeopled wilderness,—tangled thickets, and rocky caverns, where the wild beasts crouch and prowl—whether we are to look for the region of the forty days' retreat amidst the gaunt ravines into which the mountain chain is cloven that walls in the Dead Sea at its western shore, or where old tradition has placed it, amidst the precipitous cliffs of Quarantania that overhang in gloomy isolation the plain of Jericho. It is the same Spirit who guided His steps from the hills of Galilee, to the sacred river who now leads him into the wilderness, and leads him thither to be tempted. He has girded on his armour, and here, enfeebled and alone, he is to meet the first brunt of the assault, to realize in profound experiences that the conflict is begun, of which not till he hangs on the cross shall he say, *IT IS FINISHED.*

Regarding this retirement with its fast of forty days as a preparation for His ministry, we cannot overlook the parallel to it that occurs in the history of the two greatest prophets of the Ancient Church. Moses, the giver of the law, Elijah, the restorer of the law, had been for the like period in the solitudes of Horeb, supernaturally upheld—a season passed by them, we cannot doubt, in prayer and self-discipline and communion with God. And there would seem in this to be a symbolic association of His work, as the Fulfiller of the law, with theirs; only that this experience with him stands out in a grander and severer form, invested with a spiritual sublimity of its own as befitting the transcendent dignity of His person and his mission,—as if the highest human manifestations of self-sacrifice in endurance and saintliness in devotion that had been seen on earth, were but prefigurations of that which was to reach the measure of its perfectness in him.

From the narrative of Matthew, we might suppose that the temptation commenced at the close of the forty days; but from the testimony of the other evangelists, it is clear that through all the time he was in prolonged conflict with the powers of darkness. He was with the wild beasts, but

They at His sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; His walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.

Other shadows fell upon his path, deadlier enemies were ambushed round him. Nothing can give us a more terrible impression of the malignity of the Evil Spirit than to conceive of him as restlessly haunting and assailing our Lord all that long interval,—bringing all his resources of craft and subtlety to bear,—exhausting all the devices of that practised warfare which he had waged from the beginning with the souls of men. By sudden onset or insidious approach, by dark suggestions or distracting thoughts, invading the holy hour of prayer, or the quiet vigil of meditation, he strove for forty days to wear out and overpower the man Christ Jesus. But this untiring and relentless tenacity of purpose was met and baffled by a will collected and inflexible in the calm fortitude and unsleeping vigilance of its resolves.

Throughout this period, without nourishment of any kind, the Saviour's strength had been miraculously sustained. Now, as if this support had been suddenly withdrawn to give the adversary a greater advantage, he begins to feel the physical faintness, and, we may imagine, the mental depression consequent on a lengthened fast.

His frame must have borne traces of exhaustion; and this encouraged the tempter to a more desperate effort. Hitherto he has been preternaturally upheld,—now that his bodily strength is giving way, his spiritual energy may be relaxed, and in the next trial he may prove weak as another man—He, and in him all the hopes of the world, struck down on the threshold of his great enterprise.

Accordingly, we may regard the three recorded Temptations as the master-devices of the enemy, embodying the principle or germ of the manifold wiles with which he entangles and ruins the souls of men,—the three concentrated forms in which the evil that is in the world takes substance, and stands in seductive guise before man's spirit,—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.

At the end of the forty days the tempter came to him. Hitherto invisible, the fallen angel now assumes in his terrible daring a material form, puts on, in ghastly mimicry of the Incarnation, the likeness of man. We accept the statements of Scripture in their plain and literal sense, as implying that throughout these closing scenes Satan stood face to face with Christ, that he audibly spoke to him, really transported him to the battlements of the Temple, and thence to an exceeding high mountain. We cannot believe that these were a series of visions presented to the Saviour's imagination, as if, in the faintness that ensued from protracted abstinence, he had fallen into a trance, in which His fancy was excited through the tempter's influence into morbid activity. And still less can we entertain for a moment another view, but rather indignantly recoil from the impiety, which, from unwillingness to admit, or a determination not to admit, the personality of Satan, supposes that these temptations were the spontaneous suggestion of the Saviour's own mind in this state of physical and mental depression; as if the imagined possibility of a soul like His initiating any evil solicitation were not destructive of all genuine belief in his essential and perfect holiness. The capability of enduring temptation was inseparable from his perfect humanity. The capability of generating temptation was inconsistent with his inherent sinlessness. Evil originating there, wrong desire self-evolved in the faintest tinge of feeling or the most evanescent shade of thought, would have sullied His absolute purity, and Jesus Christ could not have been man's Redeemer.

The first temptation was addressed to the sensual appetite, and may be regarded as an enticement to unbelief or distrust of the divine power and goodness: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread,"—the first audible word in the ear of Jesus since the voice from heaven proclaimed, "Thou art my well-beloved Son." The voice from hell insinuates a doubt,—*"If thou be;"* and demands a proof on what seems a specious ground. The Son of God perishing at the gate of his Father's house, where all have bread enough and to spare; hiding in a desert from the eyes of men,

forsaken, suffering, helpless,—in want of bread! The contradiction was indeed strange and painful. How easy, how natural, to show by sign that he was what he claimed to be. Miracles had been done in a wilderness before. Manna had fallen on the stones, and a word from the lips of the Son of God could surely change these stones into bread. Our Lord repels this temptation not by any reassertion of His Divine Sonship, but by placing himself on the common level of humanity, affirming, as Man, his trust in God's upholding power,—*"IT IS WRITTEN, MAN LIVETH NOT BY BREAD ALONE, BUT BY EVERY WORD THAT PROCEEDETH OUT OF THE MOUTH OF GOD."* He who had provided bread from heaven for Israel in the desert, could provide for Him: the hidden manna of his word,—could give him meat to eat that others knew not of. Forty days already he had been sustained without the sense of hunger,—now that he is an hungered, He will cast the burden of his maintenance on God, and find food convenient in the promise, *"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."* His Father has brought him into this trial, and He will bring him through it. He may not grasp at any sinful expedient to deliver himself, for this would be to assert, as man, independence of choice and action; but patiently leave the time and way of deliverance in God's hands, and in quietness and confidence shall be his strength. The same spirit that breathed in his first boyish words, *"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"* inspires this calm response to the tempter, *"Wist thou not that I must be submissive to my Father's will?"* that *"my meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work?"* It is the same patient, unassuming, trustful spirit,—ever drawing strength into itself from a heavenly source, to lift it above the pressure of earthly trials—that may be traced through all His human life—that shone out in its last sublimest phase when, in his dying agony, he heard the taunt, *"If he be the King of Israel, let him come down from the cross;"* and he made no answer, and sought not to save himself, till He could say, *"It is finished,"* and become the Saviour of our fallen race.

The second temptation, following the arrangement of Matthew, who narrates them evidently in the order of succession, was of a more spiritual kind. It was artfully constructed out of the answer to the first, and appealed to that devout and implicit trust in God which He had expressed. By some mysterious power permitted to the adversary over the person of our Lord, he is enabled to transport him to the pinnacle of the Temple—probably the aerial summit of Herod's royal portico, on one side overlooking the ravine of the Kidron at a giddy depth below, and on the other the open court of the house. Jesus had said, *I will work no miracle that would show distrust of my Father's power to provide for me.* The tempter suggests, *If such is thy firm trust in God, here give public and visible proof of it. Do not confine this display of faith to the wilderness where there are no eyes to see it. Here, on the loftiest battlement of the*

Temple, stand forth in the sight of men. Proclaim thy Messiahship in hearing of the priests and worshippers below. Cast thyself headlong from the verge, and thus evince thy trust in the promise, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Borne up on invisible wings, thou wilt softly alight on the marble pavement, and all Jerusalem will hasten to greet the Son of God and the King of Israel. The temptation was barbed by a subtle reason, the keen and venomous point well hidden in these words of sacred inspiration.

Jesus said unto him, "IT IS WRITTEN AGAIN, THOU SHALT NOT TEMPT THE LORD THY GOD." That clear perspicuous glance pierced in an instant to the heart of the enticement, and unveiled the sin that lurked in its specious folds. Distrust may be wrong, but it does not follow that presumption is right. Because the Christ may not shrink from the trial to which God has called him, it does not follow that He may rush into a trial to which God has not called him. He could not be tempted to employ means which were unlawful to prolong his life; no more will He be tempted to neglect the means which are lawful to preserve it. He would not change stones into bread that he might live; neither will he cast his body down from the dizzy parapet to show that he cannot die. He will not work miracles where God can provide means yet unknown. He will not demand miracles when he despises means that are at hand. There is a difference between trusting God and tempting God. I will trust him at all times; I will tempt him never. Many a time in the after life of the Man of Sorrows was this spirit—the "meekness of wisdom"—to be seen in clear and consistent operation. In the harmonious action of these two principles, holy confidence and holy watchfulness, ardent zeal tempered by calm deliberation, boldness to act and prudence to wait,—His was a plain and even path, trodden with a foot that never swerved to either perilous edge of despondency or presumption. By no sudden pressure of events could he be forced from it either way, or the balance of his soul be disturbed. Never do we see Him rushing into danger, but often withdrawing from the violence of his enemies, because his hour was not yet come; and then when the hour approached, steadfastly setting His face to go to Jerusalem; and when it came, standing forth amidst the gleam of torches and the glitter of weapons in Gethsemane, and saying, "I AM HE."

More refined and insidious than the first, which sought to ensnare through a bodily appetite, the second essayed to ensnare through a spiritual feeling, the strength and simplicity of His dependence on God. Thus stealthily will the Serpent wind himself into the soul; thus has he often worn out the saints of the Most High,—practised and prospered. The heart that has been closed to the hissing whisper of the fiend of darkness, has not been proof against the bland and silvery voice that has stolen

over it from the lips of one apparelled as an angel of light.

The third temptation would seem to have been wildly inspired by the hope that a sudden and overpowering appeal to that selfish passion in which he knew from long experience the secret of man's weakness lay—that thirst for fame, which has been called the "last infirmity of noble mind," might discover the vulnerable point in Him, if such were to be found. Through the lust of dominion he had from the beginning led men captive at his will, strengthened his deadly hold on this world as its prince through the gilded baits he had dangled in the eyes of men; and if in this human soul one grain of pride were latent, the glory of a vision of earthly power and sovereignty lighting up its inmost recesses would make it visible, the fiery breath of the tempter passing over it would kindle the smouldering spark into flame. From the Temple parapet Christ is borne to the ridge of an "exceeding high mountain," whence, by some infernal sleight or enchantment of the sense, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" are shown in a moment of time,—all that earth held of royal state and grandeur, of glittering pomp and loveliness, of bewitching art and luxury, gathered into a dazzling focus, or marshalled in a magnificent pageant that swept as in a golden mist before His gaze. He had just seen Jerusalem, and we doubt not the Man of Galilee now saw Rome, the imperial city, the sight of which in its glory was one of the three strange things which Augustine wished he might have seen on earth.

"The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eyes, and see
What conflux issuing forth or entering in;
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings
Or embassies from regions far remote."

A gleam of imagined triumph must have shot from his eyes, as, unvizarding himself at last, the Spirit of Darkness said, "All this power will I give Thee, and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine." It was but for a moment,—that voice found no hollow place in the heart of the Son of Man to send back its echo. The calm, untroubled eye of the Holy One met his, as He crushed the falsehood and the blasphemy with a few words of truth,—“Get thee

behind me, Satan ; for IT IS WRITTEN, THOU SHALT WORSHIP THE LORD THY GOD, AND HIM ONLY SHALT THOU SERVE."

That vision of sense had no charm to eyes that had seen the glories of heaven; it could awaken no feeling but of loathing and sadness in Him who beheld on all earth's beauty the blight of evil, and heard the wail of human spirits pining in the prison-house of sin. The gorgeous apparition was but a masque of Death—a ghastly phantom procession; and through its haze of deceptive splendour the Man of Sorrows had only a clearer vision of the cross.

His long probation is ended. Baffled and confounded the tempter departs, though but for a season, stung by the shame of his first defeat since he had prevailed over man in paradise, and with a presentiment of coming overthrow. In this desert the Tree of Life, withered long ago in Eden, has begun to bloom for human-kind again. "The devil leaveth him," and angels come to minister to the Lord, reviving his outworn frame, and soothing his weary, long-strained spirit with a breath of heaven. Unspeakable must have been the joy and refreshment of that communion with God, undisturbed and undarkened by the intrusion of the accursed shadow that had haunted Him so long. "In all points tempted like as we are," He goes forth from the wilderness into the world, which, though under the spell of Satan, is still his Father's house, with a more intense and tender sympathy for all the infirmities and trials of men, weakened through the loss of their original holiness. Tempted, yet sinless, He gives us the assurance that in the season of spiritual conflict he will be at hand with heavenly succour. No desert so lonesome, no Gethsemane so dark and fearful, that he, as the strengthening Angel, will not be there, helping us to stand fast and overcome. For our use he has left that weapon of celestial temper which He wielded, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. And drawing help and courage from His presence, resting on the sure word of his promise, the weakest liegeman that fights under his banner need not fear though an host should encamp against him. Armed with this talisman, IT IS WRITTEN, He can pass through the thickest ranks of the legions of darkness unharmed. They may compass him about like bees; they may thrust sore at him that he may fall, but clad in ethereal panoply, the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, he is invulnerable and invincible. The shield of faith inscribed with this legend is able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked. The Word in its inexhaustible fulness, in its perpetual freshness of resource, is the mystical tower of David, builded for an armoury, hung round with golden bucklers. A thousand swords may threaten the Christian soldier, but there are a thousand shields to guard him. He is wiser than his enemies, and stronger too. He fights in a good cause; he has great allies; he serves under a Captain who has made him already more than conqueror. And for each true heart that manfully fights the good fight of

faith, the palm-branch of victory is waiting, when, after this mortal toil and weariness, he has reached the better country, where there is "neither adversary nor evil occurrent."

"THY HIDDEN ONES."

I SUPPOSE we never shall know how many dangers we have escaped in this life until we are beyond it. Heathen fable has given birth to two very touching symbols of providence—the enveloping cloud and the guardian angel. The ancients used to believe that around those whom the gods loved there was thrown, on all needed occasions, a mantle of impervious nebula, through which they could easily see, yet behind which they could remain unseen by all who sought to do them injury. And, moreover, to make their safety absolutely certain, a particular spirit was drafted from the heavenly host, to stand viewlessly by each individual, and care for his good.

Our Christian faith has given reality to both of these representations. And what is the more remarkable, is the fact that inspiration has caught the same emblems by which to speak of this special help and sedulous watching. "The *angel* of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the *shadow* of the Almighty." "The Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a *cloud* and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night."

We run along the verge of the strangest possibilities, sometimes in our everyday existence, and no one ever seems to know it but God. In one of the bright tales of polite literature, there is drawn a picture of real life, in a very simple but most powerful apologue. A youth, ingenuous and ambitious, starts to seek his fortune far away from his native village. Wearied with travel, he falls asleep at the entrance of a city, beside a public fountain. While he lies there, unconscious, and apparently unprotected, the throng of hurrying thousands continues to pass by him. And many a one has a remark to make concerning the slumbering stranger. An aged couple stand for awhile conversing about a plan of adopting him for their son. A merchant pauses to think of making him a partner or a clerk. Two robbers whisper together, plotting to murder him for the sake of his little wallet of clothes. A young girl, of wilfulness and wealth, pleased with the ruddy and honest face, beseeches her father to send the carriage to bring him to their home, that he may live there with them. Thus, in turn, the changes and the chances of life, the evil and the good, are just within hailing distance. Yet he sleeps on, and at last rises for his journey again, never knowing how near he has been to what would have been thought his making or his ruin. God had his own plans for the lad, and in the end the story develops them, and all are for good.

Now, have we not all passed through similar 'crisis-times to this? One single alteration in the direction of our tastes or our principles in our forming years might have for ever checked the usefulness of our lives. One purpose of man, left to be fulfilled, might have turped away the most gracious purpose of God, and stranded us on the sand, wrecked and dismantled. Richard Baxter was wise enough to admit this in his own case. He has recorded with much gratitude a kind interposition of Providence, by which, he says, he had in early life "narrowly escaped getting a place at court." If he had been entangled then, where would the poor world have found its "Call to the Unconverted," or the hungering Church sought for its "Saints' Rest?" God had a work in his own purpose, which he "hid" him just then to do.

There is really great comfort in this remembrance. Every good man's life is a plan of God. This ennobles its purpose, and dignifies its course. He will be kept out of danger, or protected even in the midst of it, that the Almighty will may be done. These are grand words for him to sing to his soul: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Every true Christian may throw himself back upon this protection, trusting in the very name he bears as one of the "hidden ones."

There are needed, however, two cautions of great practical moment. The one is, that we keep within our legitimate sphere of duty. God has never promised to stand by a zeal which is not "according to knowledge." Rashness is not a Christian grace, but an imperfection. Going too far is just as bad as going not far enough. Going on, is not always advancing. Going back, is not always going wrong. The Israelites were going back all the way into Canaan. "There is an overdoing," says the quaint Matthew Henry, "as well as an under-doing; and such an overdoing as amounts to an undoing."

You must have observed how wily Satan was in his temptation of our Lord. In one of the Scripture passages he quoted, there were a few words which bore hard upon his doctrine. These he quietly dropped. He wanted the Saviour to cast himself off from the top of the Temple, and so startle the people into admitting his Messiahship; "for it is written," said he, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou shalt dash thy foot against a stone."

"Yes, all that was written; but that was not all that was written. The best part, the wisest part, the limiting part of the verse, he left out. Take your Bible, and see how it reads in the ninety-first Psalm, which was what he pretended to quote. "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee *in all thy ways*." As long as one is where he ought to be, in the "ways" where God and duty call him to be, he is safe. But

when one runs before he is sent, or where he is not wanted, off the path which God gave him to walk in, then he may be assured he will dash his foot against a great many stones, for all that the angels will do to keep him. Resisting the devil is duty, and God will help us out in it, though we are pressed to the last. "I am immortal," said Whitefield, "till my work is done." But falling down an uncalled for pinnacle, among a violent and wrong-headed mob, is not a duty. And if anybody be a "hidden one" in such a case, it is likely to be the angel.

The other caution is, that we always remember it is God who hides the Christian, not the Christian who hides himself. In the time of danger he must leave it to his captain to order a retreat. Out in the plain is our place till the command comes to send us into the refuge of rock. Martin Luther once longed for just such a place as Wartburg Castle, and once was very impatient at being within its walls. But he was heady enough to desire to be in, when the Reformation needed him to be out; and to desire to be out, when the greater glory of God needed him to be in. In this world of conflict, to be manifest is the rule; to be withdrawn is the exception, and needs a special order from head-quarters to each soldier by name. Nicodemus may come at night as secretly as he will, but he must come at the break of day with his spices. A poor invalid may creep up as unobservedly as possible to touch the hem of the Saviour's garment; but when the Master asks, "Who touched me?" she must come out without fear of the crowd, and boldly acknowledge him.

Now it is worth something to bear this in mind in such times as these. The days of sifting have come. Right down in the midst of the communities a new standard has been planted. The need now is to know who is on the Lord's side. Every Christian is to show himself clearly. The tests are as numerous as the spirit of evil can make them. The Sabbath is menaced in our halls of legislation. The Bible is attacked in the midst of our schools. Morality is undermined by daring exhibitions of vice. The Church is assailed from the popular platform. Great principles of truth and justice are contradicted by those high in authority. In the midst of such exigencies constantly arising, it becomes us to forget we are "hidden ones" in any sense other than protected ones; protected just in order that we may become manifest without peril.

The easiest way is to sail over the sea on our own errands, and leave the factions to fight. But the easiest way is not the most loyal, nor even the safest. If a ball comes beating over the water, it is craven to attempt to fly. Up with the banner of Christ to the mast-head, and trust to his unseen help. There will be other roarings heard, and other shot cleaving the air, before a single ship shall go down. "A good man struggling with adversity," said the old heathen, "is a sight for the gods to look at." A Christian battling for the right, is a nobler sight than that.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

BY REV. JAMES BOLTON.

"And he wept aloud, and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard."—GEN. xl. 2.

I NEVER read this Scripture in the Old Testament but I think of another in the New Testament, so like it, and yet so different. You will find it in Acts xvi. 25, "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them." Now, we should have imagined that Joseph would have been the person to sing aloud, and Paul and Silas the persons to weep aloud; for Joseph was surrounded with every happiness, whilst Paul and Silas were in a dungeon, in the dark, their feet in the stocks, their backs torn and bleeding, hungry and thirsty. Yet it was Paul and Silas who sang aloud, and it was Joseph who wept aloud. The prisoners in the Philippian jail heard singing, and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard weeping.

It is strange that though the two things—weeping and singing—seem so opposite to each other, they are often hand in hand; tears never fall faster than when our hearts are bursting with joy!

Still, it is one thing to sing aloud and another thing to weep aloud. Children weep aloud constantly; it is their way of expressing pain, vexations, wishes. It is as easy to get a cry from a child as it is to get a shower from an apple-tree when it has been raining.—You have but to touch it, and down come the drops! It must be said, too, that women—our mothers and sisters—frequently weep aloud.—They are so tender that a little thing will set them off. But I will venture to say, that some of you never heard a man weep aloud. Ministers have to go into hundreds of sad scenes, and yet I can only remember hearing men weep aloud three or four times. I recollect hearing a poor German emigrant weeping aloud in a barn in America.—I could not understand what he was saying, but I shall never forget how it frightened me. I recollect a husband suddenly breaking out into wild lamentations over the grave of his wife; they are in my ears now! And I recollect a father running in from his garden, wailing piteously. He had lost his favourite boy: they had been playing on the lawn but yesterday; he had been racing over the flower-beds, digging with his wooden spade, and carrying grass in his tiny wheelbarrow, but that evening he sickened and died. The father, for the sake of others, had borne up bravely at the death-bed, and during the solemn interval between it and the funeral. He had even borne up bravely at the burial,—at least his weeping was silent weeping; but when all was over,

and he went for a walk in the garden, there stood the wooden spade and the loaded wheelbarrow, and there were the small footmarks on the flower-beds, just as his darling had left them a week ago: *That* was too much for him, and, as I said, he hurried back weeping aloud!

So, whilst we laugh at children's tears, and whilst they are a woman's ornament, it is an awful thing to hear a man weep aloud,—generally he has good cause for it,—well, then, why did Joseph weep aloud? He has sent all his servants and suite out of the room; he is alone with his brethren, and the first thing that his servants and suite hear is—"Hark! what is that?—it is somebody weeping aloud! It is Joseph's voice!—Not a sound but Joseph's convulsive sobs!"

You are familiar with the beautiful story; can you guess why he thus wept aloud? I fancy I can see six reasons for it:—

I. *His pent-up feelings.* When we give way to our feelings, as we generally do, directly they affect us, we can get through without much trouble; but when we hide and restrain them for a while they become turbulent. When I was a lad I used to be fond of damming up a brook which meandered through our farm; it was a quiet brook, you would scarcely have noticed that it was moving along; but we built a wall of stones, and sticks, and mud across it, and threw it back over the meadow, till, by-and-by, with a rush and a roar like a cataract, it broke its rampart, and swept stones, sticks, and mud before it as if they were chaff.

Now, Joseph had been "refraining himself" for months, and on several very trying occasions. If he had relieved himself, it had been in his secret chamber, and then he had put on his stern face and careless air again. Is it any wonder that when all this was at its height, and on the point of being loosened, it vented itself in these boisterous emotions?

II. *There was the sight of Benjamin.* He had longed to see him, and when he saw him, he had longed to fold him to his bosom; but he had to deny himself hitherto, and treat him as a stranger. Now he confronted him with a heaving breast. He was his own dear brother—"my mother's son." He called to mind how they had sported together in their infancy, how they had whispered their secrets to each other, and

shared each other's pleasures. And for twenty years they had been cruelly separated!

Would not the sight of Benjamin help to unnerve Joseph?

III. *There were the thoughts of his father*—his aged and fondly loved father. How vividly what had passed had brought him up before him!—His early partiality for him, his fervent kisses, his morning blessing, his talk about Rachel, his coat of many colours for him, his listening to his curious dreams, that hour when he had bidden him farewell at the door, never more to gaze on his venerable form, till sorrow had whitened his head! His brethren had been speaking much of Jacob—of the “old man”—of his grey hairs—of how he had pined for his Joseph. This had stirred Joseph to the depths. He had his father's image and tones vividly present; and *this*, too, would account for his weeping aloud.

IV. *There was his harsh treatment of his brethren.* This had been most difficult, and yet most necessary. He had recognised them the instant they entered his presence, and as quickly he had determined to punish them, for their own welfare. They had steeled themselves to his “anguish when he had besought them;” now he will steel himself to theirs, till they are thoroughly humbled and contrite. He put them through a rigorous course of discipline. His lessons for them had cut them like knives. He had charged them with meanness, treachery, theft, falsehood. He had treated them now with disdain, now with rigour, now with bitterness. They believed him to be a tyrant; and yet his bowels yearned towards them. When he spoke fiercely to them, —when he commanded them to be bound and led to slavery, he could barely keep his arms from flying to embrace them. When this was finished, he could not but accuse himself of severity to them; and this would add to his inward struggle.

V. *There was Judah's earnest pleading.* Study that remonstrance for yourselves. There are not more melting words in the Bible. They would have softened a stone. They must have wrought Joseph to a perfect pitch of excitement. It was impossible for him to resist such an appeal. Mark how he pictures their common parent; his enfeebled frame; his grief at Joseph's fate; his doting attachment for Benjamin; his reluctance to part with him.—“His life is bound up in his life.” Mark how magnanimously he declares himself responsible for Benjamin's return,—“If I bring him not unto thee, then I will bear the blame for ever,” and entreats Joseph to accept him as his bondsman in Benjamin's stead.

Ah, Joseph, no marvel that you wept aloud after that intercession!

VI. *There was what he was about to disclose to them.*

Startling news has a queer fashion of choking our utterance and paralyzing our tongues.—We want to communicate it, but it hangs fire, and at length explodes *us* instead of our exploding it! Who has not wept aloud when he was about to relate what would be sure to *produce* weeping aloud? And here Joseph had it on his lips: “I am JOSEPH! I am he whom *ye* sold into Egypt! God hath made ~~ME~~ LORD AND RULER throughout Egypt! Go and fetch my father; and he and you shall have the fat of the land during the famine! Benjamin, you remember me, don't you? Judah, Simeon, Reuben, you remember me, do you not?” Is it surprising that, with this disclosure on his lips, Joseph wept aloud ere he could stammer it forth?

I conceive not. I conceive that these six things working together in him were sufficient *reasons* for his weeping aloud, and probably were the true grounds of it. Would not you have wept aloud with half of them fermenting in your breast?

But now arises the question, What do we weep aloud for? All of us have fountains of tears in us, and various things will set them overflowing. It was a custom with the ancients to have small bottles in which they caught their tears at their friends' sepulchres; and then these bottles were deposited in the urns which contained their ashes. David says, “Put thou my tears into thy bottle.” What quantities of bottles some people could fill with tears! They would require half a dozen a month! But is it not so, that we are prone to weep aloud over what really is not worth it, or over what really is beneficial to us? What should we say to a gooseberry bush weeping aloud because it was not planted in the first row, or because it had not as many dew spangles on it as its neighbour? And what should we say to a currant bush weeping aloud because the owner at this season cut out its dead wood and its waste wood, in order to double its red clusters in July? But we are weak creatures. We cannot check our tears, though we may admit that they are foolish. But now I will mention four things which we may properly weep aloud for, which we cannot bewail too much:—

First, *Our Sins.* They offend and dishonour God. They defile, and wound, and destroy our souls. They crucified Jesus. We are indignant with the Jews and Romans for piercing His precious flesh on Calvary; but *our sins* were what *compelled* Him to be so tortured, —*they* were the nails which fastened Him there. Oh, weep aloud over your sins, as Peter did over his denial of Jesus,—as Esau did over his forfeited birthright,—as David did over Absalom,—as Joseph did here! I once asked an American school-fellow what spots on earth were dearest to him.—I meant what places where we had been together. He said, “Those where I have watered the moss or the dust with tears for my sins,—those shady lanes,—those narrow glades in the forest,—those corners in the cherry orchards around the college, to which I crept from the cricket-match or baseball.”

Second, Our UNKINDNESSES. Would that I could engrave on every youthful memory those simple lines,—

" Evil is wrought from want of thought
As well as from want of heart."

We do not *intend* always to injure or distress ; but we say what does it, or we do what does it, and then we treat it lightly, whilst the sensitive sufferer goes home refusing to be comforted. We eat, drink, and are merry, whilst he has no appetite ; we sleep sweetly, whilst he cannot close his eyes ; our cheeks are rosy, whilst his are pale ; we laugh, but he sighs. And what if we *intended* this ?—what if we do it deliberately and repeatedly ? I am satisfied that there is nothing which will so haunt us, when we are lying at the door-step of eternity, as such *unkindnesses*. Then we *shall* weep aloud over them ; but it is better to do so now, when we can pick out the thorn both from our own consciences and the wronged one's side.

Thirdly, Our INGRATITUDES. Who has not these to mourn over : Ingratitude to God, our bounteous Creator and Preserver ; ingratitude to Jesus, who redeemed us by his own shame and agony ; ingratitude to the Holy Spirit, who has sought our salvation when we have disregarded it ; ingratitude to all those who are over us in the Lord ! A young man whom he had rescued from drowning, was reproved by a Christian gentleman for Sabbath desecration. He actually swore at him, and bade him attend to his own business. But that base ingratitude rose up before him wherever he went. It wasted him to a skeleton ; but he would not tell anybody what it was. At last he beckoned his sister to his couch, and said, in broken accents, " I am sinking fast. I have never forgiven myself. If I could have met him, and acknowledged my wickedness, it would have relieved me. Pray for me, that I may be pardoned for Christ's sake."

OUR WASTED OPPORTUNITIES. If a girl, who had been strolling in the parks or pastures before breakfast, came in laden with bunches of primroses and violets, with cowslips for bracelets, with daisies for brooches, and dandelions for ear-rings, you would not reprove her, or consider that she had forfeited a splendid chance : What was there better than these fair blossoms ? But now, if every pebble in her ramble had been a diamond, or a topaz, or an amethyst, and yet she came in with nothing but these *fading blossoms*, what would you say to her then ? Would you not exclaim, " Silly, stupid girl ! you have missed a fortune ; you have despised treasures ?" And what shall we say of ourselves if we occupy ourselves in worldly vanities, or scramble on anyhow in idleness, when God has strewn our path with what should enrich us for Heaven ? We might have gathered wisdom, which " is above riches ;" we might have gained God's favour ; we might have adorned ourselves with virtues and graces ; we might have imitated Mary in her choice ; but we let the whole train glide by us, without seizing on a single gem !

Is not this something to weep aloud for ? Weep, then ! yes, weep aloud for these ! And when you weep aloud over these, look to it that you do it where it will be " heard" by Him who alone can absolve you. Your weeping aloud over them *will not wash them out*.—They are crimson stains, which neither nitre nor soap can efface. But pour your tears at Jesus' feet, with your eye on His cross ; and God will " hear" you, and say,—I have blotted out as a cloud thy transgressions, for His sake who once *wept aloud at Gethsemane for thee*.

DUNCRA FARM.

MARY WILSON's father was out riding one day among his country patients, when his horse stumbled and fell with him. Some labourers working in a field, who saw the accident, came hurrying to the doctor's assistance, and when they had lifted him up it was found that his leg was broken in two places. He was carried home ; medical aid was immediately procured, and the shattered limb was set and bandaged as carefully as it could be. When all this had been done, good old Dr. Bold, who had taken a chief hand in putting all things right, led Mary's mamma aside.

" You know, my dear Mrs. Wilson," said he, " just as well as I do, that this must be at the very best a tedious case, and that almost everything depends, to begin with, on our patient being kept perfectly quiet. Now, you know best whether you hadn't better send away your little girl out of the house for a while, till all chance of fevering is past."

And so it was arranged that Mary should be dispatched that very afternoon to pay a visit to an uncle, a brother of her mother's, who had a large farm about twenty miles off. She started by the 2.15 train from Logan, the town in which her papa practised, and she got to Duncra, her uncle's place, in time for tea. Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum were exceedingly kind, warm-hearted people, and they received their niece very affectionately. Their two boys, Andrew and Thomas, shortly after came in from school, and they were equally glad to see their little cousin. So that, if Mary could have forgotten the sad sight she had seen at home,—her father with his face white with pain, and her mother struggling to repress her tears,—she would, even in a strange place, have been almost happy. But she could not get the thought of home out of her mind. Now and again her feelings overcame her. The good-natured attentions of her uncle and aunt, and the more simple but equally kindly enticements of the boys, failed to make her recover her spirits ; and hoping that a night's rest would help to compose and hearten her, Mrs. Meldrum proposed that she should be sent to bed.

" Please," said Mary, " do not send me till worship is over. I always sit up at home ; and I should so much like to sit up to-night, that we may all pray together for dear papa."

Mrs. Meldrum looked a little embarrassed for a moment. The fact was, there was no family worship at Duncra. Mr. Meldrum was a minister's son,—and a pious minister too,—and, like his sister, Mrs. Wilson, he had been well instructed from his youth up in the things of God. But having become a farmer, and not meeting much religious earnestness among those with whom he mingled in the markets, and having a great deal of business to attend to, and having, to crown all, married a wife who, though extremely amiable, had neither knowledge of nor interest in spiritual matters, he had grown so strangely careless and indifferent, that the name and the claims of Christ were hardly ever alluded to in the most distant manner in his family. Such a singular thing is conscience, however, that, though it had suffered the household to continue for years undisturbed in its ungodliness, it was now roused into a flutter of excitement by the simple proposal of a little girl. What gave the proposal its edge, indeed, was its very simplicity. The thing was so entirely a matter of course with her. The duty of family prayer was to her so self-evident that it never struck her to suppose that in her own uncle's house it would be neglected. No wonder, then, that there was some awkwardness and embarrassment.

"Never mind, Mary, for to-night," said her aunt. "You have had a long journey, and are wearied. The best thing for you is to get a good sleep."

"But oh, dear aunt, mamma said, when I wished to remain and help her to nurse poor papa, that I could help her here as well,—that I was to pray for him, and I was to ask uncle to pray for him; and I know I shall rest better—I am sure I shall—if you will only let me sit up till reading is over."

"Nonsense, child," said Mrs. Meldrum, a little sharply, for she somehow did not like all at once to confess how the case really stood to the earnest-minded girl; "go to your room now, and we shall see what to-morrow will bring."

Mary had never been accustomed to dispute long with those who had the right to command her; so, without another word, she rose, kissed her uncle, and aunt, and cousins, and went quietly up stairs with the nurse.

Mr. Meldrum sat up pretty late that night. He had some business letters to write, he had told his wife, who went to her room before him, and so he had; but these were finished, and still he sat before the dying fire in the dining-room, gazing into the embers full of sad and, as it seemed, painful thought. The truth was, as the poet puts it, "the leaves of memory" were making "a mournful rustling" in his spirit. Mary's mother, Mrs. Wilson, had been his favourite sister, and Mary was her very image. He remembered occasions when, long ago, outgoings of the same earnestness which he had that night seen in the daughter had appeared also in the mother, and when he himself had been moved by them to wish to live a Christian life. The first Mary had fulfilled the promise of her youth; and here was a second

Mary breathing, it would seem, the self-same spirit. While he—he actually trembled when he thought of himself, his wife, his boys, his servants—and of how he had overlooked and neglected all that he ought to have valued and held most dear. Through the clouds which rose and rolled over him he could hardly catch one glimpse of the Star of Hope. But he did at last see it glimmer through the gloom; and when the clock struck twelve, the farmer of Duncra was on his knees confessing his past transgressions, and vowing, through grace, to live another life in time to come.

As he proceeded after this with soft step and chastened spirit to his own apartment, he heard a slight stir in the room occupied by his niece. Gently opening the door, and approaching the bed, he saw by the dim light of the rushlight which burnt on the hearth two large eyes—wide awake and sleepless—looking up into his face.

"Mary," said Mr. Meldrum, "have you not slept yet, my child?"

"No, uncle."

"Are you too tired? or is it the strange bed? or your lying alone? or what is it, my darling? Can I do anything for you?"

"O uncle," and the great eyes grew dim, while she was speaking, with tears, "it is just as I said down stairs. I cannot sleep for thinking of papa and mamma at home. If you would only pray with me for them."

"I will, dear," said Mr. Meldrum, scarcely able himself to speak for emotion; and he knelt down at once by the little crib, and an earnest prayer was sent up for those who were suffering and watching in her distant home.

"Will you sleep now, Mary, do you think?" asked her uncle, when the service was over.

"Oh yes, dear uncle," replied the little one cheerfully, "I am sure I shall."

"Good nights" were exchanged, and before another half hour had passed the whole household, without exception, was buried in slumber.

Next morning things were about to go on as usual. The boys were making a great racket in the house by way of getting ready to go to school. Mrs. Meldrum, an active housewife, who saw after everything herself, had not a minute in the day to lose. The maids were stirred into a never-resting bustle by the diligence of their mistress. And the men outside were on the outlook every moment for the early outcoming of the master. The idea of having half an hour to set apart at Duncra farm in the morning for religious worship had not occurred as yet to any but one member of the household. He had formed his purpose deliberately, however; and when the suitable moment arrived, he ordered the whole family to be assembled in the dining-room, and proceeded to read the word and pray, as if such a practice had never been neglected. The thing caused some surprise and plenty of talk, but it was the beginning of a new life to

the family; and years after, when Mary Wilson and her papa paid a visit together to Duncra, her always kind aunt, who had in the interval imbibed the spirit of her husband, said with a tearful smile to Dr. Wilson, "Ah doctor, that was a happy accident to us which befell you in your country ride in 18—. In getting Mary among us then, we entertained an angel unawares."

N. L. W.

"OUR LITTLE GRETCHEN."

THE children in a Sunday-school class were saying sweetly in concert:—

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand,"

when the teacher, happening to raise her eyes, saw in an adjoining row of little girls, one serious face, whose tender and devout expression was evidently produced by the echo of these two lines falling on her attentive ear. The child had a fair, oval face, her yellow hair was brushed smoothly under the knitted cap that she wore, she looked out of blue eyes, soft and pleasant. The little ones in the teacher's own class were rather restless; they repeated perfectly, but without emotion,—

"Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band."

In vain the lady looked into their black, brown, and grey eyes, hoping that their souls were touched. But still wistful and grave sat the child in the other class, with a peaceful face, as if she was nearly ready to stand there too.

The good seed is easily wafted. Like the winged dandelion it floats with a breath from soul to soul. The teacher was reminded of German pictures of fair-haired children, as she watched the foreign little face. Although small, and apparently quite young, she had a womanly, thoughtful way, which interested the lady strangely. No lines of care marred her face, yet she seemed to have already learned the meaning of life. The school closed. The blue-eyed and brown-eyed children pressed down the aisles. The teacher went away with a prayer in her heart for the unknown child, so eager to drink a drop of water out of the "wells of salvation."

Autumn often brings dull, cloudy days, not inspiring. On one of the gloomiest and most cheerless, the same lady walked out for the sake of diversion. She was not accustomed, however, to follow her own inclinations without an object. Therefore she determined to look after a missing scholar. Around a large factory are always grouped clusters of houses, often uninviting in their appearance. These little brown cottages were less dingy than many others on the lane. Bits of garden separated them, and beyond were distinctly seen glimpses of the blue river and the outline of distant hills. In one house the lady was particularly interested. The tiny garden spot had been well kept, and was not defaced by old shoes, broken crockery, and rusty tin. A few late flowers lingered among the frost-killed vines

and blackened stems. A pretty woodbine creeping to the very roof still did its best to beautify the poor home with its crimson leaves. The path to the door was well made, and grass-bordered. Instead of dismal paper shades, clean white curtains brightened the small windows. In one of them appeared a geranium, that sweet variety which, being crushed, makes the whole air fragrant.

The lady longed to see the interior, and asked some children passing who lived there. "Why," said one of them in apparent surprise, "our little Gretchen." She did not hesitate to knock at the door to find out who this little Gretchen was, and what she could do for her. Her kind smile insured a welcome, as the little maiden of the Sunday school opened the door. How nice the little kitchen looked, with its clean floor newly washed, and homely furniture. Who was "our little Gretchen," with her dark stuff dress and white apron?

The child was twelve years old, and motherless. On the labour of her small hands depended the comfort of four younger children, and of their father. It was marvellous to see how well she conducted the household, keeping the cottage in order. Washing and mending the brothers' and sisters' clothes, making the daily soup and coarse bread, sending the children to school in season with well-washed faces and hands, tidy aprons, and smooth hair. The outline of her busy life was told, with sweet modesty, in words not yet free from the German sound. In the morning, while the children were away, she worked willingly with her hands, singing as she went songs learned in the Sunday school. In the evening she left her father to smoke his pipe in peace, while she cut out and made coarse garments or crocheted laces and tidies, which she sold to procure for them various little comforts. Hence came the Sunday pennies always ready, and the school-books for the little ones.

"Our little Gretchen" had in her hands a pretty thread mat, nearly finished. The lady asked the little woman if she might buy it, as she had been wishing to get one. A hearty smile spread over her entire face. "My money was all gone," she said, "and to-morrow is Lord's day again."

"Perhaps you cannot always manage to carry a penny for the collection," said the teacher; "you must not work too hard."

"Oh, it does me good in my heart," she answered quickly, "those pennies come so easy."

Four children, rosy-checked, came in, and presented themselves to "our little Gretchen" to be kissed, rather shyly, however, for they saw the lady's silk dress resting on the bare floor. Then the two boys and two girls sat down demurely on low stools around their protectress, the girl only twelve years old.

One of the boys began to weave a coarse basket very skilfully. The lady noticed that his clothes, clumsy and ill-fitting as they were, looked whole and warm.

On the face of "our little Gretchen" no shadow of doubt or distrust seemed ever to rest. She had received

"the kingdom of God as a little child," and was "not faithless, but believing." The teacher did not attempt to impart any instruction. She could carry away many lessons. "Even a child is known by his doings." No one needed to ask "our little Gretchen" if she loved the Lord Jesus.

Engaging a tidy, some pieces of lace, and a basket from the little boy, the lady went home in the early dusk, earnestly desiring for herself the simplicity and child-like faith of her little German friend.

On the morrow the Sunday-school teacher went with a glad heart to her class. The sight of "our little Gretchen" quickened and revived her soul. With deeper love she told again the story of the blessed cross. The blue eyes of the German child filled with loving tears, as she listened also to the account of one "led as a lamb to the slaughter."

Verily "a little child shall lead them" through the daily struggle of poverty and inexperience, through the following of "the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," even through the "much tribulation." Perhaps "our little Gretchen" will lead her hard-working father, her two brothers, her two sisters, up to the throne of God.

THE POOR DRESSMAKER.

A LITTLE orphan girl lived with her grandmother. There were only those two. They were very poor, but very neat and tidy. Perhaps I should say they were rich in one thing; they had a Bible; and in the Bible they found God a tried friend. In the Bible they found Jesus Christ a precious Saviour. In the Bible they found a beautiful garment; that was holiness. In the Bible they found a beautiful ornament; that was a meek and quiet spirit. In the Bible they found a house not made with hands; that was heaven. So the old grandmother and the little girl were not so poor after all. They were richer by far than people with plenty of money who had *not* found these. The little girl's name was Sarah Martin.

When Sarah was old enough, she had to earn her living, and as she was too slender to do hard work, her grandmother thought she had better learn dressmaking. For this purpose she had to go to Yarmouth. Yarmouth was a town three miles from the village where they lived, and she used to walk in in the morning, and out at night. Wasn't she afraid? Sarah was so sweet tempered and good, I am sure nobody would harm her; and then she put her trust in God, and she knew he would take care of her. By-and-by she began to earn a shilling a-day by pretty diligent sewing, and she was very thankful for it.

The court used to hold its sittings at Yarmouth, and one day a woman was going to be tried for cruelly beating her little child. Awful stories were told about her, and everybody's blood curdled at hearing them. She was lodged in the jail. Sarah used to pass the jail going to and from her work; and she as well as everybody else looked up to it as they passed, thinking of the cruel creature in it.

Did Sarah hate her? Almost everybody did, judging by their talk. Did she despise her? Did she call her "horrid," "awful," and all the hard names she could think of? No. Sarah *loved* her. "That is strange," you will say. Well, she did; and I think she was the only person in all Yarmouth that had a spark of love for her. If Sarah did love her, what then? You know love well enough, perhaps, to know that it always wants to be *doing* something. Love, you may depend, is very industrious. But what could poor Sarah Martin's love do? She thought she should like to go and see the woman. But that great, black, ugly-looking jail, who would have a heart to go there? It seemed even to *smell* wicked. She however stopped one morning at the porch and knocked, and when the jail-keeper came to the door, she asked leave to visit the poor creature who beat her child so. "No," said the jail-keeper, eyeing her, "you can't go." This looked as if her love wasn't of much use; so she turned and walked sorrowfully away to her work.

A few days after she stopped at the porch again. "It must have been *curiosity*," you say. You can judge when you know more. Let me tell on. She knocked, and the jail-keeper came, and again he saw modest little Sarah Martin at the door. She asked what she asked before, and he said, "Yes," and let her in, and told the turnkey to conduct her to the right cell. "Curiosity!" I daresay, he thought; yet he would not say "No" a second time. Sarah followed the turnkey through the long, dark, damp, passages of the big jail, with their small, high, grated windows, which we should think the cheerful sun would hardly condescend to look into, only that the sun is not at all proud; it visits the lowly just as much as the high, and *always* the poor prisoners when it can get in—as Sarah Martin has, for by this time she is directly opposite the cell, and the turnkey is rattling his huge keys, and unlocking the big lock, and the iron door is swinging open, and Sarah is face to face with the bad woman. I wonder if she minds the straw bed, and the dirty coverlet, and the miserable, comfortless look everything has. The woman—she *has* a horrid expression in her eye—stares at her unexpected visitor. "What you come here for?" she asked Sarah in a harsh voice.

"I come," answered Sarah meekly, "because I love you. You are guilty and miserable, and I come to tell you of God's mercy, and the comfort you can find in the grace of his dear Son." Oh, that kind tone, that pitying eye! The woman knew in a minute that she had got a friend; and the poor sinner burst out crying, and thanked her for coming. What the law and the officers of justice, and the jail and jail-keeper could not do, Sarah Martin's Christian love did—it *softened* her hard heart, and paved the way for her amendment. It was a *good* visit; the first, but not the last.

She went again and again, and the other prisoners hearing of her, wanted her to come and see *them*. She always carried her little Bible with her, for that she called the prisoner's friend, and read to them, and in-

structed them in its precious truths. Old grey-headed criminals wept as they listened to her; thieves, pick-pockets, wicked sailors, and bad boys respected her; and as she read, prayed, and felt for them by turns, it seemed as if an angel had come. They saw how blessed it was to be good, and for the first time in their lives, perhaps, longed to be good themselves; their wicked ways never seemed so wicked. Sarah found a great many of them could neither read nor write, and she felt she must have the privilege of teaching them. Where was she to get the time? "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dressmaking to serve the prisoners." Poor as she was, nobody ever paid her for the time; yet she said, "It was now a pecuniary loss, but it was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was on me." Oh yes, God paid her. She found such delight in his service as nothing in this world could give. The Holy Spirit helped her every step of the way, otherwise it would have been a very hard task.

A poor dressmaker giving up one-sixth part of her working time to do good among the worst of society in a common jail, must make a good many of us ashamed. How backward we are even to make one visit to the needy; how loath even to try to save a poor soul from ruin. How unbelieving about the Holy Ghost helping us, or the Lord Jesus receiving poor sinners, if we do try.

At last the old grandmother died, and left Sarah an income of ten pounds a-year. She then moved into Yarmouth, and took two small rooms in a poor part of the town. But her dressmaking began to fall off; it quite fell off. Ought she not to give up the poor prisoners, and try to get back her business? Prudent people told her she ought. "No," said she with quiet firmness, "I have counted the cost, and my mind is made up. If while instructing others in God's good truth I am exposed to temporal want, so momentary a privation is nothing in comparison with following the Lord in thus administering to others."

How she enlarged her labours, and finally gave her whole time to them, and refused all pay, and went home every night to her poor little lodgings tired and hungry and cold, and kindled her own fire and made her own tea, and went to bed all alone, and how God blessed and prospered her work, and filled her bosom with sweet peace and contentment, I may tell you another time.

Is not this enough to kindle in you a desire "to go and do likewise," or at least to do a small something for God and poor sinners around you?

ROBBING THE RAILROAD.

"I REALLY can't see why you should not take a trip out of town on Sunday by the railway. You can go to church in the country, if you are so mighty particular about it," said one neighbour to another.

"No," said Mr. Birt, "I like to have my Sabbath, and I'm not going to commit robbery."

"Robbery! and who said you were? What do you mean?" asked the neighbour in surprise.

"I mean this: the engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors on the railway, have as good a right to their Sabbath as I have to mine, and if I travel on that day, I shall help to rob them of their Sabbath."

"I call myself honest as anybody," said the other, stammering. "Don't you think you talk a little too strong when you call it robbery?"

"No; it's robbery all ways," said Mr. Birt. "I rob God and I rob my own soul when I rob any man of his chance to attend public worship; and you see it is no doing as I would be done by, and I call it robbery."

There is, alas! a great deal of this robbery committed in our town; not on the railroad, for that is Sabbath-keeping, but on the stable-keepers, hostlers, and drivers, who are robbed of their Sabbath rest, of their places in church, of their opportunities of religious instruction, and of becoming better men; and the poor beasts also are robbed of their Sabbath rest, which they need as much from week-day toil as you or I do. It is a robbery not arraigned at our courts, but it is one we may have to answer for at a higher bar.

"ALL'S AGEN ME."

"ALL's agen me," said a poor creature; "the world's agen me, and I'm agen myself; for a man told me this very day as he didn't like the look of my face. Ah, it's hard to be 'bliged to say so, but *all's* agen me."

"I never had no chance. What chance had I to grow up with a bright, clear face, when from a baby I was taught to like the gin-bottle and roll in the gutter! I should like to see the fellow that 'ud grow up good-looking upon hunger, and filth, and blows. And when I tried to be honest, folks wouldn't believe me, and so I went with fellows as seemed to pity me, and got into trouble; and then the very fust time as ever I heerd I'd a soul to be saved, was when I'd lost my character, and was, as I may say, done for; and since then I've tried—I have indeed, but nobody seems inclined to trust me. I tell you, *all's* agen me."

Many a poor creature feels just so—discouraged. Boys get discouraged; girls get discouraged; everything goes hard with them. They have nobody to lend a helping hand. But be sure, *all's* not against you. There is One who loves you—Jesus Christ. He pities you; he weeps over you; he left his Father's house to come to this wicked world to die for you, to wash your sins away in his blood, to bring you to heaven. *He* is not against you. He came on purpose to save the lost. "Come, come unto me, and I will give you rest." When everybody else cries, "Go off; get away," *He* says, "*Come, come!*" Oh, what a sweet word of welcome! And *we*, if we follow Christ, shall not step aside and turn our backs and speak rudely to the poor outcast, but heartily try to help the best way we can. And is not the best way to lead him to Jesus?

KATY AND HER CHICKEN.

Nor long ago a little girl in the Sabbath school heard a missionary tell about the heathen children, especially the little heathen girls, how cruelly they were treated, because they *were* girls; put to the hardest work, and then beat if their strength gave out and they could not do it; their fathers always rough to them, and their brothers never kind; no pretty plays, no sweet kisses, no beautiful books, no pleasant schools, no god but an old stone, or an ugly block; no lovely spirit of forgiveness, no dear child's prayers, no "Now I lay me," no knowledge of Jesus Christ, the precious Saviour of the world; all rude, miserable, and down-trodden, *because* Jesus was not there. *He* would put things right, and mend the homes of these little girls and boys, and no one else could. And he *had already* sent them *word* what to do.

"He sent word by Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, and Paul. But Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, and Paul cannot *get there* without your help," said the missionary to the Sabbath scholars. "Won't you help these go and preach the gospel which tells how sin can be washed away?" The Sabbath scholars looked at the missionary with, "I am sure I want to," in all their eyes. One little girl said to herself, "Oh, I *must* help; I *will*." She went home thinking. She told her mother what the missionary said, and she said,—

"Suppose, mother, I was a poor heathen; should I not think it very hard if Sabbath-school children here did not send *me* the word of Jesus—didn't *try* to save my soul?"

So upon the Christian principle of doing as she would be done by, she began to think what she could do. She was very poor. She had nothing to give. She was sickly, and could earn nothing. She could pray. Yes, a little child can do that; and she did: but that only made her the more want to *do* something besides.

The next morning her mother minded she waked up pretty early, and the first question she asked was,—

"Mother, is Pet mine to *keep*?"

"Yes," answered her mother; "Pet is yours to do what you please with."

Pet was a little motherless chicken about a month old, which a neighbour gave her, and which the little girl named and loved dearly. She never had a pet before. And Pet loved the little girl. It knew her voice, and used to run after her wherever she went, like a little dog. This was the little girl's "all," her treasure.

"Mother," she said, with a sweet seriousness, "I am going to give Pet to the missionary. I've nothing else, and I'll carry it to the minister's house this morning."

"Well," said her pious mother, "do, Katy, as you think best."

Katy gave chicken its breakfast with tears in her

eyes. It pecked so cunningly, and these were its last crumbs from *her* hand. But mother did not like to interfere. If the Holy Spirit was teaching and strengthening her little child to give its all to Christ, she should not stop the work. So Katy stirred up the wool in Pet's basket, and put it in. Pet did not want to go in, it had rather run about the kitchen, as it was used to; for, of course, it did not know it was to be a missionary chicken, and if it did, I daresay it would have been too chicken-hearted to appreciate it. Katy took the basket in her arms, and set off to the minister's. Poor Katy.

I do not know what happened in the minister's study, where Katy told her story. I only know that a tear dropped from the good man's eye on the study table, and he said,—

"Who of my parish will give their ox, or a cow, or a sheep, or a barrel of apples, or a load of hay, to preach Christ to the heathen?"

The minister bought the chicken. He paid Katy sixpence for it. She put the sixpence in the mission-box on the minister's table, and was about to take leave of her dear Pet, when the minister said,—

"I've nobody to take care of little chick in my house, Katy; won't you carry it home and keep it for me?"

"Oh yes, sir," she cried; and home little Katy trudged with basket and chicken, as happy as child could be. She was faithful in little, and God fulfilled his promise in making her "faithful also in much."

SPARKS FROM HELL; OR, "COVER IT, COVER IT."

I REMEMBER long ago when I, a little girl, was playmate with my brothers and their companions, there was one rather dangerous sport in which we took great delight. Our favourite play-ground was a fir-wood behind the garden, and there in the sandy soil, and amongst the gnarled roots, we kindled fires and built ovens. Never was any feast so delicious as the potatoes we baked among the ashes, or the half scorched apples we roasted on the embers. Even the aloes and wild plums, the very remembrance of which now sets my teeth on edge, were esteemed by us as dainties, after we had cooked them with our own hands in our much-beloved fires. As I was the only girl, I was made generally useful, and my strong linen pinafore, held by the corners, formed a most convenient receptacle in which to gather sticks and fir-cones to feed the fires, or potatoes and apples to roast in them.

On one occasion, whilst I was stooping over the fire, feeding it with fuel, a spark from the burning wood lighted unseen in the folds of my dress beneath the pinafore. It smouldered away in the thick tweeled cotton, and burnt through to the clothes beneath, till at length my attention was attracted by the smell of burning and an extraordinary feeling of heat in my bosom. I hastily drew up the pinafore, and at the same moment

the air caused the fire to break forth into flame. I remember feeling horrified at the damage done to my dress, and holding my pinafore as well as I could out of harm's way, I began to run towards a stream, which flowed through the wood at some distance from us. But one of my companions springing after me, drew the pinafore close over the flames, and at the expense of his own little hands, poor fellow, put out the fire, and very likely saved me from serious injury. I will never forget the sudden breaking forth into flame of the smouldering fire, nor my little friend Johnie's sensible cry, "Stop and cover it, cover it!"

Now, dear children, I don't know whether fires and cookery are fashionable amusements amongst children now-a-days. I hope not, for, especially with girls, they are very dangerous ones; but even, although not played with, there is always a certain amount of danger in fire. I wish you would try to remember, if by any chance you or your companions are set on fire, Johnie's advice, "Cover it, cover it." If nothing better can be done, throw yourself on the ground and roll on it, but never run, for the motion and the air will only make the fire burn more fiercely. But I hope you will never need to apply the advice in this way. There is another kind of danger from fire to which you are constantly liable, and it is it which I have in my mind in telling you this story.

Do you remember what James says about the tongue being "a fire," and "set on fire of hell;" and speaking of the mischief which a few words may do, he says, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Now, there is no way in which the tongue does this more effectually than in kindling and spreading strife.

It kindles strife, by unkind, unjust, angry words. These are sparks from hell, and lighting from your tongue on another's heart, oh, what a flame of angry, unholy passion they may kindle there.

It spreads strife and feeds strife, by repeating evil words spoken of others. "Where no wood is there the fire goeth out, and where there is no talebearer the strife ceaseth." Never repeat to another any unkind, evil word you have heard spoken of him. Never repeat of another, any wrong, unlovely thing you have seen in them. "He that covereth a transgression seeketh love, he that repeateth a matter separateth very friends."

Neither carry sparks to kindle fire, nor wood to feed fire. Wherever you see a spark from hell has lighted, and is burning in another's heart, do what you can to cover and quench it.

Most boys love to feed bonfires. When they see a fire burning, they run here and there gathering fuel to make it burn brighter and fiercer. So some children cannot see two inclined to quarrel without doing all they can to feed Satan's flame. Love covers and hides the faults of others; and in place of stirring up strife, does all it can to put it out.

But what if a spark from hell light in your own heart?

What if an unkind word or deed kindles a fierce flame of passionate anger there? And I think some of you must know, how catching that fire is, and how rapidly a very little matter lights up a burning flame within. What are you to do then? Well, the only safe thing for you is just to cover it, and fast too, before it gets beyond your reach. Cover it from others. Don't let it flare out in angry words in return. If you do, it will soon be a blazing fire, beyond your power to cover. Don't cover it from God. Show it to him—confess it—ask him to cover it, and so to quench it. The fiercest sparks from hell are put out and quenched, when the soul is washed in the blood of forgiveness and the living water of the Holy Spirit. The forgiven soul cannot help forgiving. It loves much, and where love dwells, resentment, and hatred, and anger have no abiding place. Love covers even a multitude of sins, and forgives an offending brother, not only seventy times a day, but seventy times seven.

My dear children, I am sure that every day, and often every day, you have opportunity of either putting out sparks or fanning them. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." How often have I seen a child taunting and provoking another to wrath, whose rising colour and sparkling eye showed how the sparks from hell were kindling. Fanning sparks to a flame is doing the devil's work, covering and quenching them is the work of God's children. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The soul, where anger and resentment is suffered to rage, is consumed by this fire of hell. It is tortured, too, in this flame. It is filled with misery.

Be alarmed if you feel within, the stings of an unforgiving spirit. Rest not till it is quite subdued, and you are enabled from the heart to forgive. Many a scorched and scathed human ruin—ruined in body, soul, and mind—testifies to the awful nature of this fire, where it gets the mastery, and has not been covered and quenched in its earliest sparks.

Now, will you try, in school, at play, in the nursery, everywhere, to be on your guard against sparks from hell. The golden rule is a capital thing to have always at hand to cover sparks with—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." You can't bear to have your naughty words and deeds spoken of. Don't speak about those of your companions. You like always to be kindly and gently spoken to. Learn to be kind and gentle in your speech to all. "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," and so you will show yourself to be one of the children of God, who is kind even to the unthankful and the evil.

"An ungodly man diggeth up evil, and in his lips there is a burning fire."

"Hatred stirreth up strifes, but love covereth all sins."

A. B. C.

TWO KINDS OF GREATNESS.

"I WANT to be distinguished—to be a Kane, or a Washington, or President of the United States, to receive three bushels of letters a day begging for office; would not that be great?" so asked Harry Gray.

"Yes," said his cousin; "something or nothing, I say."

"And I wish above all things to be a Victoria or a Florence Nightingale—somebody famous, that people will run to see," said Sarah, his other cousin.

These children wanted to be great. Almost all intelligent children have some model characters, which they wish to become like. Now, there are two sorts of greatness; one to be great in the sight of men, the other to be great in the sight of God. These children chose the first. What makes people great in the sight of men?

Last year a young college student from England visited this country. He was not a boy of remarkable talent; he had made no mark as a scholar; he had done nothing to distinguish himself from a thousand other clever English boys; yet he was everywhere met with marked attention. Wherever he was expected people flocked to the depôts to get sight of him. The streets through which he rode were crowded with men, women, and children. The first men in the land called upon him. Everybody was ready to do him honour. Why? On account of his *rank*. He was the Prince of Wales, the future king of England. Rank, therefore, *position in society*, is one thing which makes people great in the eyes of men.

What is another? *Money*. "There goes a man worth half a million"—always *the* man of our village pointed out to strangers. A man worth plenty of money will find people enough to run after him, pay him attention, and regard him as a great man, simply on account of his bank-notes. It is a poor sort of greatness, but that is the way men of the world estimate things.

Talent is another thing which makes greatness. Not very long ago an imposing funeral took place in London. The procession was two miles long. The streets were lined with spectators, elbowing each other to see it. The body of the dead man was not being carried to a grave-yard for burial. It was to be laid with kings and queens, poets and statesmen, and England's most illustrious dead, in Westminster Abbey. Westminster Abbey is a grey old church, full of the monuments of great men. Whose funeral was this? The son of a poor collier. The son of a poor collier whose talents had made a distinguished man of him. His name was Robert Stephenson, the son of George Stephenson, a father and son who built the first railroads and the best bridges in the world.

Some have talent for one thing, some for another. Some as painters. A girl in Paris has painted a splendid picture of horses, for which she has been offered upwards

of £2000. Some as writers; some as discoverers and inventors.

Rank, money, talent; are these the things which make people great in the sight of God? The Bible describes a man "great in the sight of the Lord." Who? Luke tells us it was John the Baptist. What was it that made him great in God's sight? What do you suppose, children? Can you think? He was the humble forerunner of the meek and lowly Saviour.

And in what did his worth and excellence consist? One word is enough, only one—*obedience*. John did just what God directed him to do. He did it always. He began early to love and serve God, and did not wait till he became a man. He also gave up everything which would interfere with his doing the best he could. He was a temperance boy. "He drank neither wine nor strong drink." He had the Holy Spirit to help him. No person can be good or great without this blessed Keeper. The Holy Spirit taught him to love God, and love made obedience ready and sweet to John. God directed him to live in the wilderness, and he did. God commanded him to preach repentance, and he did. God bade him go and tell wicked Herod of his sins, and he did. Herod might be angry and kill him; but God said, "Go," and he was not afraid to go. He went, and the terrible consequences you know. He lost his life by it. His obedience rendered him great.

And you, my child, if you obey God, like John, will be great in his sight too. The Lord Jesus says, "You are my friends, if you *do* whatsoever I command you."—*Child's Paper*.

"I DON'T CARE."

"MANY, unless you keep more steadily at your work, I'm afraid what mother gave you to finish before dinner will not be done," said an elder sister to a little girl who kept jumping up and running to the window to see the passers-by.

"I *don't care* if it isn't finished," was the reply; and again Mary dropped her work, and sat swinging her feet, while she commenced humming a tune, as if in defiance of all advice."

"But you will care by-and-by," continued Fanny. "When mother comes home and finds how idle you have been, she will not take you to ride this afternoon, as she promised if you were a good girl."

Mary was content to please herself for the time being; so the work was unfinished, and she had the mortification of seeing her mother and little brother drive off from the door without her, leaving her to console herself the best way she could for thus really *cheating herself* out of a long talked-of pleasure.

"I *don't care*" has been the occasion of much sorrow in the world; and such carelessness about our duty to God and man will be the bitter lament of many a lost soul.

THE LISTENER AT THE DOOR.

MANY years ago lived a little boy whom we will call Willie.

Willie's father had been dead for years ; but he had a loving band of brothers and sisters, and a mother who nobly strove to stand in the place of both parents towards her fatherless little ones.

Willie's mother was not sure that she had given her heart to God ; and coming from church one day, bowed beneath a sense of guilt before God's pure eye, she sought her own room for prayer.

Willie followed as far as the door, and throwing himself on the floor, he placed his ear at the crack, that he might hear his mother pray. And that prayer—it has ever since lingered in his heart. Such earnest pleading for mercy for herself and her children through the Lamb which was slain on Calvary, that God would indeed give her a good hope, which should daily grow brighter and brighter, and at last end in perfect rest ; that having knowledge and strength given her from heaven, she might train her little ones in the way their heavenly Father would be best pleased to see them walking in. There in the bedroom the mother wept and prayed, and there, too, on the floor, with his ear at the crack, little Willie was an attentive listener.

Years have come and gone ; and trusting in the salvation of Christ Jesus, the mother has welcomed the summons,—“Child, your Father calls—come home.” But long before her departure her loving heart was gladdened by seeing her children treading the same road.

Some of them are in a foreign land, proclaiming to benighted souls the surpassing love and compassion of Him who “spake as never man spake ;” while little Willie, grown to manhood, a faithful, earnest Christian, from Sabbath to Sabbath proclaims the wondrous story of the Saviour's life of toil and death of agony. How fondly does he cherish the recollection of the day when he heard, through the crack of the door, his mother's petition for pardoning mercy. Many souls has he been the means of leading to the Ark of Refuge, both by the truth and believing earnestness of his preaching, and the beautiful faith mirrored forth in his daily life.

THE HEART'S DOOR.

“I'll not forgive Fred as long as I live,” said Dora angrily, as she came into the parlour, holding up before her mother the fragments of a beautiful little sofa, a

piece of the set of furniture her uncle James had given her a few days before.

“Dora, my daughter!”

“Well, I mean just what I say,” continued the excited little girl. “Fred came rushing into the summer-house just as he always does, and trod on it with his great boots ; and when I spoke to him about it, he said he didn't care a bit, and wished he had broken the chairs too.”

“Think before you say more, my dear. Perhaps you vexed Frederick by your manner of speaking.”

“I only told him he was careless and ugly, and so he was. It's too bad.” And as she turned over the pieces of the ruined toy in her hands, her face grew dark with angry feelings.

“Hark, Dora! Listen ; some one is knocking, I'm sure.”

Little Willie, a three-year old younger brother, stopped playing with his blocks on the floor, and looked at the door as if expecting a visitor.

“What do you mean, mamma? I don't hear anything,” said Dora.

“Have you forgotten, my daughter, that there is a door to your heart? You have opened it once this morning, and let in an evil, hateful thing. No picture that could be made of it would be too dark to represent what is now in your heart.”

Dora hung her head, for she began to understand her mother.

“And now, if you will listen, you will hear One, your best Friend, at that door. He is knocking gently. Dear little daughter, let him in. He has a message for you, and it is, “If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses ;” and that word ‘men’ means everybody, even Freddy, who, you think, has offended you so much.”

Dora's heart was softening. The tears came into her eyes. She opened the door of her heart a little way. Willie, who had been listening, came, and putting his chubby arms round her neck, kissed her, but said nothing. Her *heart's door* swung wide open now, and Jesus entered.

“Yes, mother, I *will* forgive Freddy,” sobbed Dora. “I was as much to blame as he, and I know I spoke spitefully, or he would have felt sorry when he did it.”

“Then, my darling, thank that dear Friend who has found the way into your heart with his love, and go now to Freddy and make up with him.”

Dora laid away the fragments of the sofa, and went out with sunshine in her face and joy in her heart, for its door was closed again, and *her Friend was within*.

THE TREASURY PULPIT.

A SIGHT OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN I. 36.

BORN without taste, as others are without an ear for music, some have no sympathy with nature. In them, the earth "sown with orient pearl," bush and tree hung with sparkling diamonds, the snow-crowned hills, valleys gaily robed in flowers and smiling in sunshine, the spacious sea, the star-spangled sky, breed no admiration. They are as unable to appreciate the beauties of a lovely landscape, as the cattle that browse on its pastures. Yet scenes there are that may disappoint those who have the keenest enjoyment in nature—the liveliest sympathy with what is grand or lovely. Such a man travels far, and, climbing rugged crag, or steep mountain, toils hard that he may feast his eyes on some famous prospect. His expectations are raised to the highest pitch. At length, panting, exhausted, he arrives at the summit; and, at the cry, Behold! looks round to be disappointed—it does not repay the trouble—it was not worth the toil. Such disappointment awaits none who, to the call, "Behold the Lamb of God," turn as Christ eyes that his Spirit has opened. Who ever said, He is not worth looking at! Here, heaven and earth, angels and men, to use Paul's words, are perfectly joined together in the same mind and judgment; to quote the language of an old, holy song, Jesus is declared to be "the chiefest among ten thousand, and"—what none else are—"altogether lovely."

Accustomed from childhood to see the starry host come forth, night by night, marching in silent grandeur above our heads, the scene attracts little attention; many walk, the whole year through, beneath that sky, nor turn a look of wonder on it. And in us, born by its sandy shores, familiarity with the ocean, whether its waves sleep in summer sunshine or foam in wintry tempests, breeds a measure of indifference.

But who, for the first time, has seen the Almighty's hand in the snowy Alps, or heard his voice in the thunders of Niagara, without dumb surprise? Our emotions are strange, new, and inexpressible; and we say of such sublime and surpassing grandeur, words cannot describe it—nor colours paint it—nor fancy imagine it—to appreciate, you must see it. And if the brightest colours, if prose, or even poetry with its glowing language, do no justice to these scenes, what words can set forth the graces and matchless merits of the Saviour? Put an angel—a seraph in the pulpit; and give him Christ for his theme! The subject is greater than his

powers—the flight beyond his wing—the song above his compass. He would be the first to say, when called to describe the glories and beauty, the majesty and mercy that meet in Jesus, Who is sufficient for these things?—to appreciate him, you must see and know him. Yes. You might sit there, and listen all your life long to no other theme, you might hear every sermon that had been preached, you might read every hymn that had been sung, you might study every book that had been written about Christ, and after all, on arriving in heaven, you would stand before the throne to lift your hands in rapt astonishment,—to say, borrowing the words of Sheba's queen, "I had heard of thee in mine own land, of thy acts, and of thy wisdom; howbeit the half was not told me. Happy are thy men—happy thy servants"—and happy I to be allowed to take rank with them.

Any view of Christ which the greatest preacher in the highest flight of his genius ever set before an audience, must be as feeble a likeness as paint and canvas give of the hues of a rainbow, or of the beams of the sun—representations so poor as in many instances to excite contempt, and in all astonishment, that any artist could attempt what far exceeds the powers of cold, dull paint. Nay, what is the most glowing, glorious, and ecstatic view that the highest faith, that a soul hovering on the borders of another world, ever obtained of Christ, compared to the reality? It is like the sun changed by a frosty fog-bank into a dull red ball,—shorn of the splendour that only eagles' eyes can look on.

In directing your attention, therefore, to Jesus Christ, I do not pretend to do him justice; I only attempt to do you some good by directing your attention to one or two aspects of Christ's life and character. May these, with God's blessing, awaken true faith in unbelievers, and deepen the love of his own loving, chosen people.

I. Behold Christ before he came to this world.

The measure of our Lord's humiliation is the measure of his original exaltation. We cannot know how low he stooped to save us, till we know the height from whence he came. Came? Did he not come of humble parentage? was he not born in a stable? That may satisfy those who have no higher idea of Jesus than as a man of rare perfections—the pattern and para-

gon of every human virtue. But we know better—see further “into the mystery of godliness.” God manifest in the flesh, he had a higher origin than Bethlehem—he was of a nobler descent than Mary—of an older and more royal ancestry than Judah’s kings. The lowly spring that wells up among the willows of the valley, draws its waters from above; their source lies in those lofty, eternal snows whose spotless bosom bears no stain, nor print of human foot. So was it with Jesus.

To be sprung of humble parentage puts no shame on us. No man need blush for his mother, because, treading life’s lowly paths, she had to spin, or weave, or toil, to rear him. Who does so has cause to be ashamed, not of her, but of himself. His pride is meaner than her lot could be. Though our Lord claimed the highest ancestry, he was not ashamed of Mary. She was his mother, and mother was a word as dear to him as to us. He honoured her; he met her wish with miracles; he owned her on his cross; as with other sons, his dying thoughts turned to his mother; and though family relationships do not subsist in another world as here, in heaven he would acknowledge her his mother. Not that Mary is, as Papists call her, the mother of God, or queen of heaven, to whom we are to address our prayers, and pay an inferior worship. Still, while we shrink from this profanity, with angels we pronounce her blessed. Honour be to Mary’s memory! She was, and she shall ever be, the mother of the man Christ Jesus—the man of the cross that redeemed the world—the man of the throne that rules the universe.

But it is to an older and higher than this mediatorial throne we are to look, if we would see the heights from whence Jesus came. There are many thrones in heaven. Unlike an earthly palace, the palace of the Great King is crowded with them. They are filled by the saints; among whom, if Christ’s, we shall take rank,—kings and priests to God for ever. Amid these, though not far removed, rises the throne of the Mediator—spanned by a rainbow, and encircled by angel hosts, and occupied by Him on whose glorious form all eyes are centred, to whose praise all harps are tuned, and at whose feet, once nailed to a cross, the glittering crowns are cast, as the purchase of his blood and the gift of his grace. There Jesus sits among his saints, King of assembled kings. Above all these, high and lifted up, in the unscaled heights of Godhead, casting its shadow, or rather its glory, over the boundless universe, stands the throne of the Ancient of days—days that had no beginning, and years that shall have no end. Now, ere the Son of God assumed our nature, and descended to save our world, he was there—there before Mary bore him, or Mary herself was born—there before Adam was made—there before there was sin, or death, or life—there before worlds had begun to roll, or time had begun to run—there before sun ever shone, or bright angel sung. Here we are at the fountain-head; if we can ever speak of having got to that which stretches away, far out of

sight, into the mysteries of eternity. Hear how our Lord speaks of himself,—

“I was th’ Almighty’s chief delight
From everlasting days,
Ere yet his arm was stretched forth
The heav’n’s and earth to raise.

Before the sea began to flow,
And leave the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at his right hand.

When first he rear’d the arch of heav’n,
And spread the clouds on air,
When first the fountains of the deep
He open’d, I was there.

There I was with him, when he stretch’d
His compass o’er the deep,
And charg’d the ocean’s swelling waves
Within their bounds to keep.

With joy I saw th’ abode prepar’d
Which men were soon to fill:
Them from the first of days I lov’d,
Unchang’d, I love them still.”

There are dark depths of ocean man never dived in; there are heights in the blue heavens that were never stirred by an eagle’s wing; and there are regions of truth which angels never explored, which their eye never scanned, and their feet never trode. And such—the deepest of all doctrines—the profoundest of all mysteries—the strongest of all our confidences—is this, that He who expired on Calvary was not the creature, nor as men and angels are, the created, but Eternal Son of God. In this truth I discover the love of God; by this line I measure the love of Christ. It was this, that he was co-equal with the Father—the brightness of his Father’s glory, and the express image of his person; that he was not less God than man; that under the garment of humanity, so rudely rent, divinity lay concealed; that the brow wounded by thorns, had worn the crown of heaven; that the hand nailed to the tree, had held the scales of fate, and sway’d the sceptre of the universe;—it was this that struck Paul with such astonishment, and called from his lips an expression that finds a ready echo in every believer’s heart, “The breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”

II. Behold Christ on earth—in his humiliation.

Follow him from heaven on his mission of mercy. What a descent! Who has looked into a gulf so dark, profound? Philosophers expatiate with wonder on the distance of the fixed stars; and we attempt in vain to fancy the space that stretches between our world and orbs so remote that, notwithstanding its speed, light takes six thousand years to perform its journey between some of them and us; and thus, marvellous to tell or think of, the rays of the star which we saw last night left it at the period when man was made, or our world was shaken by the Fall. Still, that distance, though not to be conceived, may be measured. You can express it by numbers; but how immeasurable, as well as inconceivable,

the distance between the throne of the Eternal and the stable of Bethlehem—the bosom of God and the breast of Mary!

People are fond of tracing rivers to their sources; and Bruce, the traveller, pronounced it the proudest moment of his life, when he stood, as he fancied, at the lofty fountains of the Nile. But when we trace the waters of life to their earthly source, how lowly the spring where they well up into light! Would you see it? Bow thy head; enter this stable; and in this stall, whence beasts have been turned out to accommodate a woman in her hour of sorrow, look into the manger; gently raise this rough swaddling cloth; and there, in a feeble creature that, disturbed, raises perhaps an infant's cry, behold the Lamb of God—the Love of God—the Saviour of the world!

Look again! When times were hard, and work was scarce, and men had to leave their homes to seek about for bread, did you ever meet a houseless family; and see the mother, as they trudged along the wild moor, trying with scanty coverings to protect her infant from the pelting rain and storm? In some such plight behold the Lamb of God! The holy family are flying to Egypt. Mary has seized her child; and, pressing it to her bosom, has rushed into the tempest, and the dark night, and on untravelled paths, to save its infant life from the massacre of Bethlehem—the bloody sword of Herod!

Look again! On some stormy night, when the wind howled in the chimney, and the rain beat on the window, and the wild beast was driven back to his lair, and mothers that had boys at sea, trembling for their fate, betook themselves to prayer, did you ever, hastily summoned to the bed of the dying, pass some outcast crouching in the shelter of a doorway, or lying with weary head pillowed on a cold stone step? Whatever you may have felt, Jesus had a fellow-feeling for that houseless man. Lord of Glory! he had been such an outcast—an outcast from human sympathies—every door he sought, shut in his face. Did man ever utter a more touching plaint than this: "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head"? Behold the Lamb of God—stretched on the cold ground—no roof to shelter him—his locks wet with the dews of night. He is an outcast from man, that man, that you, might cease to be outcast from God!

These sorrows were but the muttering thunder, the first big drops that precede the bursting of the storm. It came roaring on; and would you see the Lamb of God in the great work of sacrifice, look here! Pass into this garden: draw near with reverent step; he prays in an agony; he is sweating great drops of blood,—prostrate on the ground, "see thy lover lowly laid, and hear the groans that rend his breast." Follow the prisoner to the judgment-hall: blood streaks his face, trickling from a crown of thorns—the wreath sin wove for his royal brow—"the crown with which his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals." Go out with him to the street:

he faints; louder now the wail of women, deeper now the curses of raging men; disfigured with blood and dust, his blessed head lies on the hard stones—but not so hard as pitiless hearts. With the procession, pass on to Calvary: they cast him roughly on the ground; they nail him to the tree; and now it rises slowly over the surging crowd that rend the astonished air with shouts and yells of triumph. See the blood of redemption streaming; see the cloud of desertion deepening; see the tide of life departing as the glaze gathers on his eyes, and the sword in a Father's hand is passed deeper and deeper into his heart! Hark to the awful cry that rises, loud and clear, in the stillness of the darkness, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!" "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

And when Death has done his work, and kind hands have taken down the body, and borne it slowly to the tomb,—look there! You have looked on the face of the dead, but never on one that loved you half so well. You have kissed brows as icy cold, but death never stilled a heart so warm and true. No lips ever prayed for you like these; nor hand ever wrought for you like that; nor eyes ever wept for you like those that are there closed in death. Behold the Lamb of God, slain for your sins! Mary bends over the dear body, kisses the cold feet, and washes the bloody wounds with a flood of tears. Well she may! He had been a kind Lord to her; but not kinder than he will prove to any, to all who kneel with that blessed woman at his feet—weeping, longing, loving suppliants for saving mercy. Behold, and believe! Herein is love indeed; not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and gave himself for us; suffering for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

III. Let this Lamb of God be the supreme object of our desires, and the sole object of our faith. Be this our language:—

"Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
His name is all my boast;
He will not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

To a sinner's ear there is no music on earth, nor in the golden harps of heaven, like the name of Jesus. Music in its sound, there is ointment in its meaning. Fragrant as the spikenard of the alabaster box, "his name is as ointment poured forth." If his name be such a blessed thing, what must the sight of him be! To see Jesus clearly with the eye of faith, is to see the deep opening away from Egypt's shore,—is to see the water gush, sparkling from the desert rock,—is to see the serpent gleaming on its pole over a dying camp,—is to see the life-boat coming when our bark reels among foaming breakers,—is to see a pardon when the noose is on our neck and our foot is on the drop. No sight in the wide world like Jesus Christ, with smiles on his face, and a heavenly crown in his hand! This is worth labouring for; praying for; living for;

suffering for; dying for. You remember the prophet's servant, and how he climbed the steeps of Carmel. Three years, and never cloud had dappled the burning sky,—three long years, and never a dewdrop had glistened on the grass, or wet the lips of a dying flower; but the cloud came at last. A white speck appeared like a ship's sail on the rim of the sea; it rose—it spread—and as he saw the first lightnings flash, and heard the first thunders roll, how did he forget all his toils! and would have climbed the hill, not seven, but seventy times seven times, to hail that welcome sight!

It is so with sinners so soon as their eyes are gladdened with a sight of Christ—when they have got Christ; and enjoy peace in believing. Be it that they have to climb the hill of prayer, not seven, but seven thousand times—such a sight more than rewards all their toil. Pray on; for it is not on their feet, but on their knees, that men climb to heaven. What though, like good old Simeon, we have to wait for “consolation” till our eyes are dim and our hair is grey?—a sight of Christ will light up the dull eye, and warm the cold blood of age. Are any here who have been long looking, waiting, praying, and cannot yet confidently say that they have found the Lord? Let them draw comfort from the case of the good old man who waited in the temple for the “consolation of Israel” till his eyes grew dim, and his head turned white with age. Be assured that your prayers are not forgotten. Your prayers are in God's book; your tears are in his bottle. The vision may tarry, but it will come. The Saviour will come; hope will come; peace will come. The happy day shall come when, as Simeon took the babe in his aged arms to kiss it, and blessing, worshipping, rejoiced over it, thou also shalt throw thy arms around thy Saviour, to exclaim, “Jesus! thou art all my salvation and all my desire. Whom have I in heaven but thee? there is none on all the earth whom I desire besides thee.”

May Christ be so revealed to us that we shall long to be with him; and cry, as if we were exiles on earth, Oh, to be where Jesus is! Not impatient, yet finding little to detain us here, may the old man's wish hang on our lips: “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” When the sand burned their feet, and the hot sun scorched their heads, and the desert's howling wastes lay all around them, how did the Israelites, who saw the purple clusters of Eshcol, long to be where the vine-trees grew! And see, so soon as Simeon holds the babe in his arms, how he wearies to leave the earth, and ascend to heaven! Till his eyes were gladdened with a sight of Jesus, perhaps he was afraid of death, and with his old palsied hands clung to the world—afraid to let go, and drop. But on him with the babe in his arms—and on a man with Christ—the hope of glory in his heart, what a change! In the Saviour's presence Death drops his dart. As Jesus puts on his crown, Death puts off his; as Jesus arrays himself in his glories, Death disrobes him of his terrors, till the saint, transported with

the view, feels as if he could spurn the earth, and soar to heaven on eagle's wings—his opinion Paul's: that to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord, is far better.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

As Captain Cook approached for the first time the islands of New Zealand, and while he was yet a quarter of a mile from the shore, he was awoke, he tells us, by the singing of birds, which he compared to the sound of exquisitely hung bells. The concert of sweet sounds, like the fragrance wafted from the spicy groves of Ceylon, was an invitation to the weary navigator to seek the land. Imagination in such circumstances has an ample wing. It could scarcely fail to accredit the natives with some touch of the harmony with which their own forests rung. If the illusion for a moment played about the mind of the great navigator, a brief experience corrected it. In all lands man's only harmony is consistency with himself. In the islands of the Pacific or Atlantic he is true to one law, till a higher rules him. He lives “hateful and hating one another.”

When Captain Cook landed, after his pleasant morning serenade, he found the population living in fortified villages. War was their trade, prosecuted for plunder in slaves and revenge. The harmony that stole upon his ear, as he hovered along the shore, was but a voice from the choristers of the forest. It had no echo in the soul or life of the New Zealand man. His land of song, and of rich, deep floral beauty, could not tame his savage heart. While war was his game, Captain Cook was not long in discovering it was war with horrors such as have seldom accompanied the hostilities of the most savage tribes. When satiated with the slaughter of their vanquished enemies, he found the New Zealand victors rested only to feed on their dead bodies, as their most delicious repast—that for several days they gorged themselves, like serpents, with human flesh, insulted the wounded, tortured them by applying blazing kauri gum to the skin, and cooked them while life still quivered in their limbs.

And yet, amongst this people Captain Cook found no excuse for their frightful cannibalism. Hunger had not driven them to devour each other. Their temperate climate yielded fruits in abundance. They were skilful in rearing the taro, the sweet potato, the karaka fruit, the berry of the hinau, the cake made of which was in such estimation that it had passed into a New Zealand proverb, “When you awake, may it be to eat the berry of the hinau.” Each family had its patch of cultivation for its own supplies, whilst the fern root, the bread-fruit of the country, which overran the entire northern island, could be gathered in almost unlimited abundance. The sea yielded its ample stores of fish. The eel, the dog-fish, the mackerel, the seal, that swarmed on their coasts, supplied them with a plentiful table, whilst numerous rivers and lakes added to the supply of small fish suit-

able for food. Want was not the provocative to cannibalism. Even after Captain Cook's first visit in 1769, when he largely added to the dietary resources of the islanders, by the introduction amongst them of new grains and esculents, as the maize, the wheat, cabbage, and turnip, and new animals, as the sheep, goat, pig, and cow, the horrors of cannibalism remained unmitigated. In one of his own subsequent visits a boat's crew of his ship was overpowered in a quarrel with the natives, murdered, cooked, and eaten. And down to a period as recent as 1836, it is on record that during the Rotorua war of that year, sixty human beings were cooked and eaten in two days. Revenge and hatred, stronger, more enduring and invincible than hunger, were the provocatives to the horrid feast. The feast after the victory struck, they supposed, terror into their enemies, and cast perpetual disgrace on the person eaten.

"Out of this eater to bring forth sweetness," would indeed be a moral triumph! To change the "vile affections" of the New Zealander, to curb his horrid appetite, by converting the revenge and hatred, from which it sprang, into brotherly forbearance and love, were an achievement worthy the highest philanthropy. It was a work that challenged the extreme resources of Christianity; and the Christian missionary did not decline the arduous attempt. The problem was beyond the daring of an earthly philanthropy. The Christian missionary alone works with an instrument of the power of which he never despairs. He dares to do where earthly philanthropy stands paralyzed and appalled before the magnitude of the evil.

The change wrought on the New Zealander has been so great, and accomplished in so brief a period, that its narrative recalls to our mind the age when the gospel, like the Roman eagle, flew to conquer. Its history repeats in a nation the miracle of the demoniac, whom no chain could bind, brought to sit at the feet of Jesus clothed and in his right mind. We are mainly indebted to the recent intelligent and able volumes of Dr. Thomson, "*The Story of New Zealand, Past and Present*,"* for the materials of the following sketch:—

Our early reading has acquainted us with the story of the blooming countenances and fair complexion of the Anglo-Saxon youths attracting Gregory the Great in the market-place of Rome, and the consequent mission of St. Augustine for the conversion of England. The noble form of the New Zealander had a like influence in determining the rise of missionary efforts for his conversion. Struck by the appearance of several chiefs, whom he accidentally saw in the streets of Sydney, the thought entered the mind of Mr. Marsden, then colonial chaplain, Why should a settlement not be formed in New Zealand for the civil and religious improvement of its people. His proposal he submitted without delay to the

Church Missionary Society, and to the honour of its zeal and mission intrepidity, its deliberations issued in 1810, in its sending twenty-five agents, lay and clerical, to found a mission settlement among the New Zealanders. Unfortunately for the prosecution of the mission, the news had reached Sydney contemporaneously with the arrival of its agents, of the massacre by the natives of the crew and passengers of the ship *Boyd* at Wangaroa—an atrocity in revenge for the dishonour done to the son of a chief, who, serving aboard, had been twice flogged at the gangway. The Sydney community were filled with the horrors of the new tale. No ship could be hired to convey the mission agents to their destination. The Governor of New South Wales was more inclined to send a ship of war to punish the recent atrocity, than missionaries to preach peace. The very thought of Christianizing such savages was pronounced an extravagance, and the risk of missionary life in the attempt madness. "A bullet for each New Zealander," according to the saying of an old whaler, was still the doctrine in ascendancy for the subjugation of the natives. The time had not come for the trial of the power of all-conquering truth and love. Arrested at New South Wales, the twenty-five missionary agents found employment in the colony; and the New Zealand Mission was declared to be hopeless by all save Mr. Marsden. To his mind the work was only delayed. He acquiesced in his disappointment, but waited his opportunity to renew the favourite purpose of his life—his great appointed work. Nor had he to wait long. Four years after the failure of the first mission, one of those men that are given to nations to conduct them through an era of change, and to open to them a new history, appeared in New Zealand, Hongi Hika, a scion of the famous Ngaputri nation. For his genius in war he has been called the Napoleon of New Zealand. Unlike to his countrymen, he was small in stature; but he had a large, broad, and high forehead, with quick, piercing eyes. He was endowed with an undaunted constancy of purpose, and with great acuteness and quickness of judgment. Yet, in spite of an intelligence that placed him far ahead of his countrymen, and an ambition that often swallows up other passions, a savage spirit of revenge ruled him through life, and identified him with the worst characteristics of his race. This man proved the instrument of introducing Christianity into New Zealand, and threw the shield of his name and power over its first missionaries. On a visit which he paid to Sydney (1814), after his name had become famous for his warlike exploits, he was received and hospitably entertained by Mr. Marsden. Ruatara, a brother chief who accompanied him, had a like welcome. The opportunity had come for which the colonial chaplain had longed and prayed; and it was not to be lost. He soon found that Hongi's views rose far beyond those of a savage warrior. He had marked in his travels the superiority of the white man, deeply reflected on its source, and was prepared to aid in the introduction

* "*The Story of New Zealand: Past and Present, Savage and Civilized*." By Arthur T. Thomson, M.D., Surgeon-Major, 58th Regiment. In 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1859.

amongst his countrymen of those arts that would start them in the race of civilization. By his kindness, Mr. Marsden secured the confidence of the cannibal hero; and when at length he opened to him his plan for the instruction of his countrymen, he obtained from Hongi and his brother chief the promise that they would welcome to New Zealand, and protect in their labours, all future missionaries,—a promise faithfully kept, save in the instance when the Wesleyans were driven from their station at Wangaroa, through the hostility of his followers, which at the time he was unable to restrain, and which, on his death-bed, he deeply regretted. It would have been pleasant to have told of this man, whose name must ever stand associated with the introduction of Christianity into New Zealand, that amongst its first conquests it numbered himself. But Hongi opened a door into which he never entered. He was the cannibal hero to the close of life. Some years after his return from Sydney, when he had subdued every foe, and grown restless from idleness, he announced his intention of visiting England, “to see King George and bring back missionaries, carpenters, blacksmiths, Europeans, and twenty soldiers.” When there, he charmed the religious world by acting the part of a devout Christian; but more sincere than his delight in the Church Liturgy was the passionate interest with which he listened to the stories of the sieges and battles of Napoleon, surveyed the household troops, its weapons of war, and the armory in the Tower. The great subject at the period of his visit being the Queen’s trial, he never could comprehend how so illustrious a chief as King George could not manage one wife without calling in the assistance of all his lords, seeing that he himself ruled without difficulty over five. Returning to Sydney, the savage reawoke in his breast on learning that, during his absence, his son-in-law had fallen in battle on the banks of the river Thames. He hastened home to revenge his death in the slaughter of thousands. War became again his delight. The curbed cannibal broke his chain. On the battle-field of Kaipara, where his favourite son was slain, he scooped out and swallowed the eyes of several of the prostrate wounded on the battle-field. Yet when dying of a wound received in action, and when decked out on his bed with instruments of war, true to his promise to Mr. Marsden, he exhorted his followers to protect the missionaries, and not allow them to leave the country, “For,” said he, “they have done good, and have done no harm.”

Under the shield of this remarkable man Mr. Marsden, in prosecution of his long-cherished hopes, embarked for New Zealand in November 1814, in a brig navigated by convicts, accompanied by Messrs. Kendall, Hall, and King, their wives and several mechanics, Hongi and Ruatara being of the party. On arriving at the Bay of Islands they were received by the natives as friends of the great chief. For twelve axes they purchased two hundred acres of land near the chief’s residence, and founded the first mission station of New Zealand. There the mission-

aries hoisted a white flag, on which were painted a cross, a dove, an olive branch, and the word “Rongopai,” or “Good tidings;” and contemporaneously with the building of their houses, addressed themselves to the study of the language, to preaching to the people through interpreters, and to the education of their children. Though Hongi himself never became a Christian, he educated his children at the mission schools, and laid the foundation of their rapid prosperity by his example. Other stations quickly followed the rise of the parent one at Rangihu. When the tidings reached England of Marsden and his associates having actually dared to transfer themselves from Australia to the land of the cannibal, fresh pioneers hastened to this heathen outpost. Its post of danger became the post of missionary honour, and new settlements multiplied through the northern island. In 1819 a station was formed at the Kerikeri. Three years afterwards the Wesleyan mission was established at Wangaroa, among the tribe rendered infamous by the massacre of the *Boyd*. Other stations arose at Paihia, in the Bay of Islands, at Waimate, and at Kaitia; and subsequently, in the prosecution of the mission work, stations were formed in the interior, and planted as far south as Cook’s Straits and the middle island. But, amidst this active organization of missions, the work of native conversion went slowly forward. The missionaries were well received. The patronage of Hongi was a shield thrown over them; their own faithfulness in yielding to the natives a return in axes, blankets, shirts, and other articles, for the food they accepted and the labour they employed, rendered their characters respected, and made their residence in the country an obvious worldly advantage. Any anxiety or danger to which they were subjected, was in consequence of wars, in which they suffered from the common calamities of the country. The blood of no European, even in that land of cannibalism, that was connected with the missions, was spilt.

But notwithstanding this comparative freedom from outward calamities, the faith of the early missionaries was deeply tried. The night was long that preceded the faintest trace of the morning that ultimately broke. For fifteen years they described themselves as men crying in the wilderness. They compared themselves to sowers casting their seed on a rock. In 1825, the Rev. Henry Williams wrote that the natives were “as insensible to the necessity of redemption as brutes;” and in 1829, the Wesleyan mission contemplated withdrawing its establishment from want of success. Human impatience demands that a nation should be born in a day. It frets at the slow rooting of the oak for its life of centuries. It measures the divine work by man’s day of an hand-breadth; and counts that long which, in the life-time of a nation, is but as a moment.

When Christianity at length took root its growth was rapid. During the years of missionary despondency the new thoughts of Christianity had been leavening the native mind, its truths had been forming a conscience,

and missionary life a new visible moral code. In 1830 the sowing in tears was exchanged for a reaping time of joy. The missionaries could then speak to the natives in their own tongue; the children of their earlier schools had grown to adults, some of them were able to teach others to read and write; the Sabbath had partially established itself as a day of visible rest; and many of the offensive customs of savage life had given way before the example of European civilization and their intercourse with the missionaries. It needed but the touch of a higher hand, the breath that puts spirit into the dead frame, to quicken these elements into life. When that breath blew, the icy torpor that had chilled the heart of the missionary melted, and his song of praise mingled with the converts who, in 1830, began to fill the churches, offer themselves for baptism, and press the acceptance of their children upon the missionaries, that they might be taught in their schools the religion of Christ, and trained in their learning. The Bible, which had been previously neglected, rose in value, and as at that time there were but few copies in the country, natives who could write transcribed and carried home such portions as they could thus obtain. A few years later (1835) printing presses were added to the Church mission, which struck with awe the natives as they beheld sheet after sheet of white paper issuing from the hand of the printer, impressed, as if by magic, with black letters, and speaking to them in their own tongue. In the Wesleyan and Roman Catholic missions printing presses were also established, from which religious books were issued. And to supply the demand which had arisen, the British and Foreign Bible Society presented the noble offering, to the infant New Zealand Church, of 60,000 copies of the New Testament in Maori, which had just been completed by Bishop Williams, besides 10,000 selections from the Old Testament. The work that had so long been spreading in seed now showed itself in a rapid upward growth and visible fruit. The season of missionary despondency passed away, that of confidence and holy joy succeeded. Before the end of the year 1838 the Church Missionary Society, which has been the peculiarly honoured agent in the conversion of New Zealand, numbered its 54 schools, with their 1431 scholars; its 2476 persons regularly attending church, and 178 communicants. The Liturgy was translated into the Maori dialect with singular success and beauty. The missionaries of the time wrote with transport of the effect of large native congregations uttering the responses, as something indescribably impressive. At the same period the Wesleyan mission numbered its 1000 scholars and church goers.

Yet even these numerical results conveyed no correct idea of the progress which Christianity had made since its first introduction by Mr. Marsden and his devoted band. The fame of a small body of unarmed men, the professed teachers of a new religion and new mode of life, taking up their abode in Hongi's territory, had spread far and wide. It found its way to the natives of Poverty Bay,

and to the banks of the Mōkan and Wanganui rivers. New Zealanders passing to and from the north brought with them religious books of the missionaries, and always news of their sayings and doings. Masters of whalers reported that the aborigines, far away from the mission stations, prayed night and morning in nasal psalmody, and chanted Christian psalms to heathen tunes. The tidings passed from hamlet to hamlet that the missionaries were a different class from the whalers and the Pakeha Maoris (strangers turned into natives),—that they kept schools, instructed persons to write on paper words which others seeing understood, gave books for nothing, performed a ceremony called baptism, opposed wars, promoted peace, cultivated new sorts of food, preached against cannibalism, and of a God who did good, and not evil. Rauparaha's son and Rangihāata's nephew, hearing in Cook's Strait of the reformation now at work, passed through hostile tribes to the Bay of Islands, in 1839, and prevailed on the Rev. Mr. Hadfield to return with them to Otaki to teach God's word to their kindred and clan. Shortly afterwards Rauparaha's son visited the Middle Island, preaching himself the gospel of peace to men who had suffered from his father's wars. Even the captured slaves who, on the persuasion of the missionaries, were liberated and allowed to return to their kindred, carried with them the tidings of the gospel they had heard, and the strange report of the change that was passing over their New Zealand countrymen in the Bay of Islands. As the Germans were converted to Christianity, as Dr. Thomson remarks, by the serfs brought from the Roman empire, the diffusion of the cross in New Zealand was materially assisted by manumitted slaves. The arts of civilization largely assisted in advancing the same work. It was not all the result of simple gospel teaching, or of the zeal of the converts, or of a special divine influence. Worldly motives and interest gave impulse to the transition. Though the influence of the civil power was not put forth on its behalf, as Hongi died in the creed of his forefathers, and many of the leading chiefs were at first its fierce opponents, the natives were not slow to perceive the personal advantages that were reaped from instruction in the arts and learning of the missionaries, and to place themselves under their rule. In connection with its mission, the Church Missionary Society had not only its five ordained clergymen and twenty catechists, but its farmer, surgeon, printer, wheelwright, stone mason, and assistant teachers,—a staff who could exemplify the arts and represent the visible blessings which Christianity carried in its bosom. A Rotorua chief observing, during a visit to the Bay of Islands, that the missionaries had temporal as well as spiritual blessings to bestow, begged and obtained a missionary to reside with his tribe. In his "Voyages of a Naturalist," Mr. Darwin tells us that in 1835 he saw at the Church mission station of Waimate a well stocked farm yard and fields of corn, a thrashing barn, a winnowing machine, a black-

smith's forge, a water mill, and ploughshares; and at the mill a New Zealander, white with flour, like his brother miller in England, and several working on the farm dressed in shirts and trousers.

Before these combined influences a priesthood, that presented in all points a contrast to the solid, compact phalanx of Hindu Brahminism, speedily gave way. It was a priesthood without discipline, without idols, without even a temple where zeal and devotion could be kindled by a common worship. The most serious obstacle the mission encountered for a season was its own success. With its expansion the sectarian spirit of rival missionaries awoke. Repressed during the period of common trial and despondency, it revived in the day of prosperity, like the frozen serpent in the warm bosom of the countryman. Episcopalians embroiled themselves in contests with Wesleyans, questioning the validity of their baptism and ministry; while the Roman Catholics were vehement in denying the ordinances of both, and claiming for themselves the attributes of the true Church. On Bishop Selwyn's arrival, fresh from the Oxford school, and whilst yet untaught in the wisdom and charity of the true bishop, he treated in his lordly claims Wesleyan baptism as the act of laymen, and fanned the flame of controversy amongst the converts of the different missions. To such an extent did the dissentients proceed, that in the district of Taranaki, one set of Christians erected a fence, and lined it thickly with fern, that the other might not see them. Even Europeans were denied hospitality by the natives, till they confessed their religious belief. On one occasion a traveller arrived at a pah, in which one religious denomination disputing with another had got possession of the gate, which, to his astonishment, he found shut. On urging his admission, the first question asked was, "To what Church do you belong?" The traveller, perceiving that his supper and night's lodging entirely depended upon his answer, after some hesitation replied, "To the true Church," which satisfying the party who held the gate, it was instantly opened, and a feast prepared for the traveller and his followers.

Whilst these unseemly contentions hindered, they did not arrest the work. Christ was still preached, and missionary effort prosecuted, with a zeal that was warmed, if not purified, by the struggle of parties. In its results the spiritual revolution accomplished is amongst the greatest that modern Christianity has to record. If still only about one-fourth of the New Zealanders have been baptized, the entire population have partaken of the new social life that has passed into their country with the introduction of the gospel. The unbaptized are not the heathens their fathers were. Many of them are amongst the regular attendants on the teaching and preaching of the missionaries—all of them are changed in their moral and social habits. In the words of Dr. Thomson, written after a close observation of every phase of New Zealand life for eleven years, "Christianity has conferred on New Zealand

civilizing influences and blessings which cannot be weighed in the scales of the market. Like musk in a room, it has communicated a portion of its fragrance to everything in the country. It has broken the theocratic principle of the tapu, and other superstitious; it has put an end to cannibalism, and assisted in eradicating slavery; it has proved a bond of union between the races, the native Christian and the settler feeling themselves members of one federation; it has led the way to intellectual development, industry, peace, contentment, regard for the rights of every class, and progressive civilization." The completeness of the conquest, we may add, over its inveterate cannibalism, is tested, and under the most trying ordeal to the New Zealander, by the war unhappily now waging in the northern island. While the native chief, Wirima Kingi has led on his troops with intrepidity, and fought with a skill and courage that have obtained the commendation of his English enemy, the dead on the battle-field have been left untouched, to be consumed by the wild-dogs or the myriad insect host, or quietly buried by their companions in arms. To put the crown on this great work, not only has New Zealand for herself received the gospel,—she has become the seat of a mission to the islands of the south! As Dr. Selwyn annually visits, in his mission ship the *Southern Cross*, the islands of the Pacific, he brings back with him to Auckland, as Dr. Thomson informs us, heathen youths, that, instructed in company with the New Zealand converts in the principles of Christianity, they may return to their homes to spread its truths amongst their countrymen. The islands once the abode of cannibals are thus assuming the place and discharging the high functions of the Iona of the southern hemisphere.

And this work of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace," has been accomplished within the lifetime of a single generation. Before the eyes of Mr. Marsden, by whom its foundations were laid, were closed in death, he saw the structure rise. "He had the reward, among the greatest that God vouchsafes to man on earth, to witness the realization of his own idea."

"THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE."

WHEN heavenwards my best affections move,
How sweet the thought,—my business is to love,—
To love, with all my soul, and heart, and might,
Him who for me endured life's toil and sorrow,
And death's dark night.

He ever loves;—how full the proof he gave,
Coming the lost of earth to seek and save!
He loves the captives whom he died to free,
He loves the Church, he loves the little children,—
Loves even me.

He felt, as we can feel, when heart with heart
 In truest, deepest sympathy has part.
 Loving with all, but with a favoured few—
 O Mary! John! how blessed was your portion!
How he loved you!

And wilt thou love me also, gracious Friend?
 Love me, like him who on thy bosom leaned?
 Then with the weeping Magdalene the while
 I will embrace thy feet, in hope awaiting
 One word, one smile!

Weeping, when thou art absent, as a child
 Left by its mother lonely in the wild.
 Oh, when thy Spirit's voice no more I hear,
 Nor feel thy presence, all beside is sadness,
 All dark and drear!

Long this poor sinful heart thou must have known,
 By many a longing sigh and mourning groan.
 Thy gifts of faith and hope may brightly shine,
 But Love is more,—it seems to bring possession,—
 It makes thee mine.

And how am I thus blest! thy grace alone,
 Thy wondrous mercy, chose me for thine own.
 I sought thee not, when thou wast seeking me;
 Thy love went forth, the helpless wanderer finding,—
 Who loves like thee!

H. L. L.

April, 1861.

Moravian.—From the German.

ELUCIDATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

WHY CHRIST CHIEFLY LIVED AND LABOURED IN GALILEE.

MATT. IV. 12-16; JOHN IV. 43, 44.

THE fact that our Lord spent the chief part of his active ministry, not in Judea proper, but in the comparatively remote district of the country called Galilee, is familiar to every reader of the gospel-history—though the reasons which led to it may with many be little known, and the proofs it afforded of divine wisdom and foresight scarcely so much as thought of. When rightly contemplated, it is one not of the least instructive portions of the evangelical record. But let the circumstances of the case be distinctly noted. The first three evangelists, who are by much the fullest in the accounts they give of our Lord's more public and active ministry, record only what took place in Galilee, and in the course of Christ's last journey to Jerusalem, and temporary sojourn there. St. John almost reverses the process; he says comparatively little of the labours of Christ in Galilee, but dwells chiefly on what occurred during a few occasional visits to Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, and the memorable circumstances connected with the last and more prolonged visit. But it is as clear from his narrative as from that of the others, that Galilee was the great scene of our

Lord's public labours, and that what he did elsewhere, however important as regards the higher ends of his mission, stood in a somewhat exceptional relation to his regular ministerial agency. His thus peculiarly identifying himself with Galilee is the more remarkable, that his immediate disciples, after his departure, by his express direction, became equally identified with Jerusalem and Judea, while Galilee entirely drops from the scene.

The passages of Scripture pointed to at the head of this article are so far alike, that they both assign a reason for the commencement of Christ's regular ministry in Galilee, though they differ in the precise reason assigned. After recording the circumstances connected with our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria, and the results which grew out of it, St. John briefly notices his march northward, and his selection of Galilee as the proper field of ministerial labour,—“He departed thence, and went into Galilee; for Jesus himself testified, that a prophet hath no honour in his own country.” By his own country here is plainly meant Nazareth, where Jesus had been brought up; and the evangelist tells us, he did not halt and continue his residence there, but went further north still, into Galilee, where the people were ready to receive him as a prophet; which those of Nazareth, from their early acquaintance with him, were indisposed to do. A favourable opening was presented to him in the one quarter, which he knew well enough would be denied him in the other; and this alone was sufficient to determine his choice. But it was not the whole; and, indeed, Nazareth itself was within the bounds of Galilee. John could not be ignorant of that, though he speaks of Jesus quitting his native region and passing into Galilee; what he means is, that he now fixed his residence in the heart of the Galilean territory, instead of staying at Nazareth on its southern border. The limits of the territory were never very closely defined, but it mainly included the regions which stretched to the west from the Sea of Tiberias, and around its northern shores. Capernaum, which stood on the north-west side of the lake, might be regarded as its centre; and there, accordingly, Christ fixed his head-quarters during the period of his public ministry.

St. Matthew, in the account he gives of the matter, recognises Nazareth as a part of Galilee, but tells us simply that Jesus preferred Capernaum to it as his place of residence: “Now when Jesus heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Galilee; and, leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea-coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim.” The reason he presently assigns for this is found in the requirements of prophecy; it was done, he says, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah regarding the land of Zabulon and Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, namely, along the shores of the Sea of Tiberias, and about its extreme limits, Galilee of the Gentiles—the region where Jew and Gentile held a kind of disputed sway,—“The people that sat in darkness saw a great light,” &c. (Isa. ix. 1-3.) Even if

Nazareth had been disposed to favour the claims of Jesus, it was not a convenient site, as the centre of operations which were to illuminate with the light of heaven the still more northerly and sea-board regions of Galilee, which were specially mentioned in the prophetic chart of gospel times. Capernaum was more favourably situated—itself also a little sea-port on the lake—and was, therefore, according to Matthew, chosen. It is a different reason from St. John's, but no way inconsistent with his—additional merely, not contradictory. And with these two a third may also be named, though not noticed in the Gospels, but not less influential than either. Nazareth stood within a few miles—an hour's ordinary travel—from Sepphoris, a common residence of the Herod who was at the time tetrarch of Galilee and Peræa, and who had recently added to his other sins the horrid crime of putting the Baptist to death. In the immediate neighbourhood of such a person, it was obviously not to be expected that Jesus should find standing-room for the wonderful agency he was now going to exercise; the less so, as he plainly wished his ministry to be regarded as the continuation, though after a higher style, of that of his martyred forerunner. Common prudence required him to withdraw to a more remote field; necessity might even be said to be laid upon him to do so.

Now, while Nazareth and the southern parts of Galilee were thus virtually excluded from our Lord's choice, the region of Judea proper was equally excluded. Not the regal, but the priestly and Pharisaical influence was there so strong, that he could have had no freedom to act in the way he intended; a vigilant, envious, and constraining agency would have borne in upon him continually while he was performing his mighty works, and pouring forth his profound and searching utterances. This is rendered perfectly certain by the violence which soon beset him, whenever for a brief season he transferred his ministrations to the city and neighbourhood of Jerusalem; the work even of a few days was more than his adversaries were willing to tolerate; and long before his ministerial course was run he found it impossible to walk any more openly in Jewry (John vii. 1; v. 16; viii. 59, &c). It appears, therefore, that no sphere of any extent, where the bulk of the population was Jewish, remained open to him but the middle and northern districts of Galilee; *there* alone could he find scope for the exercise of his wonderful ministry among the Circumcision; and had no regard been had but to present action and duty, the choice, to all appearance, must have taken the direction which it actually did.

The singular thing, however, is, that ancient prophecy had more than seven centuries before fixed upon that very region as the district of Palestine that was first to be irradiated with the dawn of gospel light; the more singular that there was nothing in the historical relations of the region, less than nothing in its actual condition, to render it in the eye of reason entitled to such peculiar honour. As originally described by Moses, in connection with the tribes who were to inherit it, natural fatness and

fertility are ascribed to the district; but in later times, and as seen by the spiritual eye of the prophet, it seemed all overshadowed with gloom—the region most peculiarly depressed and afflicted; partly, no doubt, from its comparative richness, which provoked the cupidity of spoilers; partly also from its position as a sort of border territory, which was more than others exposed to the incursions of Syrian and Chaldean invaders; but, most of all, from its sunk spiritual condition. In this respect its inhabitants were disadvantageously situated, both on account of their distance from the temple, and their proximity to such heathen neighbours as the corrupt states of Tyre and Sidon, and Damascus, from whose manners and population a pernicious influence was ever pressing in upon them. Hence, doubtless, more especially, it was called “Galilee of the Gentiles,”—as if it were an outlandish fully as much as an Israelitish territory. And for the same reason it was held in a certain degree of contempt by the Pharisaical Jews of our Lord's time, and was considered too low in position and character to allow of any prophet being expected to arise out of it (John vii. 52). But God's judgment is not after the manner of man's; and this very region, relatively so unpromising, so dark, so depressed, was the one chosen out of all Palestine for the breaking forth of the glorious day-spring of grace,—chosen, and written down for it in ancient prophecy, ages before the bright era had come. Who but He, who sees the end from the beginning, could have so traced out the boundaries of coming events! And the lettered Jews, who lived when the events were taking place, how, but from judicial blindness, should they have so completely overlooked the requirements of one of the most striking passages in their prophetic Scriptures! Later rabbis have discovered what their prejudiced and misguided forefathers failed to perceive; for in one of their books the remarkable statement occurs, “The Messiah will manifest himself in the land of Galilee” (Sohar, in Schoettgen Mes., p. 524). Happy, if they would but change the future into the past, and confess that what the prophecy required to be done, has in reality come to pass! He who was to be the great Enlightener of Galilee, who was to pour around its benighted dwellings the radiance of a divine glory, has already appeared, and appeared as he never can do again; for the relation has for ever gone, which the Galilee of the prophet held to the covenant people on the one side, and the higher purposes of God on the other.

We have still, however, only adverted to the historical and, along therewith, the prophetic reasons for the selection of Galilee as the field of our Lord's ministerial agency. Spiritual considerations, also, concurred with these, and rendered this part of Christ's procedure in closest harmony with the great ends of his mission. While the low and depressed condition of Galilee made it little likely, in a human respect, to be the region whence light and blessing were to issue forth to the

world, it was on that very account the more appropriate field for the beneficent and regenerative working of Him who came especially to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel, to call, not righteous men, but sinners to repentance,—an instruction which he by-and-by rendered still more definite and express, by freely mingling with publicans and sinners, and finding among them those who should be members of his kingdom. Then, by laying the foundations of this kingdom in such a region, and deriving from it the men who were to be its representatives and ambassadors to the world, the great lesson was taught at the outset,—taught in the very home and nursery of Christianity,—that it came not by the will of man, nor stands in man's wisdom or goodness, but in Him alone who is the Lord from heaven, as having in himself all that is needed to enlighten the ignorant and restore the fallen, to make even the base and weak things of the world confound those which are esteemed honourable and mighty. Finally, by having the first beginnings of the gospel in Galilee, and its second in Jerusalem, and so meeting in its earlier stage a less, in its later a more firmly organized and formidable opposition, an example was set for all times respecting the necessity of wisdom as well as boldness in the mode of propagating the gospel of Christ,—teaching especially the fitness and propriety of endeavouring to get a footing for the truth in those places first, where it is most likely to gain a measure of acceptance, and then from there as a vantage-ground to advance to others which are more difficult of conquest. Neither our Lord nor his apostles consulted with flesh and blood in the course they pursued for the establishment of the truth; but as little did they needlessly set them at defiance, or encounter more than was meet of the enmity and malice which they are ever ready to direct against the cause of heaven.

P. F.

"OUR SAINTS."

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THE "prayers of saints"—ah yes, indeed,
I well believe they pray,
Whose ministry is ever sweet
About our earthly way.

The saints—have we not known them here
In days of earthly care,
When they were one with us in hope,
In labour, love, and prayer?

Have we not seen their dying eyes,
Like morning stars at dawn,
Look through the golden gates of day,
To hail the eternal morn?

Hath not each common household thing,
That once of old was theirs,
Been gifted with a holy charm
To aid us in our prayers?

Sweet fragrance from the heavenly land
Falls softly from the skies,
And fills the common household room
Once hallowed by their eyes.

The book, the chair, the pen, the glove,
To us are more divine
Than crucifix or rosary
Brought from the holiest shrine.

The curl of hair, the faded leaves,
The ring, the flower, the gem,
Speak with a tender, warning voice,
And bid us follow them.

High thoughts, brave deeds, and firm resolves,
And zeal that never faints,
Come to us by these simplest things—
These relics of our saints.

OUR DORCAS MEETINGS.

HOME DUTIES—FAULTS OF TEMPER.

I HAD been endeavouring for some time to visit my young friends at their own houses, and become better acquainted with their parents as well as themselves. Though chiefly in humble life, they were all of respectable families, and I met with little appearance of real poverty. But in too many cases I could not help observing an evident want of much family affection, and a degree of discomfort and unhappiness; and several of the girls, as I gained more of their confidence, came to me in private, with tales of domestic sorrow, asking counsel or consolation. This state of things did not surprise me, for, alas, I had too often met with it before; but it grieved my heart, and made me desirous if possible, by the divine blessing, to suggest some remedies.

So, at our next meeting, when all were quietly settled at work, I asked,—

"Where is the place where each of us ought to feel most happy?"

The answer I believe will ever come, as if by instinct, from all Scottish lips,—

"At home."

"But are we always happiest there?"

There followed a moment's silence, and some looks of surprise, but several answered together,—

"Not always."

"That is a sad truth. Can you tell me the reason of it?"

After some hesitation—"Want of religion."

"That is indeed the real root of all unhappiness, and in many cases the plain, indisputable cause. But the answer will not quite do in this case. I have known persons whom I believed to be Christians, who yet did not live happily at home, indeed, I grieve to say, less happily than others whom I had no reason to think

were half so sincere in their religion. Now, what could be the meaning of this? What could make the home where God was really feared and Jesus loved less happy than the other, where the things of heaven were but little regarded?"

It was a minute or two before I got an answer.

"Bad tempers."

"Yes, that is the great secret. Even religion, without good temper, will not make a family truly and steadily happy. This is a most important subject, which I am very anxious to make you seriously consider. It is sadly true, that a person of an easy, cheerful, amiable disposition, without much religion, may be more loved and valued, in a domestic circle, than a real Christian, who has a peevish, passionate, or otherwise faulty temper. And nothing brings a greater reproach on religion than this. I shall never forget the question asked by a young friend, who had been employed for some time in the family of one whom I highly esteemed and honoured. 'Ma'am, do you consider Mrs. — a Christian?' 'Surely,' I replied; 'indeed an eminent one.' 'But how can that be, when she has often such a bad temper at home?' I was much grieved, and though I endeavoured to say that we must make allowance for natural infirmity of disposition, and that doubtless the faults seen by others were deeply bewailed before the Lord, still I could not but feel the justice of the censure, and the stumbling-block which might thus be cast in the way of those who, not yet themselves decided for Christ, are judging of the benefits of his service by the conduct of his professing followers. There is truth in the old saying, The Spirit of God may dwell where neither you nor I would like to dwell; but it is a humbling truth; and another one ought to be ever before us, If religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done little for your soul.

"Now, as I have already said, youth is the time when those habits of all kinds are formed, which generally influence the whole character and history afterwards for good or evil. This is especially true in regard to the subject before us. It is hard work, indeed, to overcome faults of temper, when they have been allowed to go on unchecked until late in life. Now is *your* time, by the grace and help of God, to discover and resist those tendencies which will cause misery to yourselves and others, and to cultivate the amiable, Christ-like dispositions which will bring peace and happiness to your own bosoms, and make you a comfort and blessing to all around you.

"Let us first look at this matter in the light of Scripture, where the histories of those of like passions with ourselves have been written by the Holy Spirit, for our warning or encouragement."

I then asked for scriptural instances of family discomfort and unhappiness, arising from the indulgence of sinful tempers, even among the people of God. We found the cases of Sarah and Hagar—Rachel and Leah—Joseph and his brethren—Miriam and Aaron against

Moses—Hannah and Peninnah, &c. While in other instances we found the same passions resulting in the commission of darker crimes, as in the case of Cain, the sons of Israel, Saul, Haman. Then the sin and suffering which individual believers brought upon themselves by giving way to hasty impatience, resentment, or envy, as Moses and Aaron, Miriam, Jonah; and how narrowly David was saved in similar circumstances, by the prudence and faithfulness of Abigail, for whose interference, under God, he was so truly thankful (1 Sam. xxv.).

We then turned to the all-perfect example of our Lord. I dwelt on this at some length, showing how what we call the *passive* graces seem if possible the most conspicuous in the character of Him who is "altogether lovely"—who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not." I read the twentieth chapter of Luke as a specimen of the constant trials of temper, as we would call it, to which he must have been exposed by the captious, ensnaring, questioning of his enemies and persecutors, and the marvellous patience, no less than divine wisdom, with which he replied. Even his hours for solitary devotion were not undisturbed, and how meekly the interruptions were borne! (Mark i. 35-39.) Well may the apostle say, "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ." How sad, how strange, that those who call themselves his disciples, his followers, should so often indulge in tempers and frames of spirit the most opposed to the example they profess to imitate, or at least not be engaged in a perpetual struggle against these temptations.

We next considered the variety of characters and dispositions, no one person, in this respect, being exactly like another. I endeavoured to point out how this arrangement, in the wise providence of our heavenly Father, greatly adds to our enjoyment in social intercourse, besides being a most important source of discipline, and means of calling into exercise the graces of the renewed soul. "Indeed, my young friends," I said, "I believe with the most of us, the Christian warfare, the good fight of faith, principally consists in striving against our own inward enemies, the temptations to pride, impatience, peevishness, envy, and so on, which 'most easily beset' ourselves, or which are called forth by the infirmities of our fellow-men. Few of us may be tempted to great or open sins, but each one has daily cause to mourn over those failings of temper, which alike hinder our own happiness, give pain to others, and grieve the Holy Spirit of God. Those faults are generally most apparent *at home*, and do most harm there. A little reflection will make you see this. And one great cause of their constant recurrence, with all the vexation and discomfort which they occasion, is just that we are not sufficiently impressed with their sinfulness on the one hand, nor on the other with the truth, that by the help of God it is in our own power greatly to correct and avoid them. I need say

little to make you sensible how much happier you would be, could you but overcome those sad failings to which conscience bears witness. But I may be enabled to show you the way towards this, and if so, I shall be doing you a greater kindness, a more real benefit, than if I were filling your purses with silver and gold.

"But let us come to particulars, look our enemies freely in the face, and see what we have to encounter."

I then asked what were the principal faults of temper, which bring sin and sorrow into the heart and the home where they enter. A melancholy list was easily given.

I tried to classify them, and mentioned a remark of Hannah More, which in early life had made a strong impression on my own mind. "Every temper," she says, "is naturally inclined, more or less, to one of three faults: passion, peevishness, or obstinacy." There is much truth in this observation, yet I should now be disposed to extend the list. I should arrange the most frequent sins of this nature under six heads, and add to Miss More's list other three: pride, capriciousness, and jealousy. We went over them separately.

1. A passionate temper. When carried to an extreme, its consequences may be terrible. How many have lamented in vain, for long years, or all through life, the effects of one fit of passion, expressed in words or actions! Anger, as the proverb says, is short madness. How dreadful to think of any rational being, far less any Christian, being exposed to such an influence! Yet it is often found along with a warm, generous, loving disposition, ready to repent and make reparation when the angry impulse is over. But do not deceive yourselves in this way, or think lightly of your sin or your danger, if you feel that a hot, passionate temper is your fault. None can be more unlike the character of Him whom you profess to follow. If you are not earnest, and in some measure successful, in the effort to overcome your tendency to give way to angry and violent emotion, you have no reason to think that the work of grace is begun in your heart. Patience and meekness are the graces for which you must most earnestly pray.

2. Peevishness. A fretful, dissatisfied, complaining spirit, always ready to find fault, and make the most of little evils and annoyances. This is perhaps most common in advancing years, when the temper has got soured and chagrined by the trials or disappointments which all must expect to encounter on earth. But its seeds are sown in youth, and must then be watchfully noticed and plucked out of the soil, if you wish to escape much unhappiness yourselves, and avoid being a torment to others. I believe a peevish, fretful member in a family is often a greater cause of discomfort than one of a passionate spirit. Yet it is sad to think how I have seen even real Christians indulge this disposition without appearing to be aware of its sinfulness. Dread the first risings of *discontent*; recollect it was the first sin to which the enemy tempted Eve, and ever since

that day, has been what the old divines call a *mother-sin*, giving rise to many others. Beware of murmuring; remember how the people of Israel suffered for it. If you feel that this is the fault of your natural disposition, think often of your sins, and "number your mercies," and pray for the graces of Christian thankfulness and cheerfulness.

3. Obstinacy. Firmness and decision are most important elements of character, without which it has no strength or stability. But an obstinate, unyielding temper is something very different, or at least is good perverted and carried to an extreme. I would include under this head that sullen, sulky, dogged disposition, which we express by the Scottish word *dour*. This shows itself in very early life, and nothing is more difficult to deal with and overcome, as every teacher or thoughtful observant parent can testify. Children or older people under its influence will appear as if "possessed by a dumb devil," and I have heard of obstinate silence as to all social, friendly intercourse, being actually maintained for days, during an attack of this kind, which perhaps took its first rise from some trifling cause. Can anything be more annoying in a family, or make the guilty member less loveable? If any of you are sensible that it is your temptation, study much the character of the gentle Redeemer, and pray earnestly for more conformity to himself. Compel yourself to yield often in appearance at least, if not in heart. Or if you feel that the enemy has prevailed at the time, make confession afterwards to man as well as to God, and the very effort and humiliation of this will be a help for the future. Resist and check the first symptoms of a *dour* fit coming on; you will here especially find prevention easier than cure.

4. Pride. It would seem at first sight incredible that *this* should be one of the most common sins of fallen, ignorant, weak beings like ourselves, were it not so constantly alluded to in the word of God, and proved by experience. There is no fault which assumes a greater variety of disguises, or is more difficult to keep under. The world speaks of "proper pride," and self-respect, &c., and some Christians seem, by their actions at least, to think that if they are humble before the Lord, there is no sin in allowing a naturally proud or haughty disposition to appear in their ordinary "walk and conversation." But deeply will the child of God be made to suffer, who does not watch and pray against this temper. Take your Bibles, and spend an hour in searching out what God says of pride, its sinfulness and its punishment, and you will see how truly, as a Christian friend once wrote to myself, we may find the explanation of many of what we are ready to call "mysterious chastisements" in this, that "the Lord must have his people *humbled*, at whatever cost." But even setting this aside, though pride is one of those sins which the world thinks lightly of, it is much against even our worldly happiness. A proud character is seldom a loveable one, and is perpetually meeting with disappointments and

mortifications which the gentle and lowly know little of. And when trials of various kinds occur, they bring with them, to such a mind, a *peculiar* bitterness, which the humble sufferer is altogether spared. Others may not be so much annoyed by this fault of temper as by passion or fretfulness, but you will pay dearly for it in your own bosoms. Strive and pray for humility, were it only for selfish advantage. "The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

5. Caprice. This may perhaps be better defined by calling it an unequal temper. It is a peculiar temptation, which many of you may happily not know in personal experience, but which most of you will have met with in others. A person whom you can never depend upon; who is all kindness one day, and coldness the next. If you meet to-day, there will be a cordial greeting and kind inquiries,—to-morrow perhaps hardly a passing recognition. You think you have given offence, and it may be so, for such characters are very ready to take it from trifling causes; but in all probability *you* have nothing to do with the change of manner. This occurs repeatedly, and you are troubled and perplexed, till you begin to perceive that it is in the individual a radical fault of temper and disposition. You may be brought to feel true regard and even affection in spite of it, but it will ever be a sad hindrance to comfortable intercourse, and acquaintances in general cannot have patience with it. I need not say what discomfort such a person must occasion to dependants, or to the family circle. It is a most unfortunate fault, and I believe must be detected and conquered in early life, if it is overcome at all.

6. Jealousy. I am inclined to think this the darkest name on our list, productive of greater misery to the individual who indulges it, and to all within his or her influence, than perhaps any other of the faults we have mentioned. It is a kind of temper which begins to appear early, and is easily discovered. Your own consciences will tell you at once if it is your snare,—if you are envious and uneasy when you see others admired and successful beyond yourself, and above all, if you are jealous and suspicious as to the affections of your friends and relatives, and cannot bear the thought that they should love another better, or even as well as you. Beware of what poets have called the "green-eyed monster," as truly as if he were a real dragon in your path of life. Once allowed entrance, this spirit of evil will be like a very canker, consuming your own happiness, and surely in the end alienating the very affections you are so anxious to secure, so afraid of losing. For what love can long stand out against continual suspicion and distrust? At first, indeed, there may be something flattering in the idea of our affection being so highly valued, so watchfully guarded, but this will not last long in any sensible, independent mind. Dreadful are the crimes on record of which jealousy has been the cause, but how many a sad tale of family and personal misery,

from the same source, remains unrecorded, except in the book of God's remembrance, and the sorrowful memories of some broken hearts! Yes, if you feel this temper rising within you already, I repeat, start from it as from a serpent, and rest not till by prayer and effort you are enabled to crush it under your feet. The struggle may be hard, and you may often through life have to renew the conflict; but by the help of Christ you shall succeed, and the reward will be such as only those can understand, who have felt the bitter consequences of non-resistance.

We talked at some length over these various faults, and I tried to point out how they might be detected in different degrees, and different combinations, in our own hearts, or observed in others. But I felt the subject too important to be concluded at once, and so dismissed my young friends for this evening, begging that each, during the next fortnight, would endeavour, watchfully and prayerfully, to discover her own besetting sins among those we have been considering.

"For recollect," I said, "that though some tempers are by nature, and by the grace of God, much better than others, yet all are imperfect, and each of us must feel that in one or more of the points I have mentioned we are ready to fail. And in some respects our sin is then the greater, if our temptations are less strong than those of others. Ask the help of the Holy Spirit to look within, and discover your peculiar danger, each for herself. And so you will be better able to understand and apply what further remarks and friendly counsels I may have to offer at our next meeting." c. c.

DEVOUT NATURALISM.

We freely confess the fascinating charm which devout naturalism throws over much of our current literature. Its language is a fair counterfeit of genuine devotion. Neither an outright contempt of revelation nor a total irreligiousness of life forms any barrier to the realizing, the expressing these sentiments,—tender, and thoughtful, and inspiring as are the strains they breathe. We listen, and it is almost as if an angel-voice were hymning its adoration before the throne. Many an earnest, holy heart has poured out the fulness of an accepted worship in words like these, never asking whether an Isaac Watts or a Thomas Moore was their author:—

"O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee!

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?"

To the child of God these have been, as they are and will be, the expression of his trust in the love, his leaning on the arm of a Divine Supporter. He takes them as companions of his closet-hours, and they rise in

praise to his lips as by faith he enters more deeply into the securities of the everlasting covenant. We cannot spare them from our hymn-books. Hardly could our truest Christian life give itself utterance more fitly than in some of these lyrics, as passing up to the higher Pisgahs of hope and assurance, the pearly gates of the Jerusalem above gleam purely on the vision through the clear, spiritual atmosphere. So properly do such effusions belong to experimental piety, that it inflicts a pang of sadness to remember that they are the offspring of unrenowned, unsanctified affections. Not that we charge them with a hypocritical pretending, a mere feigning of unfelt fervours. We regard them as the birth of some mood of passing melancholy, or excited ideality, destined, it may be,—like many a transient pulse of purer feeling,—to be speedily followed by a congenial, familiar indulgence in the dissipations of folly and sin. It is a strange phenomenon, and it seems more strange the longer we think of it, that pilgrims heavenward should be chanting the words of those who are plainly bound in the contrary direction. Shall we solve the mystery by admitting the dictum, that “everybody is good sometimes”? Nay,—except in a general sense of “natural goodness,” which does not touch the centre of this inquiry. The imagination has its hours of intenser summer-light and warmth. The constitutional religiosity of some is excessive and easily moved. Moore could throw off stanzas fit for the praises of a white-robed choir of “the just made perfect,” and finish the evening, just as spontaneously, with a bacchanal chorus reeking with sensual heats. So Byron could come down from his serious and almost prophet-like musings in Alpine solitudes to revel in the vice of Italian cities with only a yet keener zest. So the bird sings its sweetest song from out the blossoming tree-top, and the next moment is picking up its dinner of earth-worms from out the oozy mire. We are reminded of another of the modern Anacreon’s “Sacred Songs:”—

“The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne’er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low decay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through Virtue’s purer air
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.”

The allusion is delicate; the prayer is inimitable, if the artist-hand be more visible than the burning heart.* Even more winning upon our sensibilities is the “Come,

* Coleridge’s seal had engraven on it a hand holding a burning heart, with the motto, “I give thee all; I keep back nothing for myself.”

ye disconsolate,”—though we must doubt if the poet’s disconsolateness had anything to do with that “sorrow which needeth no repentance.” But the melodies which genius inspires, graceless though it be, will linger around the heart, and in nights of loneliness and sorrow, and in mornings of returning joy, will help the confidence and the thanksgiving of the faint yet pursuing follower of the Lamb. Natural taste and sensibility the most exquisite we readily concede them. In a Christian soul they become the censor of a holy offering. What we deny is, that they are this in their originating source; that they express any piety which is genuine, or can be the vehicle of any true devotion when associated with impure desires, vicious sympathies, an irreligious life. A chord is struck which gives forth, with surpassing pathos, a subdued, a melting harmony. An indescribable charm breathes through the deep, impassioned music. We turn to its creator, and the illusion vanishes. No worship “in spirit and in truth” can ascend from the altars of unregenerate nature. No priesthood of Mammon or Belial, or any of the gods of flesh and sense, can consecrate an offering at the shrine of the Holy One of Israel.—*Boston Review.*

INDIVIDUALITY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

In these bustling times, not a few live so much in public, or so occupy their minds with the links that bind them to society, that momentous matters of a purely personal character do not receive due attention. The Bible adjusts self and society by conjoining the personal responsibility of every man to God with a law that requires and a gospel that kindles a generous love to others. In one place (Gal. vi.) the two come so near, and in a form so *antithetic*, that they sound like a contradiction: “Bear ye one another’s burdens;” and again, “Every man shall bear his own burden.” Let us endeavour to realize—

OUR ISOLATED INDIVIDUALITY.

“Enter into thy closet, and shut the door.” Meditate as well as pray. Alone with God you will deeply feel what a solemnity there is in your being and destiny. Nowhere, perhaps, will you feel it so impressively except, as a stranger in a crowded city, you mark as thousands pass you the individuality stamped on each and you—*alone!*

That infant of days has just entered on an endless career. Mother, think of *its* individuality, and pray. A destiny is before it through time into eternity—a line to which no other lie parallel. It will have a history all its own.

See these two venerable men crowned with silvery locks, and wrinkled with care. These were twin brothers, so like and so loving for many years, that it seemed as if for once two immortals were to go side by side inseparably. In manhood their lots were far apart, and now in age, when the emigrant returns to his father—

land and his brother's home, and there the two review their personal histories, and see how in character and countenance they are like twins no more—how deeply they feel that "every man must bear his own burden!"

Survey your own life, my reader—your sins, your sorrows, your joys. In all that is most important how intensely personal! Take, for example, your trials. Each "heart knows its *own* bitterness." God seems to have a new place for every man to restrain, or subdue, or guide, or train him.

In "the great congregation" the song is one, and the voices are in harmony. The assembly prays and listens to the word as one; but how varied the movements of these minds and hearts! The abiding results flow from the transactions in these pews of individual souls with God.

Are you a real believer? If so, whilst linked in love to myriads in earth and heaven, all one in Christ, your convictions, your conversion have been, and your spiritual conflict will be your own—peculiar and alone.

See that death-bed—the husband and the father "passing away." We take no extreme case where death finds his victim in solitude. Here wife and children are around the dying man. All that tender sympathy can do to soothe his last moments is done. Gentle hands, familiar voices, loving eyes are there, and yet the man dies *alone*. See that face! He bids or looks farewell; but a strange abstraction is already there. Dear ones seem near, and yet *he* feels all alone in the valley. The moment comes—he crosses the dark river—he enters the world unseen—*ALONE*!

Vast will the gathering be before the great white throne; but no man will be lost in the crowd. "Every one shall give account of *himself*" in that solemn day.

Of heaven and hell we know little, but enough assuredly to awaken the sinner's fears and brighten the believer's hopes. In neither will our individuality be lost. In hell each one will, like Judas, have "*his own place*;" and in heaven, whilst all will be truly blessed and reflect the same glorious image, there will be a beautiful variety as in the features of our family circle, the flowers of the fragrant garden, or the stars that adorn our sky, yet "differ in glory."

Such rapid glimpses may introduce us to the more definite subject of—

OUR PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Here two topics demand notice—namely, the General Rule, and the Gospel Exception.

THE GENERAL RULE is, that responsibility is not transferable—"Every man shall bear his own burden." Divine law lays its demands on men individually. "*Thou shalt*," or "*Thou shalt not*," introduces precept upon precept. It is all for *thee*, and the responsibility of a personal obedience is *thine*. If sin be committed, it is a stain upon thy soul that oceans cannot wash away—a burden upon thy conscience that thou cannot shake off. Guilt and the guilty man are inseparable.

Such is the general rule. No created hand can sever sin and the sinner; and God himself has but one way in which even he can do it.

To illustrate: You are seated a thoughtful spectator in a criminal court. You somehow feel a deep interest in the prisoner at the bar. The trial proceeds, and he pleads *not guilty*. One witness follows another. No one's proof is clearly sufficient, but the parts fit into each other. They are mutually supplementary, and together complete. You see that dark deed fastened to the prisoner. The verdict of the jury and the sentence of the judge close the scene; but in prison and in exile the crime cleaves to that man, and to him alone; and even if set free from the penalty, the stain is on him in his own consciousness, if not in the circle in which he moves.

Reader, you may never have stood at the bar of an earthly judge; but in the court of your own conscience you have been often found guilty, and these numerous preliminary and private convictions, in accordance with the *General Rule*, form the ample and ever-growing materials for the dark indictment on the final and public day of trial, unless you come under—

THE GOSPEL EXCEPTION. The only being in the universe to whom our guilt can be transferred or imputed is the GOD-MAN—the Lord Jesus Christ. "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree." It was a *real* transference. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquities of us all." He bore the penalty as well as the guilt, for "he was wounded for our transgressions." "It pleased the Lord to bruise him." His atonement is all-sufficient. It was finished and accepted by God long ago. At the cross of Jesus sin was expiated, justice satisfied, the law honoured; and *there* sinners are now set free—pardoned, justified, saved!

Believing reader, rejoice! Your guilt is cancelled, and you stand clear *in Jesus*. You have come under the glorious gospel *exception*; and now with a grateful, loving heart you return, in some respects, though not in all, under the general rule. You are not divested of responsibility. Far from it. The very grace that has made you an everlasting debtor has laid on you a weight of obligation unknown before. Live for him who died for you; and if you feel that you are not able to bear such a weighty responsibility as this, take courage, for whilst it cannot be transferred to another, grace sufficient is provided for you.

Doubting, hesitating, unbelieving reader, there is a message here for thee. There thou standest, a sin-laden one, and the gospel reveals Jesus the SIN-BEARER. God has given *his* full sanction to the transference, and it awaits *your* consent. Mark the alternative. The burden, the sin is *yours*. You may keep it if you choose—keep and love it now—keep it and bewail it for ever—but Jesus is ready and willing to relieve you—to relieve you at once; "for God hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be the righteousness of God in him."

J. F.

THE TREASURY PULPIT.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT."

PSALM cxlvi. 1.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STANFORD, AUTHOR OF "CENTRAL TRUTHS."

THE man who uttered these words has now spent thirty centuries in heaven. Thirty centuries have taken their flight since the lips of "the sweet singer of Israel" trembled, and mouldered, and mingled with the dust of death. Ages upon ages have elapsed since even the last relic or trace of his material life vanished from this earth, and since it was possible to touch the harp from whose strings his fingers swept celestial melody; to grasp the tattered banner which he was wont "to lift up in the name of the Lord;" to see the book of the law which "he made his meditation day and night;" to mark the rift in the palace wall where once hung and quivered Saul's javelin, aimed at David's heart; or to stand in a time-worn chamber at Jerusalem, and say, Here his beautiful and holy spirit passed away from earth to join the "harpers harping with their harps," amidst the mighty thunderings of music within the veil!

Yet, child of God, although this hymn is old, and was old even when Homer wrote his poetry, or Solon gave his laws, like the creation around you, it is always new. You will not say of a single sentence it contains, "It is out of date, it is unsuited to the life of an Englishman in the nineteenth century; and besides this, all its meaning is now known to the uttermost, all its vital spirit spent, and it has no longer power to move me." Had it been inspired this very morning, it could not have had the charm of more dewy freshness; it could not have been more quickening, nor could it have been more exquisitely fitted to express your own best and deepest life. The solid facts of true theology, and the effect they have upon the heart, can never become antiquated; and because it sets forth some of the most gladdening of these with brevity, yet in perfection, it has an immortal novelty—it is a poem "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away,"—we may apply to it, and for the same reasons, the epithet applied to the praise of the glorified, and call it through all ages, "a new song." O sing unto the Lord this new song!

The fundamental idea of the psalm is contained, and its key-note struck on this sentence, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

I. It states a fact in David's spiritual life,—*"The Lord is my shepherd."* In studying this statement we must first *endeavour to identify the Personage it sets forth.* Two titles are included in his appellative,—

Lord, and Shepherd. Who is he? We ought to know him; and if we live and die not knowing him, we must live and die among the lost. Let us enter "the House of the Interpreter," and ask Jesus Christ. If we do, we shall hear him say, "I am the good Shepherd, and I know my sheep, and am known of mine." The term Lord points to divine perfection; for it would be high treason to call any created Intelligence Lord of the Spirit. The term Shepherd points to mediatorial relationship, for it describes the office of a Saviour. Only when we know "God in Christ," do we know him as at once Lord and Shepherd.

The Lord—the holy, holy, holy Lord, before the burning beams of whose omnipotent holiness no sinful thing can stand, and at the dazzle of whose enthroned perfections the very seraphim of glory do bow and veil their faces—could not, without a mediator, admit to the participation of the joys that flow from his presence, a race like ours,—creatures who by disobedience have forfeited all claim to their possession, and by pollution all capacity for their enjoyment; therefore, in the fullness of time, he whom we call Jesus Christ came forth from the divine essence,—came forth divine, yet visible in human form, to minister as the one mediating agent between holy divinity and fallen humanity; the Root, yet the offspring of David; the Lord, yet the Shepherd of the soul. These truths, which we know in the form of history, the psalmist only knew in the form of prophecy. The Gospels and Epistles were not in David's Bible, and we must not ascribe to him that precise knowledge of the Mediator which was impossible in his day; but he was mysteriously moved to utter words that ring with rich evangelical music, words adapted to express the joy of his own confidence in Jehovah, yet also fraught with meanings, some of which perhaps he only dimly saw, and which could only be fully known in after ages,—words intended to fit the thoughts of Christians when speaking of Christ, for we, explaining these words of the Old Testament by the discoveries of the New, know that the Lord our Shepherd is not the Father, "dwelling in the light unapproachable," but the Son, "God manifest in the flesh."

Let us next seek to understand the mediatorial office which this statement sets in view. What is meant when the Lord is represented as a shepherd? Forget yourself and your surroundings—live with David and look into

his spirit,—try, by sympathy, to find the most natural and likely processes of the train of thought which led him thus to speak of God, and you may thus be best assisted to find the true import of his expression. He had himself been a shepherd, and though now he was a king, he still loved the simplicities of a shepherd's life. For the moment he often fancied himself a child again, singing among the hills of Bethlehem; he lived once more in the old times of his life, and looked wistfully back on the old scenes—scenes so soft with peace, so bright with spiritual sunshine, and so clear from weary care, that they seemed like a dream of heaven. Recollections of those bygone days would refresh his fainting nature more than the breath of morning or the sound of falling streams. Tender visions of the past would mingle with his thoughts in the tented field, on the harassed march, or amidst the troubles of his stormy throne. He looked back upon his adventures when a shepherd boy. He thought, for instance, how he saved the life of his sheep. "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went after him, and delivered it out of his mouth, and when he arose against me, I caught him by the beard, and slew him; thy servant slew both the lion and the bear." He thought over the days when he "led the sheep out," calling them by name, feeding them when hungry, healing them when sick, guiding them over the hill paths and through the gloomy hollows until they were safe in the village fold. One day, when rapt in thoughts like these, suddenly, at a flash, they were lit up with new meaning, there came a rush of inspiration over his soul along with this stream of familiar memories, and he cried in ecstasy, "*The Lord is my shepherd!*" All that I was to the flock he is to me!

Sanctify this image yet further. Pour your thoughts of Jesus into the mould of David's poetry, and they will seem yet more clear and glorious. *Jesus has saved the life of his sheep.* "All we like sheep have gone astray; . . . and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." It is *iniquity* for conscious, reflective, intelligent natures to go astray from the great Spirit; and we *have* thus gone astray. Iniquity is distinct from infirmity. Iniquity is in-equity. Iniquity is open to penalty, and the penalty for departure from God is death. Nothing can be more evident than this. Nature gives the decision even before revelation speaks. If you go astray from Him who is "the Life," you must die; if you go astray by your own choice, you deserve to die. Death is, therefore, at once the natural effect and the penal end of all spiritual wanderings. But Jesus, from his throne, saw the wanderers, and "was filled with compassion on the multitudes, for they were as sheep without a shepherd." He saw death impending, and he came down to save them. He bowed his head to the stroke of law. That stroke was no fiction, no ceremony, no merely figurative expedient. "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my

fellow, saith the Lord of hosts. Smite the Shepherd!" These words breath earnest truth, and point to a tremendous reality. God be merciful to us, if we are not alive to that reality, if we ever sink into the mere mechanical speakers of customary phrases when we speak of the doctrines revealed in that awful hour in which "the good Shepherd laid down his life for the sheep." By his representative obedience; by his death, and by his life; by his sacrifice consummated on earth, and by his eternal ministry in heaven; by his work as the Saviour from death, and his work as the Preserver of the life which he saves, feeding it and guiding it until brought from the perils of the wilderness and folded amidst the felicities of paradise, Jesus has achieved the right to the title of "Shepherd."

Let us now mark the language of appropriation conveyed in this statement. "The Lord is *my* shepherd." Distinguish between the knowledge and the appropriation of a fact. "A child is dying," said a stranger, passing by the house of Jairus. "*My* child is dying," said another voice; "Lord, *my* little daughter lieth at the point of death!" Oh, the difference between the feeling of the speakers! "I know every inch of this noble estate," says some homeless wanderer over the fields in search of a shelter from the pitiless tempest. It would be a different thing to say, "This estate is *mine*." In religion, the difference between mere power to use the language of theory, and the power to use language of immediate, proprietary application, is an infinite difference; it makes all the difference between the saved and the lost. "God is love"—"God is love to *me*;" "God is light"—"The Lord is *my* light and *my* salvation;" "God is a shepherd"—"The Lord is *my* shepherd;"—a demon might say the first, the second could only be said by a child of light. As the knowledge of law is not obedience, the knowledge of religion is not religion. You may know the gospel, and yet refuse it. You may know all its truths in all their due proportions and manifold connections; you may see beneath its separate statements a high and perfect scientific unity; you may speak of its promises in words that tremble with tenderness, or flame with grandeur, or flow with pictured eloquence, and yet perish for want of the warrant to claim them as your own. Even if, like Thomas, you saw the Saviour in the clear daylight of reality, and had every doubt removed by evidences offered to your very touch—could "put your fingers into the print of the nails, and thrust your hands into the side,"—still you must perish, unless you could cry out "*My* Lord, and *my* God"—"O ye daughters of Jerusalem, this is *my* beloved, and this is *my* friend!"

Jesus, with all his divine fulness of mercy, is only waiting for appropriation. All he asks of his creature is that they shall receive him, and "to as many as receive him he gives power to be the sons of God, even to as many as believe on his name." Are you a stranger, wandering from the fold of God, yet just beginning to feel unspeakable sorrow and astonishment at the thought

of your sin, along with a sense of helpless desolation, which makes you cry, "Alone! alone!" You are not to feel as if alone amongst the mountains. Look up, and you will see the Son of man bending over you. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost," and at last he has found you. Trust him, throw yourself on his mighty love, and though you are helpless as a lamb on the shepherd's shoulder, he will surely save you. Fear not, and you will soon be able to sing, "The Lord is my shepherd."

II. This sentence not only records a fact, but *the inference drawn from it*,—"The Lord is my shepherd;" what then? "I shall not want." With regard to this inference, you are requested to study, first, its *argumentative value*. Not as a believer only, but as a reasoner does the psalmist speak, and his language is that of fair logical induction.

Our wants may be numerous as are the faculties of our intricate nature. The eye, the ear, and all the parts of our organic life may suffer from want, but the wants of the soul must be the greatest wants of all. The powers of temptation, taking advantage of our weakness and unbelief, frequently threaten us with want. "A storm of trouble is coming, and you will want shelter; a trial of principle is coming, and you will want courage; a change in your circumstances is coming; you will be taken from the circle of your present mercies, and want bread for your family, or from the scene of those spiritual ministrations which you feel to be essential, and you will want bread for the soul." There are two ways of reaching that spirit of confidence, which will make you reply to all such suggestions, "I shall not want." One way is by faith in a promise. "God hath given to us exceeding great and precious promises." "Every promise being ratified by God's oath, than which nothing is more immutable; sealed by the blood of Christ, than which nothing is more precious; testified by the Spirit, than which nothing is more true; delivered by the hand of mercy, than which nothing is more free, and received by the hand of faith, than which nothing is more sure."* You search the treasury of the promises, you light on one fitted to the exigencies of the moment, and taking care to know that yours is the believing heart for which it was intended, you find it instinct with a strange virtue, it fills you with a secret stream of strength, an intense repose of peace, and you say, "Back, black thoughts, trouble me no more," "I shall not want;" every sorrow will bring its companion mercy, and there will be supplies for "every time of need," for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

There is another way of arriving at this result, and that is the way found by David. "The Lord is my shepherd." Is this true? Then, although my case may be so original and solitary that I can find no promise clearly meeting it, I can, without a promise, trust a

silent God. Before he has uttered a word, I will trust him. Though he had not left a line upon the leaves of revelation with distinct reference to a trial like mine, I know the fact that he is my shepherd, and draw the inference that I shall not want. Instances of such reasoning abound in the inspired histories of the Spirit. "The Lord is my portion," said one; there is the fact. "Therefore will I hope in him;" there is the inference. "The Lord is my light and my salvation;" there is the fact. "Therefore will I not fear;" there is the inference. "This God is our God, for ever and ever;" there is the fact. "He will be our guide even unto death;" there is the inference. By such steps of reasoning do we think our way out from the fact that the "Lord is our shepherd," to the inference which the text proclaims.

To one of the "little flock" of Galileans, only half enlightened as to the true lordship of his Shepherd, and who only clearly knew him as "the Son of man, not having a place where to lay his head," this inference might not have been so obvious; but to us who know that, as the result of his sufferings, he has received "all power in heaven and earth," and has been "declared both Lord and Christ," the inference ought to be irresistible. We are not to understand that this new dominion is anything less than divine. From its very nature only a divine power could govern it. When we assert its existence, we simply mean that in virtue of the new arrangement of grace that he has effected, law now empowers him to exercise all his own divine rule for mediatorial ends. Think, then, fainting Christian, of the empire over which your Shepherd reigns. Think of the million million wonders that invisibly surround you; think of the worlds that glow beneath the microscope,—he is Lord of these; think of the worlds which the night reveals—their spacious sweep, their mystic flight, all their grand phenomena, all their "numbers beyond number, numberless," and all their possibilities of life and history,—he is Lord of these; think of the innumerable companies of spirits embodied and disembodied,—he is Lord of these; think of the gifts, and means, and ministries of grace,—he is Lord of these. Rise yet higher, and think of the infinity hinted in the Hebrew word for "Lord," which the psalmist here employs,—the word written with four letters, yet comprehending in its meaning the past, the present, and the future of the verb to be, and telling of One "who was, and is, and is to come, the Almighty;" think of his holiness, his faithfulness, and his love, all passing knowledge, you will then have some conception of what is meant by his great name, "The Lord." Since he is yours, all things are yours, for if you have the Sun, you have the rays; if you have the Fountain, you have all the living stream. He stands in the relation of Shepherd to your spirit; and you do not really believe that the Lord is your shepherd, if you believe that you can want.

* Augustine.

Now ponder the special applications of this argu-

ment to the facts of actual life. The psalm is full of notes to help your memory and guide your line of thought. If you can use David's words of trust for the future, in all their first meaning, you mean to say,—

"I shall not want for *appropriate food*." This is the main idea of the first verse. Hard times, perhaps, are trying you, and they suggest many misgivings as to the supplies for the future of your physical life; but, known only to the Shepherd, there is a certain fixed and definite time for the course of that life on earth. "You are immortal" on earth till that time is ended; the moment that ends it is infallibly sure to be the best for you, and the best for every holy interest, and until that moment strikes, you will not want food even for the body; the means of ornamental existence may fail, but the means of essential support, never; bread will fall from the clouds and water gush from the sand, rather than one word should break which assures you that for every emergency "the Lord will provide." But the highest truth in the sentence you now appropriate,—the truth on which all its other truths depend, is truth in relation to the soul. The soul shall never starve. The new life of the soul,—the life that loves, the life that trusts, the life that is holy, has its own peculiar hunger and thirst, and its necessities will all be met. It is said in old story, that the Duke of Alva, having given some prisoners their lives, they afterwards petitioned him for bread, and his answer was, "I promised to spare your life, but not to grant you food." Not so does the Saviour answer the cry of the life which he has spared. He did not sacrifice himself to save it from the sentence of justice, that he might afterwards abandon it to the death of starvation. No! He preserves that which he bestows. Hour by hour, and moment by moment, he continues the supplies of assimilating grace, the nutriment, the secret food of the soul, and thus fulfils his promise, "My sheep shall never perish."

"I shall not want for *needful rest*." "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the waters of rest." The flock is travelling to a distant fold, but even on its way is to enjoy needful intervals of rest,—rest, not as the end of its present existence, but rest enough to refresh its power of onward motion. You may feel half inclined to doubt this statement. You are ready to think it disproved by your own experience. The busy thought, the burning brow, the toiling hand, the weary foot, the overstimulated faculties never seem able to find rest. There is no rest in the day, for life is full of cares and crosses; there is no rest at night, for the eyes seem to see more sights when shut than when open. Ten thousand thoughts, ten thousand vexing fancies wake up to sting the nerves, and to drive across the brain in a rush of wild phantasmagoria. So you think, and so you are tempted to complain. There may be such passages even in a Christian's history, but they are the exception, not the rule; and even if you sometimes suffer thus, such suffering should cast no discredit on

the promise. You might find, on searching, that the suffering comes from some chosen course of your own,—not from the natural, unobstructed course of God's own appointment; or you might find that, if such wearisome days are indeed appointed by him, they are appointed in the discipline of love. In all cases the principle holds good, that although you have, at certain times, *needful* disturbance, you have, upon the whole, *needful* rest,—the rest that is requisite for the highest purposes of life. The sheep are not always travelling up the mountain pass, or over the fire of the bright and burning sand. They are made to lie down in green pastures, and are led beside the still waters, that by this temporary rest they may be fitted to travel again. The ancient hosts of God were not always at the bitter springs of Marah, not always in conflict with Amalek at Rephidim; they were at intervals permitted to rest in some green camping ground, where they could see trees softly wave, and waters brightly sparkle, that they might be thus fitted to renew their march and fight their foes once more. You are not always weary,—not always in "a great fight of afflictions." Though passing trials may, for the moment, blot out the sunny memories of past repose, you still have them to record. Believing in Jesus, you have had, and may have, all needful rest. Rest imparted by his presence—the rest whose suffusion you feel when the words of some sweet promise are shot like "silver shafts of song" into your soul—rest from the reflected peace of that rest to which you and all the people of God are hasting—rest through books, through bright faces, bright voices, and through the pure, refreshing love you find at home,—all these means of rest are given in sufficient measure to nerve and brace the spirit for its path, and to keep you from sinking down exhausted before you reach the end. Amidst innumerable mercies, soft and grateful to your nature,—as are the "green pastures" and "still waters" to the nature of the sheep,—"He whom your soul loveth maketh his flock to rest at noon."

"I shall not want for *restorative mercy*." "He restoreth my soul." There is a straggler at a little distance from the flock. It looks faint and lifeless, it refuses food, and, contrary to its natural instinct, it turns from its companions and tries to get alone. The shepherd keenly glances after it, sees that something is wrong there, and is soon on the spot with all healing appliances to "bind up that which is broken and strengthen that which is sick." The memory of such a simple incident, once so common in David's life, slept in his mind for years, until, touched by inspiration, it sprang up, kindled into metaphor, and became this declaration of God's healing love. Our state when the Good Shepherd came to us was one, not of jeopardy only, but of sickness, and he came to make us not only safe but sound. Directly we were pardoned the healing work began, but it will not be ended until we have reached the "land of everlasting health."* The health of the soul is often

* Erasmus.

weak and precarious now, and though strong for a time, it often suffers a relapse. The Shepherd is ever watching all its symptoms with those eyes "which are as a flame of fire, and which strike into burning distinctness the secrets on which they look. That soul which he watches will not be suffered to pine and die for want of restorative care. This is no encouragement to thinking lightly of sin, and if you think thus lightly, never did consolation come to you so strangely shaded with alarming thoughts. Brother, has your soul ceased to prosper? are you drooping in the ways of the Lord? are you sooner tired than you used to be? have you lost your love to him and his people? your first spiritual sensitiveness, your first keen hunger and thirst after righteousness, and are you thus remaining with only a feeling of indolent regret? Then, sure as God loves you, he will afflict you; this is the common method of his Spirit's restorative ministry: he strikes to heal, he wounds to bless; by some sharp experiment of discipline, by some bitter medicinal mercy, by some trouble that will wrestle with your soul and rouse it into action, will he seek to do it good and make it strong; but if you have still a tender conscience, if you mourn for sin, if at the same time you are broken down by some great mystery of trial, you will find this text alive with an animating charm. That pressure is only the hand of the Physician upon you; that bitter cup is filled with healing love; and in all those sorrows that crowd around you, you only see the Shepherd in the very act of restoring your soul. Soon you will be able to sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies."

"I shall not want for guidance in the right paths." The flock is on its way home. "He leadeth me," says one of the travellers, "in paths of righteousness, for his name's sake." We have just spoken of a right state; we are now speaking of a right course. Provision is secured for both. Stripped of all figure, "paths of righteousness," or "right paths," mean right ways of thinking, of believing, of speaking, and of acting. Left to ourselves we should never have found these paths; left to ourselves, even though we may be in them now, we shall lose them again. Amongst all the varied tribes of nature, there could not be selected a more perfect type of a life liable to wander than that which the psalmist has taken. The passage bird is never lost. High over the waves of the Atlantic it strikes a right path to its home a thousand leagues away. With unerring certainty the creature of the forest finds a right path to its cave; but the sheep has no such sure accuracy of self-direction,—it is in its nature a helpless and dependent thing, and but for its shepherd, would lose its path to the final shelter. Just as helpless and dependent is your soul. If you travel in the right path, it is not because you have an unerring instinct, or an unerring reason, or an unerring sense of right, but because you have an un-

erring Leader. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me and a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of a stranger." Dull, apathetic, amazed, bewildered by false lights and voices, Christ lost sight of, the word of Christ not read, the Spirit of Christ speaking to the conscience not listened for, to guide them through some particular mystery of faith or practice, they may with reference to that particular mystery in that unwatchful moment miss the road, but while the main principle of the life is trust in Jesus, they will not be left to err essentially, to err impenitently, to err for ever. Consult no human oracle, ask the advice of no casuist as your first authority in any strait, but look to Jesus, and while you have his word as your directory, and keep the mind in sensitive communication with his Spirit, he will "lead you in paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

"I shall not want for consolation in the valley of the shadow of death." On the way home to Bethlehem there was a sunless gorge, beasts of prey were heard in the woods that skirted it, robbers might be hiding among the rocks, and it was always a relief to the shepherd to feel that he and his charge were out safe beyond that haunted pass; but when he thought of his own Shepherd, even this recollection became a joyful parable, and was used to express his holy confidence: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Such a dark part there is in the path of every spiritual traveller,—a part worthy to be called by that dread name, "The valley of the shadow of death." "Over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion; death, also, doth always spread his wings over it; in a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order."* The shadow shows that the reality is near that casts it, and that reality is death. It may be that all around is bright, and the soul alone is sorrowful. Weak in faith, and in heaviness with manifold temptations, even eternal death seems near, and you are already in its shadow. It may be that death has come into your family, bereavement has made you desolate, and you live in a shadow. Its terror stills all music, takes the light out of all beauty, a great wave of darkness rushes over all your life. It is dark in the starlight—dark in the moon-beams—dark in the day. You care for nothing, you can do nothing, you see nothing but one great sorrow. Returning unread the examination papers of a student, the bereaved Professor Wilson said, "I could not see to read them in the valley of the shadow of death;" and you can understand that sense of black distress. At last the shadow of your own approaching death will fall upon you, and you may even now be solemnly passing into it. But however deep and awful the various shadows thrown over your path may be, you never need feel absolutely desolate; for

* John Bunyan.

Christ has said, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you." He is not the less with us because the night hides his face. You may walk by faith when unable to walk by sight; and his grace through faith can make you stronger and more courageous than other men—stronger and more courageous than yourself. All must be well while you believe in Jesus; for he never can revoke his promise or resign his charge. He is ever saying, "Fear not, I am with you;" how can you therefore *dare* to fear? It is "the Lord" who has pledged himself to be your "shepherd," and therefore, knowing who your Saviour is, the very fact of your necessity should be to you a proof of his presence; for how could such a Saviour withdraw his presence or withhold his hand at the time when you most need him at your side? At least such a conviction might comfort you, if at present you are unable to rise to an ecstasy of gladness. "Comfort," the psalmist anticipated; comfort, you may feel even in the valley of the shadow of death.

Under the open sky, in one of the valleys of Wales, a preacher was addressing a vast congregation. His subject was the tempter and his devices. In a style vividly dramatic he pictured the spirit of evil traversing the earth to tempt the members of Christ's flock. To place after place he went, seeking rest and finding none. Christian after Christian overcame his tempting suggestions by the power of faith and the agency of Scripture. At night-fall he entered the chamber of a dying saint. The shadow of death was on his face, the awful moment of the soul's transit had nearly come. Attendants were waiting in the intensity of silence, for they almost thought that all was over. "I will dart a doubt of Jesus in that saint's mind," said the evil one, "and fill his last moment with fear;" but just then the lips parted, and the words came forth, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." In a moment the spirit was glorified, and Satan was foiled! May such a victory be yours; it may be, it must be, if you can say with truth, "The Lord is my shepherd."

A GLANCE INTO DARK PLACES.

A FOREIGNER, taking his accustomed morning walk in a Bengali village, sees a crowd of men and women hastening towards a narrow passage-way, which, on approaching, he finds to be the entrance to a large, mud-walled, thatch-roofed dwelling-house. Wishing to learn the cause of so much excitement in the usually quiet village, he mingles with the crowd and enters the enclosure. He observes that all who come in proceed at once to the master of the house, and offering him a

present, appear to be congratulating him on some good fortune. Everybody wears a smiling face; a band of music in one corner of the yard tax themselves and their rude instruments to the utmost, to increase the merry gladness. Children skip and jump from place to place with shouts of laughter. The company are regaled with sweatmeats, and everything indicates a festive occasion of more than ordinary interest.

The stranger inquires what happy event has produced all these demonstrations of joy; and is informed that a *son is born* to the master of the house. On hearing this, he proceeds to add his own congratulations to those already received by the happy father, and then resumes his quiet walk through the crooked streets, thinking within himself, these Hindus are certainly a very kind hearted and amiable people. They cannot, surely, be so very degraded in their moral natures, if they can appreciate so heartily the beautiful and joy-bringing influences of the presence of infancy and childhood in their homes!

Curious to obtain a further insight into the character of this strange people, our friend pauses at the door of several other houses in the village. Among them he finds a dwelling that seems to be clothed in mourning. A few sad-looking men and women are moving quietly about the court-yard, while the master of the house is sitting on the ground, apparently more sad than they. Few words are spoken; even the children hush their noisy shouts, and hasten away from the gloomy society at home, to more congenial companionship in the streets and bazaars. Our traveller would conclude at once that death had spread his black shadow over this household, but that he has heard that these Hindus practise the most wild and noisy demonstrations of grief on such occasions.

Unable to divine the meaning of this quiet sorrow, he ventures to make inquiries, and learns, with surprise, that the *birth of a daughter* is the sad calamity which has brought these few friends together, to offer their condolence to the afflicted father. If he could enter within the house, he would find the unhappy mother holding her infant daughter in her arms, with a mingled expression of maternal tenderness and mortified pride in her countenance, most pitiful to behold. The Christian stranger cannot do violence to his nature and education by joining in the universal expression of sorrowful sympathy; so he quietly turns away and proceeds on his journey, musing upon the mysterious power of that superstition which, under the name of religion, can thus trample upon the finest elements of humanity, and convert its purest joys into sources of sorrow.

Let us follow the life of this dark-skinned daughter of Eve, whose opening we have seen shrouded in such gloom, and see if, perchance, any brightness falls upon it, in its progress towards immortality.

Through the happy days of babyhood the little girl receives from her mother the needful care, together with no small degree of tenderness; for a mother's love will not be entirely fettered, even by priestly power. By the

growing sprightliness and irresistible artlessness of infancy, she will often win from her father an outburst of affectionate caresses, while the faint sigh with which he turns away from the happy little face, reveals the unspoken regret that the sweet child had not been a boy.

As the little girl grows up, she sees her brothers daily sent to the village school, and looks, with wondering eyes, as they make strange figures on their palm leaves, and eagerly listens to catch the meaning of the mysterious sounds they repeat so rapidly while learning their daily lessons. With childish curiosity she asks what they are doing—possibly ventures to beg that she, too, may be sent to school. Her mother, shocked at the suggestion, hushes her into silence—"No, no, you are a girl; you must not learn to read; if you should, you would surely become a widow." What is the full meaning of that terrible penalty of possessing knowledge, she understands as little as do any of you who read this; but the manner and tone of its utterance make the desired impression, and the first budding of the innate desire for learning is nipped and blighted by the very hands which should have fostered and fed it. Forbidden to gratify childish activity with books and paper, she spends her first years in playing in the mud and running in the bazaars, until she is old enough to be taught useful occupations. We may find her often seated on the ground, in the square enclosure in front of her father's house, turning the simple machine by which the seeds are separated from cotton. By degrees she learns to spin, and then to weave the coarse cloth for her own and her brothers' garments. Sometimes, with a group of girls of her own age, she goes to a neighbouring pool of stagnant water, and, wading through it with a three cornered wicker net, scrapes up, from the soft mud at the bottom, a scanty supply of very small fish for the family dinner. In the spring she goes with her mother to the little patch of young rice, and carefully rooting up the little shoots, transplants them into the rice-field. As night draws on, she learns to assist her mother in cleaning the rice and cooking the evening meal. Her father and brothers come in and seat themselves on the mats she spreads for them, while she and her mother wait upon them. When they have eaten and left the house, the mother and daughter sit down to their lonely meal; they would be "ashamed," they say, to eat in the presence of men.

The history of one day in the life of this little Hindu girl is the history of many days. During all these years, when the young mind so readily draws both amusement and instruction from everything that comes in contact with it, and lays up stores for future use, her soul is shut up to the one thought, "What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" Never is an idea presented to her mind that leads it to look to a future existence, or to ask if she is a whit better than the cattle she daily tends. Indeed, the meagre religious instruction she receives places her

below them; for the Brahmin says it is a greater sin to kill the sacred cow than to take the life of a woman. Occasionally she witnesses the ceremonies of worship at the village temple, and early learns to carry her daily offerings to present to the Brahmin; but even here the brand is upon her,—she must remain in the court outside the consecrated walls of the shrine, while her brothers may enter boldly the presence of the gods. She is allowed to prostrate herself at the feet of the Brahmin and crave his blessing, and to repeat brief phrases from the Shasters, in order to drive away evil spirits; and here her religion ends.

When she is about seven years of age, her father begins to seek a husband for her among the sons of his neighbours or friends of his own caste. Anxious to secure the best possible bargain for himself, and regardless of his daughter's happiness, he consumes many weeks in negotiation and intrigue. Rival suitors are sought, that the dowry or present to the father may be increased to the greatest possible sum; and the highest bidder secures the prize. Three or four cows, with a few silver ornaments and brass vessels, and a sum of money, varying according to the position and rank of the parties, are promised to the father on the day of betrothal. Not unfrequently, before the day arrives, a more wealthy aspirant for the position of his son-in-law induces the greedy father to break his first engagement, and pledge his daughter to the new comer. Hereupon a law-suit ensues. All this time the poor child is not consulted at all; with unquestioning submissiveness, the inheritance which has come down to her through centuries of oppression, she accepts the destiny her father marks out for her.

At length the preliminaries are all arranged; the family friends are called, a feast is provided, the betrothed parties eat *tamul* (betel-nut) together, and the engagement is sealed by the delivery of the promised presents to the father; perhaps, also, by a written agreement. The little girl remains still in her father's house, pursuing her daily round of duties, and acquiring a degree of importance in the household never before accorded her; the fact that she has brought her father some profit at last, apparently reconciling him to his mortification at having a daughter born to him.

Two or three years more pass over her head, and our little Hindu girl arrives at the period of her marriage. Again the family friends are called, the feast prepared, bands of music engaged, the priest sent for, and several days are spent in noisy merry-making. For once, our little protégé is *happy*. She is the centre of admiring observation—envied by her less fortunate companions who have not yet reached the marriageable age, and flattered by the old women, because of the gifts she has been the means of bringing to her parents. She thinks and cares little about the character of her future lord—she is only pleased that she has attained to what she was early taught to believe the greatest earthly good, and escaped a grievous curse—that of remaining unwedded.

She goes as thoughtlessly as the horse to the battle, or the lamb to the slaughter.

Her husband tells his mother, as he leaves her to attend the wedding ceremonies, "I am going to bring you a female servant." He brings her to his father's house with great rejoicings, with music and dancing. The days of feasting and merriment are soon past, and the one bright scene of her dark life closes. We would not shorten its duration a single second, or dim one ray of its swiftly vanishing brightness, though we know it to be but a flimsy tissue, through which the dullest eye can discern the shadow and the gloom!

Her married life is but the same routine of daily labour which she lived in her father's house, with generally more severity and less love to lighten it. According to Hindu custom, the sons remain on the family estate; and as they successively bring their wives home, additional houses are built; and thus we find several families living around the same central court-yard. Our young bride has now to assist her mother-in-law in the family work; and with our knowledge of human nature, even in Christian lands, we shall not think it strange if we see her often treated harshly, or if strifes and bickerings occur in the family, especially when we remember that she may not be the only wife.

Let me take you, my Christian sister, to visit our young bride in her simple home. As you enter the yard, she comes forward to meet you with a graceful salaam and a pleasant smile. She hastens to spread a clean mat on the hard, smooth-swept ground, and motions you to sit down. She cannot ask you to pass within the open door of the thatched hut, for your presence would be pollution to it. You see the simple spinning wheel and loom standing in one corner of the yard; you ask if she can weave, and she will show you with unaffected pride the fabrics she has made, pointing out the beauty of the bright coloured border she has wrought in the garments for her husband. Meanwhile, a group of women from the neighbouring houses have gathered round you, filled with curiosity to see the foreign lady.

Having gained her confidence by your kind interest in her pursuits, you seek to probe her inner nature, and find out something of her views of life. You tell her that these pursuits and employments will soon pass away—that she has a nature that will not die—that she has sinned against the Being who made her—and that the penalty and curse of his broken law rests upon her. She admits it all. "Do you not desire to know how you can escape this penalty, and be restored to the favour of God?" you ask. "If I do, how can I?" she says. "I have no money to give the Brahmin that he may make *prasaat* (atonement) for me. I cannot leave home to go on a pilgrimage. What can I do?" With tearful eye and loving heart, you open to her and the listening crowd around her, the great and precious "mystery" of redemption, and reveal the hope which comes to those who are justified and sanctified by the blood and Spirit of Christ. As you tell them they can obtain this with-

out the Brahmin's "atonement," and without the weary pilgrimage and self-torture, the light that kindles in their dark eyes tells you that their nature is akin to your own, and you feel that you would love to spend a lifetime in leading their awakening souls out of the darkness, into the light of that gospel that was preached to the woman of Samaria and to Mary Magdalene.

Suddenly our young friend starts up, saying, "I must go and cook my husband's rice." "Stay a moment—promise me that you will come to my house, and learn more about this salvation." "Oh," she replies, "I have no time to attend to religion; men can learn about the gods and go to the temples, and go to heaven when they die—but it is not for a woman; I am only a cow. I must work for my husband till I die, and then, who knows what I shall be? Only God knows; *ánáisi áhá náí*, for me there is no hope." And with these sad, but too true words upon her lips, she turns away to her work.

Sorrowful, but not despairing, with a promise to call and see her again, you go on your way to visit other villages. After a few weeks you return and seek your old friend. She does not come forward to meet you as she did before. You find her sitting on the ground, with dishevelled hair, stripped of all her ornaments, the red mark which all married women wear on the forehead washed away, and her bright coloured clothing exchanged for plain white cotton garments. You scarcely recognise her, so great is the change. With the deepest sympathy you inquire what has happened. She tells you, with a look and tone of utter despair, that she is a widow. That fearful doom which casts its "shadows before," even upon her earliest childhood, when she essayed to pry into the mysteries of knowledge, has too soon come upon her. As you try to speak words of comfort to her, she tells you you do not understand her country customs. By these customs she is never allowed to marry again—never again to put on her ornaments or her gay clothing. She can eat but one daily meal, and that of the simplest kind. She must search the muddy pools to bring up fish for the family of her husband, but not a morsel must she put to her lips. Two days in every month she must fast entirely. She is more than ever before the slave of her husband's relatives, and is compelled to do all the menial work, while they continually heap upon her the most taunting and insulting epithets, until her life becomes a wearisome burden. Never may she attend a festive scene or village merry-making. She would be avoided at such a place as though she foreshadowed the curse under which she suffers. In a deeper sense than Christian women can possibly realize, "the light of her life has gone out." As you look upon the picture she presents to you of her future life, do you wonder that thousands of women shrink back appalled, and choose joyfully to perish on the funeral pile of their husbands?

Here we leave the life whose beginning we saw so darkly shadowed, in whose development we have looked

in vain for light and hope, and on which, at the early age of thirteen, a pall like that of death has settled, with no chance, no possible chance of its removal. Leave it here, did I say? Christian woman, are you willing to leave that girlish widow in her despair and wretchedness—to leave the thousands upon thousands who, like her, are cut off from every source of enjoyment in this life, and are utterly hopeless concerning the life to come! Christianity alone can show to those mistaken fathers and brothers of wronged and insulted women, that the God who made them demands no such self-immolation of bereaved wives, and no such cruel exactions by the stronger sex, of toil and service from afflicted, heart-broken women. If you would relieve your suffering sisters from these heavy burdens, *you must give the gospel to their country.*

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

SYCHAR, SAMARIA, AND THE PLAIN OF JEZREEL.

Our tents were pitched close to Nablous, in a quiet place under the shade of trees, amidst the sound of many streams, fountains, and brooks that sprang out of valleys and hills.

Our slumbers were often broken that night by the dreary cries of the jackals, shrieking as they hunted over the hills, like children in pain.

The delight of remembering when we awoke the next morning that it was Sunday, and that we had nothing to do but to be quiet, and feel ourselves in the city of the woman of Samaria, was great.

The clergyman in our party read the English service. Never did the lessons and the old comprehensive prayers seem more touching and appropriate than on those Sunday halts on our journey through Palestine.

A few peasants and towns'-people collected near us, and seated themselves on the ground at some little distance, during the service. We knew the feeling of the mob of Nablous was very excited just then against the Christians, but as we stood or knelt, and listened or responded, they offered us no interruption in any way, but quietly and contemplatively watched our proceedings.

In the afternoon we started for a walk, intending to reach the summit of Mount Gerizim, but our dragoman involved us in an unintentional call on the Keimakan, or governor of the town, which occupied us otherwise.

He led us first through the town of Nablous into the Samaritan quarter, where we saw the Samaritan synagogue. An ancient worn copy of the Pentateuch was taken out of its recess in the wall and shown us, but probably it was not the precious copy which the Samaritans of Nablous so jealously guard. This ancient Samaritan colony is, however, a commentary on New and Old Testament history, more interesting to unlearned eyes than any manuscript.

From this we were guided to the Keimakan's house,

from the flat roof of which we were to have a good view of the valley. There, unfortunately for our walk to the top of Gerizim, the Keimakan's nephew met us, and invited me to pay a visit to the hareem. It would have been a discourtesy to decline, and, accordingly, I had to leave our party and descend a flight of steps from the roof to the women's apartments.

These steps led to an open court with a reservoir of pure water in the centre. Three ladies were sitting and standing in the court when the Keimakan's nephew took me there. One, who seemed to be the principal, invited me to sit down on some cushions which lay in the corner of a room opening on this court. Then they brought a Persian rug and spread it for me, and offered me a glass of sherbet. My large brown hat, with its folds of muslin coiled into a turban round it, amused them apparently as much as it would have our friends in England. They took it off, and stroked my hair, as one would a cat one wished to make friends with, and felt my dress. I showed them my eye-glass, which entertained them greatly. Then I took a little child on my knee, which made a means of communication. So, with my few Arabic words we became very friendly. They offered me a chibouque, but I could not pretend to undertake an unmitigated long pipe; and not to offend them by declining their hospitality, I said, "Nargilleh." They then brought me a pipe twined like a snake round a glass jar full of rose-water, in which the bowl is placed, and I managed to create a few bubbles.

While this was preparing, another lady appeared who seemed the chief, as immediately all the others retired into the back ground and left me to my new hostess. She was quite caressing and affectionate, showed me into several bedrooms, unfastened the lattices which opened into the garden for me to look out, although she would not approach them herself, and finally placed me beside her on a divan in a room more furnished than any of the others, and had a nargilleh and a cup of coffee brought for me.

The rooms were very scantily furnished. Chairs and tables, of course, you would not expect; but there were no luxuries—no signs of women's work or taste, no flowers, sewing materials, or books, or traces of any kind of occupation or amusement—only four dreary white-washed walls, with a few cushions, and a recess in the wall closed with carved doors, for a wardrobe. The cushions were covered with chintz. Only in the room where I had coffee was a small Turkish table of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The dress of the ladies was not as rich as I had expected, with the exception of rows of gold coins and pearls strung and festooned round their heads, as also around their children's. The loose veil and mantle which forms the out-door costume of the women, and enfolds them into a shapeless bundle of clothes, were, of course, laid aside. The whole visit made me very sad. The position of those women, with their handsome expressive faces,

and kindly lively caressing ways, weighed most painfully on my heart. And they were fellow-townswomen of the woman of Samaria! It was difficult to get away from them. At length, however, I made them understand that I must not keep my party waiting, and succeeded in rejoining them on the roof of the house. There the Keimakan joined us, and was most polite. He was a grand-looking old man with a long white beard. His arrival involved a second edition of sherbet, pipes, and coffee, so that our walk up Gerizim was much abridged.

We climbed some way up, however, after taking leave of the hospitable governor, and were attended by a kawass, whom he insisted on our having, as a guide and escort. It was a pleasant path beside streams, occasionally crossing them, and always accompanied by their refreshing music, and among the luxuriant gardens and orchards which they water. The opposite hill, Ebal, looked comparatively bare and stony, only sprinkled with a little vegetation of a dull green. They told us the springs all rose on Gerizim,—the hill of blessing. If so it is a remarkably vivid type, the hill of cursing, barren, brown, and voiceless,—whilst the hill of blessing is clothed with evergreen herbage, luxuriant trees, and vines nourished by the living waters in its heart.

The remainder of the day we rested in or near our tents, and had time to think what those two days must have been which our Lord once actually spent in this very place, listened to, welcomed, understood.

From this valley had gone up, eighteen hundred years ago, the first recognition of the Son of God, as not only the Jewish Messiah, the Christ, but the Desire of all nations, the Saviour of the world. One could fancy that the powers of life in nature had been unfettered here ever since, in virtue of that acknowledgment; and that the valley of Sychar was ever after to be a fragment and foretaste of paradise,—a place of streams and rest, full of all manner of trees pleasant to the eyes, and good for food, a little spot of earth visibly subject to the life-giving sceptre of the "second Man," the Lord from heaven. No place to be compared with this in fertility and beauty exists, they say, in Palestine. We had, certainly, seen none.

It was pleasant, too, to think that this town and valley may also have been the one alluded to in the eighth of Acts,—the words translated in John iv., "a city of Samaria," and in Acts viii., "the city of Samaria," being the same. If so, this place was the first scene of a Samaritan Church, admitted by Peter and John, on the same level as the Church at Jerusalem. In this city there was then "great joy." And here again, no doubt (Acts xv.), as in the other Churches of Samaria, the tidings of the conversion of the Gentiles in Asia Minor "caused great joy to the brethren," rejoicing that the Saviour of the world had at length been welcomed by the heathen world as once and for the first time in their own Samaritan city.

Thus the valley was full of happy and living associa-

tions, varied and refreshing as the sound of its own many waters.

On Monday morning some of our party walked again through the town, and saw a potter sitting at his wheel moulding the red clay into the simple, but picturesque bowls and pitchers used by the peasantry.

I longed to be able to speak to a few poor peasant women and children who came and sat by me under the shade of a mulberry-tree after our tents were struck. Fellow-townswomen of the woman in Samaria, surely the void and thirst in her heart existed also in theirs. If they could only have learned about the living water!

At three o'clock in the afternoon (Monday, June 30) we set off again, under the guard of two Bashi Bazouks sent by the Keimakan. Reluctantly we ascended the hill out of that lovely valley, with its cool dewy atmosphere, its abundant streams, its fig-trees and mulberries, covered with vines, and its holy and happy memories.

After a pleasant ride of three hours over breezy hills we reached the place where our tents were pitched by a spring in a green valley just under the hill of Samaria.

Our route had now broken off, for an interval, from all definite incidents in the narratives of the Gospels, and in the history of the apostles. From Sychar to Nain, on the northern side of the Plain of Esdraelon, we are met by no name which recalls any especial deed or word of our Lord. Yet the impress of his footsteps was with us everywhere. Again and again He had mounted these hills, and descended into these valleys, and crossed these hot and weary plains. There was one association which could never leave us, and on which it was almost a relief at times to fall back, after having our attention fixed intensely on some especial scene. The mere distances we traversed enabled us to realize in a way I had never done before, what the activity and fatigue of those three years of His ministry must have been.

He had traversed these paths on foot. It is evident that his journeys were not made in silence. The apostles were with him, and as they walked he taught them. Parable and proverb, and immortal sayings, and words of tender warning and sympathy, were always falling from his lips, as they went through vineyard, corn-field, or solitary path among the flickering shadows of copse wood, or under the olive groves. And therefore, perhaps, it was only Jesus who was weary when they reached the well at Sychar.

It would be interesting to trace how many of our Lord's parables or instructions were given as they went in the way. "*As they went in the way*" a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes," the jackals which hunt among these hills by night have holes to hide themselves in by day, "and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Again, "Jesus going up to Jerusalem, took the disciples *apart in the way*, and said unto them, Behold,

we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and scribes; and they shall condemn him to death."

Again, "*As he went* through the corn-fields on the Sabbath-day," the Pharisees found fault with the disciples for plucking the ears of corn; and he said unto them, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

Instances might be multiplied of this wayside teaching. Indeed, the number of the lessons of eternal truth called out by casual words or acts, or by the scenes he was passing through at the time, would probably far exceed our Saviour's more deliberate and formal instructions. It is this which gives the variety and vividness to his teachings. They were conversations, not "discourses." They were not put together as human words and works are; they *grew* as divine works do, and they live.

Of two incidents in the Gospels we do, however, know that they happened among these Samaritan hills.

To one village in the country through which we were journeying, the Saviour of the world sent forward messengers to secure him a night's lodging. The name of that village is not given, any more than the name of the woman "who was a sinner." Sectarian bigotry prevailed over the common hospitality of the East. "They would not receive" One who was going up to the rival altar at Jerusalem. They did not know what that passover was to prove, nor who was to be its paschal lamb.

The fervent natures of the sons of thunder flashed into revengeful indignation. There must have been more fire in the eye of the beloved disciple, even in his chastened old age, than the mediæval painters have given him in youth. But the Lord turned and rebuked, not the inhospitable villagers, but the disciple whom he loved. He said to the brothers, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." And quietly, uncomplainingly, without another word of comment, He for whom and by whom all things were created "passed on to another village."

This is the only incident recorded in the New Testament to the dishonour of the despised Samaritans. Perhaps the simple and touching story which we usually call the parable of the good Samaritan was actually a true narrative of a deed of kindness, marked by Him who observed the widow put her mite into the treasury, and saw Nathanael under the fig-tree. But however that may be, its scene was not in this immediate neighbourhood.

The second incident of gospel narrative which may probably have occurred in Samaria, "as our Lord passed through Samaria and Galilee, on his way to Jerusalem," is the healing of the ten lepers. If this was so, somewhere on the rocky paths among those Samaritan hills our Lord's heart was gladdened by the sight of one grateful human being; and he, like the

grateful woman of Sychar, was a Samaritan. One would like to identify, as much as any spot in Palestine, the place where the healed Samaritan leper, no more constrained, as an unclean person, to keep "afar off," fell down at the feet of Jesus, giving him thanks.

The more definite associations of the district around Samaria, interesting as they are, are scarcely sacred at all; and yet the situation of the city of Samaria is beautiful, and its ruins are more extensive than those of any other place in Palestine.

When we reached the stream at the foot of the hill of Samaria, beside which our tents were pitched, it was nearly sunset.

Flocks of sheep and goats were collected around the abundant, clear spring, to be watered from its large, rocky basin; and the women of the village of Samaria (Sebastiyeh) were filling their large earthen pitchers, to carry them up the winding road to their homes. As we rode up the hill, to see the ruins before the light was gone, we passed other women toiling under the weight of their heavy water-jars.

Samaria, like Nablous, and unlike most of the remaining cities in Palestine, retains the Greek name Herod gave it (Sebaste, Sebastiyeh), instead of its earlier Hebrew appellation. Its situation is indeed royal and beautiful, on the levelled summit of a rounded, isolated hill, separated by broad, fertile valleys from the higher hills around, through the openings of which it commands a very extensive range of distance. Its aspect must have been most queenly when the temples and palaces of the kings of Israel, and afterwards of Herod, crowned the platform at its summit, rearing their white columns and gilded roofs on the height to which the whole terraced hill must have seemed a magnificent flight of steps, tier above tier of terraces, green with vines, silvery with olives, or golden with corn, leading the eye to the royal city at the summit.

Sixty or seventy columns are standing on the top of the hill, winding round in a double colonnade from near the remains of a massive, ancient gate, flanked with ruined towers. These columns were, we thought, monoliths, and some of them of granite.

On the site of the city is an Arab village and many cultivated fields. The peasants were not very civil; but perhaps they were afraid we might prove tax-gatherers, deservedly their greatest terror next to the Bedouins.

A mosque, formerly a church, rises among these cabins. It is called the Church of John the Baptist; and this tradition (naturally connecting the memory of the murdered prophet and the murderous king) points out as the scene of John the Baptist's death. Into the wall of this church is built a Corinthian column, probably from Herod's temple.

In the crypt underneath the church, shown to us as the prison and the tomb of John the son of Zachariah, is an ancient stone door, like some of those in the tombs of the kings at Jerusalem.

Before descending the hill we lingered to look at the

magnificent panoramic view of mountains, rich plains, and wooded valleys, embracing a range east and west from the Mediterranean to the hills beyond Jordan which were burning that evening with all the glory of sunset. This was the view which was seen from the flat roofs of the palaces of Ahab and Herod. Some of our party saw jackals and a wolf within a hundred yards of them, on the site of Herod's city.

Such was the beauty of the place, and such its desolation. But what were its memories? They are almost entirely of the things that perish, not only disconnected with what is sacred, but with what is noblest in profane history. Samaria was the metropolis, not of a nation dimly feeling its way to the light, but of one deliberately turning its back on a light not dimly revealed, and therefore the best human as well as all divine elements are absent from its records. Not only has it no David or Daniel or Hannah, but no Leonidas or Socrates.

No deed of true heroism or generous humanity consecrates its site any more than any life of true godliness. Its two conspicuous names are Ahab and Herod, the murderer of the blameless Naboth and the murderer of John the Baptist, the slaves of Jezebel and of Herodias. Its two most remarkable buildings were Ahab's temple of Baal, which Jehu destroyed, and Herod's temple to Augustus, whose columns are probably those among which we rode.

The connection of Elijah and Elisha with Samaria is scarcely an exception. They came to it, not as residents, but as prophetic visitants from the wilderness or the schools of the prophets, and usually with messages of doom. One signal deliverance, indeed, characterizes Samaria—the panic which seized the besieging army of Benhadad, and laid open the richly furnished and provisioned tents of the Syrians to the four famishing lepers. A massive ancient gateway was, as has been said, the only ruin of importance which we remarked besides the colonnade, and we naturally fixed on it as the scene of that adventure, one of the most romantic (if the expression may be used) in the sacred narrative. We could imagine the hungry and so lately hopeless citizens passing through that rocky portal, at first in small groups, with slow and watchful movements, looking around on every side in fear of an ambush, and then, as party after party reached the camp, and not an enemy appeared, the sudden rise of confidence and the rush of the famished multitude through the narrow gateway, trampling down in their eager haste the sceptical official who tried to keep order among them. A feast ready spread for the famished, free range over their deserted hills for those who had been so long cooped up in hopeless inaction; yesterday a mother who had murdered her own child for hunger, and came to complain about it to the king, not as of a crime, but as of a bargain unfulfilled, all womanly feeling and all moral sense absorbed in the mad craving of hunger—and to-day, rescue, freedom, and plenty of every kind! History presents us

with few more sudden and joyous contrasts, and yet we hear of no thank-offering, no song of praise. The godless spirit which displayed itself in scepticism in the nobleman, when Elisha prophesied deliverance, was manifested after the deliverance in the selfish, reckless haste of the people who trod him to death. Hopelessness in danger, selfish thanklessness in deliverance, the whole incident is a striking illustration how the alienation of men from God involves their alienation from one another.

The memories of Samaria are memories of crime, and idolatry, and of a splendour, all of "the earth, earthy," illumined by no true light of divine truth or of human love. We descended the beautiful terraced hill without regret, and were very glad to find shelter in our little encampment in the valley, where a clear, abundant stream gurgled through the brushwood close to our tent-doors, tinkling over its pebbles, and eddying round its little shingly beaches, and giving us an unlimited supply of good water for all domestic purposes.

Through the night at times we heard the jackals wailing and screaming from the neighbouring hills, and early in the morning the goats from a village near came to drink at the rocky basin which had just formed the bath for some of our party.

On the next morning (Tuesday, June 24th) we started at four o'clock. It was a beautiful ride. In many places the hills were cultivated; in almost all they might be clothed with luxuriant vegetation. We skirted the Valley of Sebastiyeh, and as we climbed the opposite hills, and were winding through a pass leading into the Plain of Jezreel, we caught a last and most impressive view of the royal hill of Samaria. How often the city must have burst from this point on the sight of the kings of Israel as they were returning from Jezreel!

For beauty few sites can equal it, and we could not help lingering to gaze and imagine how the royal city must have looked through this ravine, on its symmetrical isolated hill, with its crown of temples and palaces, and its queenly robe of terraced vineyards, corn fields, and olive gardens, sweeping majestically into the valley. But its temples were to Baal or to Caesar, and its palaces were scenes of riot and crime. There was nothing to regret.

Soon afterwards we descended on the Plain of Jezreel, the great battle-field of Palestine, the inheritance of Asher. It was beautiful then, although the corn had been reaped. But in spring, after the rainy season, it must be delightful when the fields of young corn, their delicate green shot here and there with the tints of countless wild-flowers, especially of the scarlet anemones, undulates like a sea as far as the eye can reach on each side, running up among the hills and headlands in long creeks and spreading bays of living verdure.

Unfortunately for the inhabitants, this rich plain has many an outlet through the Jordan valley into the Desert, and the Bedouins, with their camels and black

tents, make inroads on it now as easily as their ancestors, the Midianites of old. There are few places on this side of the Jordan so perilous to travellers as Esdraelon. About mid-day we reached Jenin (Engannim, the well of gardens), a place of springs and gardens still. Our thirsty horses soon scented the water, and quickened their steps to reach the extensive troughs, where large flocks of pretty, long-eared goats and sheep, with herds of cattle such as we had not seen for a long time, were being watered. From these abundant and well-kept wells, we were directed to a garden, where they spread mats for us, under the shade of a magnificent mulberry-tree, the fruit of which dropped around us. We were regaled on mulberries, figs, cucumbers, and tomatas. Soon after this an American and a Dutchman came, with mules and horses, and pitched their tent under the same mulberry. Then we discovered that Jezreel, where we had intended spending the night, was not a safe place of encampment, on account of the Bedouins, and as no other halting-place was within reach, provided with springs, and uninfested with these desert marauders, we had to find another garden, and encamp for the day and night at Jenin.

Although we regretted at the time the "annexation" of our mulberry by the strangers, we afterwards much preferred our second resting-place, because it was under the shade of a garden at the edge of the plain, and gave us a fine uninterrupted view over the whole broad level, with its occasional islands of hill, and its reaches of fertile land stretching past headland after headland of its mountain coasts.

Hither, from the height of Tabor, unseen on the north, Deborah and Barak's patriotic band had swept down on the hosts of Sisera, encamped with chariots and horsemen on the western reaches of Esdraelon, and routed them in the battle of Megiddo.

Hither, from their deserts in the East, the Midianites and the Amalekites, and the children of the East, had come up and pitched in this valley or plain of Jezreel, with their cattle and their tents. This broad level, where now we only saw the waving of thin vegetation springing up after the harvest, was alive with their camels and their cattle, and the movements of their horsemen scouring the plains for plunder, "like the sand by the sea-side for multitude." The whole land was astir with them, as the fields at evening with the hum of countless cicadas or "grasshoppers." And through those passes on the east their chieftains and all the scattered host fled after Gideon's victory.

On the "high places" of Gilboa, on the north-east, Saul and Jonathan fell by the hands of the Philistines, and were lamented by David in the pathetic dirge we know so well.

From the range of Carmel on the west, Ahab drove into Jezreel, the girded prophet Elijah running with supernatural swiftness before him. And before they reached the city, the little cloud rising from the Mediterranean not larger than a man's hand, had covered

the whole sky with blackness, and was pouring down its torrents of blessing on these mountains and this plain. What a miraculous change the few days after that rain must have made in the scenery around us! Long-buried and forgotten seeds of life, flowers, and corn, and grasses, springing up on hill-side, valley, and level, till all the land was one tide of exuberant life.

We were in the region of chariots. Here the Syrian hosts of Benhadad, with chariots and cavalry, had filled the country, and across this level sweep they had fled before the Israelites, who had been pitched before them "like two little flocks of kids," because the blaspheming of the Syrians might not pass unanswered, that the God of Israel was a local deity, such as they believed their own to be, "a god of the hills, but not of the plains." Across this plain, not long afterwards, Jehu was seen driving his chariot furiously from the border land of Gilead, to execute vengeance on the doomed house of Ahab.

And from that time to this, the corn fields of Esdraelon have been trampled down by Bedouin tribes and invading armies, "children of the East," and children of the West. The villages and towns which lie (like the villages on the coasts of Genoa) on the sides of the headlands which bound the plain, or crown the little hills which rise here and there like islands from it, have looked down from age to age on scene after scene of war and slaughter. The records of its battles range from the book of Judges to the Revelation; from the rout of the armies of Sisera at Megiddo, the western branch of this plain, to the battle of the great day of God Almighty, when the kings of the earth and the whole world are gathered together into a place "called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." Whatever may be the meaning of that last announcement in the Apocalyptic vision, this final allusion cannot but give a deep and mysterious interest to the great battle-field, beneath whose sod such countless numbers of warriors already lie, and which furnishes the title for the last great conflict, which, we are promised, shall be a victory for the Prince of peace.

E. C.

BRIEF NOTES ON SCRIPTURE.

I.

"For I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died."—ROMANS vii. 9.

By the "law," Paul meant the Ten Commandments which he had, in all likelihood, learned when he was a boy, dwelling with his father and mother at Tarsus, and had had them at his fingers' ends ever since. Yet Paul says he had been "without the law." How was this? Plainly, that he had understood nothing at all of its import; had never seen and felt that it brought him under a hopeless condemnation, as a sinner deserving hell; had never found out, and did not believe, that he

was not able to keep all its requirements. Thus he was "alive" in his own estimation, that is to say, in a religious sense, or in relation to God. In the goodness which he possessed already, and his power of adding to it at will, he had, as he believed, a religious character which was, on the whole, sound and healthy, a good and sufficient foundation for his heavenly hope.

By-and-by the Spirit of God opened the eyes of his understanding, and showed him what the "law" was; and he saw at once that he had never known anything about it before,—had been, to all intents and purposes, "without the law;" and this discovery was as if the "commandment came" to him then for the first time. The effect was, that "sin revived;" all the sinfulness of his life and character, that is, rose up to his astonished view in its fearful proportions, and he saw that he was a dead man,—guilty, helpless, condemned,—with not one good thing to plead before God in abatement of the sentence of condemnation that had already gone forth. Then Paul embraced Christ by faith, as he never would have done without that "law-work," and thenceforth he was "alive unto God."

Blessed is the man, and only he, to whom the commandment thus comes by the power of the Holy Ghost, disposing him joyfully to accept Christ as his righteousness, so that, "now being made free from sin, and become servant to God," he has his "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

"Lord, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave."

II.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor," &c.—*ISA. LXI. 1; LUKE IV. 18, 19.*

WHAT a doctrinal, practical, and fervent sermon our Saviour must have preached from this text on his visit to his native town, Nazareth!

As he showed who were meant by "the captives," "the blind," "the bruised," and brought out clearly the state of the "broken-hearted," the means of "deliverance" and healing, and specially as he pressed *now* as "the acceptable" time, what mind could have remained uninstructed, and what heart unmoved? "And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." It was a solemn sermon, and one to try the heart. And yet the poor, blind, captive souls were not savingly benefited. Such is the "deceitful and desperately wicked" condi-

tion of man's heart. They began to say, "Is not this Joseph's son?" And to show them to themselves, Jesus brought out the doctrine of divine sovereignty; whereupon they were filled with murderous wrath, and they could not have remained ignorant of their guilty and lost state. What food for serious reflection and deep feeling is here both for ministers and hearers!

III.

"Not my will, but thine be done."—*LUKE XXII. 42.*

EVERY Christian has his Gethsemane, his place for the prayer of agony. And he cannot avoid the times when he must enter it with a soul "exceeding sorrowful." Perhaps the cherished project of years is melting away, and he is coming with inevitable step to stand where Job did when he said: "My purposes are broken off." Or his riches are taking to themselves wings. A blot is maliciously thrown on the fair picture of his life, and he cannot touch it for removal without making it worse. It may be that the premonition is given in language not to be mistaken, that his life is suddenly on its close. Perhaps the companion of youth and of riper years, of all joys and sorrows, is dipping the departing feet at the crossings of Jordan. Perhaps the first-born, in all the blush of her beauty and loveliness, or in all the rich prophecy of his coming usefulness and honour, is beckoned by an unseen hand, and prepares to go. Such are the hours when we foresee our crucifixion.

In such trial and agony, even to the full measure of his sorrow, it was right for the Saviour to pray, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." And so, blessed thought! it is right for us so to pray. We may, when "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," go to our Gethsemane. We may weep and groan under the grief, being in an agony. It is not wrong, for the Lord Jesus did so. We may kneel where he did, use his words, and tell all our anguish. Place and privilege sacred to sorrow by his usage! But we may not divide his words. We also must add that hardest word for human lips to articulate—"nevertheless." Oh, what a blank for God to fill out, having our signature in advance. The loved, the known, the hoped for, all cheerfully and sweetly yielded up in that one word, "nevertheless," and the unknown will of God patiently and submissively awaited! And then the angels come ministering, as they did to "the Captain of our salvation," who was made perfect through suffering.

What a place is Gethsemane to learn and own the doctrine of the divine sovereignty! Where in the wide world can one learn to pronounce with so much filial confidence and tenderness and sweet submission, the words, "Thy will be done?" He kneels where Jesus knelt. The cup is full to him, as it was to the Master. The waiting angel is there, as of old,—the identical one it may be. And after *that* prayer he can take up the cross. Yes, every Christian has his Gethsemane; and it makes him Christ-like to go there.

IV.

"With whom is no variableness."—JAMES I. 17.

THE word rendered *variableness*, is in the Greek *μεταβολή*, from which comes the striking astronomical term *parallax*. The stars that are so inconceivably distant that they appear precisely in the same position from the opposite sides of the earth's orbit, are said to have no *parallax*, no angle of difference, and so nothing can be told of their size, place, or orbit.

Here is a striking presentation of the *immutability* of God. No distances of time or place cause him to vary in the least possible angle or degree. To the eye of man on the earth and of Gabriel in glory God is, and will ever be, the same; and it is but natural and right that both should fall on their faces and adore and worship. He dwells in light unapproachable and full of glory. "Praise ye the Lord; praise ye the name of the Lord; praise him, O ye servants of the Lord."

WAITING.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds sing,
And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful to thee.
And the cold morn shall look through the blue silence,
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to will,
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer still—patience, beloved!
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that wait thy soul.

A little longer, ere life, true, immortal
(Not this our shadowy life), will be thine own,
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels worship,
And reverent bow before the great white throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight,
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat for ever with a love divine,

And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God calls thee;
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

Christian Register.

"THE WILD HUNTSMAN."

THE Germans have an ancient mythical legend which, with its fearful imagery, teaches an impressive lesson. A nobleman, with horse and hounds, sets forth on the Sabbath for a hunting excursion. The church bells, sounding out on the air their invitations to worship, call him in vain, as he passes. On his right, a shadowy rider, on a white horse, attending him, pleads with him to desist from his madness; while on the left, a black visaged companion, bestriding a black steed, urges on the chase. So on he dashes, over highway and field, trampling down harvests and flocks, scoffing at the cries of the husbandman, till invading the sacred seclusion of a holy man, he is doomed to *continue the hunt for ever*. Then suddenly the glare of an unearthly light flashes on field and grove. The heavens darken with storm-clouds overhead, and the earth opens beneath. Demon fingers reach up from below toward the terrified rider; while howling hell-hounds spring from yawning abysses to pursue him. So, with ghastly face, ever turned backward in horror, amidst curses resounding through all the air, he rides, from age to age, the race of death.

It is but a feeble and shadowy image of the meaning of those words of Biblical forewarning: "His own iniquity shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden in the cords of his sin." How often an infatuated worldling is startled for a moment, half resolved to break from the bondage of sin; then, yielding to the old fascination again, he rushes on, and "the last state of that man is worse than the first."

Depravity germinates in two directions at once, outward and inward—with a flower and a root. And, to the guilty soul, the most fearful feature of it is, this reflex tendency into one's being. For the outgrowing effects of sin—baneful as they are, directly as they tend to utter anarchy and ruin throughout the universe of God—are yet subject to a Sovereign Providence. The wrath of man can be made to praise him, and the remainder of wrath be restrained. But for the recoil of this wrath on the soul—for the corrupting and blasting effect of it there—no restraint is provided. The ever-gathering *momentum* with which the sinner advances against his Creator, comes, in time, to take him, as it were, from his feet—to possess and control him, and hurry him headlong to death.

And who will estimate this fearful power as felt in the world of woe? If here, in the very midst of Christendom, with the light from open Bibles streaming athwart

his pathway, and voices of heavenly invitation ever sounding about him, the deluded soul, while *confessing* his own folly and madness, moves on to his doom—is it to be hoped that the companionship, the influences of the spirits below, will avail to turn him heavenward? The laws of his own being, from whose working he can never through eternity escape, become his relentless tormentors. The imagination crowds the soul's inner chambers with foul and loathsome imagery. The desires rush lawlessly after their own pleasures. The will sets itself with malignant obstinacy against all thought of contrition. The passions chafe and rage in conscious impotence, only fiercer in hate, because confronted by Omnipotence. And so, the victim of his own deliberately chosen guilt is borne on madly from the sphere of light and love—a wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

A correspondent sends us several inquiries in regard to the authority for this practice, the best mode of observing it, and the benefits resulting.

As to the *authority* for this usage, such sentences of inspiration as "In everything give thanks," "Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God," seem amply sufficient. And to precept is added example. In nearly every instance of taking food we find the record of the giving of thanks. Thus our Lord, when feeding the four thousand (Matt. xv. 36), and the five thousand (Mark vi. 41), and when with the two disciples at Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 30). The example of Paul on the convict ship (Acts xxvii. 35) is equally explicit.

Here certainly is Biblical authority enough to dispense with any necessity for exploring ecclesiastical history—a task from which, therefore, our correspondent must excuse us.

The Christian propriety and profitableness of the practice are, moreover, so obvious, that like the household altar and the Sabbath school, which are nowhere in terms enjoined by the Scriptures, it commends itself to every sympathy of a renewed heart.

Our correspondent inquires if a prayer that the food may be "blessed to the nourishment of the body" does not "savour of the Popish superstition which baptizes bells and blesses dumb beasts." Certainly not. The essential mischief of those practices is the notion of prelatial sanctity involved in them—a sort of consecrated magic distributed by the touch of priestly fingers. There is, on the other hand, the same inherent propriety in a prayer that food may nourish and strengthen, as in prayer that medicine may restore us from disease.

As to the *spirit* and *method* of giving thanks at the table, there is room for great improvement; and we thank our correspondent for the occasion here afforded for some further remark.

One father of a household, among our acquaintance—

a Christian brother, too, whom we highly esteem—mumbles his "grace" as if fearful some one at the table might overhear him. Another dashes into his petition in the midst of the bustle of taking seats. Another puts down his head, and has finished his thanks before you are fairly aware what he is at. The number who really edify in performing this service, is lamentably small.

If we might be allowed to offer counsel touching the matter, we should say, Come to this devotional service, as to any other devotional service, in a reverent spirit, and with the desire for religiously profiting all concerned. Do not be hasty in the thanksgiving and prayer. Wait till all are seated, and the silence has become perfect. Then speak quietly, but audibly, seriously, and earnestly. Do not fall into the same unvarying round of words. Having a formula at the tongue's end is apt to deliver the tongue from all dependence on the heart. Do not ask *only* that the food may be "blessed to the nourishment of the body," but that, with gratitude and devotion, it may be likewise a means of grace to the soul. Do not offer an *irrelevant* prayer, as if forgetful of the place and occasion. Do not, the moment the last word falls from your lips, seize the knife and fork, or turn with some trifling remark to your next neighbour at the table. Let there be a pause; be as deliberate in *closing* as in *commencing* the service. Let the impression be enstamped on all listening that you seriously mean to commune with God in this service, not to recite a dry formula. Lastly, *have* that meaning. Be sincere. Be fervent. Many a soul has been even led to the cross by the manifest earnestness seen and felt in a good man's "giving of thanks."

APHORISMS FOR PREACHERS.

THE same truths uttered from the pulpit by different men, or by the same man in different states of feeling, will produce very different effects. Some of these are far beyond what the bare conviction of the truth, so uttered, would ordinarily produce. The whole mass of truth, by the sudden passion of the speaker, is made *red hot*, and burns its way.

It is impossible to close a sermon well, that is warmly, unless the train of thought has been so conducted as to bring the heart into a *glow*, which increases to the end.

Having chosen a subject, it is well to think it over deeply, day and night, and to read on it carefully before putting pen to paper. Take few notes, but as far as may be, let the matter digest itself in the mind.

To be worth much, a sermon must begin like a river, and flow, and widen, and roughen, and deepen, until the end; and when it reaches this end, it is *hurt* by every syllable that is added.—Dr. J. W. Alexander.

THE THREE KINGS.

SERMON ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

BY REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

"So Manasseh slept with his fathers, and they buried him in his own house: and Amon his son reigned in his stead. Amon was two and twenty years old when he began to reign, and reigned two years in Jerusalem. But he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, as did Manasseh his father: for Amon sacrificed unto all the carved images which Manasseh his father had made, and served them; and humbled not himself before the Lord, as Manasseh his father had humbled himself: but Amon trespassed more and more. And his servants conspired against him, and slew him in his own house. But the people of the land slew all them that had conspired against king Amon: and the people of the land made Josiah his son king in his stead."—2 CHRON. xxxiii. 20-25.

IN this history, within the short space of six verses, three kings succeed each other by right of birth on the throne of Judah at Jerusalem. Through these three links the kingdom descends in a direct line from father to son—from Manasseh to Amon, and from Amon to Josiah. These three kings, although closely related to each other in nature, differed widely in character and history. Much instruction may be obtained from the story of each taken by itself, and still more from the story of all three in one view. In some places a single light burning aloft on the shore is sufficient to direct the course of seafarers in the darkness; but in some, two lights are required, and in others three, of different colours and at different heights, and arranged in a particular order. These names, with the histories attached to them, are set in the Bible like beacon lights burning on the shore. As we sail along life's dangerous sea we should take our bearings by these marks, that we may steer clear of sunken rocks and keep the safe channel. At this point of the voyage three lights are set up in a row, to make the warning clear and print it deep. The characters are widely different, and, on that account, the instruction is all the more precious. Lights all of one size and one colour would not have much meaning. The white light of safety, the green light of caution, and the red light of danger are all equally useful, equally necessary, each in its own place. So, the early wickedness and late repentance of Manasseh the grandfather—the reckless life and sudden death of Amon the father—and the childhood-conversion, and lengthened usefulness of Josiah the son, are a chain of lights set up along the line of our life-path to warn us away from dangerous pits, and guide us safely home.

Let us consider the history of these three kings, with a view to the practical lessons which it is fitted to teach.

I. Manasseh. Although he was the son of the best of David's descendants, he was himself, for a long period, one of the worst. Hezekiah was a pattern of godliness in his day. Manasseh, his son and successor, was a profane and cruel idolater. He built altars to the sun and moon within the courts of God's temple at Jerusalem. He made his own children pass through the fire

in honour of his idols. He sinned with a high hand himself, and led his subjects in his own steps. Instead of being an example to others, Jerusalem, under Manasseh's reign, was more wicked than the surrounding heathen.

In the course of time this wicked king fell into deep affliction; the king of Assyria sent an army against him. Manasseh gathered his men, and marched boldly forth to meet his foe. The battle was decided by what is commonly called an accident. In some turn of the conflict the king of Judah and his men were trying to march through a field overgrown with thickets of thorns. The soldiers were entangled, and could neither go backward nor forward. In this condition the Assyrians attacked them, and gained the victory. Manasseh himself was taken prisoner, and carried in chains to Babylon. He thought, no doubt, and said, that if the thorns had not happened to be on the field, he would have gained the battle. The conquered king would lay the blame on the thorns; but it was God who used both the thorns that grew on the battle-field, and the Assyrian soldiers, as his instruments to bring affliction on Manasseh for his good. His trouble was blessed. "When he was in affliction he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers." The hard heart of this chief sinner was broken. He grieved over his own sin; he sought mercy from God in his appointed way; he sought and found. God heard that sinner's prayer, and pardoned him. After that, he lived and reigned a while. Then he was a good king, because he was a new creature. The history will be found in the earlier part of this chapter. It is a grand example of a sinful man repenting late in life, and finding mercy. It stands in the Old Testament as the case of the penitent thief on Calvary stands in the New, a monument of God's wonderful mercy, and a sign that the worst need not despair of pardon.

The latter portion of Manasseh's life was devoted to the service of God and the wellbeing of his country. When the tree was made good, it bore good fruit. When his heart was made new, his life became holy.

II. "Amon, his son, reigned in his stead." This poor monarch's life and reign occupy only four verses. The

story is very short, but very clear; the words are few, but the meaning is great. When he ascended the throne at his father's death, he was twenty-two years of age. His conduct was bad, his reign short, and his death violent.

Having seen both sides of his father's character, he rejected the good and chose the bad as his own example. He served the idols which Manasseh had made in the days of his sin, and forsook the true God whom Manasseh had found in the time of his repentance. He "humbled not himself before the Lord as Manasseh, his father, had humbled himself; but Amon trespassed more and more."

Such was his life; and from our knowledge of human nature, we may discover, without much danger of mistake, what were the secret workings of his heart. The young man could not have been an unconcerned spectator of the change that passed upon his father's character. He saw the repentance that came in the time of trouble, and the reformation that followed repentance. Perhaps he thought his father did rightly, and intended one day to follow his example. It is natural for a youth to think that old people should be godly, and yet continue ungodly himself. He might silently reason within himself, "My father enjoyed the world in his own way when he was young, and turned over a new leaf when he was growing old; in this way he made the most of it. He enjoyed the pleasures of sin while he was able to enjoy them, and yet made himself safe at last, by repenting before he died." Amon having in his breast a heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, might secretly purpose to do as his father did—to live in sin as long as he could enjoy it, and escape hell by a sudden repentance, before he should leave the world.

It is likely that he would not have repented although his life had been prolonged to fourscore years; it is likely that he would have grown more and more hardened till the last; but he never got the opportunity of trying to repent. "His servants conspired against him, and slew him in his own house." Ah, what horrors lie hid under the folds of that short sentence! At the age of twenty-four, with a heart abandoned to its own evil inclinations, and all the resources of a kingdom at his command, Amon was drinking to the full of forbidden pleasures from day to day, putting off the thought of repentance and pardon till he should grow old. As those who live for their own pleasures are generally unkind to their inferiors, it is probable that Amon was secretly hated by his attendants. These attendants, unable longer to endure their master, watched their opportunity, rushed upon him within his own palace, probably when he was asleep, and murdered him in a moment. King Amon lay down, wearied with one day's sin, intending to rise refreshed by sleep to begin another. He lay down to sleep in Time, and suddenly awoke in Eternity. It is well that our eye cannot follow the guilty soul to the judgment-seat of God; the sight would be too

dreadful; it would overwhelm us. A veil has been thrown over that awful scene. God has kept its secrets to himself. The wicked are like chaff which the wind driveth away.

III. "The people of the land slew all them that had conspired against king Amon; and the people of the land made Josiah, his son, king in his stead." The murderers suffered the punishment of the guilt, and the son of the slaughtered king peaceably ascended his father's throne. Josiah was a child of eight years old when he was acknowledged king; whether he became king immediately after his father's death, or a few years afterwards, we do not know. Either in the eighth year of his life when he was crowned king, or in the sixteenth year of his life, when he had already reigned eight years, "he began to seek after the God of David his Father." Four years after his first decided personal dedication to the service of God, he took courage to begin a thorough reformation of his kingdom. Both in the capital and throughout the country he destroyed all the machinery of idolatry, and established again the worship of the true God. His religion began early and continued to the last. His reign of thirty-one years was a time of spiritual refreshment in ancient Israel, and his memory is fragrant even in our own day. For more than two thousand years Josiah's name has been a household word among all who fear God, as an example of youthful piety in the high places of the earth.

When a train is running along the rails in the dark, the driver keeps a sharp look out forward. If he see a green light, he slows and creeps cautiously forward, ready at any moment to stop or turn; if he see a red light he pulls up at once, and either goes back or stands still till the danger be removed; it is when a bright white light is held out that he goes quickly, confidently forward on his journey.

The case of Manasseh, held aloft before our eyes in the pages of the Bible is like the blue light, and means. Beware: he who passed this way nearly perished. He was saved, as it were, by fire. In this path of late repentance, here and there one succeeds in clearing the pit-fall, but most perish. The case of Amon is like the red light, and calls for instant turning. He who tried to pass this way perished in the attempt. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" The example of Josiah, following the Lord fully in earliest childhood, is like the white light of safety waving over the path. Forward fearlessly in that line; the path is pleasant, and the issue safe!

Take now, one by one, the chief lessons which lie in the life of these three kings.

1. There is no limit to the mercy of God. No mountains of transgression rise so high that this flood cannot cover them. Sinners the chief are welcome to complete forgiveness. Although the prodigal has wasted all in riotous living, let him but arise and go to his Father.

and he will be received without upbraiding. In gospel times this blessed truth has been much more fully made known. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. "Whosoever will, let him come." The same blood of the Lamb that is needed to wash away the sin of a little child, is sufficient to free the hoariest sinner on the earth from every spot and wrinkle. No human being, of any age or any character, needs to hesitate and hold back, from a fear lest his sins should prove too great, or too deeply engrained by time. Christ saves to the uttermost. Not one of all the human race through all the generations of time, who comes to the mercy-seat with his sins, will be sent away with the burden on his back, because it was too great. If through the window of the Scripture, we could see only such holy men as Samuel and Daniel and John going in at the gate of heaven, we would be cast down; we would not dare to hope that such as we are could be admitted there. If only great saints got in, we who are great sinners would lose hope. But when we see Manasseh, and men like him, going in and getting welcome, there is hope for us. If we follow their steps in repentance, we shall be permitted to join their company in rest. If, like them, we arise and go to the Father, like them we shall be permitted to lean on his bosom and dwell in his home.

2. Beware of turning the riches of God's grace into a snare. If, because an old sinner has been forgiven when he repented, you refuse to turn in your youth, you lose your own soul, and your blood will be upon your own head. As Manasseh's case is recorded in the Bible, that an aged sinner desiring to turn may not be cast into despair, Amon's case is recorded beside it, that the young may not delay an hour, lest they perish for ever. Here the lesson is written as if with the blood of that murdered youth, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." If a youth who will not come to Christ now because he has heard that men may be converted in their old age, should die suddenly unpardoned, he will never hear another invitation, or see an open door again.

3. None of us will be either saved or lost in consequence of anything in our parents. There are indeed advantages and disadvantages, greater than we can well measure, in an education and example for good or evil at home; but this is not the thing that decides. They who have the greatest home privilege may perish in their sins; they who have the least may walk with God through life, and at last enter into rest. Amon saw his father born again when he was old; at a time when he had reached manhood, and was capable of judging, he saw his father enjoying peace with God, and living in love with men. But the son did not inherit his father's goodness. The son of the repentant, converted father, lived unrepentant and unconverted. Again, Josiah was the child of an ungodly parent, and yet he became a godly child. These two lessons are plainly written in the history; the one to make the presumptuous humble,

the other to give the despairing hope—these two lessons, a converted father cannot secure the safety of an unconverted son; and an unconverted father cannot drag down a child in his fall, if that child for himself follows the Lord. The salvation of a father does not bear his son into heaven; the loss of a parent in his own sin cannot tear away his converted child from the love of God. Every one stands by himself. The soul that sinneth, it shall die; the soul that believeth, it shall live.

The shadow of these spiritual things may be seen in nature. A tree once wild and barren has been grafted at length, and is now a good tree bearing precious fruit. From that old tree a young one springs, whether a seedling or a sucker: the young tree grows up wild and barren, until itself get a good stock engrafted in; and if a good stock is not engrafted in it, the tree will be wild to the end in spite of its parentage. But, on the other hand, although the parent tree remain evil till it is cast into the fire and is burned, the young tree that has sprung from its seed or root may receive a new nature by engrafting in its youth, and bear good fruit abundantly even to old age. Thus in our own day and in the spiritual sphere, many a youthful Amon, child of a converted Manasseh, lives in sin, and dies unsaved; and on the other side, many a child Josiah, in an ungodly house, seeks and finds the Saviour whom his parents never knew. Not he that is descended from an unconverted man, but he that is and continues to be himself unconverted shall be lost: and on the other hand, not he that is descended from a believer, but he who himself believes shall be saved. Child, have you enjoyed no privilege at home in your youth? Come yourself now, and with your whole heart, to Jesus; the sins of others will not keep you back from his bosom, or shut you out from his heaven. On the other side, have you been gently taught to pray in infancy at a godly mother's knee, and been gravely guided in your childhood by a godly father's care? Be thankful for the boon; but beware. You cannot pass unconverted into heaven on your parent's skirts; trust, not in your father as a god, but in the God of your father!

PRAYING WITH CHILDREN.

WHEN children are offered in baptism, there is a solemn covenant administered to the parents who bring them. It is well understood by all, or at least ought to be, that the good, which the ordinance is in any sense to be expected to bestow, depends upon the faithfulness with which its provisions are kept. Now, among these it is specified that the parents shall "pray with them and pray for them."

A mother once came to me sad at heart, bewailing the continued impenitency of her household. She had eight children, and not one of them had ever been converted to the Saviour. In the course of the conversation she alluded to the fact of her having brought each in turn

to be baptized. I asked her whether she had been faithful in dealing with their souls. She told me she had often talked with them, and tried to make them see their sin. But, I continued, have you ever prayed with them? She paused a moment at the suddenness of the question, but replied somewhat faintly, No. Do you mean to have me understand that you never took any one of them with you apart, to implore the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, I inquired again. She answered that she had never had the courage to do so. I am afraid I shall misjudge you, I pressed on; I want to know if it is possible that you should have come eight times to this ordinance with your children,—from that young man down to the babe I received last week,—on every occasion solemnly promising to “pray with and pray for them,” and yet never offering a single petition according to your engagement? Her only admission was in the tears into which she burst. My dear madam, said I, you know now why your family are unblest. When you think of covenant promises, you must remember your own as well as God’s. Nineteen years of wrong are behind you.

There is something very impressive even in the mere sight of a praying Christian. I have read within a little while the story of a faithful worker in the ministry, who had been away from home for a week assisting in a revival. When he started to return, he was accompanied by the pastor and a young friend to the limits of the village. There on the hill-top, full of solemn feeling, they parted with a joint supplication. Climbing the fence, they were hidden from the road, and there knelt among the branches of a fallen tree, that no eye but the All-seeing might rest upon them. They all prayed and separated. A few weeks thereafter, among the converts, came a rough honest farmer to join himself to the people of God. He told how he was ploughing in the field one day, and saw up by the road-side three men kneel to pray. The very thought of it moved him. And the more he pondered the more his own prayerless life came in review. And he found no peace till he himself became a follower of the Saviour likewise.

There ought to be in every Christian Church one season specially set apart for prayer in connection with the ordinance of baptism. Where the ordinance of the Lord’s supper is administered four times a-year, call it the “Quarterly meeting for parents and baptized children.” Announce it by name. Ask parents to bring their children, and ask children to come. If it be a full service, let both sermon and prayers and praises be appropriate to the general theme of the ordinance, its duties, its privileges, and its obligations. No harm if it comes oftener; bring it on immediately after communion, so that those who join the Church that Sabbath can present their children the same week. There are two ordinances in the Church of Christ. We have “preparatory lectures” often enough, but did you ever hear one “preparatory” to baptism?

This affords an opportunity for familiar explanation

of this whole ordinance. But above all, it gives the most fitting time conceivable to urge upon the baptized children their duties. And then the union of faith in the prayers that are offered cannot fail to avail much. Hold up the children in the arms of a warm trust in God, and then see how soon he will come to let his light shine on them.

Family prayers also afford opportunity for “praying with and praying for” the children under the covenant. A strange notion seems to have crept into the minds of *fathers* that they are not ever expected to perform this duty. But they will search the Scriptures in vain for any passage to warrant such immunity. And the very least they can do, unless they are desirous to break outright their engagements, is to assemble their home-circle every day for a united offering to God.

I know a father who was accustomed every evening to draw his little children to his knee, immediately as they left the table after the last meal, before they were drowsy, that they might repeat their own prayers; and then take his Bible to read and pray himself with all the household. Trained to it from the earliest practicable hour, those boys and girls grew up to honour the custom; and one of the severest punishments in that admirable family would have been for him to refuse permission for me to bend by his side. And I have seen as manly a lad as ever grew, go meekly and willingly to the dear old spot, and long never to outgrow the love of it. That I take to be one of the ways of “praying with and praying for” children.

Ten years ago, when an unconverted man, I boarded in the family of a pious woman, whose husband was not a Christian. There was a daughter of nineteen, another of fourteen, and a son of ten. Every morning after breakfast, I heard that humble woman gather her family in the kitchen, and read with them a chapter—“verse-about,”—in the Bible. Then as I could not help listening, there was a peculiarity of service which mystified me. At last I asked one day if I might remain. She hesitated, her daughter blushed, but said I could do so if I really desired it. So I sat down with the rest. They gave me a Testament, and we all read. Then kneeling on the floor, that mother began her prayer audibly for her dear ones there, her husband, and herself; and then pausing a moment, as if to gather her energies or wing her faith, uttered a tender affectionate supplication for me. She closed, and her daughter began to pray. Poor girl, she was afraid of me; I was from college; I was her teacher; but she tremulously asked for her blessing as usual. Then came the sweet daughter, and at last the son—the youngest of that circle, who only repeated the Lord’s Prayer, with one petition of his own. His amen was said, but no arose. I knew in the instant they were waiting for me. And I, poor, prayerless I, had no word to say. It almost broke my heart. I hurried from the room desolate and guilty. A few weeks only passed, when I asked them for permission to come in once more; and then I

prayed too, and thanked my ever-patient Saviour for the new hope in my heart, and the new song on my lip. It is a great thing to remember, that there is in the gospel as in the law, provision made not only for "thy son and thy daughter, thy man servant and thy maid servant," but also even "for the stranger that is within thy gates."

Now I give these two instances, among many, that throng my remembrance, to show how, in default of any better way, this duty of family prayer may be conducted. I cannot now, if I would, discuss the obligation in this matter; I have only to say that I cannot understand how any parent, who offers his children under the covenant, can manage to quiet his conscience with less than this.

But there will always be left with mothers the main responsibility, I suppose, in this praying with children. Many a man there is who blesses God for his "mother's prayers," who never heard his father lift his voice. I want to say a few words, therefore, directly to mothers, if I may be permitted to do so, but they must be reserved for another communication.

A TRIPLE CONQUEST.

More than a year ago, as the *Basle Magazine* (1860) tells us, an old woman lived in a small hut in the south of France. She had encountered many a trial and sorrow during her long pilgrimage, yet thought she had never seen such a woeful day as dawned upon her one Monday of a new month. Her house rent was then due; and she could not pay it, for the winter had been long and severe, and her earnings small. She would willingly not have opened her eyes to the light that morning, yet she must rise, for there was no one to do anything for her. It was a cold winter day,—a drifting wind had so enveloped the little hovel in a wreath of snow, that to go either out or in seemed impossible. There sat the old woman on her small, hard stool, alone in her distress, and wept and wept, "till she had no more power to weep."

And as she sat, and wearily gazed on the bare wall before her, ah! what did she see there? what made her old eyes lighten up so youthfully? She had noticed a kind of hole high up in the wall, and a ray of hope darted like lightning through her soul. Who knows, she thought, but some treasure may have been hidden here in former days? And new strength and activity came to her aged limbs; she stood up on the table, seized a knife, and began cautiously to loosen the lime near the spot, and observed to her delight that certainly there was a loose board which covered a cavity in the wall. What might be concealed there? Gold, silver, jewels? Joy gave her strength and success. Soon the barrier was removed, her withered hand was thrust into the opening, hoping to bring out a bag, or a casket; she drew something out, —what was it? A book,—an old, worn-out book!

"Ah, my God!" sighed the old woman, and tears

once more streamed from her eyes, "what good can a book do to me? Oh! if I had only something to quiet my hunger, to pay my rent!"

She came down from the table, and from all her golden hopes, threw the book angrily aside, and relapsed into her former gloomy, comfortless musings.

But once more she thought, "Who knows, perhaps some treasure may lie in this book, which in time of war has been thus concealed."

She took it up again, and began to feel and turn it over; but, alas! she found nothing,—nothing but dry paper leaves, one after the other. She was about to throw it away, when her eyes falling on a page deeply marked, she put on her spectacles, went to the window, and spelt out the words—

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Weary and heavy laden, that I am, God knows that I am. Who is it that speaks here? Who will give rest to old Martha, whom nobody ever asks or cares for?"

And the aged woman read and read in the holy book, while the great Friend and Comforter drew nearer to her, and the word from his mouth became sweeter to her soul, and the thought grew deeper in her heart, —he knows *thee* also, he loves even *thee*!

Yes, she sought and sought till she found the Saviour. And now she has become rich, rich as a queen, for all things are hers, earth and heaven, time and eternity. Now she can kneel down and pray to him who calls *her*, the weary and burdened one, to himself. Hunger and care are over; yes, she has found the pearl of great price, Jesus and his word. And he takes the burden of her earthly cares. The landlord waited patiently till she should be able to pay him when the winter was past. He even spoke to the neighbours, and brought the case of poor old Martha kindly before them. One man cut a path to the hut through the snow, and his wife came in with a basket of provisions. Strange, ever since she discovered *the* treasure, she has felt herself cared for by God and man, as if she were loved by all. She can smile now, and yet she weeps—tears of gratitude, of love, and of shame and sorrow too, that she should have only learned to know the best Friend at the end of her life. But she takes all to the Lord, and receives from him the gracious message, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." She has renewed her youth as the eagle, and gained strength and joy for life and for death. The word of God, now that she can search it daily, is the light to her feet, and the lamp to her path, sweeter than honey or the honeycomb, her treasure, her comfort, her delight.

Thus has the Lord dealt with aged Martha in the south of France, and turned her mourning into joy.

Something different, and yet the same, passed in another dwelling, which we shall now enter. There the Bible was not built into the wall, for, since the

wedding morning, it lay bright and handsome on a shelf; and yet it *was* walled up, and a sharp instrument was needed in order to set it free.

This cottage was pleasantly situated on a hill, surrounded by fir-trees, fresh meadows beyond, and then a stream which, through a green valley, pursued its cheerful course.

All around was fair and peaceful; but ah! in the abode of man all was dark with care and sorrow. Here dwelt a widow, the mother of three children. Not many days had passed since her husband had been carried out to his grave; and now several persons came forward to claim payment of debts, which she had known nothing of. When she saw that the sum required would take almost all her little property, her heart was full. She stood in her little apartment, wringing her hands, and wishing that she and her children were lying at her husband's side. Frau Linner had possessed the Scriptures from her childhood, and yet she knew not the mighty Friend, who has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The children were in bed; and dumb and motionless the mother sat, looking out into the dark night, and feeling her own soul as dark. She had no tears to shed. She was angry with her Creator, her husband, her creditors, with all mankind; and while her heart was encompassed by such feelings, no word of comfort from the love of God could reach her soul. Just then she heard footsteps on the road. "Is it any one who can want anything with me, the most desolate creature under heaven?"

Isaac, an old Jew, her neighbour, entered. "What is the matter, Frau Linner? why so sad? Be easy; give me your furniture, and you can pay your most pressing debts, and hope for better times. What say you to that, Frau Linner?"

The afflicted woman had few words to say. Sorrow and vexation were gnawing at her heart. She consented at last, for she knew of nothing better. That very night Isaac carried the furniture to his house, for the woman preferred its being done in the dark, to save herself the shame of the neighbours' observation.

"Have you nothing more that is worth giving, neighbour?" said Isaac, after he had carried table, chairs, desk, and other articles away.

The widow sighed, and gazed with dismay at her desolate apartment. Ah, she thought of the time, when as a young and happy bride she had left the nicely arranged dwelling, to go to church with her husband; and now, he in the grave, she in misery! Then her eyes fell on the Bible, which since that day had lain there on the shelf. It was a gift from her pious god-father, now in heaven, and still quite new and bright, for it had never been made use of.

Hastily she took it up, handed it to the Jew, and said, "Take that with you also, Isaac, it is of no use to me." And Isaac took the sacred volume under his

arm, while an expression of mingled compassion and mockery passed over his Eastern countenance. Silently he laid down some money on the table, said "Good night," and left the house.

But the widow remained standing on the spot where she had given the Bible to the Jew. There she stood for long, silent and sad, while a new distress was added to her old sorrows, and seemed like a fire above her head.

"What hast thou done?" said a voice in her inmost soul; "Thou hast given away thy salvation, thou hast sold thy faith!"

"Ah," she replied, "what good has the book ever done to me? it never paid my debts!"

"That it has done thee no good, is thy own fault; why hast thou never read it? Hadst thou done this more, who knows but things might have been otherwise now?"

A feeling of anguish unknown before, became deeper and deeper; she stood as if chained to the table on which the money lay, and felt as if the ground were sinking under her feet. At last she came to herself, gave one glance at her children, saw that they were sleeping soundly, then went out, shut the door, and disappeared like a bird. She must go to Isaac, to the Jew, and get back her Bible.

Breathless she reached his dwelling. It was Friday evening, and seven candles threw a clear light far across the street. A kind of shame came over Frau Linner; she hesitated to go in, and standing on a stone, cast a hasty glance into the Jew's sitting-room. But what did she behold? There sat four men round the table, and listened with evident interest and astonishment, while Isaac read aloud out of her own Bible, from the New Testament.

They had intended to make merry over the old book: for this purpose Isaac had called them together. In hearing of the birth of Jesus, they had indeed found cause for mockery, that the Son of God should be born in a stable and laid in a manger. But the further on they proceeded the more grave they were. When they came to Mary's song of praise all laughter was at an end. Chapter after chapter, from the various Gospels, Isaac read, and at times the words he met with appeared almost to overpower him. When he came to the scene of agony in Gethsemane, he could go on no more, and in silence closed the book. It was past midnight; the other men rose, with sad, earnest looks, and each departed to his own dwelling.

And Frau Linner? Hardly had she looked at her Bible, and seen the Jews engaged around it, when the icy bondage of her soul gave way. She gazed for one moment, saw how strangers were interested in the holy treasure she had rejected, and could bear to look no longer. She burst into tears and hastened home. There she fell upon her face, and felt as if her heart were bursting with repentance and sorrow. "O Jesus, holy God, I am the Judas who sold thee for the piece of silver! I have sold my Saviour, and trodden him

under foot!" Then she thought of her early days, her first approach to a communion table,—how happy she had then felt in her Lord, and vowed to be faithful to him in life and death. How much of love and faithfulness had she since received from him, how many gracious warnings and knocks in providence at the door of her heart! And now? Her own heart condemned her, and passed the sentence of *guilty* over all. "Thou art a child of wrath," sounded in her soul. She felt as if the Lord with eyes of fire were looking through her whole past life, all she had done or neglected to do, her thoughts, words, and deeds of sin.

She lay prostrate till the break of day; her "soul was among lions," the waves and billows went over her head, but at length the Morning Star arose. With the whole burden of her sins she ventured to approach Golgotha. She looked up to a crucified Redeemer, she heard his words of mercy, his blood seemed to drop like balm on her wounded conscience. She could say at last with Jacob, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved," and with David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

The children were still sleeping. The mother left her house once more. She hastened to Isaac to reclaim her Bible, and this time did not fail.

As she entered, she found the Jew in the same place where she had seen him the night before. The Bible lay open before him, his hands covered his face, and he was weeping bitterly.

* * * * *

Frau Linner took possession of her Bible again. But Isaac purchased another, and read and searched it day and night, and read it with his family and friends, while what he found there became to him more precious than gold or silver.

And peace and blessing returned to the habitation of the widow, for now she had found a Saviour, now she knew how to pray. She was still poor, and yet rich. She laboured hard, with diligence and prayer, and the Lord blessed her industry. By degrees she was able to buy back her furniture, and she led a quiet, tranquil life with her God and her Bible, bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

One bright Sabbath morning the bells rang for worship, and the church was already filled. Then Isaac, the Jew, and his family, walked slowly up to the altar. Then he witnessed a good confession before many witnesses, and acknowledged with a clear voice that Jesus Christ was the true Son of God, his own Messiah and Saviour, his only hope and confidence for time and eternity.

As the pastor laid his hands upon that grey head, and an expression of indescribable joy came over the Jew's countenance, many a Christian heart felt ready to respond with deep thankfulness, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "O Lord, arise,

have mercy upon Zion! Our eyes wait for thy salvation."

"O God of Israel, view their race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To view in Christ their promised king.

Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise."

Translation from the German.—C. C.

CROSS-BEARING FOR CHRIST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

THERE are some passages in the Bible that cut like a razor. One of the most incisive is this, "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

Its keen edge cleaves right through all the excuses of selfishness, all the plausible pretexts by which men would justify their derelictions of duty. Christ offers no compromise. His simple alternative is—Follow me and live, or forsake me and die. Either take up the cross for me, or let it alone. But do not step over it. Do not steal slyly around it. Do not lay it quietly to one side. Do not waste life in shivering and trembling at the sight of it, and in conjuring some device to make it sit easy on the shoulder. Crosses were made to be hard and heavy. He who is not willing to bear one for me shall never wear the crown. This is the substance of the Bible teaching in regard to cross-bearing.

Every man has his cross. Some are called to bear a peculiar burden at one time, and a very different one at another. What is a cross to you, may not be to me any labour or reproach; it may not cost me the slightest inconvenience. It would be very arbitrary to specify any one act or duty or service as the adequate measure of devotion to the Saviour. The service must involve some sacrifice of selfishness, and cost some privation, or it is no cross.

In apostolic days the bare recognition of Jesus Christ as a divine object of worship was visited with odium the most intolerant, and malignity the most furious. Simply to say, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," meant confiscation of goods, stripes beyond measure, dungeons like the dungeons of Philippi, and a baptism of blood like that of Paul's nigh the gates of Rome. But in our day many a Christian professor whose orthodoxy is unimpeachable, and who really believes that he would rather go to the stake than abandon his loyalty to the Redeemer, is yet totally unwilling to be found at a prayer-meeting. He considers it "not genteel." So would he regard the removal of the wine-bottle from his dinner-table, even though his own sons were sipping a fatal love for the poison. Anything that infringes on *gentility*, is gall and wormwood to him. Religion to be attractive to him must be "genteel;" and he would almost be content to lose a place in heaven if he thought

that he would be obliged to recognise there those "vulgar people" whom he now passes every day in the street. Pride is his pet sin. Refinement is his idol. To keep on the sunny side of fashion is his morning and evening anxiety. And a sneer is to him what the scourge of thongs was to Paul and Silas—what the red-hot pincers were to the martyrs of the Inquisition. He is ready to follow his Master, provided that Master will lead him into no associations with "vulgar people," and into no place where foul odours will come between the wind and his gentility.

2. "What a ridiculous and contemptible Christian!" exclaims one of our readers; and yet that very reader is just as sore and as sensitive in regard to his own besetting weakness. I need not say what his especial cross is. If you would find out, just hand him a subscription paper for a benevolent object. His idea has always been to get all he can, and to keep what he has got. Giving money is his cross. He will do anything for you, provided you do not touch his purse. And when such a man does give, he deserves especial honour. For he has shouldered up a cross that is excessively galling upon his darling passion—the love of lucre.

3. To another, money-giving is easy. His purse never grows rusty in the clasps. He will at any time give you a bank-check, if you will excuse him from personal exertions for the kingdom of Christ. *Work* is his cross. Therefore he is glad to commute with his conscience by making liberal donations, on condition that he is not asked to teach in a mission-school, or go out on tract distribution, or embark in any labour that requires time and bodily effort. "You are welcome to my money, but don't ask me to work," is the frank response which he makes to every recruiting officer of Christ who endeavours to draft him into actual service. Now, such a man ought never to be excused. He *needs* to be set at work for his own spiritual good; he wants exercise; his soul's health requires that he should be put to some pretty severe and patience-trying toil. Two hours' teaching every Sabbath afternoon in the ragged-school would give him a grand appetite for his evening exercise and family worship. To dislike a duty is commonly a good reason why it should be undertaken.

4. Kindred to this dread of personal labour is another man's dread of public participation in social worship. That it would be benefit to himself, and a blessing to others, if he would only open his lips in the prayer-meeting, he is ready to admit. But that "cross" he has never yet consented to take up. He says he tried it once, and "broke down." So did Dr. Tyng, when he first undertook extemporaneous preaching; but he persevered until he stands at the head of fluent, off-hand pulpit orators in America. But, my good friend, I beg of you, do not hide away behind the post any longer in the prayer-meeting. The leader has long ago given up the idea that you have any prayer to offer. Suppose that at the next meeting you *volunteer*. It

will send a thrill through the house to hear your unaccustomed voice; and your brethren will go home and say, "Behold he prayeth!"

5. But there is still a fifth who is willing to give, to labour, and to pray, provided that no active opposition is to be encountered. He is a capital seaman in smooth weather. The good brother's weakness is timidity; he nurses his popularity like a sick child; and as he never exposes it to give it strength, he soon has none left to expose. His Christianity is sweet and loveable; but it shuns exciting issues and close encounters with rampant sins. He is an undoubted saint; but he has not a single fibre of Martin Luther or William Wilberforce in him. For his final salvation he meekly trusts to that Saviour who bore the crushing cross up Calvary's mount; but when that persecuted Master calls on him to "take up a cross" of reproach for him, he straightway begins to make excuse. Alas, for us all! We pity him for his weakness; and yet we go away and practise ourselves the same indignity toward that heavenly Friend who says to us in tones so tender, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. *And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me.*" No cross—no crown.

THE FIRST CENTURY AND THE NINETEENTH

A GLANCE at the apostolic age and our own in the way of comparison will show a vast extension and multiplication of the facilities and means of doing good. We will suppose a man in the primitive age converted to Christ, and feeling that impulse which awakes universally with the awakening of a new life in the soul—the impulse to do good, to win souls to Christ. What is he to do? To preach the word. To go from street to street, from house to house. If he is a Jew, the synagogue may, under favourable circumstances, be open to some of his first efforts. If he is a Gentile, perhaps some "Tyrannus" may concede him the use of his "school" for a lecture or two. But his main dependence must be on speaking the word of life to individuals and groups whom he may chance to meet with. And in doing this he is met by universal opposition; not the inert opposition merely of indifference and contempt, nor yet only the intellectual opposition of logic and ridicule, but an opposition which is backed by the law and wields the police, and has the sanction of all that is venerable in established worship and ancient superstitions, and which, being instigated by the powerful instincts of selfishness, is active and unscrupulous and full of peril to liberty and life itself. It is soon perceived (for what is so keen-sighted as selfishness?) that the free and spiritual ideas of the new system can only succeed by overturning and revolutionizing everything that is established. Among the Jews it must "destroy the holy place and change the customs which Moses delivered to us." In the pagan world, every religious

name, idea, and usage, must pass into scepticism and contempt before it—for it affirmed no less than “that they be no gods which are made with hands.” From Jupiter Stator, therefore, who, from his awful elevation, guarded the eternal city, and “the great goddess Diana, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth,” down to the patron god of a fountain or a crossing, all are threatened. The movement can only end in causing their “temples to be despised and their magnificence destroyed.” And of course the whole army who “have their wealth” and dignity from these venerable and splendid institutions, from the high-born pontifex and augur to the shrine-makers and petty artisans and very menials employed in the temple services, all are instinctive enemies and active opponents of the new faith. And the spirit of the old idolatry has so completely pervaded government, and law, and national history, the ties of home and ancestry are so interwoven with its names and myths, that the solid fabric of society seems to stand like an impregnable wall against the progress of the gospel.

And now, to overcome all this active and passive opposition, what can the Christian do? To conciliate prejudice, to draw attention, to spread information, what means has he at hand? He has no copy of the Bible or New Testament to put into the hands of a friend with the request that he would at least read and examine. Books are too scarce and costly for that. Much less has he a Christian tract or volume to bestow, calculated to excite inquiry, meet objections, and smooth the way to truth. No church-edifices, no regular assemblings to bear of the great salvation, no press, no Christian literature nor Christian organizations, no helpful antecedents in the way of Christian or general culture,—what an absence of material helps over against all this combination of material hindrances and discouragements! Only his own weak voice to be lifted up in commendation of the “way which is everywhere spoken against!”

Pass from the first century to the nineteenth, and how is the position changed at every point. Law, government, literature, education, society, all, nominally and passively at least, on the side of Christianity. When a man is converted to Christ, and at his Redeemer's feet inquires, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?—how wide the field which is open before him! How various and complete the appliances at his command! Can he speak well? He may be bold and fervid as he will in commending his Saviour to all men in all places, “no man forbidding him.” If he should even pass the limits of prudence, the worst that can come of it is that he should be called a fanatic or a meddler. Christ and Paul bore those names before him; and the glow of holy love must be very faint within him if he does not rejoice in being called “a fool for Christ's sake.” But no man can hurt his person or hinder his work. Does he wish to devote his whole life to this work in the Christian ministry? The Church will give him the best education of the age. She will give him a “holy and

beautiful house” in which to deliver his messages, and an attentive congregation to listen to them. She will place him in a respectable and even commanding social position, whence his voice will be heard and his influence felt through every rank and institution of society. The education of the young will be respectfully submitted to him. In the inauguration and management of every great movement of the time, his counsels will carry a weight and authority which belong to the men of no other profession. Is he impatient of “building on another man's foundation,” and “ambitious” (such is Paul's own expression, Rom. xv. 20) “to preach the gospel where Christ has not been named?”—there are Turkey, India, China, Japan, the isles of the sea, all open to Christian labour, the Church ready to send him thither and support him on the field, and the most powerful governments of the world guaranteeing the perfect security of his person while he is at work for Christ in the very heart of Satan's dominions.

If, from age or other circumstances, he determines to abide in a secular calling, he can make the gains of that calling tell on the cause which he loves in almost any form and any part of the world that he may choose. Admirable organizations, both ecclesiastical and voluntary, will transmute his liberality into any shape, and bestow it in any region that he may desire. For a few pence he can give away a Bible in Bagdad or Shanghai, or distribute some hundreds of tracts in a fair or caravan of Central Asia. Christians have thus been preaching and itinerating in the heart of France, and teaching children in India, while they were following their calling at home. A merchant, not long ago, was thus teaching and training fifteen youths for the ministry, and yet all the time managing his business and correspondence at his counting house. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, is not only good law, but good gospel too. Christianity to this extent admits of proxies. He who only “receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward;” what, then, shall he receive who sends forth a prophet at his own charge, and supports him on his mission?

In addition to all that he can do through others, his personal service may be given in Sunday school, Bible class, tract distribution, city mission, visitation of schools, jails, asylums, canal basins, wharves—every place where men do congregate, or where a solitary soul may be addressed with “the word of truth, the gospel of salvation.” And rarely, indeed, will he find that his approaches will not be met with kindness and respect at least, if not with earnest attention.

Can he write well? The journals of the day, in their wondrous multiplications and reproductions, will in a few days bring a telling paragraph before the eyes of readers who can scarcely be numbered or counted for multitude.

No age which the Church has seen is at all comparable with our own for liberty, security, and manifold instrumentalities of Christian labour. A “day” has been

foretold (Zech. xii. 8), when he that is feeble among them shall be as David and the house of David, as God, as the angel of the Lord before them." Something of this vast and divine augmentation of power is seen in the present circumstances of the Church—when a Christian who has a thought to utter or a shilling to give, can make it tell in the uttermost parts of the earth.

And now, if with all this advantage we have the fervent love and simple faith of the first age, when Christian tent-makers "wrought at their occupation," and the meanwhile "reasoned in the synagogue, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks;" when those who were scattered abroad by persecution went everywhere preaching the word; when a "physician" was the "beloved" companion of an apostle, and holy women "bestowed much labour," and were acknowledged as "helpers in Christ," and a Christian "house" had a "church" in it, and the servants of Christ were ever "labouring fervently in prayers" (that perpetual and universal, and withal most powerful form of Christian labour), "that the Word of God might have free course," and that their brethren in distant Churches "might stand perfect and complete in all the will of God;"—if thus the love of the first century work through the boundless freedom and material facilities of the nineteenth, how rapid and powerful will be the growth of the Church!

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS NELSON.

OUR readers are familiar with the name of the publishers of the *Family Treasury*, and some of them knew personally the Christian character and worth of the late Mr. Thomas Nelson, Senior, who died on the 23d March last, at the good age of fourscore. There are some valuable lessons to be learned by men of business, as well as by others, from his life and death. We proceed accordingly, in conformity with a wish expressed in many quarters, to give a brief sketch of what our pages have often recorded in other instances, namely, the grace that shines in the life of the righteous, and that makes their memory exceeding precious in the eyes of God and man.

Mr. Nelson was born at Throsk, a few miles east of Stirling, in 1780. He came of a God-fearing race. His grandmother cast in her lot with the Erskines, in days when earnest evangelical religion was held cheap, and when the lamp was like to go out in the temple of the Lord. His father was a simple, devout man, leading a quiet life on a small farm not very far from the field of Bannockburn, refusing to take advantage of offered opportunities of making money by a pottery on his ground, and preferring to hold on the even tenor of his way, rather than be harassed by multiplied worldly cares, perhaps to the injury of his soul. He attended the

ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Macmillan of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Stirling, whose high-toned expositions of Bible truth, enforced by the native dignity of his personal character, made a deep and abiding impression on the heart of his young son. We are familiar still, in our own day, with great gatherings at sacramental seasons in many parts of our Highlands. Such things took place also, at the period of which we speak, in many parts of the Lowlands in connection with Churches of different Presbyterian denominations. Robert Burns has directed his keen satire against such open-air celebrations, as if there had been little difference between the case of Scotland in last generation and the Church of Corinth in the days of Paul. Yet, beyond all question, this is a profane caricature; and examples like the one before us, prove how that among our forefathers there were not a few, who made a point of attending such diets of preaching, and who received a mighty impulse to their faith from the act of showing forth the Lord's death.

Mr. Nelson's father thought nothing of travelling forty miles in order that he might enjoy the privilege of such communion seasons. His son frequently accompanied him. And who can tell, how often the dispensation of the Lord's supper, with its material signs and emblems, may be more really instructive to young people than many of the regular services of the sanctuary? Certain it is, that Mr. Nelson often delighted to refer to such occasions up to the eleventh hour of life—proving that, although he was only a spectator of the ordinance as a boy, he was yet alive to the meaning of the heavenly picture, which set forth the glory of Christ's dying love. His was one of those cases, especially common perhaps among the families of the righteous, in which it was impossible to point to any marked epoch, when he came for the first time to taste and see that God was gracious. There was no well-marked historic incident on which conversion turned. From his earliest years he had witnessed a living exhibition of gospel faith under his father's humble roof; he had been insensibly breathing the atmosphere of Christian teaching and example. His first recollections were mixed up with a sense of the fear of God, and the sacredness of the day of rest, and the value of the Holy Scriptures, and the prayers of the family altar, and the blessed spectacle of the bread and the wine. It was among such influences that the shoots of the spiritual life expanded, making it evident that the things of eternity had thus early become a great reality to him.

It is of more consequence to notice, how the existence of right principles was manifested, when he had soon after to meet the shock of the world's duties and temptations. Like so many among the youth of our land, he made up his mind to go to the colonies—selecting the West Indies as his destination. The momentous hour of leaving the parental roof came, and his father accompanied him on the road to Alloa, the place of embarkation. We are left to conjecture what passed by the way.

One thing only we know—that after many weighty counsels, his father said, “Have you ever thought that in the country to which you are going, you will be far away from the means of grace?” “No, father,” said he, “I never thought of that; and I won’t go.” His resolution was taken at once to retrace his steps, and a pet scheme was abandoned at the call of duty. His conscience made the decision; he weighed the case in the balance of the sanctuary, and felt that it was better to serve God than mammon. How few of our adventurous youth there are, with whom the thought of the means of grace counterbalances the hope of worldly gain at the age of seventeen!

When about twenty years of age, Mr. Nelson went to London, and after experiencing his own share of difficulties familiar to young men in pushing their way through the world, he at last entered the service of a publishing house, which determined the course of his after life. The home-principles under which he had been reared made him diligent and conscientious in his daily duties, whilst they led him to court the companionship of those that feared the Lord like himself. The tide of the world’s temptations swept past him without shaking his faith, as the swollen waters of the Thames by night and by day rush past the solid arches of London Bridge. One of his early associates in business was the late Mr. Kelly—afterwards raised to the Lord Mayor’s chair—whose published biography shows how Christian character is after all the true passport to the blessings of this life, as well as of that which is to come. Mr. Nelson and a few other young Scotchmen—connected with the Reformed Presbyterian Church—formed themselves into a fellowship meeting. They thought more about the services on the Sabbath, than the sights of London during the week. They encouraged each other in the graces and duties of the heavenly life, whilst multitudes of young men among them from the north made shipwreck of conscience and character. So far from it being the case that the fear of God is a poor or unworthy motive to live under, is it not rather the very highest of all motives—the safeguard against evil—the spur to every duty before God and man—the likeliest thing to the reverence, which fills the breasts of the unfallen angels around the throne? One of this group of Christian disciples held a situation in one of the dockyards during Lord Melville’s days at the Admiralty. An order was given to execute some piece of work on the Sabbath, which he respectfully but firmly declined to do,—the result being that he lost his place. Lord Melville, however, had accidentally come in contact with him several times in visiting the yard, and on learning the cause of his dismissal, rebuked the official who had issued his order, and shortly afterwards advanced him to a higher post,—thus verifying the saying of the wise man, “that by humility and the fear of the Lord, are riches, honour, and life.”

Mr. Nelson had already begun to show his love for the standard works of our old theological authorship, which characterized him in after life. He was deeply

read in Puritan divinity; and one could not but notice in him some of the sterling elements of Puritan character,—its reverence, its strength of purpose, its prayerfulness, its feeding on the divine word, its constant looking up to God. As he was now among books, he delighted to collect copies of his favourite authors for his private use; and so it was, that on beginning business for himself in Edinburgh, he resolved to issue cheap editions of such books, in order that they might be brought within the easy reach of thousands. Such cheap issues are a common feature of the publishing trade of the country now, but it was otherwise in the beginning of this century; and he was among the first to introduce the new order of things by the publication of works like those of Paley, Leighton, Hervey, Romaine, Newton, and many others. We do not dwell on what happened in after years, only remarking, that he often blessed God for the way by which he had been led, and for the measure of success with which he had favoured him. As life advanced, he often looked back on many difficulties which had been smoothed down and overcome; he was afraid of pursuing after the world lest it might eat away the life of his soul; he felt a livelier responsibility in giving more of his gains to the cause of the Redeemer; and he was deeply concerned about the spiritual well-being of the three or four hundred workpeople in his establishment at Hope Park.

We pass on to notice the closing section of his life—ending with the death-bed of the righteous. For above a quarter of a century Mr. Nelson had been more or less of an invalid, except from 1843 to 1850, when he was in the enjoyment of vigorous health. By far the greatest part of his time, when he was unwell, was spent in retirement; and those who had the best opportunities of judging can testify, that his sick chamber was in no ordinary sense a house of prayer. Many—many a time he rose at midnight to call upon his Maker. The memorandum-books which he has left behind are full from beginning to end of quotations from the religious books he was reading, or ejaculations of his own spirit before the mercy-seat. One little incident will show the place that prayer had in his daily life. A friend in the ministry happened to call one day, and after some religious conversation, told him that he could not stay longer, in consequence of an engagement,—thus being unable to join with him in prayer. On calling on another occasion, Mr. Nelson, remembering what had occurred at the previous visit, and apprehensive that the same thing might happen again, observed, “We will take the prayer *first* to-day.” So, on the passing to and fro of members of the family, on any occasion of temporary absence, his uniform habit was to sanctify meetings and partings by prayer. Prayer was, in a word, the very vocabulary of his heart—it came to him like a mother-tongue.

His last illness continued only about a fortnight,—though it was a fortnight of almost uninterrupted agony. His disease—an obstruction in the bowels—was entirely beyond the reach of medical skill. The furnace became

hotter and hotter; and often his piercing cries, from excruciating pain, were heard over the whole house. And so it continued till within a few minutes of the time, when he drew his last breath in the presence of all the members of his family. What a mystery, that the all-loving God should thus heap suffering upon suffering to the very last, and that, by the endurance of physical pain, he should at once bring down the body and lift up the soul! How easily, we think, he might interpose, at least in the case of his own people, and give peace of body as well as peace of soul in the closing days of life. But no. He is carrying out a stupendous plan of grace, in the execution of which he will not be hurried by the shortsighted wishes of his creatures. Enough to know and to witness the victory of faith over all bodily torture, and the discipline of preparation thereby for that heaven, where there is rest for the weary!

We proceed, accordingly, to give a few of his dying sayings, which may not inappropriately find a corner in the religious magazine published under his name. Whenever a Bible text was quoted, even under his sorest distress, a chord was instantly struck in his heart; he generally finished the passage himself, adding some pithy saying of his own with reference to its meaning. Thus it was, that he gave full proof of his thorough acquaintanceship with Scripture, and his clear mastery of its vital truths.

He delighted to dwell on the completeness and all-sufficiency of Christ's work, as the alone foundation of a sinner's peace with God. Thus on one occasion, in conversation with his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Goold, he said, "I think I can sum up the whole gospel in one word; and that was, *substitution*. The covenant between the Father and the Son was not a thing of yesterday. The Father delighted in Him; so should we. What I need is not mere mercy, but mercy accompanied with truth. I see mercy in the light of the sun, in the air I breathe, in the flowers of the field. I must see God's justice satisfied as well; and mercy is now given, because justice has been satisfied in the sufferings of His eternal Son. I need no other Saviour. I have a clear right to come to Him, because I feel myself a great sinner. I need no other title or plea." On another occasion he spoke about the wonderful love of Christ in dying for the ungodly, and said, "To me the most wonderful thing of all is, that with all Christ endured, He spoke as if He got a great bargain—a great prize—in saving sinners: 'He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.'" At another time the passage was quoted, "I will forgive their iniquity; I will remember their sin no more" (Jer. xxxi. 34)—and he replied, literally with laughter in his mouth, as if rejoicing in God's free grace, "What a strange thing that God should forget! God forget! Who ever heard of such a thing as this?" The remark was made that God forgets, because He remembers Christ. "Yes," said he, with solemn emphasis, "Jesus takes the front!" On another occasion he was speaking about God's love to our fallen world, and said, "It

was a wonder God did not cut off the whole generation of Adam, and create a race that would have served Him better; but then there would have been no revelation of His mercy." It is unnecessary to multiply like expressions, which were constantly upon his lips. These are enough to show the simplicity and strength of his faith in apprehending and appropriating the offer of pardon and eternal life through Christ, whose work, he often observed, "admits of no supplement." It was beautiful to notice, how with great natural strength of character, his soul melted into tenderness at every allusion to the love of his Redeemer.

Having such a sense of God's grace and covenant-mercy, he gave ample proof on his death-bed of his entire submission to the divine will. It became evident, after more than a week's suffering, that the case was hopeless. Dr. Moir was then requested by some members of the family to tell him, that he and the other physicians who had seen him could do little more, and that, so far as man could judge, a fatal issue might be apprehended within two or three days. He received the announcement with perfect calmness, saying, "I thought so; my times are wholly in God's hand. He doeth all things well. The Lord's will be done!" At the time of the doctor entering the room to break the fatal message, he happened to be reading for his morning portion the fourteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel. And after his leaving him, he at once took up his Testament again, and began at the verse at which he had left off, saying—"Now, I must finish my chapter." No one entering the room a few minutes after could have told from his demeanour that any such interview had taken place. His mind had not been in the least thrown off the balance by the near prospect of dissolution—quite the contrary. There was no excitement—no hurry of preparation for his great change—no departure in the smallest detail from the routine of his daily religious habits and exercises, and his close walk with God. His conversation that forenoon was often bright and cheerful, as if the sunshine of heaven was playing around him. Next morning he was decidedly weaker, yet, as usual, he took his Testament, and went on to read the chapter next in order—the fifteenth of Luke's Gospel. He never thought of turning to special passages, as more peculiarly appropriate to a death-bed. Next day he was asked if he had been reading his chapter, to which he replied that "he had not been able to do so as yet, but he hoped to do it after a little." He was not permitted,—and so it turned out, that the last Bible passage he read was the story of the prodigal returning home and saying, as every child of God says at death as well as in life, "I will arise and go to my Father!"

The sufferings which he endured from day to day, and indeed from hour to hour, made him dwell with all the greater fervour and frequency upon the mercies of God—so many, so undeserved. Thus, after severe spasms of pain, by which he was sorely enfeebled, the first words that generally fell from his lips were precious

texts like these: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord;" or, "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord;" or, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," &c. He prayed against murmuring,—and when the pain seemed greater than the human frame could well bear, he exclaimed, times without number, in the words of the metrical version of the twentieth Psalm,—

"O let Him help send from above!"

his sinking voice giving singular pathos to the supplication of his heart. On one occasion he said, taking the retrospect of his past life, "I might have been born a poor African slave, and sold in the markets of Cuba or Brazil, if God had not ordered it otherwise. God has been very kind to me. I can set up my Ebenezer and say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me, and I will trust Him for the future.' I am lying here a poor, helpless creature, but, through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things. . . . Suppose I were to get more strength, the great question would be, What use would I make of it? Would I employ it in glorifying God? Unless I did this with it, it would be nothing worth." On being asked whether he would like anything in the plan of salvation altered, "What," said he, "alter the result of infinite wisdom! That would never do." And on being asked again whether he had any wish to alter the time of his death, he replied, "Alter the time! No, no. God appointed the time of my coming into the world, and He has the same right to determine the time of my leaving it. Were He to ask me to choose the time, I would just refer it all back to Him. God's choice would be my choice."

He expressed great thankfulness for anything that gave him any relief—such as a little ice to moisten his mouth—sometimes remarking, that "these things were refreshing to a sufferer, but that the promises should be more refreshing than anything else." Over and over again he thanked Dr. Moir for all his professional and Christian services during these days, and for many long years before. He seemed almost incapable of looking on the dark side of death—the grave had lost its terrors—it was in his eye not a prison-house, but the ante-chamber of heaven. Hence his desire that he might honour God in his affliction, and that it might prepare him for what he called "the refined society of heaven." "If I were to be admitted to the company above," he remarked, "what would the angels and the redeemed say, were I to murmur here at the Lord's doings! He knows what pain is best for me. He sits by the furnace; I will not suffer more than I require. We are as the clay in the hand of the potter. But every parallel fails, because God both makes and shapes the clay. He has absolute power over the clay." He never spoke of death without seeing in it the occasion for the display of the love and power of Christ—as when he said one day, with a full heart, "I can never

get over that love of His in going through the dark valley!" After a night of great suffering, on being told that the break of day was at last come, he said, "The Sun of righteousness is just as free to me, and to all, as the morning light. The daylight obeys Him—the winds and the waves obey Him—everything in creation obeys Him! Oh, for the grace of genuine obedience! I need more truth in the inward parts."

Many were the prayers he offered up for his household, individually and collectively. He entreated all around him to make sure of Christ. "O children! give yourselves to the Lord decidedly. Make the world a secondary matter. I wish that I had seen the vanity of the world more clearly. I see it to be but a trifle. Think more about God and His great salvation. I feel now that I am going to leave you." And on its being remarked that he had often thought so in former years, he replied, "Yes; but I am sure now. And supposing I was spared, there was no harm in speaking about eternity. Let us improve the short time that is left." Two little incidents may be noticed, having specially to do with his family circle. He gave a present of a Bible to all the members of his household, writing their names, with the date, on the fly-leaf—this being the last time he took up the pen, two days before his death. On looking at the date, he paused for a moment, and then said with great solemnity, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." After this he prayed for all, mentioning each by name, "that they might treasure the word in their hearts; that they might study it daily, and study it devotionally,"—and after prayer, he made the remark, "that the principles of the Bible would be binding through all eternity, and that it was only in heaven we could love God, as we were commanded, with our whole heart, and soul, and strength, and mind." The other circumstance was the gathering of the whole household around his bed—and the cordiality with which he entered into the proposal to sing some Psalms selected by himself, when there seemed sure evidence that the hours of his earthly existence were well-nigh numbered. Those who were present will never forget that most impressive scene. He had always taken great delight in psalm-singing; and now it seemed like a sad and yet joyful farewell. Sometimes his voice almost died away,—at other times it appeared to have lost nothing of its wonted strength and volume, and was heard clearly above all the others. His soul was in the exercise. Praise was closing his life below, and leading the way to the nobler songs above. It was quite characteristic of him that he never got to relish most modern hymns, and that he always went back with new zest and relish to David's Psalms. One of the last remarks he made, in speaking of the songs of heaven was, "I think I hear them singing that new song now." He spoke as one about to join in it through eternity.

The windows of his bed-room looked out upon Arthur Seat and Duddingston Loch, and it was as the grey light of the morning of the 23d March was dawning on

one of the most picturesque scenes around Edinburgh, that the Master came. The servant was summoned away, like one who had been waiting for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. There was no abatement of suffering; it was a sore conflict till within a few minutes of his departure. Friends would have been thankful to have seen a single quiet hour before death; yet it was not to be—and now that all is over, they have cause to be far more thankful for such special dying grace. “Blessed is the servant, whom His Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing.”

Such was the character of Mr. Nelson's last illness, with this simple trust in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus. But it would be incorrect to say, that during the many years of shattered health through which he passed, he felt always sure of his peace being made with God. On the contrary, he was often in the position of a child of light, walking in darkness. Seasons of great bodily uneasiness, caused probably by the early inroads of the disease then unsuspected, which ended his days, were also seasons in which he spoke doubtfully, and even despondingly. He often brooded over the question of his personal acceptance with God, and sometimes almost refused to be comforted. And yet no Christian friend could well wish better evidence of his estate even then, than by hearing his earnest prayers in his bed-chamber or in the family for an interest in Christ, or his confessions as to his unworthiness and shortcomings, or by witnessing his delight in learning about the revival of religion at home or abroad. He was grieved, because faith was weak and obedience imperfect; still, all the while this was nothing else than that genuine contrition of heart, which is itself both the work and the witness of the Holy Spirit. He sometimes failed to see that there is a vast range in the degrees of faith among the best of God's people, and that even when weak as a grain of mustard seed, it was still the very faith that saves and sanctifies the soul. During these years of which we speak, it was often remarked, that when his illness assumed for the time a really serious form, at once his doubts vanished like mountain mist, his soul gathered fresh strength, and he was willing to resign himself unreservedly into God's hand. Nothing could better prove how much bodily ailments had in his case to do, as they often have, with the darker experiences of the people of God. Wearisome days and nights may frequently sink the soul as well as the body, and render it for the time hard to mount up as on eagle's wings.

We refer to all this the more specially for another reason. We have stated that the approach of death made no change on one of his daily religious habits; and in many such instances it is precious to observe how, ere death comes, God blesses the soul that seeks Him. He is only known in one single instance to have failed to observe family worship,—and that omission, though a very special one, caused him great concern. A friend from across the Atlantic once remarked that he was

never more struck with anything than with the patriarchal way in which he asked a blessing before meat. Thus it was with regard to all else—his religion being that of every-day life, and the things of eternity occupying the upper chamber of his heart. Hence, when his dying day came, it found his exercises of soul thoroughly confirmed, so that that day did not materially differ from ordinary days in his later years. What a lesson as to the cultivation of religious *habits*! and what a comforting proof of God being true to His promise, that “at the evening time it shall be light!” We know that there are cases, in which His people may sometimes go to the grave without a ray of inward peace. This is one of the greatest mysteries of grace, which eternity alone can fully unravel,—although it ought not in the least to shake our reliance on the God of the Promise. It is, however, the more encouraging to record examples, in which the soul's passage into the unseen world has been smoothed by God's abundant mercy.

We cannot close without remarking, that Mr. Nelson's life supplies a good example of sterling Scottish piety, exhibited unobtrusively in the walks of business. He admired the Covenanters, and had not a little of the spirit that makes one willing to do or suffer for Christ, as the case may be. He had been brought up in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and during his last days he had much heavenly counsel with Dr. Goold of Edinburgh and Mr. Anderson of Loanhead;—but his heart beat warmly to all the followers of Christ, of every name—and many are the clergy from other lands, both in Europe and America, who can testify to his being a lover of hospitality, and a lover of good men. One of the most marked private seasons with him was during the weeks which were, from year to year, set apart for prayer by Christians over the world. He was careful to jot down the days for such devotional exercises; and when the hour of the day came round which was recommended as convenient for devotion, he was then sure to be found in his room, pouring out his heart before God, and joining his soul in sympathy with the souls of all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth.

How many there are in our country, men naturally of retiring habits, not mingling very much with the world beyond their daily walk in business—confined, it may be, for many years to the dwellings of Jacob—who yet nightly help on the cause of Christ by their private prayers. Their sincere devotional life is like a perpetual Sabbath and memorial before God; not as if they were indifferent to what is taking place in the busy world around, but that they are prepared to interpret all such events aright in the light of God's word and of the glory of the latter day. During these closing days of his earthly sojourn, Mr. Nelson only once specially referred to the news of the day. He felt anxious to know what President Lincoln had said in his inaugural address; and on being told, he replied, “Well, well, I think the best thing that could happen would be a peaceable sepa-

ration between the North and South. But be that as it may, these recent events in Europe and America prove that Christ is claiming the nations, and they are part of his 'inheritance.' It seemed the easiest and most natural of all things for him to pass from the concerns of time to those of eternity. Any reference to what was occurring for the moment had the same serious impress as when he spoke to one of his sons (knowing that it was the week of the communion in his congregation in Greenock), and said, "Perhaps you will be able to wait and see the end;" or when some one, for curiosity, asked him if, after entering heaven, he would have any desire to come back to this world, he at once replied, "What would I come back for?"—meaning that to depart and to be with Christ was far better. These were some of the ways in which he was constantly showing his love to the Saviour, and yet no one confessed more readily than he how feeble and cold his love had been, causing him to say, "What a shame not to love Him better!" The same meek and humble spirit made him acknowledge how little he had done for Christ in his day and generation, and it prompted his ready reply to the remark that, nevertheless, Christ had surely done much for him. "Yes," said he, lifting up his hands from his bed, his voice having the ominous sound of a rapidly-approaching change,—“Yes. He could not possibly have done more.”

May Scotland ever be blessed with a race of such men, who, rising by patient industry to an honourable position in business, exemplify not only something of the independence and sagacity which other nations ascribe to us, but also that fear of God, and that love to His truth, and the interests of His Son's kingdom, which are the true elements of all personal character, as well as of all success in life! He is buried in the Grange cemetery, in the well-known line of tombs containing the ashes of Dr. Chalmers and many other Scottish worthies,—his grave being next that of Hugh Miller. With many of the imperfections which cleave to the best of men, we feel on relating these few incidents of his life in connection with the mellow and ripened grace of his death-bed, that to all such aged Christians the words of the psalmist are peculiarly applicable, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright; He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him."

SONNET.

"Casting all your care upon him."

WHEN from a world of tumult we retreat,
To commune with the Lord in secret prayer,
We gladly bring our burdens to his feet,
Who bids us cast on him our every care;
Yet is it seldom that we leave them there,
But when again the busy throng we meet,
We still are "heavy-laden," still repeat

The tale of griefs which Jesus died to bear.
Oh! we should "*roll our burden on the Lord,*"
Though faith be trembling and our eye-sight dim;
For, did we realize his gracious word
Whose love is strong to bear his people's load,
We should go forth from communing with God,
His peace our own—*our* care consigned to him.

"Roll thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

THE CENSUS.

ALTHOUGH the readers of the *Family Treasury* within the limits of the British isles may be reckoned by scores of thousands, the name, and rank, and age of every one of them will be found in one great book, which was written lately all in one day, and will be safely kept among the records of the kingdom. It was an interesting and somewhat solemnizing act to write the names and ages of all the family in the census paper on the morning of the 7th of April last, and to know that all the millions of the nation were written on different pages of the same book at the same time. All the names are in that book; no man can reach it now to change or blot out his own. They have gone into the archives of the kingdom, and are far beyond our power.

It reminds us of another book, in which are written the names, not of a nation merely, but of a world—not of one generation only, but of all generations. In that book names are written as well as names, inmost thoughts as well as outward profession. It is in the keeping of the King Eternal, it is shut from the eyes of men and angels, it will be opened in the judgment of the great day. My name is there, and yours, reader. Our character is there, and our sins are there, not as we represented them, or our neighbours read them, but as God sees them. Every word and thought of ours will be brought out—the multitude of our sins, to be laid either to our Redeemer's charge or our own. If we are in Christ, none of these heavy counts will be marked against us; they will be all blotted out. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

There is another book, distinct from the book of judgment, with names in it, and nothing but names. It is called "The Lamb's Book of Life." Sinners' names are there, but not their sins. All whose names are in it are just before God in the righteousness of Christ. They will not tremble when the books are opened, for no debt remains charged in their account. Oh, to have our names in that book! What kind of persons are admitted to that privilege? Not the great, not the good. There are none great, none good among men. Those who get their names in that Book of Life have neither inherited nor wrought their righteousness; they have obtained it as a free gift from God. They who know themselves only sinners, and cast themselves unreservedly on Christ the Saviour, are found written there. There is no question whether he will give your name a

place in his book of life. He is willing to do that, he longs to do that. The question is, Are you willing to give him a place in your heart? He is waiting, knocking now.

Although the book lies hidden in the deep of eternity, all the writing is inserted in it now. No corrections or additions can be made in it for any one after his day on earth is done. The book is sealed. Those that are in it cannot be blotted out, those that are out till their departure cannot be put in. Here and now the writing is done. Your name, reader, is going down on the Lamb's Book of Life, or not, according as you are giving yourself to Christ, or withholding. In the very act of casting yourself, as a sinner, on the Saviour's love for all you need, your name is silently, surely printed in his book. The writing of the Spirit is a double writing, sinking into two sheets simultaneously,—marking the new nature on the tables of your heart, and the new name in the family register of heaven. Neither the troubles of time nor the powers of darkness can ever obliterate either impression. God's family are a whole family. No child shall be excluded from home, for the father's love cannot want one of the children. A.

A STANCH CONVERT.

IN the year 1854, a Mussulman, from a good family, in one of the north-west provinces of India, came to Bombay. He had, in some way, obtained a Bible, and had been brought to the knowledge of the truth by reading it. He wished to learn the ways of Christian truth more perfectly, and also to be permitted to profess his faith in Christ, without fear of harm from his former co-believers in Islam. There was no doubt in regard to his earnestness and sincerity. He was after some weeks' trial gladly received to the fellowship of the little mission Church. He was baptized by the beloved missionary, Rev. Mr. Hume, the last time he ever entered the house of God on earth, when he was too feeble to undertake the other services of the occasion.

Near the close of 1856, this convert, K— B —, left Bombay for his native provinces. On the outbreak of the rebellion, May 1857, he was at Delhi, and, with other Christians, was in danger of losing his life. He escaped, and joined the British at once. It was at the darkest hour in that time of trial. The path of safety for a native of that land, as well as present honour and wealth, seemed to be in joining the rebels and upholding the native dynasty. It required no little courage at the time when the event was so doubtful, to espouse the cause of the British. K— B — did not waver. He introduced himself to the authorities, and was employed by them, on the strength of a paper which he had with him, given to him by an American missionary in Bombay.

He was a man of good address, tall, slender, dark, with a full black beard. He became a messenger to

carry letters to the British, who were besieged in Lucknow, and to get news from them, and also of the plans of the rebels in Delhi and Lucknow both. He was at one time arrested by a rebel band, and taken before one of their intamous leaders, charged with being a spy, but as no proof was found against him, he was released.

When peace was restored, the Government proceeded to reward its native faithful servants and allies. K— B — received a present of five hundred pounds in cash, and a grant of a village, a tract of land in perpetuity, the annual rental of which is five hundred pounds. This is the form of reward most gratifying to all the natives of that country, and most eagerly sought. It is in accordance with the customs of the land. It is the form of reward which has been most used from time immemorial. It gives the person rank among the gentry. There are many such proprietors, made such by the native powers before the advent of the British. This reward was unexpected by K— B —. He had but done his duty, and why should so much honour be put upon him? It is the policy of the British to show their subjects the advantages of loyalty to them at all times. While they have severely punished those found in actual rebellion, they have rewarded liberally those who stood firm. The good effects of this policy will be apparent, should another struggle ever take place in that country.

How did the Christian look upon this wealth? He said, "God has given me this prosperity, and I must use it, not for myself, but for his glory." He erected a school-house for the use of the villagers of his new domain. He procured a teacher from a mission station some distance off. He made application to Government to give him the charge of some native children who had been made orphans during the rebellion. His request was granted, and he now has in training for Christ ten boys and eight girls, who were thus left. He supports them entirely. Thus is he heaping coals of fire upon the heads of those who once sought his life.

Recently, K— B — has taken a long journey to visit the missionaries and native brethren in Bombay and vicinity. The principal object of this visit was to ask for a missionary to go back with him and take charge of the religious instruction of his people, and to preach to the natives in that region. He proposes to assume the entire expense of such a mission himself, if the missionary could be found. Who will go? It would not be expedient for any one now employed in our missions in Western India to go so far away and to learn the new language, while labour is so much needed, and is so much blessed, in the field already occupied. It would seem to be a very hopeful opening for a new man to enter.

There are now some three or four mission stations in India entirely, or in great part, supported by native princes. Three native princes have professed Christianity themselves. Every such movement as this is matter of much hope, in reference to the spread of the gospel in that land.—*Independent*.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

"I WILL ARISE, AND GO TO MY FATHER."

LUKE XV. 18.

BY THE REV. JAMES BOLTON, KILBURN.

THIS parable, like the sun, shines as radiantly and powerfully to day as it did nearly two thousand years ago, when Jesus spoke it. For all these years it has been calling and lighting sinners back to God. Who can say what good it has done in that time! How often its verses have been wet with tears! How many souls it has saved! What multitudes now in glory would tell us, "That story brought me here!" It caught them by the hand as they were sinking, and drew them, as sweetly as an angel might, to the Rock of Ages.

Now, let us read it together; and I will underline those passages which seem to me the most important:—

"And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger! *I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.* And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry."

There are four chief points in this unhappy and yet happy youth's history: What he left—what he went to—what he came to—what he returned to.

May the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Jesus, teach us life lessons from each of them.

1. *What he left.*—If some poor lads tramped off from London or Edinburgh, they would leave very little except thievish companions and beds of straw. When the swallows quit England in the autumn, they leave very little except fogs and frosts. But this youth left his father, his home, and abundant supplies. *His father*—and such a father!—so generous, so kind, so considerate—see how ready he was even to indulge his sons—how at once, and without grudging, he divided to them his living. See how he says to the other brother, "*All that I have is thine!*" See what a depth of love was in him, in his treatment of the prodigal before he had uttered a word of confession—"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and *had compassion*, and ran, and fell on his neck, and *kissed him!*" Was he not just such a father as you would wish to have? I had such a father; and I used to hope that he might attend my death-bed, and lay me in my grave.—How could I bear to be parted from him! And now that he is gone, I feel as if I had wasted every moment that I was not close to his side.

This youth left *such* a father!

He left *his home*. Evidently it was a country home. There is mention of a "house" and a "field;" and a "calf" and a "kid" imply cattle and flocks. Perhaps it was in a retired valley, embowered in trees, surrounded with pastures.—If you opened the windows, there were warbling and fragrance in the air. And it was not dull within; for "music, and dancing," and merriment, only needed a beckon, to burst forth. In this cheerful country home the youth had been born and had grown up. There he had drank in his earliest delights; there he had sported without cares or fears; and there ten thousand invisible tendrils had clasped him, and sought to bind him there for ever.

But he left this *dear* home.

And he left *abundant supplies*. We are told that "the ass knoweth his master's crib."—He knows where he is well fed, and he sticks to it. And here this youth had plenty of food—for the hired servants had "bread enough and to spare;" and warm clothing—for if there was a *best* robe, there were others; and "a fatted calf" hints at occasional feasting.

But he left these *abundant* supplies.

Would you ask for more than a devoted father, a dear home, and plenty?—What millions of sons have sighed for them in vain! But he left them all.

And herein is he not a picture of us? In this Christian land, and in our Christian family circles, are we not from infancy offered a heavenly Father, a heavenly home, and heavenly supplies? How by parents, teachers, ministers, by Bibles and pious books, God *presents* us with these—*presses* them upon us—would have us understand that in Jesus "*all that he has is ours.*" But, alas! we do not care for these precious blessings; they are nothing in our esteem; we turn from them. Which of us by nature *rejoices* in our heavenly Father, our heavenly home, our heavenly supplies, and is so *satisfied* with them that everything else seems chaff and tinsel? No, unless the Lord works a change in us, our habit is to *leave* these, God's inestimable benefits—to leave them to others—to leave them till sickness or old age—to leave them without a regret, as we leave our cradles and our white baby dresses.

2. *What he went to.*—What was it that lured and attracted him? We have heard of youths going on the Continent to travel and to finish their education. Hundreds go out to India annually to army appointments. A lad started for Australia, laboured hard there in the gold diggings for five years, and when he landed at Portsmouth, could drive to his mother's cottage in a carriage and four. Jacob was *obliged* to flee abroad from the anger of Esau; but he *prospered exceedingly*, till he had become "two bands." Joseph was *compelled* to emigrate into Egypt; but there he rose to be a *prince and a saviour*.

But observe, this young man's idea and plan was—
1st, To get to a distance.

2d, To enjoy himself recklessly.

No sooner had his father done as he requested him, than he gathered all together—selling it, or drawing it from the bank—and took his journey into a *far country*.—"Let me put as many miles as possible between me and my father's eye and ear and tongue, so that he shall not be aware of what I do, and so that I shall have no reproofs, no counsels, no warnings."

And then he "*wasted his substance in riotous living.*" He said to himself, "Now I can gratify myself without hindrance—now I will throw restraint to the winds—now, come Pleasures, I and you will be play-fellows!"

He did this in his *ignorance*. So foolish was he, that he *never thought* of what comforts he was forsaking, and what troubles he might run into. He was like a silly sheep, wandering from its fold, its clover, or its turnips, to a wilderness infested with wolves.

He did it, too, in his *self-will*. He must be independent—free as a lark in the sky. This liberty has a strange fascination for the young; but it is a Will-o'-the-wisp, which misleads us into a bog, and then vanishes.

And he did it in his *passion for pleasure*. That had set him on fire, and now flamed up in him till it burned him to ashes. It is a terrible thing to have a

passion for pleasure; it is certain to grow stronger and stronger, and draw us on and on, till it lands us in the *centre* of the spider's web. I beseech all of you to beware of it, and struggle and pray against it.

These three things—ignorance, self-will, and a passion for pleasure—hurried this youth into "a far country" and to "riotous living."

And here also is a glass in which we behold ourselves. When we determine to have our own way, we seek to *hide* ourselves from rebuke and instruction. We dread interference. We say to God, "Depart from us." I remember at school, in America, a band of naughty boys fitted up a cave for themselves in a *dense forest*, where they could smoke and gamble.—It was the secrecy of the thing which was its charm to them. And then "out of sight and out of mind," as we imagine, we yield ourselves to what is sinful—we indulge fleshly inclinations—we join with evil associates. One would suppose that we were the butterflies of an hour, who have nothing to do with judgment and eternity; or lambs in a butcher's paddock, frolicking within sight of the knife.

3. *What he came to.*—He had his idea and his plan, and nobody opposed him in them. And now, what does he *reap* from his sowing? He has been draining a sparkling cup.—What is at the *bottom* of it? Can it be? Is this indeed him—"feeding swine?" Yes; there is no mistake about it. There he is following a herd of hogs as they rummage over the stubble! But that was not the worst of it. There is no particular disgrace in feeding swine. In Essex you will meet scores of lads doing it. I have walked and talked with them; and they were as honest and intelligent, as willing to read a tract or answer Scripture questions, as any lad in our Sunday classes. I declare I would rather *feed swine* than be a swine as many are in their tastes and habits.

So I repeat it,—this youth's new occupation was not the worst of what he had come to. Was he not beggared, degraded, starved? Was he not *beggared*? He had *wasted* his substance till he had *spent all*, and that on *vice*.—What his father had laboured for and intrusted to him, he had consumed on his iniquities,—every farthing of it. What a wretch this proved him to be. Was he not *degraded*? Had he not been wallowing in the mire of dissipation? And now was he not driven to engage himself as a common menial to a farmer, and be thankful for the lowest employment? Here was wretchedness! And was he not *starving*? He could buy nothing, not a dry crust for himself; and the "mighty famine" prevented him from picking up fruit, or begging a meal from those around,—ordinarily they would not have grudged it, but now they had to treasure up the scraps and crumbs for themselves. Why did not his boon *comrades*, who had "*devoured*" his wealth, support him? They had clung to him whilst he had wealth; but now that they had sucked the juice out of the orange, they threw it into the ditch; whilst his summer lasted they frisked about with him,—when his winter set in they bade him adieu!

The poet touchingly sings—

"And he who has but tears to shed,
Must shed those tears alone!

But why did he not obtain what he needed with his pay? It appears that the farmer ordered him to go and earn his pay before he could board him; and so he commenced his task famishing, envying the pigs the husks which they ate so greedily: "*and no man gave unto him.*"—He was pale, and lean, and haggard; his cheeks were sunken, and his bones nearly through his skin; his remaining rags hung loosely upon him, his feet were naked, "*but no man gave unto him.*" And was it not a mercy that it *was* so? for had he been relieved, he might never have said, "I will arise and go to my Father." But how deplorable was his condition now! Contrast it with what it was a few months before under his father's roof, at his father's table, waited on, admired, not a want unmet!

And this is what the World does for its votaries! These are the wages of Satan! This is the bitter fruit of those buds and blossoms which smell so delicious! Said a dying youth to me: "Could I have realized that by my gaiety I should shorten my life from seventy to twenty, I would have broken from it, had it been twice as enticing! And not only have I *shortened* my life so, but *squandered* what I have had of it!"—And he sighed so hotly and heavily that I was reminded of him who cried to Abraham for but a *drop of water* from Lazarus's finger tip to cool his parched tongue!

But so it is! Scores of youths will not believe this; they must taste those honeys and *poisons* for themselves. They must dive amongst those pearls and *sharks* for themselves; they must flutter in those gilded chambers and *fiery lamps* for themselves! Then will they discover that—

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,—
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or as the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.

And they may congratulate themselves if they do not come to "feeding swine"—to beggary, degradation, starvation.

4. *What he returned to.*—There is something beautifully suggestive about this. He returned to exactly *what he had left*, with the addition of the *best* robe and the ring.—He returned to his Father, his Home, and abundant supplies! But you say, "Then what was the difference?" Simply that he had *another heart* in him. He returned to precisely what he had left, but he returned to it with an altogether *altered heart*. That was the difference, and it made *all* the difference; it made his father yearned for, his home a paradise, his abundant supplies priceless. They were not transformed, but *he was*.

He was in his *right senses*—"he came to himself." He had been intoxicated or "possessed;" now he viewed things as they are, and perceived his guilt, and his danger, and his ingratitude. He was *emptied*.—He

was no more your fine proud fellow, tossing his head and saying, "I can forage for myself." Now he hung his head, and would be grateful for the smallest scraps. He was *humbled*—"I am no *more worthy* to be called thy son." Who shall say what his conscience upbraided him with when he arrived at that conclusion, that his *Father ought to disown him!*—I dare not disclose the glimpse which I have of it! He was *contrite*—"I have sinned."—I have no excuse, no merit to plead. He was *hungry*. He longed now for what he had before despised. He was *submissive*—"Make me as one of thy *hired servants*." He only sought to be forgiven and restored, and his father might treat him as he chose.

Now, if all these are not marks of a *converted heart*, I do not know what a converted heart is; and it was this *converted heart* which caused him to *return* so gladly, to what he had *left* so gladly, and which reinstated him in his father's favour, and the best robe and ring besides.

Now, that is all that is required to gild with hues of gold to us, *our heavenly Father, our heavenly home, and our heavenly supplies!* They *are* golden, but *not to us*, because our hearts are hard, and cold, and averse to them. When our hearts are *renewed by grace*, then we shall pant after them and prize them. But what a deal some of us have to suffer before that! We are like those wild colts which Mr. Rarey sought to render fit for the royal stables. They might have *been led straight* into them had they been gentle, but they resisted and fought, and had to be thrown and conquered, and then submit *heaving and trembling!*

But to close.

Notice the one thing in which all this youth's future happiness centred,—it was in *arising and going to his father*. Had he shrunk from that, or delayed that, or tried letters and messages, he might have perished, as he saw that he *was* perishing; but *arising and going to his father* conducted him to pardon, peace, honour—his father's embrace, the fatted calf, the robe, the ring, the shoes!

And what but this have *we* to do that *we* may obtain pardon, peace, honour. We must *arise and go to our Father*. For God is *our Father* in Jesus.—We may approach him as such, *confidently* in Christ's name. You may be imperfect in doctrine, but surely you know that you have *sinned*, and that you must go to God and *acknowledge* it, and entreat him to *blot it out for Christ's sake*, and *receive you* as his penitent child. Have you done this seriously and sorrowfully? If not, why linger? Why continue to expose yourself? Why be "*wanting*" when there is all that you "*want*" waiting for you? Is it God that you are afraid of? Behold Him as depicted by Jesus himself!—When the youth was approaching, the father happened to be standing at the wicket gate. Now it is a fact that fathers can see further than most people,—they can discern *their children* a wonderful way off. So when he saw this youth toiling towards him, though he was worn and wan,—a tattered skeleton, he

felt a strange commotion within ; then he said to himself, " Yes, it is he !—it is my long absent boy !—it is my Benjamin, for whom I have mourned, and wept, and prayed."—" And he had *compassion*, and ran and fell on his neck ;" and there,—whilst the son was sobbing out on his bosom, " Father, I have sinned ; I am no more worthy," *he was kissing him*, and bidding him say no more, and commanding the servants to adorn him like a king !

And hark to his reason for all this, " For this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

Jesus intended that you should understand from that, that so God will welcome *you*, if you will say as you finish reading this story, "*I WILL ARISE, AND GO TO MY FATHER!*" Amen.

WHAT IS PRAYER ! *

It is not closing the eyes, and clasping the hands together, and standing up as you do in church, and at school, or kneeling as you do at home, and repeating certain words. *That* is not praying. I have heard of a man who " prayed, and did not pray." What would you understand by that ? It was an old man who, from his infancy, had never gone to bed at night without repeating the prayer his mother taught him,—

" This night when I lie down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

And yet he had never prayed one real prayer ; for *saying prayers* is not *praying*. There may be some of you who have said your prayers from your earliest years ; who, though now not very young, have never omitted in the morning, " Our Father who art in heaven," or in the evening, " This night when I lie down to sleep"—(for even many old people have no prayers but these, which they merely repeat like parrots, without understanding even what they mean) ; you may not have omitted these for a single day, and yet it may be true of you, that you have *never prayed*. If a person were to come to you and repeat certain words which he did not understand ; if he did not seem to think of what he was saying ; if he kept looking about him all the time, as if he were not speaking to you ; if he were to fall asleep while he was speaking ; if he went away without ever waiting for an answer, or hearing what you had to say,—what would you think of him ? And yet that is what very many do to God ; and *that* is what *they* call prayer ! What would you think of a person putting a letter into the post-office without an address on it, or putting only unmeaning words, or nothing at all, in the inside of it ? Would it be strange if no answer came ? would he have

reason to say, " I wonder I am getting no reply ; other people, I hear, are getting answers to their letters, but I am getting none ?" Are not your prayers very much like something of this kind ? They are not addressed to God ; or they are like a blank sheet of paper neatly folded up, and addressed in a good hand ; but there is nothing in them, and so nothing ever comes of them. Like unaddressed letters, they are, as it were, sent to the " Dead-Letter Office," and come back as they went away, or are never heard of more ; or like blank letters, there is nothing to reply to, and so no reply is received.

Paul had many a time said prayers before,—oftener, perhaps, than most people now-a-days, for he was very attentive to outward duties ; and yet God says in our text to Ananias, " Behold he prayeth !" as if it had now for the first time been true of him—as if he had never prayed before. And so it was. He had often *said his prayers*—he had never *prayed*. What, then, is prayer ? You have it in the first word of Matt. vii. 7. Ask. You have it in Ps. l. 15 : CALL UPON ME. You have it elsewhere : " They *cried to God*." " Asking" is praying ; " calling upon God" is praying ; " crying to God" is praying. Look at yon sinking vessel. See yon mother standing on the wreck with her infant in her arms, and yon man clinging to a plank, and others holding on by a boat that has turned upside down, and cut off the last hope of not a few. Amid the loud whistling of the wind and the dashing of the waves, what is that you hear ? Listen ! above the sound of wind and wave, what shouting and bitter cries, " Help ! help ! Save me ! O save my child !" *That* is prayer. Or see that poor boy. The day is stormy and bitter cold ; he has been lying all night under the arch of a bridge, or in some common stair ; he has no home, no parents to provide for him, and he comes to your door to ask for help. He is more destitute and more helpless than the robin-red-breasts, that hop about our windows in winter. He is cold and hungry. How he pleads for some of your warm clothing to cover him, and some of your nice food to satisfy the cravings of his hunger ! " Help a poor homeless boy. Give me a morsel of bread. Do not send me away." *That* is prayer. Or there is another : a palsy-stricken man, hardly able to walk, ill-clad, wasted and worn looking, unable to speak so as to be understood. He just stands before you, as much as to say, " Look at me ; see how poor and needy I am, how much I need your help ; and though I cannot ask it in words, this stammering tongue and trembling hand speak of themselves." *That* is prayer.

Dear children ! do not these describe your condition ? You are like the sinking, shipwrecked ones, perishing, going down to hell ; and you cannot save yourselves. Oh, will you not cry for help,—for deliverance,—for salvation ? " Lord, save me, save me ; I am perishing !"

* From the " Golden Fountain ; or, Bible Truth Unfolded,—a Book for the Young" (and a very valuable one). By the Rev. J. H. Wilson, Edinburgh. T. Nelson and Sons.

" There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains."

Can you think of going there, without ever asking to be saved, without crying to God to deliver you? Such crying is praying. To pray is just to *beg*, and every praying child is a *beggar*. We are poorer than the poorest, and so we *need* to beg; and if we are like other beggars, there will be no want of praying. Prayer is *speaking to God*—to a real, living person,—as real as we are ourselves. True, you cannot *see* God; but he can *see and hear you* as really as those beside you can now. He is not far away,—he is close at hand! You have heard of the electric telegraph, how quickly messages go and come by it. You can send a message to London, or to any other part of the country, along those mysterious wires, and though hundreds of miles off, your friends will get it and send an answer to you in a few minutes. But God hears, when you speak to him, more quickly than even in this way, for he says, “Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.”

Now, how is it with you, when you pray? Do you feel that you are speaking to God, asking, begging from God, crying to God? What do you think of, when you seem to be praying? Do you desire what you ask? Is your prayer mere words, or is your heart in it? Is it something inflicted on you as a punishment? Is it a task which you must perform every morning and evening? Are you like the praying machines used in some heathen countries; the people writing prayers on pieces of paper, putting them into a kind of roller or barrel, and every time the roller goes round, reckoning it one prayer? Are you like a boy who was proud, because a lady who heard him, said, “How sweetly he prays!” and who, after neglecting his prayers for several days, repeated them over as often as would make up for the omission, lest something should happen to him,—but never really praying, till, when an old man, he felt himself to be a sinner, and cried to God for mercy? Is it a disagreeable duty to ask bread when you are hungry, or help when you are in danger? If you were condemned to die, would you not feel it a privilege to be allowed to ask the Queen for pardon? And will you not regard it as a precious privilege to be allowed to pray to God, —to tell him your wants, to cry to Him for help? If you have never really prayed before, begin to pray now.

“Prayer is the contrite sinner’s voice,
Returning from his ways:
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, Behold he prays!”

WHAT SHOULD I PRAY FOR? There are two very good guides to follow in praying—the *prayers recorded in the Bible*, and the *promises of God*. Have you ever noticed the hundreds of prayers there are in the Bible? I could not tell you how many. The Book of Psalms is full of them; and God’s people in all ages—whether they have been young or old—have liked to take these prayers, and make them their own. You will find there prayers for every case. They are fit for children as well

as for grown-up people. They are so short that any of you may remember them, and yet so comprehensive as to include everything you can need or desire. First of all, we have the prayer for a *new heart*, and this should be our first request, “Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!” For *pardon*,—“Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great!” For *salvation*,—“Lord, save us, we perish!” For *mercy*,—God be merciful to me, a sinner!” My dear young friends, commit these Scripture prayers to memory, and make them your own,—pray them for yourselves.

And then another guide in asking aright is *God’s promise*. You are always safe in asking what He has promised. Take his own promise, and plead it with him. Remind him of what he has said, just as you would remind your father and mother if they had promised you anything. He wishes you to do this. He says, “Put me in remembrance.” Well, then, his greatest promise is the *Holy Spirit*, and he says, “He will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him,” showing that we are to pray for this blessing. It is the Holy Spirit—who is also God, equal with the Father and the Son—who leads us to think about our souls and to seek their salvation; who shows us the evil of sin, and the wickedness of our own hearts, and the danger of being forgetful of God, and away from him. It is he who shows us Jesus as the very Saviour we need, who gives us the new heart, who enables us to understand the Bible and the way to be saved, who makes men holy and happy, and who prepares them for heaven. How blessed, then, are they who have the Holy Spirit! All the things in the world are not so precious as this; and for this, blessed be God, you are told to ask. What should I pray for? Pray for the Holy Spirit. What shall I say? “O Lord, for Jesus’ sake, give me thy Holy Spirit.” Do remember this, for nothing is so important. You might have all the wealth in the world, and yet, without this, you would have no peace, no joy—you would be miserable and poor.

Then there is that wondrous prayer,—“The Lord’s Prayer,” which we so little think of, and so little understand when we repeat it. Are you grieved, as you hear wicked children or wicked men taking God’s name in vain, or speaking amiss of the Bible, or the Sabbath, or the sanctuary, or anything that pertains to God?—“Hallowed be thy name.” Would you have the poor heathen to know about Jesus, and the wicked to be made good, and Jesus to be loved and honoured over all the earth?—“Thy kingdom come.” Would you be humbly submissive to the will of God, and have this earth to be liker what heaven is?—“Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.” Would you have your bodily wants supplied?—“Give us this day our daily bread.” Would you have your sins pardoned?—“Forgive us our debts.” Would you be kept out of the way of evil, and preserved from bad company and bad things?—“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.”

Pray for your friends that they may be Christ's, that they may be saved, that they may be comforted in sorrow, that they may be made holy, and prepared for heaven. If you had a little brother drowning and could not help him, wouldn't you cry to those who could? And if you have brothers or sisters who do not love Christ or believe in Christ, will you not cry to God for them? How it grieves you to see your mother weeping,—how you wish you could comfort her, how you seek to dry the tears that run down her cheeks, even while you weep yourself! Perhaps you think, "If I were only a little older, how I would comfort my mother; I would stand between her and want; I would protect her; I would not suffer an angry word to be said to her; she would lean on my strong arm,—she would share my all!" And can you do nothing now? Yes, very much; you can comfort and help her now; but still more—you can *pray* for her. "Lord, bless my mother. Lord, comfort my mother. Lord, provide for, and protect, and care for my mother. Lord, be my mother's God as well as mine." When you see godless children around you, who have no fear of God, and no love to God, and no respect for the Bible or the Sabbath, and you think that speaking to them would do no good; still, could you not *pray* for them, that God would convert them, and give them new hearts, and make them what they ought to be?

And so, whatever you need, just go and tell God, as you would your own parents. Open up your heart to him. There is nothing too great to ask, and nothing so little as to be beneath his notice. For health and peace and comfort, for deliverance in danger, for help in distress, for relief when your heart is heavy, for direction when you don't know what to do—pray to God! Your precious soul should be your first concern, and if you have begun to think about your soul, you will be sure to pray about it. During the revival at Dundee in Mr. M'Cheyne's time, when so many were brought to Christ, the prayerfulness of the young people, both alone and together, was one thing very marked. You might have seen young boys kneeling together, sometimes in their own closets or in solitary places, crying for mercy. That was their first and most earnest cry, as it should be yours. "We will easily know if he be earnest," said one of them regarding another, "for then he will not need to be bidden to pray." Do you need to be bidden to pray? Nothing has been more remarkable during the recent outpouring of the Spirit, than the prayerfulness, especially of many young converts; "*in everything*" by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, making their requests known unto God."

Perhaps you would like to know how others, just such as you, have prayed. I find one boy, when he had come to feel himself a sinner deserving hell, crying out, like Peter when he was sinking in the water, "O Jesus, save me, save me." And afterwards, in directing others, I find him saying, "Go and tell Jesus that you are poor, lost, hell-deserving sinners; and tell him to give you

the new heart." I hear another, five years of age, as he lay on a bed of sore sickness, praying, "Sweet Jesus, save me, deliver me." There is a third. His master is telling him the need and comfort of prayer; but he says, "Sir, I cannot pray, for I cannot read." "You could, John, use the short prayer of the dying thief, 'Lord, remember me.'" And now he is laid on a sick-bed, and as his master sits by his bed-side and reads God's word to him, he suddenly stops him and says, "Sir, if you please, I should wish to have you stop reading; I should wish you to hear that I can pray now." And then he says so simply and earnestly, "Lord, remember me! The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Lord Jesus"—but he gets no further, and with these words on his lips, he dies. Once more, there is a poor cripple, with little knowledge and few advantages; let us listen to his simple prayer: "O Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me. Wash me thoroughly from all my sins. Cleanse me from all mine iniquities. Clothe me in the spotless robe of thy righteousness. Sanctify thou my heart and life by thy blessed Spirit, that I may serve thee while here on earth, and be fitted for thy presence in glory. O Christ, hear my prayer. And do thou receive my spirit at the last, when it shall please thee to call it from this body of clay. Amen."

I merely give you these to show what they prayed for. You can find words for yourselves; you can speak to God in your own words. It does not need long prayers or *fine-worded* prayers. Only let them be the prayers of the *heart*; asking what you feel you need.

"Jesus, Saviour, pity me;
Hear me when I cry to thee.
I've a very naughty heart,
Full of sin in every part.
I can never make it good;
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me;
Hear me when I cry to thee."

THE BIG AGATE.

IN a small country village Dame Smith kept her toy shop. The village had not many people in it, but it had its full share of boys. Boys will have kites and tops and marbles, so the dame did a pretty brisk business.

One day, on her return from the city, where she had gone to lay in a stock of new things, she brought among the rest one large, splendid agate. This she intended for the centre piece of her marble box. She hadn't a notion that any of the village boys would buy it. She knew the length of their purses better than that. But she thought it would make a fine show in her window.

It was sure to be known among the boys whenever Dame Smith went to the city. Her shop was closed

that day. They always watched for her to come back in the evening, and looked to see her get out of the stage and take all her boxes and bundles into the shop. Then, after she would go in and shut the door, they loved to scramble into the stage and search through the straw on the bottom, to see if by chance she had left anything. But I suspect they were welcome to all they ever found. Dame Smith knew well enough all she had brought. Hadn't she been reckoning over her packages, from the time she left the city, in order to be quite sure that they were all "on board?"

The morning after this particular visit to town, a good many boys went to school round by the way of the shop, that they might get the first look at the new things.

Dame Smith was ready for them. She had been up since sunrise, getting her window in order. She knew they would be there bright and early. She knew what to expect from boys, for she had been watching them ever since she had kept shop. Indeed, I don't believe there was a boy in the village about whom she could not tell you something. She rather liked to have a large party of them come in at once, for she never allowed them to be rude; in fact they were just a little afraid of her. She used to let them look as long as they liked at her things, and she meanwhile would watch their behaviour. Dame Smith was very fond of boys, and considered them the most pleasant sort of customers.

As I was saying, on this particular morning a good many boys went round that way, to get a first look at all the new things. They stood about the window, and crowded so close that the dame inside was rather afraid they might crush in the glass. But she didn't say anything. She had a good deal of patience with boys, and never liked to spoil their fun.

When the youngsters had spoken their minds about the different wares, and each had fixed upon the thing which he meant to save up his pennies to buy, they came to the big agate. They had thought they knew all the kinds of marbles there were, but here was something new. They wondered whether it were heavy, whether it would break easily, whether it would shoot straight, and all they could wonder about it. Their fingers ached to get hold of it. One boy proposed to go in and ask the price, but the rest said it was school-time now, and they could stop in the afternoon as they went home.

Bob Lee had said nothing while all this talk was going on. He had spied the agate the first thing, and had been counting in his mind how he might get it for his own. He very seldom had pennies to spend. His mother was poor, and her sixpences were precious.

Bob was the last one to leave the window, and the agate was the last thing his eye rested upon. Foolish boy! still to keep looking at a thing he couldn't have. Why didn't he try to think of something else?

That morning his lessons were poorly said. His

thoughts were elsewhere. At noon, when the scholars went out for a romp, he strolled off by himself to a quiet corner of the play-ground, and sat down under a tree in ill-humour. He wondered why he should be so poor, and hardly ever able to buy what he wanted, while the other fellows so often had pennies to spend. He wouldn't go and play with the rest, which might have raised his spirits and made him forget his discontent; but there he sat and grumbled.

Presently he thought that, though it was not allowed by the master, he might slip out at the back gate, and go have another look at that dear agate. Slyly he ran off when the boys were not looking, and a few moments brought him again at the old lady's window. There, to be sure, was the wished-for agate, glistening in the noon sun. He looked and longed, then thought he would just step in and ask the good lady to let him take it in his hand. He tried the door. It was locked. "The old lady must be taking her dinner," he said. So back he went to the window. Suddenly he thought, "I might easily knock out one of these panes, and put in my hand and take it. The old dame's so deaf, she'll never hear me off in that back room." No sooner said than done. In a moment his handkerchief was wrapped round his fist, and handkerchief and fist went through the glass among the marbles. How frightened he was at what he had done! He surely expected to see the old dame rush out and take him by the collar. But no. The good lady was enjoying her dinner, without an anxious thought about her shop.

When Bob at last saw there was no danger, his courage came back. He felt as brave then as any coward. He picked up the agate, rolled it round in his hand a minute, then quickly thrust it into his pocket, and looked about to see if any one were near. Then off he ran to school, and was there again before the boys had missed him.

The dinners had been eaten while he was gone, and now the master rang the bell for the scholars to come in. As they walked toward the school-room they talked of the fine time they expected to have in the shop that afternoon. When Bob heard them his heart beat quick. He felt sure they would find him out. As soon as school was over he ran away home, lest the boys might ask him to go with them.

Great was the dismay of the party on reaching the shop to see the shattered window. Of course this was not a handsome window, and the shop was neither large nor fine; but it was the best of its kind in the town, and the best these boys knew about. So it seemed as great a disaster in their eyes as the breaking of an elegant city window would seem in yours. Besides, they were puzzled to know who was the breaker. They knew it must have been a boy. Boys do most of the window smashing. But all the town boys loved Dame Smith.

The party entered the shop. The old lady looked keenly at each one as he came in, then shut the door and stood before it.

"Who broke my window?" she asked.

"Why, we don't know, ma'am!" one boy said. "None of us fellows broke it."

"Which of you were here this morning?"

"All of us," they answered.

"Was any boy here this morning who is not here now?"

The boys thought a minute, then one of them cried out, "Bob Lee was here this morning, and is not here now."

"Did he know you were coming this afternoon?"

"Yes. We all said this morning we were coming."

"Don't let us say any more about it now," said the dame. "I feel pretty sure that none of you did it. Not one of you has the look of a thief. I forgot to tell you that my beautiful big agate is gone."

At this the boys opened their eyes wide, but said nothing.

"Come!" called the dame at length, "we won't let this spoil our pleasure. Come see the new things from town."

The boys had a splendid time looking over the entire stock, and those who had money to spend exchanged it for what they liked best. At length they bade "good-bye," and went scampering down the street to their homes.

When they were gone, the good woman sat down to consider what would be kindest and wisest to do about the bad boy.

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Lee came into the shop. Her eyes were red. She had been weeping. When she saw Mrs. Smith the tears came again, and she could not speak, but held out her hand, in which lay the agate. In a moment Dame Smith knew the whole story. She was distressed, but still tried to comfort the poor mother. She didn't begin by telling her that the agate was not worth a great deal, and wouldn't have been much of a loss to her; or, that now she had it back again all was right. Oh no! She knew that the fact of Bob's having stolen was sadder than the loss of a thousand agates. But she told the poor woman that this was probably the first fault of the kind which her son had committed. That perhaps if she should now faithfully talk and pray with him he might be led to feel sorry for what he had done, and ask pardon of God.

A good while the dame talked, and then the poor mother seemed less unhappy.

Mrs. Smith asked at length how she had found the agate.

Mrs. Lee said that after Bob came home from school that afternoon, he sat for a long time on the door step, very busy with something he had in his hand. What it was she could not see, as Bob's back was toward her. Presently, having occasion to pass out at the door, she attempted to go by Bob, when he seemed startled, and jumped up. As he did so, something rolled from his hand to the ground, and it was the agate! She was

sure of having seen that agate in Dame Smith's window this morning, as she passed by on an errand. One look at Bob's face left her without a doubt that her boy had stolen it. He had no money to buy such a thing. So now she had come to confess his sin, and restore the stolen property. If it had been a thousand pounds Mrs. Lee could scarcely have felt worse. The sin of stealing was what grieved her.

And where all this time was Bob with his pricking conscience? Do you think he was happy? He was waiting at home for his mother, dreading to see her kind, troubled face, yet anxious to have her return. He felt wicked and afraid to be alone.

I am happy to say that when his mother did come, Bob went to her, and with many tears told how sorry he was, and begged her to ask God to forgive him.

How did Bob Lee come into all this trouble? He *looked* too long—then he *coveted*—then he *stole*! These are the three steps in that path of sin. The way to avoid walking on any road is to avoid taking the first step upon it. David made a good prayer—"Turn away *mine eyes* from beholding vanity."

In the heart there is more of this sin of coveting than ever comes to the knowledge of men. But God knows it. He has said, "Thou shalt not covet." Ah, boys, beware! If Bob Lee had not coveted he would never have stolen.

THE SLAVES OF KING "FIRE-WATER."

I suppose that some little reader will wonderingly say, "Who is King Fire-water? and where does he live? Does he keep a great many slaves, and is he kind to them, or does he treat them very badly?"

And perhaps some little blue-eyed girl who has just learned her geography lesson, and *somewhere* on the map has traced with her rosy fingers those odd words, "Terra del Fuego," or "the land of fire," will venture a shrewd guess that this king with a very strange name lives somewhere in those regions, or perhaps where—as she has read in some pleasant story book—the sun drops like a great red ball into fair tropical seas, making them all one mass of rosy fire. But you are not quite right, dear Blue-eyes, for this king of whom I am going to tell you has a very great kingdom, and you may find his slaves in almost every land under the sun. There are some, I know, in the pleasant city where you live, and some on the sea-shore where you went last summer with your cousins. There are some on the wild western prairies, and some under the burning southern skies, and some sailing on the blue sea. You are sure to know them the minute you see them. The king does not dress them well. Their clothes are almost always tattered and worn, and their hats knocked in, and your little brother, who has only walked a fortnight without a chair, would feel much mortified to stagger about as they do. King Fire-water never gives his slaves anything to eat, but he has always ready for them a terrible

drink—all poison and fire; and the worst of it is, he has taught them to love it, so although they sometimes see that they are growing thin and old, and wretchedly poor, and must very soon die, still they can never refuse it when it is offered, and, indeed, they are so crazy for it that they are willing to part with everything else they have in the world, rather than go without it.

Now, when I further tell you that this wicked king makes his slaves sleep in barns and station houses, and, oftener yet, with the miserable pigs in the gutter, you will wonder how he ever finds any one willing to come into his service. But this is the way he manages. When he sees a nicely dressed man whom he wishes to make his slave, he offers him a cup of his best poison. It looks so beautiful, "when it moveth itself aright," like water with a small piece of sunset dissolved in it, that the poor man thinks it *must* be very good. He drinks it, and feels so happy. He thinks he is the richest and greatest man in the world, and Fire-water is a good old king, who has been very much slandered. So he drinks again, and again, but all the while the cruel fire is steadily burning, and by-and-by he suddenly wakes up and finds that it has burned all his patience, and love, and strength, his pleasant home, and all his comforts, and he himself is one of the wretched slaves of King Fire-water. Sometimes he struggles very hard to escape from his tyrant master; but, alas! he generally finds himself bound by the strongest kind of a chain. There is a name I have given to this chain. Some people call it "*Habit*," and bad habits are the very worst chains to break that I ever knew. Dear Black-eyes—who have stolen back to the dinner table to see if there were any of that pretty red fluid left in the wine glass, and who mean to buy a cigar with your very next pocket money—be careful! Don't let such a chain get wound around you.

Now, I am going to tell you a true story about one of King Fire-water's slaves. He was a grown-up man, and had a wife and four little children—the eldest not more than seven years of age. He had drank so much of the king's poison, that all his money had been burned, and almost all his wife's and children's clothes, and what is more, the last loaf of bread in the house. Now, at the time my story begins, it was winter, almost night, and wretchedly cold. Sue, and Jack, and Sally, had been crying and fretting in chorus for more than an hour, and poor patient baby had nearly sucked off both his thumbs, when, oh, joy! mother came back with some bread and meat, and a little pan of coals. The little starved children had a famous supper, and there was enough left for breakfast. "If father only don't find it," cried Jack and Sue, and they hid it carefully away. Then locking the door very securely, the children with the poor mother, who was sick and lame, all went to bed to *keep warm*. They were very much afraid their father would come home, and once Sally cried out in a frightened voice: "Hark! isn't somebody coming?" But Jack answered drowsily, "It's only a window

shutter, or the other family up stairs," and soon they were all sound asleep.

About twelve o'clock that night the poor slave was trying to get home. The king, who loves to torture his victims, had refused to give him drink without money, and so he was coming home as crazy and fierce as some wild animal. But the king had some work for him to do, and he said to his slave, "Your wife was busy drawing brushes to-day, and this is her night to be paid for them. You had better go home, and see if there isn't something to eat in the house, or maybe you can steal her money. Never mind if she is sick and lame, and your little children starving." So the slave reached home, and finding the door locked, gave it a great kick. The poor frightened wife heard him, but dared not let him in. But he was very strong and angry, and in a few minutes he burst open the door, and was in the room. Before the poor woman could speak he dragged her out of bed, and said,—

"So you dare to keep me out of my own room; I've a good mind to kill you!" and he looked at her with two eyes very much like those you've seen in pictures of great hungry tigers. Then he cried again, clutching her shoulders till they were black and blue, "Give me your money, and I'll let you go."

But she only sobbed, and begged him to have mercy. Then he pounded and beat her, for you know the goodness was burnt out of his heart, and at last when she almost fainted, he threw her out into a great snow-heap, and then fastened up the door with nails, so she couldn't get back.

He looked for the money in vain, and at last shook up Jack to make him tell where it was.

"I don't know, indeed, father," cried Jack.

Then King Fire-water whispered, "Their mother has taught 'em. They'll tell a lie for *her* any time. They love her a great deal the best."

The slave was mad with rage, and seizing the little warm sleepers, one after the other, he set them up in their scant night-dresses and bare feet, in a row against the wall. A very sorry little regiment they were, shivering with cold and fright. Poor baby tumbled over again and again, and vainly tried to comfort himself with his thumbs.

Then came the angry question, "Which do you like best—your mother or me?"

Poor little children! In their innocence and simplicity, the answer came in prompt chorus, "*Mother*."

The furious man seized an old stick in the corner, and began most unmercifully to whip his little shrinking children, one after the other, down to poor baby, who only cried gaspingly through his blue lips and little chattering teeth, "Mammy, mammy, mammy!"

The poor mother, almost wild at hearing her children's cries, tried in vain to open the door, then flying around to the window she arrived just in time to see the heavy blows fall on poor innocent baby's shuddering limbs, and she sent up a cry so shrill and piercing, that the neigh-

ours' windows flew up on every side, and soon two or three strong men came to the rescue. They forced open the door, and the wicked man was caught, and tied down with strong cords.

King Fire-water never helps his slaves when they are in trouble—he only mocks and sneers. So when the judge said that the man must go to jail and stay there three months, there was no one to help him, or say a word to comfort him. Everybody was glad to see him go, even, I fear, his own little children.

Now, perhaps, you will think that when this slave comes out of prison he will be so angry with his old master, who has made him all this trouble, that he will try to break his chain, and will clear the ashes out of his heart, and ask God to put some new kindness and love in it, and will try to make a pleasant home for the wife and children who have been unhappy so long. But I cannot tell. King Fire-water is very careful that his slaves shall not escape, and his chains are very strong.

Dear Black-eyes and Blue-eyes! I know you will not have anything to do with this wicked king. You will always be afraid of the dreadful fire that may lie hidden in the bright crimson cup. You would rather drink pure water, bright and flashing like diamonds, the sweet cool water that comes up in the "old oaken bucket," or that you find bubbling up in the dim, old woods, and where, falling upon your knees, you scoop it up in your rosy palms—the nicest drinking cup in the world.

But you can do more yet. You must always be on the watch for the beginning of *little* chains. Give them a good pull whenever you get a chance, for they are always comparatively weak and easily broken *at first*.

PICKED BOYS.

SOME months since four bright boys were put under my care for the hour of Sabbath school. During the hour, as the returns were rendered for contributions to the missionary fund for the past year, it was found that the sum given by *that* class was more than had been collected from any other, and indeed so large that I expressed my astonishment.

"But," said one in reply, "we are all picked boys."

The expression pleased me in another sense, however, than the one they intended, and I caught at it as suggestive of a thought which I trusted they would not soon forget.

"Yes, you *are* all *picked boys*. As you came along to church, you passed many of your own age idly lounging, profaning the Sabbath. Why are you not like them? I see you anticipate the answer. Because you are all *picked boys*.

"Whose goodness picked you out, chose you, that you should be here learning of the glorious God, of a blessed heaven, and the way to win it; and not only that, but

gives you the honour of helping others to obtain this knowledge, while many were left in ignorance and sin!

"You are picked boys—picked out for some special purpose. Ask yourselves every day if you are answering that purpose."

They listened with deep interest, for they were pleased with being "The Banner Class" in missions. "And now," I added, "as you claim to be picked boys, when you grow up to manhood, should God spare your lives, what should you all be then?"

They were not slow to say, "We should all be *picked men*."

"That is it. All your lives long, if any act of high moral courage is to be performed, any work of self-denying heroism to be undertaken for the glory of God or the good of your fellows, I hope you will always be *picked men*. At home, at school, on the playground, in business in after-life, you who have had so many advantages, and enjoyed so many privileges, should show the result in everything that is industrious, truthful, noble, conscientious, and high-principled.

"Picked boys! Chosen for some nobler purpose than merely to enjoy yourselves, or gather together the greatest amount of money; chosen to do great good all your life; chosen to stand like a rock against persuasion to do wrong or compliance with sin. Chosen! To whose mercy does that word make a demand for deathless gratitude? If God has chosen *you*, will you not now choose *him*?"

As they listened and seemed interested in the thought, I explained to them in simple words the great conflict on this earth between the enemies of God and the true followers of the Lamb, and the final and universal triumph of his people, for he is "King of kings, and Lord of lords." "And now if you would like to know what kind of people are the soldiers in this great battle whose victory will end in blessing the whole world, turn to Rev. xvii. 14.

They opened their Bibles and read, "And they that are with him are *called*, and *chosen*, and faithful."

Chosen and faithful! And the words lingered in the teacher's own ear as a solemn personal monition of heavenly choice and expected fidelity to important trusts.

Chosen in the Eternal mind Ere yon glorious sun had shined; Chosen, boundless grace to show, When his fires shall cease to glow.	Eph. i. 4. Isa. li. 6.
Chosen from a ruined race, Lost to holiness and peace; Chosen to be throned with Him Higher than the cherubim.	Rom. vi. 11. 2 Tim. ii. 12.
Called to bear the cross and shame Which may follow Jesus' name; Called to glory and renown; Called to receive a conqueror's crown.	Heb. xii. 2. Rev. ii. 10.
Called perchance to feel the thorn Which the Crucified hath borne: Called the judgment-seat to share Before which angels shall appear.	Gal. ii. 20. 1 Cor. vi. 2.

Faithful then do thou endure, Though a thousand tempters lure; Faithful in the darkest hour, When the heaviest tempests lower.	James i. 12. Hob. iii. 17.
Must thou tread Gethsemane? Richest oil 'twill press for thee.* If a Calvary thou hast found, Olivet is just beyond.	1 Pet. i. 7. Rom. viii. 17.
Though thy patience may be tried By desertion at thy side; When the trusted shall betray, "Will ye also go away?"	1 Kings xix. 10. John vi. 67.
Faithful to thy Leader be; He will lead to victory: Then eternity will show That thy God is "faithful" too.	1 Cor. xv. 57. 1 Thesa. v. 24.

WHAT SORT OF EYES?

HARRY often wished he could see Jesus. Often he looked up and down the street in the hope that he might be coming along. He would like to have been one of those children who got into his arms and received his blessing. He would like to have been in the ruler's house when Jesus raised his little girl from death.

Harry was a little boy who thought a great deal about his Saviour. When he was naughty he was sorry, because he knew his conduct would not only grieve his mother and his father, but his Saviour in heaven; and he tried not to be naughty—he tried very hard. He prayed for the Holy Spirit to make him *willing*, to make him desire above all things to be God's child; and he thought if he could only *see* the Lord Jesus, it would be much easier to be a good boy always.

One day the superintendent of the Sabbath school, talking to the scholars, said they could see Jesus with the "*eye of faith*." Harry, who was listening, was very much taken by that—"could see Jesus with the eye of faith. Oh, what sort of eyes are they?" the little boy thought. He forgot everything else the superintendent said. Perhaps he told what they were; but Harry was thinking out the matter himself, and not arriving at anything clear, he pushed up to his teacher and asked, "Are they big eyes, or black ones? Are they *spectacle* eyes?"

His teacher could not answer then, because she was hearing the lesson; but after it was through, she called Harry to her side, and asked him "who he was named after."

"My uncle Henry," answered the little boy with some surprise in his face.

"How do you know you have such an uncle?" she asked further. "You never saw him."

"Oh, I know it," said Harry; "I know it because he sends me things."

"How do you know that *he* sends them?" asked Miss Jay.

"Oh, I know, because he *writes* me," answered the

little boy, "and his letters all say, 'From your affectionate uncle Henry.'"

His teacher looked as if, after all, the proof were somewhat doubtful. He saw the look.

"Oh, I *know*," persisted the little boy, "because folks have seen him there, and they told me; and if I grow up a good boy, he's promised to take me and do for me. Oh, I'm just as *sure*—as sure as if I'd seen him;" and Harry did look as sure as could be.

"You never saw him with your two bright blue eyes," said Miss Jay. Harry shook his head. "But you *believe* in him just as fully as if you had." Harry nodded. "Well, that is seeing him with the '*eye of faith*,'" said his teacher. Harry's face flushed with a strange new thought. "*That* is the way we see Jesus Christ," she said. "Jesus sends us things. He gives us the sun to warm and light us, bread to eat, and clothes to wear. He has written to us; the Bible is his word. *Other* folks have seen him. Peter saw him, and John and Matthew, and they tell us what he did and said. And he promises to take us to himself in heaven, if we trust in him and do his will."

Harry listened with his *heart* as well as his mind. They were both wide open to receive instruction; and his teacher spoke slowly, that he might take it all in.

"Eyes of faith is seeing things with your *heart*," said Harry at last—"making you feel and believe just as if you're *sure*."

"Yes," answered his teacher, "that's it; believing, it sees God, and takes God at his word."

The little boy carried home with him a new and precious thought from the Sabbath school that day. It was a seed-thought, which he kept in his bosom; and he kept it so warm, and prayed so often over it the little prayer, "Open, O Lord, my eyes of faith to see and know thee, and love good and hate wickedness," that, like the Son of God when he was a little boy in Nazareth, he "waxed strong in spirit, and the grace of God was upon him."

THE BEST SCHOLAR.

"Who is the best scholar, or have you any best at your school?" I asked a group of school-girls.

"Lucy Towne," quickly replied three or four at once.

"What makes her best?" I asked.

"Oh, 'cause," bashfully answered one whom I looked at. As that proved nothing, I asked the others.

"She recites best," answered one.

"She's always ready, and never keeps the class waiting," said another.

"She never gets excused," said a third.

"She's never late," said a fourth.

"She keeps all the rules," said a fifth.

"She helps *me*," said the littlest.

"She's real nice at play, and never gets angry," said a seventh.

* Gethsemane meaning oil-press.

"And *something else*," said one who had spoken before.

"Ah, what is that?" I asked.

"Mother says Lucy loves and obeys God," answered the child.

The secret, then, of her being the best scholar is because she is *God's* scholar, and is taught by the Holy Spirit those precious lessons of penitence, humility, and love, which cannot but make her a good scholar in any school.

"How old is Lucy?" I asked, becoming much interested in what I heard of her.

"My age," said the chief spokesman, "twelve this month."

"I suppose Lucy studied *all* the time. I am sure I can't do *that*," some little girl says. But I found afterwards that Lucy had time for many things besides her books; for when she *studied*, she *studied*; and when she played, she played.

Her favourite place of study, in pleasant summer days, was the bank under an old oak in her father's garden. Here she used to go alone with her books, and before opening them she prayed to the Lord Jesus to help her to fix her mind on the lesson; and not waste her time over her books. So, if a lady-fly lighted on the page, she did not stop to talk to the lady-fly; or if a bird sung overhead, she did not attend his concert; or if a bee buzzed round a wild violet, she let it go about its business, and she minded hers. Thus, you see, things which usually tempt heedless children to idleness and inattention, had no effect upon Lucy Towne, because she was armed against them beforehand, by having a distinct purpose in her mind, and by prayer for grace to carry it out.

And I well know, if all the children in the school would become God's scholars first, be taught of him, mind his rules, and love his word, and learn his lessons, all the grumbling and fretting and crying which now cloud school life would pass off, and school become one of the happiest and busiest spots on earth.

CHRIST IN THE BOAT.

SOME time ago, a little class in Sabbath school, having finished their lesson, were looking earnestly at a print in a *Children's Paper* they had just received. It was that touching scene representing the disciples with Christ on the Sea of Tiberias. The wind had risen since they left the shore, and was swaying the sail almost into the water. A very high wave was dashing against the prow of the frail boat, and threatening the next moment to sweep over all.

One of the boys said earnestly, "What a dreadful storm. You can almost hear the thunder. How glad I am that *I* was not there."

Little Ally looked up from the paper and said, "I should like to have been in that boat."

"*You* would like to have been in such an awful tempest?" asked the first speaker in surprise. "Why?"

Ally replied simply, "*Because Jesus was there.*"

It was a sweet reply. I have never forgotten it. I hope *you* will never forget it. To love to be near the Saviour, even in a storm! To love to be near him, because his presence can make us forget the tempest, and trust in him that when he thinks best he will hush the angry winds and waves. One of our charming hymns says,—

"With Christ in the vessel, I'll smile at the storm."

Those who love the company of Christ he will take, sooner or later, to be with him for ever. Ally did not have to wait long. A few days of violent suffering from fever, and last week he went to be with Jesus. That the blessed Saviour was with him in the heaviest storm that ever broke over this dear boy, we may learn from his dying words, "*I love Jesus.*"

My dear child, would you like to have been in the boat with Jesus? Are you in the ark with him *now*? Do you love to think that he is near you? If you do, no storm, nor tempest, nor thunder, nor lightning can ever really harm you. The harder it blows, the sooner it will bring to the shore.

"There anchored safe, your weary soul
Will find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Upon your peaceful breast."

MY NEW BIBLE.

AN aged convert from heathenism, a native of one of the Hervey Islands, some years ago received as a present a copy of the Bible. A few pages or chapters only had been given him before this, and he was greatly pleased in becoming the owner of the volume. After receiving it he said, "My brethren and sisters, this is my resolve: The dust shall never cover my new Bible; the moth shall never eat it; the mildew shall not rot it.—My light! My joy!"

Dear children, is not this a good resolution for *you* to make? Among the gifts bestowed by kind friends, every one of you has, I suppose, a Bible. Once it was your "new Bible," and it cannot be very old now. It would be a sad sight to see the dust gathering undisturbed upon it day by day, and moths making it their home, as it lay unnoticed in some corner of your shelf. Do you every day read some part of it, keeping in your mind that it is God's Book?

How sweet thus to become acquainted with Jesus, the children's friend. And then, I am sure it will not be long before you too can say of that blessed Book,—
"My light! my joy!"

THE
FAMILY TREASURY
OF
SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE
REV. ANDREW CAMERON,
(FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.")



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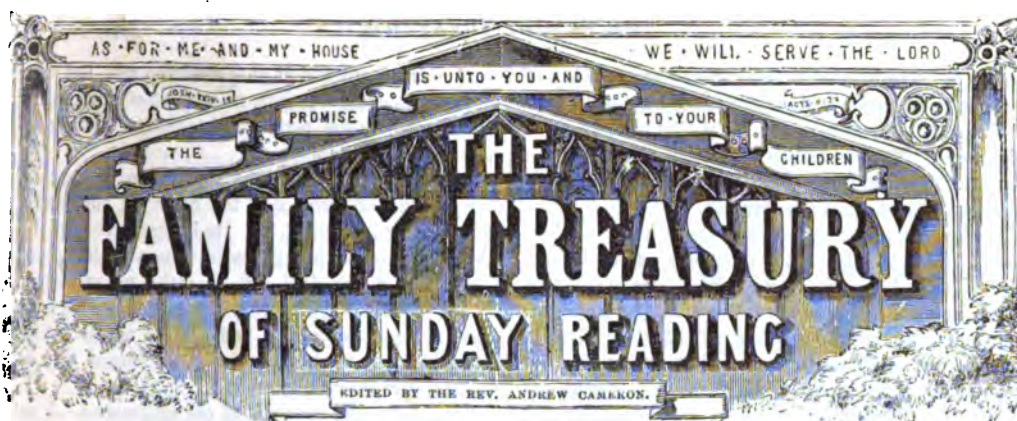
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THE ACCUSER AND THE ADVOCATE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES, M.A., RECTOR OF HINTON-MARTEL.

Zech. III. 1-7.

IF we could see what is passing in the invisible world, there would be much matter for fear and trembling; still more for rejoicing confidence. Here, then, is the vision in a miraculous way put before our eyes. It is the cause of Zion pleaded in heaven against most powerful opposition, and with a most triumphant issue. The angel Jehovah (called Jehovah in the next verse) is the great and glorious Advocate. Joshua stands before him as the representative of the people of God. Like him, they are all "*brands plucked out of the fire.*" Against them all the power of Satan is employed to *resist*. On their behalf the boundless grace of the Omnipotent Jehovah is called into exercise. Here, therefore, we have before us *the resistance and the victory.*

1. *The Resistance of Satan*—resistance from a quarter where we could not have expected it. Think of Satan standing in the accuser's place (see Ps. cix. 6, 7),—acting against us here even at the mercy-seat! Accursed spirit! Well does every Christian know him to be his enemy! Through him evil first came into the world; through him it still holds its empire. All the hindrances in any good work, such as those which Joshua and Zerubbabel met with, we know from whence they come; and yet more, all the hindrances in our own hearts. There is the proof of his working still nearer and more painful.

But could we have thought that "the adversary" would have made heaven itself—the holy place, the dwelling of the holy God—the scene of his enmity? What! the very mercy-seat besieged with his ceaseless accusations? Yet so the Scripture represents it. God's throne is a throne of justice (Ps. lxxxix. 14); and justice requires that, ere the suitor can gain his cause, all that can be urged against him, as well as all that is in his favour, should be brought into court. Hence Satan's accusations must be heard; and they are always at

hand. His name is "the adversary" (1 Peter v. 8). His office is, "the accuser of the brethren" (Rev. xii. 10). In the earliest times, "when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came with them" (Job i. 6). His pleas were in readiness against the patriarch of Uz (i. 8-12; ii. 1-8). In the text he stands forth against Joshua, and still does he present himself against the children of God, with a malignity as fierce as ever to *resist* us, when we are pleading before heaven's mercy-seat, or labouring with energy and perseverance in our Master's cause.

1. What was the matter of accusation against Joshua and his fellows, we may gather from the history. We read of their early zeal when they returned from the captivity, and laid again the foundations of the Lord's house. But the opposition of their enemies slackened the good work. Lukewarmness became the prevailing habit. Worldliness crept in, and with it unbelief. "This people say"—while living themselves in cieled houses—"the time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built" (Hag. i. 2-4). In this low and heartless state, do not we see how much material the great enemy had for his accusing work? But let us search closely near at home.

2. What may he not have to say against us? We do not clothe him with the omniscience of God; yet proof enough have we of him as a spirit deeply conversant with our hearts, thoughts, and purposes. In our natural state, awful indeed is our connection with him. He dwells, works, and rules within us—"taking us captive at his will" (Eph. ii. 2; 2 Cor. iv. 4; 2 Tim. ii. 26). And even when One "stronger than he" has cast him out, yet will "he return to his house, from whence he came out" (Luke xi. 21-24), hoping to find entrance there.

Mark his continued assaults upon the children of God—how he follows them in their business and their pleasures, in solitude and in society, to the house of God

and in secret retirement. Everywhere the one object of our observant enemy is "seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter v. 8)—to destroy the life of God in the souls of his people. Material for his accusation abounds. "If our hearts condemn us," much more he, who is so intimate with its unsearchable secrecies.

See how we are even in our best times, and in our best works. We can only come to the mercy-seat as Joshua, *clothed with filthy garments*. Well, therefore, may Satan accuse; and well may the accused stand confounded. Touch but the string of what God has to complain of in his servants, and what a train rises up before us! What a mass of sin? Instead of attempting to reply, the mouth is stopped. What shall we say? It is all true!—alas! too true! Conscience could add even more.

What, then, is the result? Does the opposition succeed? Is the cause lost? Is the poor self-condemned criminal cast away? Very different. When Satan accuses, Joshua does not stand upon his own defence. A better Advocate appears for him—the Judge from heaven: "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged. He shall send forth judgment unto victory" (Isa. xlii. 4; Matt. xii. 20). We can oppose no name but that of the great Advocate. The cry goes upward, "O Lord, I am oppressed! Undertake for me!" (Isa. xxxviii. 14.) The cause shall be carried through safely, yea, triumphantly. "The adversary" brings in his accusation to condemn. What is the answer? "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us" (Rom. viii. 34). We pass on to consider more fully—

II. *The Triumphant Victory—Satan's rebuke*—"The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan!" There is no denial of Satan's accusation. The Advocate's language, as before (see Amos iv. 11), is as strong as could be used. Such degradation!—such danger! Nothing short of a miracle could have saved. "The righteous is but scarcely saved," though surely saved (1 Peter iv. 18)—saved indeed, but not without deep afflictions, severe conflicts, Omnipotent help. What a setting out is there of sovereign grace and love! Be Satan ever so clamorous, God never gratifies him with a hearing. All his accusations are answered by free and gracious election. *Even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee!* Canst thou hinder the adoption? Canst thou alter the election of God? Here is the yearning of infinite tenderness—it cannot forget the object on which it had once rested. Here is the display of unchangeable faithfulness—"Having loved his own that are in the world, he loveth them unto the end" (John xiii. 1). The doctrine of free grace is the mightiest weapon against the malice of Satan. God admits no charge against his elect. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?"

If I am to be saved by any merit of my own, the

want of this merit will at once condemn me. But where all is of grace and free gift, no amount of guilt can ever condemn where the perfect righteousness of the incarnate God is freely imputed.

Every way, therefore, the deliverance is complete. The Babylonish furnace is the figure of our security (Dan. iii. 25; Isa. xliii. 2, 3). He brings us through it—"through fire and through water, unto a wealthy place" (Zech. xiii. 9; Ps. lxi. 12). I claim my property in them. Apostate spirit! they are not thine, but mine. Have I begun to deliver, and shall I not perfect it? Can I be weary of showing mercy, so long as thou art unwearied in showing mischief?

But, observe the strength of the affirmation—*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?* Thou knowest it is. Thou canst not deny it. I rejoice in him as "a pattern of my long-suffering"—a monument of my grace—the object of my Father's love and mine—a rebel overcome—a wanderer brought home—a sinner saved by grace—a child of wrath made a child of God. Accuse him thou mayst; condemn him thou canst not; destroy him thou shalt not. Once *plucked out of the fire*, and cast in again! The result is, "the accuser of the brethren is cast out" (Rev. xii. 10). Joshua stands accepted before God.

Observe the stamp and seal of his acceptance. He had stood before the angel clothed with filthy garments. For, not only his open sins, but his very "righteousnesses are filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). But a better covering is prepared for him. "Go," spake the Lord to those that stood before him, "take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he saith, Behold I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee; and I will clothe thee with change of raiment." Gracious mark of acceptance upon every child of God! the robe "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. vii. 14). Such a covering of our guilt that even the Lord's piercing eye "hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, nor seen perverseness in Israel" (Num. xxiii. 21).

Nor is this any loose and licentious doctrine. Never does the gospel realize acceptance to the people of God, save in the way of holiness. Hence the seal of acceptance was followed by the command, "*Let them set a fair mitre upon his head*"—the priestly mitre, with the golden letters emblazoned on it,—"*Holiness unto the Lord*" (Exod. xxviii. 36). Not till the free gospel has spoken pardon and peace, is the true work of holiness laid open. The selfish spirit now melts to love. A new life begins to shine with heavenly brightness. The heart, before entangled in vanity, is now fully for God. There is an instant response to the call of service—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6.) The "live coal from the altar" warms the inmost soul with the glow of real devotedness. The answer is prompt to the call—"Here am I; send me" (Isa. vi. 5-6). And now comes the grand consummation—grace preparing for glory, grace perfected in glory—"Whom he justified, them he also glorified" (Rom. viii. 30). The

same hand that *plucks out of the fire* brings to the temple. There the mitre marks out the "royal priesthood, the holy nation, made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (1 Pet. ii. 9; Col. i. 12). Hence the gracious promise,—"*If thou wilt walk in my ways, and if thou wilt keep my charge, then thou shalt also judge my house, and shalt also keep my courts, and I will give thee places to walk among those that stand by,*"—among the glorious attendants on the Son of God, the cherubim and seraphim, the angelic hosts around the throne. Joyous prospect! Wonderful grace to a polluted sinner, once a very *brand in the burning*, now not only saved from the burning, but walking in the high places among the company of the blessed!

1. And now look once again at this *brand* in its original state, its fearful condition—the danger of everlasting banishment from God! Under this tremendous load of guilt and misery does the unconverted sinner lie, with but a step between himself and "wrath unto the uttermost!" Did he but know how he is "heaping coals of" everlasting "fire upon his head," how he is wrapping the poisoned garment of condemnation round his own soul, by his wilful choice of separation from God! But, alas! none can realize the danger of an unconverted state, save those who have been *plucked out of the fire*. Sinner, what will be your need of pleading advocacy, when you stand before the "great white throne?" A thousand witnesses are ready to accuse and *resist*; and what if there be no advocate to plead, no shelter from wrath? Oh, to realize the misery of being *brands left in the fire*! When the purposes of Divine grace shall all of them have been completed—when heaven shall have received its countless multitude of ransomed souls—what will it be to see all these immortals plucked from the ruin of the fall, and you yourselves left to perish? And think how near to you may be this hour of recompense—this last hour of the forbearance of God. And think how many have been sealed up in impenitence for "the damnation of hell." Oh, prize your privileges and opportunities while they remain to you; improve them while they keep, as it were, the door open for you. Who knoweth but that at the last the stamp may visibly be declared—"Sealed unto the day of redemption?" (Eph. iv. 30.)

2. But, *plucked out of the fire, still the marks of the fire remain*. The Babylonish miracle has never been repeated—to be in the fire, and yet "the hair not singed, nor the smell of fire not passed upon them" (Dan. iii. 27). With us the marks of fire will be found on the brand to the last. The sinner, though he becomes a saint, remains a sinner still. The old sores break out afresh; the conflict only ends with the last breath of "the body of this death" (Rom. vii. 24). Till then "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and we cannot do the things that we would." Still we "find

the law" in its full activity, "that when we would do good, evil is present with us" (Gal. v. 17; Rom. vii. 21).

3. But with all these "fightings without, and fears within," the ground of confidence is triumphant. Does Christ suffer Satan to *resist* his Church? Yet will "he be a wall of fire round about, and the glory in the midst of her" (Zech. ii. 5). If Satan goes to and fro to destroy (Job i. 7), Christ has his angels going to and fro to protect (Zech. i. 10, 11). If Satan has four horns to scatter the Church, Christ has his "four carpenters to fray them, and cast them out" (Zech. i. 18-21). Whatever poison there be with Satan, He is the omnipotent cover from the evil. Satan is the destroyer, Christ the saviour; he is the tempter, Christ the succourer; he is the accuser, Christ the advocate; he is "the prince and god of this world," Christ is the King of saints, and the Lord of glory; he is a serpent for cunning (Gen. iii. 1), a lion for strength (1 Pet. v. 8), a dragon for malice (Rev. xx. 2). Yet Christ has a name that meets this fearful array of might and malice. He is the "Counsellor," and no subtilty of the serpent can deceive him; "*the mighty God*;" no strength of the lion can overcome him; *the everlasting Father*;" no malice of the dragon can be above his fatherly tenderness. And in all these he is *wonderful*, ordering and guiding his wisdom as a cover for his harassed people (Isa. ix. 6).

4. Nothing can be more complete than the eternal security of his people. If God will not hear the blood and intercession of his dear Son, if Satan can pluck the Advocate from the right hand of God, if he can tear away His compassionate faithfulness from his bosom, then—not till then—shall the penitent sinner be cast in his suit, and lie down in despair.

5. Yet never think yourselves secure against his assaults. "He departed from" the tempted Saviour only "for a season" (Luke iv. 13, with xxii. 53).

6. Beaten off, he will come on again. Oppose with unceasing prayer. "Pray with all prayer, with all perseverance in prayer" (Eph. vi. 18). Stand and stand again, "and having done all, stand" (Eph. vi. 13). Remember, we are born conquerors—at least, new-born so. The victory takes its date from our new birth (1 John v. 4). We stand conquerors to the end. The victory is proclaimed. The Advocate and Judge pronounces the criminal innocent, and in the face of men and angels makes public testimony to his righteousness. How confounded will Satan be, who, as the great accuser, had threatened him with the terror of this day, and now finds the day of darkness and gloominess changed into the bright sunshine of everlasting acceptance! "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. xxv. 8).

Hinton-Martel, June 1861.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES,

THE APPRENTICE AND STUDENT.*

A BIOGRAPHY was not needed to tell the present generation how John Angell James lived and laboured with his glowing heart, and eloquent tongue, and pen of an earnest Christian writer. There have been great and good men who have lived unknown, and only broken from under the cloud as their sun set. Their own generation failed to recognise a prophet in its midst. Their life was a struggle with an adverse lot, and their hour of death the beginning of their usefulness and fame. Angell James lived through half a century, amongst the best known and highly honoured of a long roll of illustrious nonconformist contemporaries. He found his place in his day, and no man was more fully or justly appreciated. Amongst his contemporaries there were men more eminent for special gifts. Hall stood alone in the eloquence of his pulpit, John Foster in depth of thought, Jay in the rich sententious utterances of a devotional spiritual mind. Angell James embraced the gifts of all, though not in their distinctive eminence. Few minds were more complete, took in a wider circle of ability, or possessed a greater practical power of turning all to immediate working account. His mind touched the living world at many points. All his capacities were of current value, his assets realizable for the immediate discharge of the obligations of his high calling, and for the demands of his ardent and benevolent spirit. A man who united in himself the qualities of a great preacher, an eloquent platform speaker, an indefatigable pastor, and of an effective, instructive Christian writer; and who added to these a social, affectionate nature, with a commanding, massive personal appearance, an expressive eye, and a richly modulated voice, which bore the words of the orator from heart to heart, could not but gather around him the love and sympathy of his generation. *It* needs no record of what it knew and felt, and has engraven in thoughts deeper than memory. And yet this preacher, with his many elements of popularity,—eloquent from the first, and devoted in heart and mind to the glory of his Master, had his early struggle, his novitiate of seven years, during which he spake with few to listen, in which he learned humility from empty pews, and to sympathize with brethren whose life is a conflict with the difficulties of a narrow lot and a circumscribed ministry.

The "Biography of Angell James," now published, and executed with an ability that will secure for it a first place amongst its class of memoirs, will preserve to the generations that are to come the life it so happily records. It will continue to repeat and enforce its great lesson, that human talents are never so truly great as

when they reflect the honour and are spent in the service of Him who gave them.

The early destination of John Angell James was not to the ministry. Though his mother was a woman of eminent godliness, she does not appear to have marked in her boy the germs of the future preacher, or to have suggested or desired his dedication to the ministry. Her pious care and prayers made an early and deep impression on John Angell's mind. Her custom was to take her children one by one into her chamber to be alone with herself and God. On these occasions she prayed with them and over them, urging them with a mother's tenderness and love to yield their hearts to the Saviour. The memory of these first lessons was never erased, and to his latest years James gave thanks for a Christian mother. Like other distinguished ministers and missionaries of our time, he began life apprenticed to a secular employment. The list is a remarkable one of those who, in recent years, have risen from the ranks to the position of commissioned officers in the army of the Church. Daniel Wilson, the metropolitan of India, was bound seven years to a London silk merchant. Raglan, the Cambridge fellow and devoted missionary of Tinnevely, served till his twentieth year in his uncle's house in Liverpool. Morison, of Chelsea, was a Banff watchmaker's apprentice. Mackay, the martyr of Delhi, whose high promise was cut short at the first outbreak of the Indian mutiny, was a working stone-mason. The loving, self-denied, single-hearted David Sandeman was called to his higher work when training to business in a Manchester warehouse. Though not of the schools of the prophets, grace separated these men to the ministry; and their subsequent academic training; but filled their quivers, and gave point and polish to arrows for which their bows were already bent.

At the close of James' brief school life, when thirteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a draper at Poole, in Dorset,—a man whose business practices and formal family religion, were little fitted to produce a favourable impression on the character of his young apprentice. Of himself at this time he says, in his autobiography, "I was a careless youth, except at intervals when a serious thought would cross my mind, and a remonstrance of conscience would disturb my tranquillity. I never despised or ridiculed religion, but always had a respect for it. My mother's example and prayers did, I daresay, occasionally come to my recollection. . . . Sometimes, on a Sunday, I would go by myself and pray. I wanted to be pious, but knew not how. I believe God the Spirit was then striving with me. I made no effort to quench his motions in my soul; but, at the same time, I took no pains to nourish and strengthen them, and it was rich grace in him that he did not leave me. Feeling the difficulties of my situation, I prayed that the Lord would raise up some one in the house to be my guide. I am sure I was sincere in this." His prayer was answered, and a guide sent in the person of a fellow apprentice, and subsequently in that of a poor cobbler

* "The Life and Letters of John Angell James, including an unfinished Autobiography." Edited by R. W. Dale, M.A., his Colleague and Successor. London: James Nisbet, & Co., 1861.

of the town of Poole. Neither preacher nor evangelist startled his slumbering conscience, or proved the interpreter, the one in a thousand, to guide his steps in the way of life. At a certain stage of a young man's history, the preacher is out of the circle of his sympathy. A word from one of his own age, or the living word of a companion's example, is the weapon that subdues him. John Angell James slumbered till aroused by the example of a junior apprentice on his knees.

On the occasion of the first evening of a young apprentice entering the sleeping apartment, he observed him kneel down by his bed-side and pray in silence. It was not needful that James should have heard the words. He was rebuked and emboldened by the deed, and henceforth resumed his own practice of prayer. "I shall ever have reason to bless God for this act of Charles B——," is his brief, memorable record of an incident that was the hinge of a great change. Learning that Charles was in the habit of visiting a pious cobbler after the business of the day was over, he sought permission to accompany him. There was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the cobbler or his wife, and their house was small, mean, ill-furnished, in a low situation, and not overly clean. But he found in both what he wanted. The man and his wife were eminently pious and communicative. Religion had elevated and refined their characters. In their manners there was a gentleness and softness above their rank. Though a rigid Calvinist, the cobbler had none of the dogmatism, captiousness, or pride of the Antinomian party, then so prevalent in England. In his house James found his first school of divinity, and his training-place for public prayer. The first prayer he ever uttered, save in the secrecy of his own chamber, was in the fellowship meeting gathered under the humble roof of this early guide. The occasion was too memorable not to be noted in his autobiography. The record shows how considerate the cobbler was of the feelings of the young convert, and wise in his suggestions for allaying the apprehension of mis-carrying in the exercise. "In order," says James, "to take off all fear from my mind he requested me the first time I prayed to go and stand in a small place that was boarded off, in which coals and other matters were kept. Here, in this dark corner, I stood to pour out an audible prayer for the first time with a fellow creature." This was the budding-season of the young convert's religious life. It was accompanied with no pungent convictions of sin in its earliest stage, no poignancy of godly sorrow, no great and rapid transition of feeling, nor even with any very clear illumination of knowledge. Angell James' religious character was a growth rather than a revolution,—old things passed silently away. A new formation arose with its new order of things without a visible preceding catastrophe. There were the clear evidences of a change, but not the convulsion that has so often searched and shaken souls in a season of conversion. His delight from that time was in prayer; alone, in the shop, or riding into the country on his em-

ployer's business, he could not help pouring out his heart to God. His joy was in the company of the Lord's people. They became his chosen companions, and in their circle he found his happiness. Reviewing at an after period his religious character during its earlier stages at Poole, he remarks with great ingenuousness, "I now see it was strangely imperfect. It was too much a religion of imagination and the feelings. I courted, and not unfrequently enjoyed the luxury of weeping under sermons. The mellifluous tones of Mr. Durant's musical voice, like the breath of heaven passing over the strings of an Æolian harp, swept over the chords of my excitable heart and set them all in motion; but I was not sufficiently aware of the functions of conscience that religion is a *universal thing*, dictating how everything is to be done, and following us with its commands, constraints, and warnings into every department of action, my judgment was not sufficiently enlightened as to the motives and extent of duty, nor my conscience sufficiently tender as to its performance. I did many things which I now see to be wrong, and left undone many things which I now see to be right."

It was whilst actively employed as a Sabbath-school teacher that his thoughts were first turned to the ministry. He became conscious of an aptitude to teach. His religious friends encouraged his aspirations towards a more extensive sphere than his weekly class of boys; and though his father at first opposed his abandoning business, his reluctance being overcome, the youth was enrolled a pupil of Dr. Bogue, at Gosport. At the time of his entering college he was not a member of the Church; he had not even been baptized; the views entertained by his excellent mother preventing his baptism in infancy. The order of the Church was certainly violated in his being accepted as a candidate for the ministry before he was even baptized as a Christian. But his acceptance in that character did not preclude the evidence of his possessing the faith of a Christian. The great law was still inviolate, that demands that the preacher speak from faith to faith. Received into the college, he was baptized by Dr. Bogue in the presence of a large assemblage of the Church, and immediately thereafter admitted into full membership.

The literary and theological studies of Gosport at the time of his admission, were of the most meagre description, and James's previous education did not compensate for their poverty. During his early school course he was more remarkable for feats of physical strength than scholarship. He was a bright, merry boy, with exulting animal spirits, and a kindly generous temper; first in the rough fun of the play-ground, in the practical jokes so dear to thorough English lads, and not unwilling to show his powers at a stand-up fight; but books were not his favourites. A schoolfellow in after years, inquiring what had become of him, and learning that he had turned out an eminent Nonconformist minister, exclaimed in wonder, "John Angell—what! thik (Dorsetshire for that) thick headed fool—why, he

was fit for nothing but fighting!" Reading, writing, and accounts, with two years' drill at Latin, the benefits of the latter being pretty well effaced by the subsequent Poole apprenticeship, was his preliminary preparation for the Gosport institution. On his entrance he was introduced at once into a class in the middle of a system of divinity, deep in the mysteries of Jonathan Edwards' "Freedom of the Will." He was expected to master that treatise, and to reflect the commentaries of his professor upon it in his notes and exercises. We are not surprised that, in recalling his college novitiate, he should assure us that to a youth who had just left the counter, who had no previous habits of study, and who had gone through no process of mental training, the volume of Edwards proved a *pons asinorum*. "To tell the truth," says James, "I did not and could not pass over it, so I tumbled over the side of the bridge into the water, and narrowly escaping drowning, scrambled up the bank, and got into the road again, with the rest of the train a little further on." Even after he found himself in the train, its progress was neither rapid nor quite in the direction his inexperience in study required. The institution wanted labourers, and a consequent subdivision of labour. The conduct of its studies mainly devolved on one man; a man of large mind and noble heart, and who had drunk in his theology from Owen, Howe, Turretine, and Edwards. But Dr. Bogue stood alone. Though his tastes and acquirements had been as decided in scholarship as in theology, he could have done little for his pupils in the department of general or classical literature, or even in the more strictly professional department of Biblical study. The college was improvisated to meet an exigency of the times; a school for missionary training and sound theological study. It sprang from the zeal and liberality of the Haldanes, and was sustained by their beneficence. Its meagre intellectual training was strongly felt by James throughout his subsequent life. Yet Gosport left its profound impression on his mind. In the college were eight missionaries preparing for the foreign field, from whom he caught the inspiration that breathed in after days through his stirring missionary appeals from the pulpit and the platform. Morison, the distinguished China missionary, was of their number; a man remarkable even while at college. Studious beyond most others; grave almost to gloom; abstracted—somewhat morose, his appearance communicating to all around the impression of a mind absorbed in the contemplation of his mission; an object that seemed to swell into a more awful magnitude and grandeur, the nearer he approached to its direct work. James remembered his coming to him at one time, when his mind was greatly depressed, and with child-like simplicity inviting him to go aside, that they might pray together, when they retired to a chamber, where he poured out his burdened spirit, and was heard in that he feared. With what truth James adds the reflection, "How would it lighten our cares and troubles thus to commend each

other to God, while it would give a strong and sacred cement to our friendship, and prove to us, in the fullest sense of the expression, the blessedness of the communion of saints." Was it not that hour of fellowship with Morison, and of their united fellowship with God, that drew from the heart of James, nearly forty years afterwards, that burst of sacred eloquence, "The voice of God in China," which had its response from British Christian hearts in an offering of two and a quarter millions of Bibles for that land!

Superficial as was the education of Gosport, there can be no doubt that it formed and determined the great principles of James' theological belief. It introduced him to the old divinity, and gave him a relish for the writers of the great age of English theology. From the first he was planted on the good old paths of the Puritan fathers, and no novelties in theology could subsequently turn him aside. He thanked God, towards the close of life, like Jay, "that he had been kept from whims." To his substantial Gosport fare may be traced this happy and continuous theological health. Even to the insufficiency of his early college discipline, the Church to which he belonged owed his zealous advocacy, at an after period, of a more thorough theological education. Alive to his own defective training, he was amongst the foremost to vindicate for the students of his denomination an education that should place within their reach the highest scholarship, and the fullest intellectual culture; and not a few of the ministers of the present day can tell with what wisdom and love he watched over, in his later years, the rising college of Springhill. It may be questioned how far a fuller and more exact academic training would have been in harmony with the essentially free and fervent character of his eloquence, and whether he would not have lost in force what he might have gained in precision. He seems to have apprehended that such might have been the result, from a remark he drops in his autobiography: "Perhaps," he says, "if I had been trained to logic and metaphysics, I should have been spoiled as an effective speaker." He escaped, at least, the danger of being educated out of nature, though he never failed to regret that he had not been educated more fully; and even after grey hairs were upon him, he was all but ready to have taken his place once more on the college benches. With unfeigned humility, and the self-knowledge of a truly great man, and in beautiful consistence with his uniformly expressed sentiments, he thus refers, in his autobiography, to his own disadvantages, yet to the service he had nevertheless been able to render to the Church by his writings. "When I think," he says, "of the advantages enjoyed by the students of our own times, and recollect that they have, in some cases, six years to pursue their studies, I could almost weep to think of my own disadvantages. When I see what men are now presiding over the studies of our colleges, it seems to me as if now I could gladly go and sit down at their feet to repair, at the approaching end of my own course, the disadvantages I suffered at the commence-

ment. No man has ever been more conscious of his defects than I am of mine. No man ought to have more excuse made for him than myself. It is not surprising that I cannot write in such a pure classic style of elegance as those who have had a more perfect education. How should I? Yet, through God's most abounding goodness, I have not been idle, or useless, or unknown; I have become an author of works—neither few, nor neglected, nor unblest—written in good, plain, dramatic Saxon language, and most of them written but once. To me my course is more wonderful than anything I have ever known; I mean, that one so partially educated, so limited in his attainments, so confined in his knowledge, should have assumed a standing such as has been assigned to me in this extraordinary age. Instead of lifting me up with pride, it humbles me in the dust; for, in addition to my original defective education, I have had the disadvantage, as I may call it, of having been placed in a situation so public, and requiring such constant demands upon me, that I have had little time for reading and study, and for thus making up my original defects."

To preclude the possibility of the college becoming a quiet seed-time to himself, he was placed before he was two months at Gosport on the preaching list, and sent a sowing amongst the rural and village congregations. Bishop Heber has a touching poem on a British oak dwarfed in India by the ceaseless stimulus of her blazing sun. A youth seventeen and a half years old, after a two months' college attendance, subjected to the stimulus of a preaching tour, is in a like perilous condition. Denied his season of hibernation, his time for gathering strength for after growth, he is in danger of proving but a dwarfed product. It indicates the vitality of James' powers that he bore this ordeal. Though he suffered for years from the process, he did not sink under it. Less than two years wound up his college course; and at its close, an invitation to spend four Sabbaths at Birmingham introduced him to the scene of his future ministry. It was with no thought that that busy centre of manufacturing industry was to be his home for life that he alighted from a Birmingham coach, on a Saturday evening in the midsummer of 1804, to the great relief of the deacons of Carr's Lane congregation, who, in despair of his arrival, had made their anxious round of the inns of the town, inquiring for the young preacher. Young indeed! not yet nineteen years of age, and whose complement of college training had been one year and a half. Yet that youth had not filled up his short engagement of four weeks before the grave men of Carr's Lane felt they could not let him go. He was the man for their Church, sent to repair its ruins, and reassemble its scattered members. If they were disappointed for a season, it was that a richer, fuller harvest might crown their hopes. They had not misjudged the man. They only expected too much from the youth—to reap before he himself had sown. A call to the pastorate being accepted, John Angell James entered upon the charge

of the congregation; "where," as his biographer remarks, "his usefulness won for him the noblest and most enduring fame; and where tens of thousands whom he taught to trust in the mercy of Christ, and to keep his commandments, will regard him with immortal love and reverence."

The features and work of that ministry we reserve for another paper.

A VISION.

Gloomy and black are the cypress trees,
Drearily waileth the chill night breeze.
The long grass waveth, the tombs are white,
And the black clouds flit o'er the chill moonlight.
Silent is all save the dropping rain,
When slowly there cometh a mourning train;
The lone churchyard is dark and dim,
And the mourners raise a funeral hymn:

"Open, dark grave, and take her;
Though we have loved her so,
Yet we must now forsake her,
Love will no more awake her:
(Oh, bitter woe!)
Open thine arms and take her
To rest below!

"Vain is our mournful weeping,
Her gentle life is o'er;
Only the worm is creeping,
Where she will soon be sleeping,
For evermore—
Nor joy nor love is keeping
For her in store!"

Gloomy and black are the cypress trees,
And drearily wave in the chill night breeze.
The dark clouds part and the heavens are blue,
Where the trembling stars are shining through.
Slowly across the gleaming sky,
A crowd of white angels are passing by.
Like a fleet of swans they float along,
Or the silver notes of a dying song.
Like a cloud of incense their pinions rise,
Fading away up the purple skies.
But hush! for the silent glory is stirred,
By a strain such as earth has never heard:

"Open, O Heaven! we bear her,
This gentle maiden mild,
Earth's griefs we gladly spare her,
From earthly joys we tear her,
The undefiled;
And to thine arms we bear her,
Thine own, thy child.

"Open, O Heaven! no morrow
Will see this joy o'ercast,
No pain, no tears, no sorrow,
Her gentle heart will borrow;
Sad life is past;
Shielded and safe from sorrow,
At home at last."

But the vision faded, and all was still
On the purple valley and distant hill.
No sound was there save the wailing breeze,
The rain, and the rustling cypress trees.
Lays and Lyrics by Miss Procter.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

I.—THE LONG-SUFFERING OF GOD.

THIS slowness to anger, this long-suffering or forbearance on God's part toward those who provoke him every day, and in the face of all their provocations, what, it may be asked, does it particularly declare concerning him, that he should thus claim it as a part of his excellent greatness?

It declares, in the first place, his *power*. He has no need to hasten his work, lest if he do not execute a sentence at once, he may not be able to execute it at all, the offender in some way or other eluding his grasp, and escaping beyond his reach. There can be no fugitives from his justice who fills heaven and earth, to whom all the ages and all the worlds belong. What he does not punish now, he can punish by-and-by; what he does not punish here, he can punish there; what not in this world, in the next. He is, in the words of the Psalmist, "strong and patient;" patient, because he is strong, because all power belongeth unto him. What need for him to be in a hurry? He may well defer his anger who has all time and all eternity in which to work out the counsels of his will, whom none can escape, being as he is Lord and absolute disposer of men alike on this side of the grave and on the other.

But the long-suffering of God declares better things than these, tells of attributes in him more glorious even than his power. It is a declaration of his *love*, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Here is the true secret of Christ's forbearance with sinners. He knows what powers of the world to come are at work in his Church for their conversion, and, being converted, for their perfect restoration to spiritual health and strength; the efficacy of that blood which he once, and once for all, shed upon his cross, the prevailing might of that intercession which he is evermore carrying forward in heaven. He knows the effectual operation of the Holy Spirit in quickening those that were even dead in their trespasses and sins. He knows how the man who is standing out the most obstinately against him now, who is most fiercely in arms against his own blessedness, may to-morrow throw

down his arms, yield himself vanquished, and suffer himself to be led, like Paul, a trophy and captive of the divine power and love through the world.

And as the eye of the cunning lapidary detects in the rugged pebble, just digged from the mine, the polished diamond that shall sparkle on the diadem of a king; or as the sculptor in the rough block of marble, newly hewn from the quarry, beholds the statue of perfect grace and beauty which is latent there, and waiting but the touch of his hand,—so he who sees all, and the end from the beginning, sees oftentimes greater wonders than these. He sees the saint in the sinner, the saint that shall be in the sinner that is; the wheat in the tare; the shepherd feeding the sheep in the wolf tearing the sheep; Paul the preacher of the faith in Saul the persecutor of the faith; Israel a prince with God in Jacob the trickster and the supplanter; Matthew the apostle in Levi the publican; a woman that should love much in the woman that was sinning much; and in some vine of the earth bringing forth wild grapes and grapes of gall, a tree which shall yet bring forth good fruit, and wine to make glad the heart; so that when some, like those over-zealous servants in the parable, would have him to pluck it up, and to cast it without more ado into the wine-press of the wrath of Almighty God, he exclaims rather, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it," and is well content to await the end.

And even where this proves not so, where the riches of that grace and long-suffering appear to have been spent in vain, wasted upon obdurate sinners, who despise those to the last, still the manifestations of that grace and long-suffering shall not therefore have been for nought. They shall have served their purpose, and if not that purpose which he most desired, which was nearest his heart, namely,—that of bringing men to repentance and to life—if not that, yet another; I mean that of clearing the righteousness of God. For God, in his infinite condescension, is not content with merely *being* just and righteous in all his ways; he desires to approve himself such, and that his justice and righteousness and goodness should so plainly appear to all the world, so lifted above all cavil, that none should be able, with the least apparent grounds of reason, to call it in question. And thus, in regard of the final condemnation of wicked men, and that severe and terrible doom which he shall one day execute upon them, he will be clear when he is judged; every mouth shall be stopped. No one shall be able to say that the long-suffering of God had not waited for him; or that, however guilty, he had, like the wretched Haman, been hastened and huddled to his doom (Esther vii. 8–10).

So far from this, nothing is more remarkable than the slow advent of the divine judgments. The king's wrath may be as messengers of death, but because it is so, therefore it is long before the King of kings suffers his whole displeasure to arise. Note, I beseech you, the way in which he warns before he threatens, threatens before he strikes, strikes lightly before he

strikes heavily, strikes heavily before he causes that blow which shall leave no room for another to descend. Note how this is so everywhere, in Scripture, in the lives of others, and in your own. Note it in Scripture. If God brings in a flood on the world of the ungodly, it is only after his long-suffering has waited for them while the Ark was a-preparing (1 Pet. iii. 20); and though his Spirit, as on that occasion he declared, should not always strive with man, "yet his days," that is, his days of grace, "shall be an hundred and twenty years." Again, "the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full" (Gen. xv. 16); therefore they are allowed still to abide in the land, and their excision root and branch is for centuries deferred; they must fill up the measure of their sins before their judgment can arrive. The guilty cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, cannot perish before God has gone down and seen whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it (Gen. xviii. 21); words spoken after the manner of men, yet with a blessed truth behind them, that, namely, of the extreme delib-eration with which the divine judgments proceed. And this patience, this long-suffering, this deliberation, they are, as I have said, if possible, for the salvation of man; and if not for this, if he is resolute to perish, if he has made a covenant with death and hell which he will not break, then for the vindication of God, that he may be justified in his doings, and clear when he is judged.—*R. C. Trench, D.D.*

II.—"THIS IS THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH THE WORLD, EVEN OUR FAITH."

WHAT is the representation here made of our position? We have an enemy. That is plainly said. Every one of us, who has any of the hopes or aims of a Christian, has an enemy, whose existence, whose ceaseless activity, may well trouble and alarm him. We cannot escape from him. It is a foe of our own household. It is a foe with whom we are compelled to associate every day. The world; the things that are seen; the present state; the life that is, with all its cares, its interests, its pleasures; this is our enemy. We do not speak in a fantastic, unreal, or exaggerated sense; we are not counselling a morbid fear of things which God has created for our use and for our enjoyment, as though a serpent lurked in each, and made its very touch deadly. But we do know, every one of us, that, taking the present state as a whole, the world in the aggregate of its influences upon us, it is not a friend to our highest good, if our highest good be that which God seems to represent it to be in his word of revelation. Let yourself alone but for one day; surrender yourself but for one day to the guidance, to the operation upon you, of your world, less or greater; move about in it, listen and talk, work and enjoy in it, for one day, without any counteracting and countervailing power consciously evoked and appealed to within; and where would you be at the end of that day? Should you be nearer to, or further from, the goal of life, if that goal

be a heavenly one, if that goal be the love of God, the attainment of a divine rest, a spiritual happiness, and an eternal home?

It is thus that we must test the world, and not by any lower or more arbitrary standard. If this strange complicated thing which we call our being, ourselves, is ever to know unity, repose, complete satisfaction, all its parts having attained their object, and consciously resting in their perfect joy; if this is the hope which Christ came to inspire in all who will have him for their Saviour; then that must be our enemy which tends to distract and to unsettle us, to turn off our attention from the aim of life, and to bid us find or seek repose in this thing or that thing which is either doubtful of attainment, inferior in nature, limited in extent, or brief in duration.

The world is our enemy, on the supposition that we have any aim or any hope beyond it. Not otherwise. The world is our friend, if all we have ever to look for is bounded by the life that is. If we do not believe in Christ, if we do not desire to be with him, if we do not wish above all things so to live that that hope, of being with him hereafter, may not be interfered with; then we cannot do better than get all that this world has to offer us; make peace with it, adopt its principles, claim its friendship, sue for its rewards; else shall we be losing both worlds, the world that is and also the world that shall be.

But this is not so, avowedly, with any of us; God grant it be not so really. We do wish, every one of us, to get safe to heaven. If by any one great sacrifice or great exertion we could secure this, I do not believe that there is one person in this congregation who would refuse or hesitate to make it. I scarcely believe there is one here present who would not willingly lay down even this precious life that is, for the certainty of a sure and instant entrance into a world of safety and of immortality. But it is not thus that our warfare has to be waged. Rather is it by a protracted, a wearisome, often a desultory process that we must make our way; by wakefulness, by discernment, by discretion, by being always ready, by being patient of delay and disappointment, by a willingness oftentimes only to stand and wait, by experience dearly purchased, by rising sadder and wiser from painful falls, by making an onward step when we can, but more often by hardly refraining from a backward one, by being ever prepared to find real foes of fancied friends, or to see the mountain-side, which seemed but now empty and untenanted, bristling on the sudden with armed enemies; it is thus that the Christian conflict is waged; and many a man who could have nerved himself for one brief decisive struggle, however sharp or unequal, fails, faints, and at last deserts, amidst the ceaseless and less heroic exertions by which he must fight his way into the kingdom of God in heaven.

The world; that is our foe. Sometimes the world is made but one of three foes, the flesh and the devil being added to it. But, like each of these also—like the flesh,

like the devil—it is sometimes made to embrace all that opposes the Christian warrior. It is the flesh which gives entrance to all; it is the devil who directs and uses all; but the world furnishes the material of all. The world contains everything that can either tempt or harass; and the victory of the Christian, like the victory of Christ himself, is then completed, when he can say, without enumerating aught else, *I have overcome the world.*

Now, therefore, we can understand why the apostle should sum up the whole of our victory in the one word *faith*.

So long as our eye is steadily fixed on One above, so long as we set God and Christ really before us, so long as we retain the unshaken recollection of God's being, and of his right over us, and of his having spoken to us and loved and redeemed us in his Son, so long the world is powerless to entrap, to seduce, or to terrify. But, alas! here is our weakness, that we look off from God: the spirit is willing; the day begins well; the prayer of the morning is earnest and effectual; the blessing has descended as we knelt; the heart has been warmed, the spirit refreshed, the mind strengthened, the will firmly resolved; the communication is open and we have used it; we think, as we rise from prayer, that, though all should be offended this day, yet shall not we; though all should prove unfaithful to our divine Lord, yet shall we surely follow him even if it were to prison and to death; but the flesh is weak; duty itself calls us back into the things that are seen and temporal, bids us work, bids us mix with men, bids us play a manly part amongst the people of our generation, bids us come forth and not hide ourselves in the seclusion of an indolent contemplation: and the result of all is, that, long ere the day is at its height, we have lost the dew of its morning; the world is with us, and we with it; God is in heaven, and we upon earth, and between us and him there is already a great gulf fixed. Then the very least of temptations may assail us successfully; our strength has departed from us, and man, left alone, cannot but fall. At night, with great difficulty, we force our way back across the barrier which has been interposed; but it is to remember with shame and sorrow how often we have fallen; how much we have walked by sight, how little by faith; how slight a trial has been too great for temper, for humility, for kindness, for charity; how little has been said or done for God's glory, how much for vain-glory, for self-indulgence, for men-pleasing!

My brethren, well might this and every sermon end with the three words, *Let us pray!* Yes, let us all pray. How little do we know, till we heartily try it, not only the benefit, but the happiness of prayer. God is very near us; we are not straitened in him. God would have us pray in order that he may answer. He needs not words; he knows what is in us, our sins, our weaknesses, our desires, our wants, even before we ask; yet he would have us ask, he would have us open our hearts to him, he would have us confide in him, that he may

comfort, that he may soothe, that he may strengthen, that he may bless. *In the evening, and morning, and at noon-day, will I pray, and that instantly: and he shall hear my voice. O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.*—C. J. Vaughan, D.D.

III.—ENTER INTO THY CLOSET.

"ENTER into thy closet." In the great cathedral at Rome are ranged a number of confessionals, closets of carved wood for penitents of every language. You see inscribed with gilt letters over one, *Pro Italica Lingua*; over another, *Pro Flandrica Lingua*; on a third, *Pro Polonica Lingua*; on a fourth, *Pro Illyrica Lingua*; on a fifth, *Pro Hispanica Lingua*; on a sixth, *Pro Anglica Lingua*. In each instance, the father confessor is waiting in secret to hear the secrets of penitence. A modern writer, having thus described this arrangement, tells us that one who witnessed it "was impressed with the *infinite convenience*—if we may use so poor a phrase—of the Catholic religion to its devout believers."

But "infinite convenience, if we may use so poor a phrase," belongs rather to the religion of that suppliant who, when his heart is breaking, has no need to wait until he can kneel on some consecrated pavement, no need to wait until he can prepare language, no need to wait until he can reach a distant priest, whose soul may be more ignorant, stained, and troubled than his own; but who, in every hour of every night and day, in every spot on sea or land, may find a closet in which the Infinite Father is listening for whatever the overburdened heart may murmur, speak in what native tongue it may—a Father who not only hears the spoken prayer, but sees the prayer that is too deep for speech.

By the word "closet," the Saviour is understood to convey an allusion to the room in the ancient Jewish dwelling, which was set apart for the office of lonely prayer. Yet, as "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cell" for the soul, neither are they, nor any material boundaries answering to them, essential to make the soul's closet of devotion. Even the Jew who lived in the dullest age of ceremony felt this. "The angel said unto me," writes Esdras, "Go into a field of flowers, where no house is builded, and pray unto the Highest continually" (Esdras ix. 25). Abraham found a closet, when, arched in the waning twilight of the grove, "he called upon the name of the Lord." Isaac found a closet in the silence of the fading fields at eventide. Jacob found a closet in the solemn darkness of the night. David found a closet not only in "the chamber over the gate," but in the chambers of the forest and the rifted rock. Jesus found a closet, when, high up in the tranquil mountain air, the morning star found him where the evening star left him, "alone, yet not alone." A closet for the spirit is whatever helps to *close* the spirit in from all distraction, and thus make it feel alone with God.

But the phrase "*thy closet*," conveys an additional

meaning. It means more than mental seclusion in some unexpected place and time. You may have fugitive, uncertain snatches of opportunity for secret prayer, even in the "dusky lane or wrangling mart." When most in the world, you may have occasional power to sequester the spirit, to forget the mere surroundings of existence, and even amidst the crowd of crossing voices to find "secret silence of the mind;" you may often, as if by accident, even when in "the press" of London streets, thrill with a sense of the Saviour's nearness, may "touch the hem of His garment;" and then, for the moment, the soul will be in a "closet;" but, disciple, it is not "*thy* closet." "*Thy* closet" is the soul's own fixed, familiar place of resort for communion with God. It may be hill or hollow; chamber, or secret wood-path, or the walk over the sheet of sea-side sand; no matter, but it must be *thine own*. The Saviour assumes that each disciple has some such habitual retreat, the shrine of his most blessed recollections, the place where the soul feels most at home, enjoys its Sabbaths, its hours of vision, and its walks with God. This is what he means by "*thy* closet."

"Enter into thy closet," is the invitation to which you must now give heed. By foresight, by contrivance, by the power of resolute, severe punctuality, "enter into thy closet." Enter it every day. If such an arrangement can be made, enter it, sometimes, as Doddridge often entered the old vestry at Northampton, and as many a Puritan ancestor entered his own "holy of holies" to spend long hours of devout seclusion there. In many words, in many ways, the Saviour is still urging his ancient invitation, "Enter into thy closet." In moments of intense life, moments when you realize the soul more than the body, moments when you seem suddenly and magnetically conscious of the presence of "Him who is invisible," and when, quite unaccountably, you long to pray; what is this strange religious susceptibility, and what are these desires after God, but his desires after you moving in your heart,—the clear touches of his living Spirit, the whispers of his "still small voice," saying, "Enter into thy closet!" When and with indistinct premonitions of calamity, when struck down by some blow which benumbs your natural promptitude of thought, you instinctively turn to the Almighty for help, and the All-wise for guidance,—when, after the elements of true piety, which are the elements of true prayer, have been hardened in a worldly atmosphere, they are brought into fusion again by the fire of adversity, and all your glowing soul, "melted within you because of trouble," flows forth to God; what is this but the voice of Christ through affliction, saying, "Enter into thy closet?" "Come, enter thou into my chamber, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." By his word, by his Spirit, by his afflicting strokes, by his ministers, and now, by this silent page, he says, "Enter into thy closet."—*Rev. Charles Stanford.*

THE REFUGEE.

NORTHWARD of the great plain of Hindostan rises the mountain chain of the Himalayah, which gradually ascends till its loftiest peaks attain the height of more than twenty-eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, wrapped in perpetual snow. As may be supposed, much of this mountainous district is uninhabited: in some comparatively sheltered spots, however, are to be found villages, peopled by a bold, fierce, and hardy race of Asiatics; ignorant also, and uncivilized.

Into one of these villages, many years ago, entered a solitary traveller. He was toilworn and travel-stained, and his condition so far excited the compassion of the natives that they willingly gave him what he most needed, food and shelter for rest.

The traveller was not a man of their race or language, he was a European and an Englishman. This was easily gathered from his complexion and general appearance: it was easy also to perceive from his dress and manners that the stranger was a person of some consideration. But he was travelling alone. Alone he had traversed the broad plain, and threaded his way through its swampy borders at the foot of the mountains; alone he had climbed them from stage to stage, to the spot which he had reached where his strength had given way.

How long a time these wanderings had occupied, whence the traveller had come, whither he proposed to go, and how hitherto he had subsisted on his journey, the villagers did not know.

Days and weeks passed away, and the stranger was yet among them. His strength was partially restored, but he gave no sign of departure; and the Indian dialect in which he spoke to the natives was unintelligible to them. At length, however, by signs rather than words, he made known his wish to remain among those by whom his life had been preserved, and by whom he had been hospitably treated. His request was tacitly granted: it was not much, probably, to allow him a patch of mountain slope for rude cultivation, and a site on which to raise a hut for shelter; and thus the civilized Englishman was, without opposition, domiciled among the rude mountaineers. His habitation was a mud-walled cabin, roofed and thatched with grass; and his subsistence was obtained by the occasional labour of his hands, or by the trapping of animals.

Years passed away, and the mountain village was still the Englishman's home. He had never left its neighbourhood, or descended to the plain; and when, as sometimes happened, strangers entered it, he remained concealed, or absented himself until they were gone. It was natural for the villagers to make comments on this strange behaviour on the part of their guest, to argue that he must have been guilty of some crime among his own countrymen, by which his life had become forfeited to justice; but whatever were their suspicions, they did not withdraw their hospitality. What the stranger had been was nothing to them: he was harmless now.

And the nameless man never enlightened the dusky natives of the village as to the cause of his voluntary or involuntary self-banishment from his countrymen. In process of time, he could converse with them in their own tongue, but he rarely cared to prolong a conversation, and never let it be directed to his own past history.

Meanwhile the unhappy recluse (for he was evidently unhappy) was sinking lower and lower into the degradation of savage life. With a body unoccupied, except by the efforts required to provide for the merest necessities of life, and with nothing to detach the mind from these pursuits, excepting the probably unwelcome remembrances of a past wasted life, he became like those around him, and not only adopted their customs, but fell into their vices. All, or almost all traces of his original superiority were lost; his countenance was haggard, his hair matted and filthy, and his body neglected and scantily clothed in the mean garb of the natives.

One summer, an Englishman of military rank entered these mountain regions in quest of health and change of scene. Attended by a slender retinue of servants, and conducted by a native guide, he journeyed on from day to day through the mountain passes, ascending higher and higher, until he reached the village above mentioned. The white face of the officer attracted curiosity; for the visit of a European to that secluded spot was of rare occurrence; and, either forgetful or careless of their now naturalized guest's anxious and morbid desire for concealment, the natives informed their visitor through his guide that the village contained another white man who lived even as they lived, and who had been fifteen years a dweller on the mountains. Impelled by curiosity, and, as was soon to be proved, by a higher motive, the English officer sought the miserable abode of his fellow-countryman, and looked in at its low entrance.

There sat the nameless man, savage alike in aspect and demeanour, and seeking to hide himself from the inquisitive and pitying gaze of the visitor, while alternately commanding and entreating him, in language scarcely intelligible, to go and to leave him in peace. It was evident that anger and fear were struggling in the mind of the refugee; and it needed the kindest and the gentlest persuasions, combined with solemn assurances of good will, to draw forth the wretched man from his lair.

At length, however, the compassionate officer gained so much on the confidence of his unhappy countryman, as to induce him to disclose his name and the motives which had led to his exile. He was the son of an English gentleman, he said, and had come out to India in the expectation of making a rapid fortune. He had obtained a government appointment which might have led to this result; but temptations had been thrown in his way, to which he had yielded. He had plunged into reckless extravagance, had disgraced himself and his name, had in the course of a few years squandered his means, lost

his situation, and at length awoke from a dream of infatuation to find himself a ruined profligate, hopelessly in debt, and threatened with a debtor's prison, while those who had been his companions in sin and excess of riot abandoned him to his fate. With degradation thus staring him in the face, and help or sympathy nowhere to be found, the miserable man had fled from the pursuit of law, determinately casting himself off from civilized life; and having found an asylum with the people among whom he dwelt, he desired only to be left in peace.

"This is very sad," said the compassionate visitor, when he had possessed himself of these details; "and can you, my poor friend, be content with a life of privation, such as you now live, a mere animal existence, without aim and without hope?"

"What would you have me do?" demanded the refugee gloomily and evasively.

"Return with me to —,"

"Return! return! to be scoffed and despised: probably to be persecuted by unrelenting creditors; to end my days in prison; or, at best, to witness happiness in others which is lost to me for ever, and refinements which I can no longer share! No, leave me. You have promised not to harm me. I claim your performance of that promise."

"I will not further urge you," said the sorrowing visitor, when he saw, or fancied he saw, in the frenzied expressions of the unhappy man, symptoms of incipient insanity, with which it might be dangerous to tamper: "but has it never occurred to you that, while you were fleeing from man's justice, and from the consequences of debt undischarged, there is another debt you owe, and another tribunal from which there is no escape?"

The maniac (for so he might almost have been termed) glared fiercely at the speaker. "What do you mean?" his looks expressed, if not his words.

"Do you not know," returned the Christian officer, gently and soothingly, "of whom it is said, 'Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: even there shall thy hand lead me; and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me.'"

The countenance of the wretched man was slightly agitated as these words fell upon his ear; but it was only for a moment. It became fixed in insensibility, and thus it remained while the compassionate evangelist, with earnest solicitude for one so apparently lost and beyond the reach of all ordinary appliances of the gospel, spoke of a debt which, remaining uncanceled, must consign him to everlasting banishment from happiness and God, and pointed out the way of escape from the wrath to come.

The effort to arouse the slumbering intellect and comprehension of the self-made savage seemed vain.

Perhaps he scarcely listened to the appeal; or it may be that the language in which it was couched—so unaccustomed to his ear—required too great an effort of the enfeebled mind to be understood. So thought the Christian stranger, as he watched the object of his solicitude; and when, after earnest prayer, he rose from his knees to witness the same evident obduracy and utter indifference of aspect, his heart sank within him. "Twice dead: plucked up by the roots!" was the feeling which predominated in his mind when he prepared to leave the miserable cabin.

He did not withdraw, however, without one more attempt to rekindle the dying embers of intelligence in the self-abandoned man, or at least without putting the means of instruction within his reach. He had with him a few religious tracts; and these he placed in the hands of the refugee, entreating him to read them. He then went on his way, with the impression deeply fixed on his mind that for one so utterly lost to self-respect, and so sunk in low and vicious habits, there could be no hope.

* * * *

Two years passed away, and the Christian officer once more ascended the mountain, and, arriving at the village, he directed his steps towards the hut, the solitary inhabitant of which had often, in recollection, been present to his mind. In the interval which had elapsed, he had not been idle on behalf of the poor fugitive. Guided by the clue obtained on his former visit, he had retraced the unhappy man's history, and had sought out his family connections, who had naturally long mourned for him as dead, and who joyfully received the tidings of his existence. And now the benevolent visitor was charged with the pleasant task of conveying to the exile assurances of a loving welcome to his home in England, of restoration to society and the position from which he had fallen, and of the discharge of every pecuniary claim against him.

And yet the steps of the traveller were slow, and his mind was troubled. The refugee yet lived, he knew; for this he had ascertained; but what could he expect to find in him but the same moral and mental wreck, yet more hopelessly broken and battered, over which he had mourned two years before. Probably, the mind, then trembling on the balance, had received its final overthrow; or the nature, then so degraded, had become ferocious.

It was with feelings of almost unmingled sadness, therefore, that the visitor approached the refugee's hut; and so absorbed was he in these thoughts that he failed to perceive, what he afterwards saw, a marked and striking change in the aspect of this mountain home. But his reflections were interrupted by a joyous cry of recognition; and before he had recovered his self-possession, his hand was grasped by his fellow-countryman, from whose eyes were flowing tears of gladness.

"You are come again! oh, I cannot speak what I

feel; but I feared I should never see you again; and yet I have hoped and prayed."

Prayed! did the Christian visitor hear aright? Had the poor wretch really prayed? prayed for anything? "And are you indeed glad to see me?" he asked, with much emotion.

"Glad! Have I not cause to be glad, sir, when by your means salvation was brought to such a one as I?"

"And is it so, indeed?" demanded the visitor. "Have you truly found salvation?"

"By the precious blood of Christ,—sin forgiven—my great debt paid. Yes, I hope it is so, indeed," exclaimed the poor solitary.

"But how?" asked the officer, scarcely knowing what he said.

"It was this," replied the refugee, leading the other into his cabin, and placing a well-worn but carefully preserved tract in his hands; "it was this dear little book which reminded me of the love of God in sending his Son into the world to die for sinners, even the chief; which told me of the willingness of Jesus Christ to receive, pardon, and bless all that come unto God by him; which assured me that, to be saved from everlasting punishment deserved by my sins, I must go to him for mercy: and that even now, at the very last and lowest time of guilt and misery, might be the accepted time, and the day of salvation."

The Christian officer looked at the tract; it was very plain and simple, but it told of man's need and God's mercy. He remembered it as one of those which, almost hopeless of result, he had given to the then debased and miserable wretch before him. But the seed he had thus sown, weeping in soul, had sprung up; the man so utterly lost, almost to a sense of shame, and living a death-like existence, as one among the tombs, was now "clothed and in his right mind," and sitting at the feet of Jesus.

A few months later still, the Christian traveller and the rescued refugee were in earnest and deeply affecting conference in the residence of the former in British India.

"Think well of it, my friend," said the officer. "There are those at home who will gladly receive you. Ease and comfort for the remainder of your life—which may not be long—await you. You have endured privation and suffering; nay, you are suffering now. Will you not return to England?"

The restored penitent shook his head, and tears glistered in his eyes. "I thank my friends, indeed I thank them," he said; "and I love them: but I love my Saviour, and I must work for him. Here, here, where I reviled and opposed him, dishonoured his name, and brought disgrace and ruin upon myself by my sins: and there, where those poor ignorant mountain villagers gave me a home when I was a poor wretched wanderer—here and there must I be to tell the blessed story of God so loving the world as to give his only begotten

Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life; and to proclaim the faithful saying which is worthy of all acceptance, 'that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"—*Protestant Churchman*.

BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—THE HEBREW DAY AND YEAR.

IN the present age, when time is so accurately measured by clocks and watches, and every movement regulated almost to a minute, we have difficulty in conceiving the simple and general way in which it was observed by the nations of antiquity. Their only time-pieces were the heavenly bodies—the sun, the moon, and the stars—set in the firmament to divide the day from the night, and be for signs and for seasons, for days and for years. The genial climate of Palestine, and the generally bright and cloudless skies, invited the Hebrews to be much in the open air; and their simple pastoral and agricultural life afforded them constant opportunities of marking the apparent course of the sun in the heavens by day, and of the moon and stars by night. In what is, perhaps, the most ancient poem in existence—the Book of Job—we have mention made of *Orion*, the most magnificent of all the constellations; of the *Pleiades*, or cluster of stars, to which the arm of this ancient hunter is pointing; of *Arcturus*, that conspicuous star near the constellation of the Great Bear; and *Sirius*, or the Dog Star, the most brilliant of the whole, which was fixed on by the Egyptians, under the name of Sothes, as pointing out, by its appearance in a particular part of the heavens, the commencement of one of their great astronomical cycles.

The first and most obvious division of time is that pointed out by the sun. From sunset to sunset, "the evening and the morning," formed the day of the Hebrews. At first, the division into hours does not seem to have been resorted to. Day was divided into three portions—morning, noon, and evening—night into three watches. It is only after the return from the Babylonish captivity that hours begin to be mentioned; and Daniel uses this term as fixing the time when, after the trumpets sounded, the people were to fall down and worship the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar.

The natural day from sunrise to sunset is universally adopted among Eastern nations, and this period is divided into twelve parts or hours. But it is only at the Equator, and a short space on each side of it, that these hours can be permanently of equal length. As the latitude increases, the period from sunrise to sunset is constantly varying—the day lengthening in summer when the hours consequently become longer, and shortening in winter when the hours become proportionally shorter. In the latitude of Palestine the longest day is about fourteen hours, the shortest day twelve hours,

of time measured by a common watch. And thus the hours of the winter day are one-third shorter than those of the summer. The Hebrews reckoned their first hour at sunrise; so that at the mean or equinoctial periods their third hour corresponded to our nine o'clock A.M., their sixth hour to our twelve at noon, their ninth hour to three o'clock P.M., and their twelfth hour to our six P.M. This mode of reckoning appears to have been long in use, and well understood in the time of our Saviour. "Are there not," says he, "twelve hours in the day?" But at this period, too, and probably introduced by the Romans, the mode of reckoning by the common or civil day seems also to have been well known to the Jews. In the account of the trial and crucifixion of our Lord, the evangelists Matthew, Luke, and John mention the hours of the civil day; while Mark reckons, in the first part of his narrative of this event, by the natural day: "And it was the *third hour*, and they crucified him."—the *third hour* here, reckoning from sunrise, corresponding to the *ninth hour* of the other evangelists. Indeed, in the subsequent part of the narrative, Mark reckons by the civil day, and thus coincides with the other narratives in stating the death of the Saviour to have taken place "at the ninth hour."*

The night was divided at first into three watches—the evening, the midnight, and morning; but afterwards, especially after the Romans had introduced to the Jews their military regulations, the night was divided into four watches of three hours each—the first watch commencing at sunset, the next at nine o'clock, the third at midnight, and the fourth at cock-crowing or three in the morning. These four periods are thus alluded to by Christ: "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning,"—thus specifying the terminations of the different watches, or the periods when the guards were relieved.

The moon exhibiting her varied phases in her revolution round the earth pointed out another division of time; and the new moon marked some important Jewish festivals. The period from new moon to next new moon, embracing twenty-nine and a half days, formed the Hebrew month. Twelve of these lunar months formed the year, which thus consisted of only three hundred and fifty-four days; but in order to include the days that remained over, a month was added or intercalated every third year, which consisted of thirty-three days, and was called *Ve Adar*. But even with this addition the year falls short of the real period, measured by the earth's revolution round the sun. The beginning of the civil year of the Hebrews, the month *Tisbri*, was in August or September, according as the new moon fell within either of these months. The beginning of

* In the recently published "Reviews and Essays," this apparent discrepancy is stated as one among the various objections to the authenticity of the Scripture narratives, although the explanation is known to all intelligent readers of Scripture.

the sacred year, marked by the occurrence of the great feast of the passover, fell towards the end of March or beginning of April, and which was also regulated by the occurrence of the new moon.

The week of seven days was one of the earliest divisions of time, and may be said to be a moral division, as it is not indicated by natural appearances. But though thus pointed out to mankind in general, the Sabbath of rest, so admirably suited both to the physical and mental requirements of humanity, became almost peculiar to the Hebrews, no such observance having been kept up by the Pagan nations of the world around them. And down to the present day, the week terminated by its sacred day of rest is still peculiar to Christian communities, and unknown to all others.

The Hebrews divided the year into four seasons, but in the latitude of Palestine these seasons differ considerably from those of Europe. "The harvest is over, the summer is gone," would appear to us in Western Europe as a misplacement of the seasons, and yet as applied to Palestine it is literally correct, drawn as all the illustrations of Scripture are with the utmost accuracy from nature and from life.

In that genial climate wheat and the cereal grains sown in winter or early spring, come to maturity in May, so that the harvest is actually finished before the extreme heats of summer commence. In the climate of Palestine there are six months in the year, from May to October, in which rain rarely falls,—indeed, in the clear unclouded skies of June, July, August, and September, rain is almost unknown. The "early rains" commence in October, and continue to fall gradually during November and December. The greatest amount of rain-fall is in January and February, and then it moderates in March, April, and May, thus forming the "latter rains." Taking an average of nine years, the annual amount of rain which falls in Palestine has been estimated at sixty-four inches. Of this quantity one-half falls from October to January, forming the "early rains," and the other half from February to May, constituting the "latter rains." The spring forms the most delightful season in Palestine, with a mild, serene, and moderately moist atmosphere. In this season every kind of vegetation makes rapid progress; innumerable flowers blossom in the valleys, and the corn and fruits of the earth press on quickly to maturity. The summer and autumn are dry and hot, with all the characteristics of a tropical climate. The winter is open, but chill and moist, January and February, as we have seen, being the months of greatest rain-fall. Thunder storms are not unfrequent, such as we find vividly pictured in Psalms xviii. and xxix. by the accurate observations and beautiful touches of David, the sweet singer of Israel. In the summer and autumn the brooks and small rivers are perfectly dry, while in winter they suddenly swell into torrents. At this season, too, occur the floods or "swellings" of the Jordan, whose stream, however, is kept full flowing

even in summer by the gradual melting of the snows of Lebanon.

In thus glancing at the divisions of the Hebrew times and seasons, we may perceive that beyond the simplest observations of those divisions marked out by the heavenly bodies, their astronomical investigations did not extend. They seem to have taken the division of the day into hours from the Babylonians; their year was not so nearly approaching to accuracy even as the Egyptian, and other modifications they adopted from the Greeks and Romans in later times. But like other simple and primitive nations living much in the open air, a general observance and knowledge of the heavenly bodies no doubt was cultivated by all, and formed a source of interest and pleasure unknown to the mass of mankind now living in cities, and leading a more artificial life. And we nowhere find such noble and exalted allusions to the firmament and the heavenly host with which it is furnished, as in almost every page of the Holy Scriptures. 7.

II.—"FOUR QUATERNIONS OF SOLDIERS."

ACTS xii. 4.

No book so richly rewards study as the Bible. The closer and more minute one's inquiries, the more striking often are the results.

The phrase quoted above may be cited as an instance. As a "quaternion" is a company of four, the casual reader would be apt to suppose that "four quaternions" is a mere periphrasis for sixteen, just as we say three score and ten for seventy. But a more careful reading of the narrative shows that the expression is not a mere periphrasis, but is used advisedly. Let us look at the story a little more narrowly.

Herod on a certain occasion had seized Peter, and resolved to have him executed on the following day. To prevent the possibility of escape or rescue, he ordered the prisoner to be guarded in the strictest manner practised in the Roman military imprisonment. This method was to chain the arm of the prisoner to the arm of a soldier. In case of escape, the laws of the service required the soldier to be put to death. This penalty effectually prevented collusion. Every other chance of escape seemed equally to be cut off. Even should the soldier fall asleep, any attempt of the prisoner to get away would awaken him. In the case of Peter, to make assurance doubly sure, we are told that he was chained to two soldiers, one to each arm. In addition to this he was locked up in a cell, and the two soldiers with him. More even than this, it would seem that, at the same time, two other soldiers kept watch outside of the cell.

Here, then, we see why there was a quaternion. He was, at the same time, in the custody of four soldiers—two inside the cell, chained one to his right arm and one to his left, and two outside the cell, keeping watch against any attempt at rescue. "Peter was sleeping

between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and [also] the [two] keepers before the door kept the prison," that is, kept watch.

But why four quaternions?

The Romans divided the night into four watches—the first from six to nine, the second from nine to twelve, the third from twelve to three, and the fourth from three to six, or until the morning. This explains why there were four parties of soldiers assigned to this duty. Each quaternion was on duty during one watch, or space of three hours, and was then relieved by another.

This gives us also a pretty near approximation as to the time when the damsel Rhoda let Peter into the house where the disciples were assembled praying for him. A casual reading would lead to the supposition that this occurred some time in the early part of the night, say eight or nine o'clock in the evening.

Let us see. "Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers what was become of Peter." These soldiers had good reason to be uneasy. They knew well the rigour of the Roman discipline. In fact, they were all that very morning ordered to execution for allowing Peter to escape. Does this throw any light upon the time when he escaped? In which watch of the night was it? Not in the first, not in the second, not in the third; for in either of these the discovery would have been made when the watch was changed, and the fresh relay of soldiers came to take charge. It was, then, in the fourth watch, between three and six o'clock in the morning, that Peter's rescue occurred. It was these last four who were thus miraculously overpowered with sleep, and who woke only at daylight to find their prisoner gone.

That prayer-meeting, then, must have lasted nearly all night, for they were still in session when Peter reached the house.

PROVERBS, PERSIAN AND TURKISH.

I.

FORGET not Death, O man! for thou may'st be
Of one thing certain,—he forgets not thee.

II.

The world's a tavern, where to-night men swill;
To-morrow brings the headache and the bill.

III.

Speaks one of good which falls not to thy lot,
He also speaks of ill which thou hast not.

IV.

Boast not thy service rendered to the King;
'Tis grace enough he lets thee service bring.

V.

Oh square thyself for use: a stone that may
Fit in the wall, is left not in the way.

VI.

The sandal tree, most sacred tree of all,
Perfumes the very axe which bids it fall.

VII.

Who doth the raven for a guide invite,
Must marvel not on carcases to light.

VIII.

Two friends will in a needle's eye repose,
But the whole world is narrow for two foes.

IX.

Rejoice not when thine enemy doth die,
Thou hast not won immortal life thereby.

X.

Be bold to bring forth fruit, though stick and stone
At the fruit-bearing trees are hung alone.

XI.

This world is like a carcase in the way;
Who eagerly throng round it, dogs are they.

XII.

Oh seize the instant time; you never will
With waters once passed by impel the mill.

THE PRODIGAL.

I.

WHY feedest thou on husks so coarse and rude?
I could not be content with angels' food.

II.

How camest thou companion to the swine?
I loathed the courts of heaven, the choir divine.

III.

Who bade thee crouch in hovel dark and drear?
I left a palace wide to sojourn here.

IV.

Harsh tyrant's slave who made thee, once so free!
A father's rule too heavy seemed to me.

V.

What sordid rags hang round thee on the breeze?
I laid immortal robes aside for these.

VI.

An exile through the world who bade thee roam!
None, but I wearied of an happy home.

VII.

Why must thou dweller in a desert be?
A garden seemed not fair enough to me.

VIII.

Why sue a beggar at the mean world's door?
To live on God's large bounty seemed so poor.

IX.

What has thy forehead so to earthward brought?
To lift it higher than the stars I thought.

Trench's Poems from Eastern Sources.

THE TREASURY PULPIT.

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

MARK x. 21.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

IT is not raw recruits, beardless boys, that are thrown into the deadly breach, or placed in the front of battle. On the contrary, where the bullets fly the thickest, and the carnage rages fiercest, the ground is held by veterans,—men that, inured to war, and familiar with the sight of blood, the flash of steel, and the roar of cannon, wear stern determination on their faces, and scars and medals on their breasts. The post of danger is assigned to veterans; and heavy burdens are for the back, not of boys, but men. This is common sense; and to deal otherwise with men were to deal unfairly. It were little else than murder to bid a boy who had just left his mother's side, nor set foot before on a deck, climb the shrouds to reef the top-sails in a storm, when masts bent to the breaking and the ship was reeling down into the trough of the sea. No man that loved his son, and possessed sense and consideration, would put tender youth to such a terrible trial.

Why, then, since Jesus really loved this youth, did he subject him to a trial that would have put the faith of the oldest Christian to the strain? Samson's hair is left time to grow; nor is it till his shoulders are covered with flowing locks that he has to confront the shaggy lion; he is at least a man before he is put to the work, not of one, but of a thousand men. But here Christ calls one young in years, and younger still in his regard to himself, to undertake a gigantic work; and when the boy, so to speak, who has never seen the flash of steel before, is ordered to the front—into the very thick of the fight, and he shrinks back, I confess that at first sight I wonder less at that, than that Jesus should put him to so sore a trial. Let the best and oldest Christian imagine himself in this young man's circumstances! Suppose his case to be yours! Think how you would feel were you suddenly called on to give away all the earnings of a life-time, or to part with an ancestral estate,—the old house, the old trees, the lands that had been in your family for many generations,—to leave some pleasant home, the scenes of your boyhood, the society of friends, reputation, wealth, rank, to descend at a step into the condition of a beggar, and follow the fortunes of a man himself so poor, that he had not a place where to lay his head. How would that make the boldest of us hesitate, the strongest stagger? It was a dreadful trial. How many of us could stand it, God only knows! If

any look more with scorn than sympathy on this faltering youth, I do not; and who are sure that they would have acted otherwise would do well to remember these warning words, "Let not him that putteth on his armour boast as he that putteth it off."

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, for it is easy; and my burden, for it is light." And what object could he who said so have in laying what appeared far from a light burden on this youth? It was not to break his back, but the back of his pride. It was not to repel, but to attract him; it was not to quench the smoking flax, but blow it into flame. It was to bring him to a sound knowledge of himself; it was the application of a test whereby he might be convinced that he was not what he seemed to others, and seemed even to himself; and that, in fact, so far as genuine faith and piety were concerned, these words were true of him, "One thing thou lackest."

I. How important one thing may be.

It not unfrequently happens that the want of one thing vitiates and makes void the presence of all things else. Lacking its mainspring—which is but one thing—a watch with its jewels, wheels, pinions, and beautiful mechanism, the finest watch that was ever made, is of no more use than a dead stone. A sun-dial without its gnomon, as it is called, time's iron finger that throws its shadow on the circling hours—but one thing also—is as useless in broad day as in the blackest night. A ship may be built of the stoutest oak, and manned by the ablest officers and stoutest crew, but I sail not in her if she lacks one thing,—that trembling needle which a child might mistake for a toy, but on which, insignificant as it seems, the safety of all on board depends—lacking that one thing the ship shall be their coffin, and the deep sea their grave.

It is thus with true piety, living faith,—that one thing wanting, the greatest works, the costliest sacrifices, and the purest life, are of no value in the sight of God—are null and void. Still further, to show the value of piety, and the valuelessness of everything without it, and how its presence imparts such worth to a believer's life and labours, as to make his two mites weigh more than other men's two millions, and his cup of cold water more precious in God's sight than their cups of gold—

let me borrow an illustration from arithmetic. Write down a line of ciphers! made of nothings they amount to nothing. You may add thousands, and tens of thousands, and thousands of thousands, filling sheet after sheet, and covering the face of earth and heavens with them, still they express nothing, and are worth nothing. Now I take the lowest number of the ten, the smallest digit, and placing that at their head—magic never wrought such a change! What before was nothing rises instantly into thousands, or millions, as the case may be; and whether they represent pounds or pearls, with that one thing, one stroke of the pen, how great is the sum of them!

Such power resides in true faith—in genuine piety. It may be the lowest piety; it may be the love of smoking flax; the hope of a bruised reed; the faith of a mustard seed; the hesitating, faltering confidence of him who cried, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Still, so soon as a man gets true piety, it changes the whole aspect of his life and the whole prospect of his eternity. It is that one important thing, wanting which, however amiable, moral, and even apparently religious we may be, our Lord says to us, as he said to this young ruler, "One thing thou lackest;" and in this case, sad to say, the one thing lacking is the one thing needful.

This case suggests two or three important cautions, which we would do well to attend to. Having by nature a heart that is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, we are prone to say, Peace, peace, when there is no peace to be found; I pray you, therefore, to observe—

II. That we may be amiable without being truly religious.

It is sad to find the grace of God associated in some people with an unkindly, uncharitable, sour, severe, stern, sullen temper. It should not be so. It is a most incongruous conjunction. To borrow the wise man's figure, it is like a jewel in a swine's snout. If the world's enmity to God and his image is such that a Christian is not a man loved, be it so; but let him be lovely, and loving too. Let him be like Christ! What a beautiful example his! Into whose eye did he ever start a tear; in whose pillow plant one thorn? His very look bred hope in the bosom of despair, and invited the guiltiest to his feet. The voice that controlled the elements of nature won the confidence of little children, and he who was more than a man among men became a child to children. Ready to serve as to save all, he had tears for them that wept, and ears for them that begged; a hand for all that needed, and forgiveness for all that sinned; hope for a weeping Magdalene; paradise for a dying thief; prayers for his murderers, and pity for the pitiless; and for all that suffered such ready sympathy, that Martha, never doubting it, passionately exclaimed, "If thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Well did a woman, as she hung on his lips, and looked

up into a face where human mildness was blended with divine majesty, raise her hands to cry, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked."

A picture this not to admire only, but to copy! A pattern to imitate by attention to such counsels as these: Be courteous; be merciful; forgiving and forbearing with one another; be kindly affectionate toward one another in brotherly love; condescend to those that are of low estate; let not the sun go down upon your wrath; let no wrath, or malice, or evil speaking proceed out of your mouth; love one another, as I have loved you; love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. How often do Christians mar the effect of their piety by running counter to, or neglecting these blessed rules! They shine, indeed, but like a lamp where the flame gleams dimly through foul and smoky glass. Let us not forget the little but emphatic word of Christ's memorable saying—"Let your light so shine"—not only shine, but *so* shine; shine so bright and beautiful, with such a smokeless flame, through a life of such transparent purity—"that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

However much to be lamented, it is not to be denied that grace has in some a hard struggle with a naturally harsh, severe, imperious, and uncharitable temper. If among Christian men I sought a contrast to Christ himself, it is here in Jonah—standing in sacred Scripture rather a beacon to warn off, than a light to guide us on. A great sinner himself, he had experienced much mercy and a very remarkable deliverance from death at the hand of God; yet see how that stern and gloomy man calmly contemplates the destruction of Nineveh, with its six score thousand children who knew not their right hand from their left! Nineveh is spared; and now, lest his reputation should sustain some little injury, and he, forsooth, might be accounted a false prophet, how he frets and fumes! What a pitiable, revolting exhibition of human pride and selfishness! It has led some to doubt whether, with such a temper, Jonah didn't belong to the Baalam order of prophets: whether he was really a true man of God. We cannot doubt that; still his case proves how much the grace of God has sometimes to overcome, and illustrates the saying, that grace will live where neither you nor I could. Grace living in Jonah's heart appears to me a greater wonder than Jonah's living in the whale's belly; and his deliverance from such a temper was, at least, as great a miracle as when the monster, cleaving its way through the deep, struck the shore, and vomited him out safe on the dry land. No true Christian shall die, and therefore no true Christian should live with such dispositions, and in such a state. Though green fruit is sour, it always sweetens as it ripens, and mellows to its fall. When God justifies, he will certainly sanctify.

While, as is illustrated by this case of Jonah, saving grace may be found where there is a sad want of what are

called natural graces ; on the other hand, let it not be forgotten that these have adorned many who were entire strangers to the grace of God. They are not to be confounded with one another ; nor is it to be imagined that natural graces ever can compensate for the grace that is to salvation. There may be much that is beautiful in us, without anything holy—presenting circumstances more or less analogous to those in nature. The moor, with its golden gorse, the mountains robed in purple, the woodlands, where sunbeams play on a carpet flowered with sorrel, hyacinths, and anemones ; the bank by the water side fragrant with thyme, or studded with modest primroses—these uncultivated wilds have beautiful flowers ; and our unsanctified nature has beautiful specimens of humanity in affectionate parents, sweet children, gentle sisters, loving brothers, kind acquaintances, and, when a man's back is at the wall, friends true as steel. What a fine specimen of this, the man before us ! Yet, turning his back on Christ, how does he warn us that the sweetest, the kindest, the gentlest of us may want the one thing needful ! and that, however lovely and loved you may be, and may deserve to be, “except you are born again you cannot see the kingdom of God.”

III. There may be much moral correctness without true religion.

To our eye, there seems a wide difference between the judge, with the robes of office on his back, and thought and dignity in his mien, and that poor, pale, haggard wretch at the bar, who throws stealthy glances around, and hangs his head with shame. Yet the difference that looks so great to us may be very small in the eyes of God ; and would look small in ours if we knew the different upbringing and history of these two men. The one never knew what it was to want a meal ; the other often went cold and hungry to bed. The one, sprung of wise, and kind, and reputable, and perhaps pious parents, was early trained to good, and, with all the advantages of school and college, launched on an honourable and high career. The other, bred up a stranger to the amenities of cultivated and Christian society, had no such advantages. His struggles with misfortune and evil began at his cradle ; he was born to misery ; none ever took him by the hand to lead him to church or school. A child of poverty, and the offspring of abandoned parents, his only lessons were how to swear, and lie, and drink, and cheat, and steal. The fact is, it is just as difficult for some to be honest as it is easy for others. What merit has that judge in his honesty ? None. He had no temptation to be else than honest. The truth is, that much of our morality—of that unblemished character and decent life in which many trust, who say to some poor guilty thing, “Stand aside, I am holier than thou,” and plume themselves on this, that they have not sinned as others have done—is due, not to their superior virtue, but more favourable circumstances. Have they not sinned as others have done ? They have not been tempted as others have been. All

the difference between many a strictly honest man and decent woman on the one hand, and those on the other hand on whom the brand of infamy has been burned and the key of a prison turned, is just the difference between yonder green branch on the tree and these white ashes on the hearth—the one is bathed in the dews of night and fanned by the breath of heaven ; the other, once as green, has been thrust into the burning fire. The one has been tried, and the other has not. No doubt God's grace can preserve man in temptation as his presence did the bush that was wrapped in flames and burned unconsumed. Not otherwise, however. Therefore, be clothed with humility ; and, ever praying, “Lead us not into temptation,” let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Thus we explain the reply of this youth to our Lord's repetition of the commandments, “Master, all these have I observed from my youth.” A child, so to speak, of fortune, the heir of affluence, reared perhaps with pious care, with a noble property to supply his wants, an honourable station to sustain, and kind parents to win his affections, it is easy to account for his observance of the law—such as it was—without an element of divine love in his heart or of true piety in his character. His purse filled with money, what temptation had he to steal ? Blessed with an amiable temper, he had none of those quick and fiery passions which explode into acts of violence, and hurry men into unpremeditated crimes. Having the honour of a holy office to sustain, no wonder that he was not addicted to the grosser sins. Possessing naturally kind affections, and blessed with indulgent parents, no wonder that he honours them if living, and if dead, cherishes their memory and adorns their tomb.

Now, had this man known the spiritual nature of God's law, and how it is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and how there may be adultery in a look, theft in a desire, and murder in an angry passion, he had not said, “Master, all these things have I observed from my youth,” but, Alas ! alas ! my Master, all these things have I broken from my youth,—save me, I perish ! And since this man, with affections so amiable, and a life as fair as ever won the esteem of mankind, yet lacked the one thing needful ; since he had nothing of godliness but its lifeless form—nothing of religion but an empty shell ; since the eye of Jesus, under his attractive exterior, detected a selfish and unregenerate heart, what need have we to try ourselves ! Your temper may be sweeter than Jonah's, yet you may lack the one thing needful ; your life may be purer than David's, still you may lack the one thing needful ; you may be more honest than one to whom a dying Saviour opened the gates of Paradise ; a pattern of filial obedience, you may be able to say with the elder brother of the prodigal, “Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment,” still you may lack the one thing needful. Look within ! This fair exterior may be but the garish

paint, and odorous wrappings of a mummy case; within, is only dust and death. Try yourselves, therefore. You may have still to be saved. See if the heart is right with God. Unless it is right, all is wrong. Nor only try yourselves, but ask God to try you, crying, "O Lord, search me, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

IV. We may feel some interest and anxiety about good things without true religion.

The path, as we advance, grows more gloomy; the subject more solemn; the gate seems to straiten, and the road grow narrower that leads to eternal life. How much is there in this case to impress, alarm, and warn us! Here is a man so amiable that he won our Lord's affections—"Jesus loved him," yet without saving grace; here is a man of the highest *morale*, yet without saving grace; here is a man repairing to the very fountain-head of eternal life, seeking it in Christ, yet a stranger to the grace of God—lost, for ever lost, so far as we know or read in Scripture. The curtain drops on him, with his face to the world, and his back to heaven.

I look on this as one of the most alarming cases in the sacred record. It calls on the best of men to try the foundations on which their hopes are resting. How should it alarm many professing Christians—people who in their life, their manners, disposition and deportment, come far short of one who himself came short of eternal life! If he missed the prize, what ground have they to hope for it? He had something, but they have nothing about them for Jesus to love; in no sense can they say, Master, all these things have I observed, and am observing from my youth. If this man did not get to heaven, how are they to get there? "If these things were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" If the righteous, the really righteous, those who have been washed in the blood of the Son, and sanctified by the Spirit of God, are scarcely saved, where shall the wicked and the ungodly appear? "Be not deceived, neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Why, this ruler gave more apparent evidence of grace than many who repair to the Lord's table and bear an excellent character in the church. Look at his earnestness! He did not postpone to some more convenient period the concerns of his soul; on the contrary, these engrossed his attention, and eager on this great object, like a man thoroughly in earnest, as one engaged in an affair that brooked no delay, "he came running to Christ." Look at his humility! A noble by birth, a ruler by office, a man of high position and immense wealth, he kneels at the feet of one who drew his first breath in a stable, and wandered the world so poor that he often had not a place other than the cold ground where to lay his head. Look at his respect and reverence! Others

called Jesus a glutton and wine-bibber, the associate of publicans and friend of sinners; not so this man. He may call others Rabbi, but the carpenter's son and maligned of Pharisees, he esteems and honours above all. Jesus is not Master merely, but good Master. "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Then look at the object he sought to grasp! He had everything this world could afford or its worshippers could desire—a happy temper, the affection of attached friends, a noble reputation, possessions greater than his wants—yet he felt a void within that the world could not fill. Aspiring after honours God only could give, seeking a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, he looks beyond this world; as if he knew the avenger was at his heels, and heard his step and breathing, he runs with all his might for the City of Refuge. Yonder is Christ; he makes right for the crowd, dashes into it, elbows his way through, and throwing himself at Jesus' feet, cries, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

No wonder, when they saw this man turn his back on Christ, and heard our Lord's solemn words on the dangers of riches and the difficulties of the rich, that the disciples were astonished out of measure—saying, "Who then can be saved?" If this good ship does not make the harbour, what hope for others?

"Who then can be saved?" We are prepared to answer the question. All, the greatest sinners may be saved that seek what the young ruler lacked. If a man, clinging to the world, will stay in it, he shall go down with it, sink with the sinking ship. But accept the offer Christ makes of peace by the blood of his Cross, and you are saved—saved in spite of your riches, as well as of your sins. This man went away sorrowful. Mercy to pardon all your sins, and blood to cleanse your souls, faith to believe in Christ and grace to follow him, are at your acceptance; and in your offer now. Though this man then went away sorrowful, you may go away joyful—not gloomy, but glad—rejoicing in the Lord, and joying in the God of your salvation. Cast yourselves at the Saviour's feet, and you shall rise to say, Jesus! lead on! I follow. Farewell father and mother; farewell brother and sister; farewell lover and friend; farewell riches and reputation; farewell ease and indulgence. Saviour! I accept this cross. Lead on! where thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA AND ITS PEOPLE

DU CHAILLU'S TRAVELS.

WHATEVER else may be disclosed in the accounts of new travellers of regions of the earth hitherto unknown, unhappily one thing may be relied on without fail—tidings, to wit, of stray brothers and sisters of humanity, whom the wolf has dragged far from the shepherd's fold.

In the literal desert, the traveller may hope to light on the green oasis, with its shady palms and fountain cool; but never in the moral. The utmost that can be looked for, in the shape of moral or spiritual verdure, are occasionally a few dim traces of ancient Christian usages, like the "Saubatta gudda" and "Saubatta kenna"—the greater and lesser Sabbaths, that Dr. Krapf found among some of the tribes of Eastern Africa. No traveller need cherish the hope of bringing home tidings of a lost Christian community, reposing amid the beauties of a holy Christian life; or of bearing to the Churches of Christendom any message more cheering than the old cry, "Come over to Macedonia and help us."

Especially is this true of Africa. In missionary maps, the part of that great continent which is not Mohammedan, is distinguished as a monotonous triangle of almost unmitigated black. It was so before travellers began to penetrate into its vast interior, and it is so still, after all the disclosures that have recently been made in it. The present age is pre-eminently an age of African discovery. Things have changed wonderfully from the days when Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, wrote, by the quiet shore of Loch Lubnaig, his account of regions where not even Scotchmen had ever been before. Year after year some enterprising traveller returns to tell us of new parts of Africa to which he has penetrated, and of their mountains, rivers, lakes, animals, and people. Within the last ten years, we have had the accounts of Dr. Barth, and of Denham and Clapperton, regarding the portion of Africa lying between the north and the centre of the continent; the east has been traversed by Dr. Krapf and his comrades; Major Burton and Captain Speke have recently brought to light in that region the great lakes, of which but a dim tradition existed before; Mr. Petherick has at various times penetrated far into the region where the sources of the Nile must one day be found; Dr. Livingstone has made us familiar with a large section of the south; Dr. Baikie and Mr. Hutchinson have given us accounts of the expeditions up the Niger, and now a fresh traveller, Paul B. Du Chaillu, makes us acquainted with a portion of the west, lying along the equator, in a book which, from various causes, has excited an interest only second to that of Dr. Livingstone.

Mr. Du Chaillu, or, as the natives used to call him, Chally, is an American gentleman, of French extraction. His father had a trading factory on the coast, and for four years the son was engaged in commercial pursuits, during which time he became acquainted with the languages, and accustomed to the climate of the country. The years from 1856 to 1859 were devoted by him to systematic explorations of the interior. During that time he travelled, always on foot, and unaccompanied by any but blacks, two thousand miles. Besides discovering many new animals and plants, he has added considerably to our knowledge of the physical geography of the district. Of the animals with which he has made us well acquainted, by far the most remarkable is the

gorilla,—a huge ape, as tall as the human species, possessed of gigantic strength, and awfully fierce, one stroke of whose paw can shatter the human body, and which has driven the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the buffalo, and nearly every other animal from the forests which it haunts. But our present object is not to describe Mr. Du Chaillu's adventures, or to speak of the animals which he pursued. We wish to introduce our readers to the people of those parts, and especially to their religious, or rather their irreligious condition and necessities. We are very sure that even a brief statement on that subject cannot fail to stimulate the Christian compassion of every reader, and to give him a fresh interest in those blessed Christian enterprises which seek to plant the tree of life in Africa, that its leaves may be for the healing of the miserable nations there.

The general impression conveyed by Mr. Du Chaillu of the condition of the tribes he visited, corresponds with the usual estimate of the African people. They are generally very low in the scale of civilization, and lead—what to most of them must be—a miserable life. The population of Africa has been reckoned at one hundred and fifty millions, and of these, three-fourths are in a state of domestic slavery. Their customs are often very fierce, and outrageously cruel, and as if to complete their miseries, the foreign slave-trade affords a ready and never-failing resource for the strong to take vengeance on the weak. Whoever gives offence to the ruling authority in a tribe; whoever fails to pay what is due, or what is demanded; whoever is made prisoner in war; whatever woman forgets her duty to her husband,—is consigned to the tender mercies of the slave-dealer. Sometimes this traffic is carried on between tribe and tribe; at other times the transactions are for the foreign market. In spite of all that is done to destroy it, the slave-trade flourishes on the coast of Africa. Slaves are brought to the slave-factories from a much greater distance in the interior than even where Mr. Du Chaillu penetrated. We have a sad account of a visit paid by him to a Portuguese slave-pen at Cape Lopez. The male slaves were fastened six together by a little stout chain, which passed through a collar secured to the neck of each. The women and children were not manacled after this fashion. Some of the slaves were quite merry, while others were sad and filled with dread of their future. It seems that they firmly believe that they are bought to be eaten, and that the white men beyond the seas are great cannibals. One of the chiefs whom Du Chaillu visited, ordered a slave to be killed for his dinner, and could hardly be convinced that white men did not consider human flesh a luxury. While Du Chaillu was at Cape Lopez, a slave-schooner of one hundred and seventy tons appeared in the offing, and a cargo of six hundred slaves was packed in two hours into the narrow hold. The expression of those who had been so merry was now changed into one of gloom and horror. Nameless terrors rose before their imaginations, and the frightful miseries of the voyage would form a

sad contrast to the comparative ease and comfort of the slave-pen.

It can hardly be said that the natives of western and southern Africa have any religion. Europeans are accustomed to call it fetichism, or the worship of charms. The usual objects of their worship are idols, serpents, birds, rocks, feathers, teeth, mountain-peaks; and their beliefs hardly go beyond good and evil spirits, the power of charms, and the significance of dreams. It is hardly possible, after the most elaborate inquiries, to construct anything like a theological system. Superstition appears to have run wild; and every man, it is said, believes what his fancy, by some accident, most forcibly presents to him as hurtful or beneficial. They believe in two great spirits, Abambou and Mbuirri, both evil, though sometimes willing to do good. These are not represented by idols, but have houses built for their occupation when tired of wandering, and food offered to them, and are feared and implored to do no harm. The people have idols, however,—very repulsive figures,—which are believed to live, move, and have a being; but—what is singular—they have no priests. Their superstition is almost incredible. Charms or greegrees are provided against every species of evil. These consist of skins, claws, teeth, bones, feathers, pieces of skin, ashes, &c. A string of these is usually worn about the neck or the waist. One protects from sickness; another makes the heart of the warrior brave; another gives success to the lover; another protects against sorcery; some cure sterility, and others make the mother's breast abound in milk for her babe. The greatest curse of the country is the belief in witchcraft. To this, every death that happens is almost invariably ascribed. When an African is once possessed with the idea that he is bewitched, his whole nature appears to change. He becomes suspicious of his nearest friends. "The father dreads his children, the son his father and mother, the man his wife, and the wives their husband. He fancies himself sick, and often becomes sick through his fears. By night he thinks himself surrounded with evil spirits. He covers himself with fetiches and charms, makes presents to the idol, and to Abambou and Mbuirri; and is full of wonderful and frightful dreams, which all point to the fact that the village itself is full of wicked sorcerers. Gradually the village itself becomes infected by his fears. The people grow suspicious. Chance throws their suspicions to some unworthy individual, who is supposed to have a reason for a grudge. Finally the excitement becomes too high to be restrained; and often they do not even wait for a death, but begin at once the work of butchering those on whom public suspicion is fastened. On the death of a free man, at least one or two persons are killed; but this is not generally the case when women, children, or slaves die. The law of witchcraft makes no distinction, as regards its victims, between prince, slave or free man, male or female."

To illustrate the frightful results of this wretched

superstition, it may be best to give, almost in our traveller's own words, an account of some incidents which he witnessed at various times. One day he happened to hear that a man was to be killed for causing the death of some one in the village. The man was said to be a notorious wizard, who had done much harm. He was taken to see him, and in a rough hut he beheld an old, old man, with wool white as snow, wrinkled face, bowed form, and shrunken limbs. His hands were tied behind him, and his feet were in stocks. Several lay negroes stood over him, and insulted him with blows and opprobrious names. The old man submitted in silence. He was evidently in his dotage. The truth was, he had lived too long; people were tired of supporting him, and wished an excuse for making away with him. Du Chaillu made a strenuous but unsuccessful attempt to save his life. During the night he heard singing all over the town, and a great uproar. The people were exciting themselves to the proper pitch of frenzy. Next day, under the auspices of the fetich-man, the unhappy wretch was voted to death. While sitting in his room, our traveller heard a couple of sharp, piercing cries, and then all was as silent as death. Proceeding to the spot whence the cry came, he met a crowd returning, every man armed with axe, knife, cutlass, or spear, and both weapons and bodies sprinkled with the blood of their victim. In their frenzy they had tied the poor wizard to a log near the river bank, and then deliberately hacked him to pieces. They finished by splitting open his skull, and scattering his brains in the river. On their return they seemed as if they had rid their country from a great curse. Before night, the men whose countenances for two days had been utterly hideous, were again as mild as lambs, and as cheerful as though they had never heard of a witch-tragedy.

Another illustration of the frightful cruelties connected with the superstitious beliefs of the people once presented itself to Mr. Du Chaillu in a horribly unexpected manner. Hunting in some woods near a village, he saw on a tree a pair of beautiful green pigeons, which he was desirous to secure. By great efforts he got through the almost impenetrable jungle to the foot of the tree, where he found the ghastly corpse of a woman, evidently young, and with features once mild and good. She had been tied up here on some infernal accusation of witchcraft, and tortured. The torture consisted in lacerations of the flesh all over the body, and in the cuts *red pepper* had been rubbed. The body was then deserted. This is said to be a common mode of tormenting with these people. Such scenes are constantly occurring in all parts of heathen Africa.

Even the tender frames of mere children are not exempted from these barbarities. On one occasion a little boy of ten years had been accused of sorcery. On being examined, he confessed that he had "made a witch." The whole town seemed immediately to be seized with the devil. They took spears and knives,

and actually cut the poor fellow to pieces. For hours they continued excited, and frantic with rage. But though susceptible of these dreadful fits of excitement through their devilish superstitions, the Africans are not usually hard-hearted, but the reverse. The very villagers that hacked the boy to pieces showed the utmost kindness to Du Chaillu when attacked by fever. The hearts of the women softened at the sight of his distress;—they tried to cook nice food for him; they sat by him to fan him, brought him mats for his bed; water, and refreshing fruits; and at night, when he awoke from a feverish dream, he would hear their voices, as they sat around him in the darkness, pitying him, and devising ways for his cure.

Nothing can be more frightful than the scene that occurs when a chief dies, and it is necessary to find out the sorcerers that have caused his death. Mpomo, an old friend of our traveller's, was on the point of death. Hundreds of people were about him; and they had spent the night before drumming about his bed-side, to drive out the devil. Dying wretches cannot even have the comfort of dying in quiet; the more noise that can be made, the greater is the likelihood of the evil spirits being driven away. On the day of his burial, proceedings were begun to discover the persons who had bewitched him. A great doctor was brought up the river, who proceeded for two days and nights with his incantations. At last, on the third day, when the people were wrought up to an extraordinary pitch of frenzy, the final incantation began. The people were all assembled in the heart of the town, and armed with spears, swords, guns, and axes, were rapt in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for blood. At length, silence being produced, the doctor began. "There is a very black woman who lives in such and such a house" (describing it), "she bewitched Mpomo." In a moment the crowd rushed to the house, seized the poor girl described, dragged her to the water-side, bound her with cords, and returned to the doctor again. "There is an old woman in such and such a house, she bewitched Mpomo." The crowd in like manner rush for her; she is the niece of a neighbouring king, and a noble-looking old woman; nevertheless she is dragged, like the other, though not bound. A third time the doctor's voice is heard. "There is a woman with six children. She lives on a plantation towards the rising sun. She, too, bewitched Mpomo." Again a furious shout, and in a few minutes more, a good, much-respected woman is dragged to the river. The doctor then appears, and specifies the grounds on which each of them is accused. The first was a few weeks ago refused a request for some salt which she made to Mpomo, that article being scarce; she had therefore bewitched him. The second was barren, and envied Mpomo, who had children; therefore she had bewitched him. The third had asked him for a looking-glass, which he had refused her; so she had killed him with sorcery. As each accusation was recited, the people broke out into curses. Every one rivalled

his neighbour in cursing, each fearful lest lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a similar fate. The victims, however, were not to be killed outright. They were to be subjected to the ordeal of drinking the mboundon. The mboundon is a very powerful poison, prepared from a plant which is found in the woods. If the accused person dies after drinking it, he is guilty. If he recovers, he is innocent. The poison is so powerful that sometimes within five minutes of its being drunk, blood will be seen flowing from the mouth, nose, and eyes; and the natives affirm that it bursts the veins. The mug was first handed to the woman last accused, then to the royal niece, and then to the first accused. The mother of six children had hardly drunk it when she suddenly fell down, and before she touched the bottom of the boat in which the trial took place, her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords. The king's niece followed. The third victim struggled and cried, attempting by her energy to resist the working of the poison in her system, but in vain. Her head, like that of the rest, was hewed off. Then began an indiscriminate hacking. In an incredibly short time the bodies were all cut in small pieces, and cast into the river.

Among those who had been forced to take part in this brutal massacre was a brother of one of the victims. He dared not even refrain from heaping curses on his poor sister. In the evening he came, broken-hearted, to Du Chaillu, who had striven in vain to avert the horrid tragedy. The white man tried to comfort the poor fellow, and pointed him to the true God. Tender and touching must have been the words of the negro—our hearts thrill as we read them—"O Chally, when you go back to your far country, let them send men to us poor people, to teach us that which you call God's mouth"—meaning the Bible.

Horrible though these details are, they yet show how susceptible these people are of being mastered by an idea, and how tremendous a power their beliefs have over them; and in that point of view they are full of hope. For, let the truths of the gospel be substituted for the chimeras of superstition, and faith in the blood of Jesus for the wild creed of sorcery, and what a blessed change would result! Many illustrations may be given—grotesque enough, some of them—of the power of their superstitious faith. One of the hunters had shot a wild bull, and when the carcass was brought in, sent Du Chaillu an abundant supply. King Quenqueza was that day to dine with him, and he expected him to eat as much as would make several hungry white men sick. Great was his surprise when, coming to the table, and seeing only meat, Quenqueza refused to touch it. He explained that neither he nor any of his family could partake of the flesh of the animal, because, many generations ago, one of their women had given birth to a calf, instead of a child. Another family dared not taste crocodile for a similar reason. Others were interdicted boa, monkey, or pig, from the same belief. They

will suffer the pangs of starvation rather than violate this prejudice; and they firmly believe that if one of a family should eat of such forbidden food, the most revolting consequences would follow. Not only would Quenqueza not partake of this food, but he would not eat anything that had been prepared or kept in the same dish. Such power of self-denial and loyalty to conviction, if transferred to the service of Christ, would make Christians of very firm and intrepid texture.

We fear that our illustrations of the superstitions of these wretched Africans have already bordered so closely upon the horrible that our readers will be hardly willing to accompany us a step further in the same direction, and get some particulars of the Fan, or cannibal tribes. In hunting the gorilla, Mr. Du Chaillu was brought much into contact with some of the cannibal tribes, not without a constant dread that they might some day take a fancy to the flesh of the white man, and make the experiment upon himself. It is singular that in the same district where, in bodily form, the brute approaches nearest to the man, the man, in mental and moral characteristics, sinks nearest to the brute. We can easily understand the feeling that made Mr. Du Chaillu almost shudder as he shot the gorilla, as if there were something human in the huge brute, and at the same time look on the inhabitants of the country as if they were hardly of his own race. We say we can understand this feeling, although nothing could be more unwarranted or unphilosophical than the inference that the gorilla is not wholly a brute, and the negro not wholly a man. We find no inclination to such theories on the part of Du Chaillu. On the contrary, we rejoice to acknowledge the spirit of reverence for the Bible, the Sabbath, and other Christian institutions, by which his work is characterized, as well as the missionary longings which indicate his firm belief in the regenerating and civilizing power of the gospel, even over such horrid cannibals as the Fans.

On entering a Fan village, he was not long of getting sad evidence of the habits that prevailed. A woman passed him, bearing with her a piece of a human thigh, just as one might carry from the market a piece of roast or steak. On one occasion, when he was talking to the king, some Fans brought in a dead body which they had bought in a neighbouring town, and which was now to be divided. Our traveller was too much horrified to witness the scene, but from his house could hear the party growing noisy over the division. The man had evidently died of disease. On inquiry, it was found that to eat the bodies of such persons was quite common. One tribe buys the dead bodies of the neighbour tribe, who in return buy theirs. They also buy the dead bodies of a great many slaves from other tribes, for which they give ivory, at the rate of a small tusk for a body. The disinterring of dead bodies after burial, for the purpose of devouring them, is also one of their practices. These stories are so horrible, and seem so incredible, that Du Chaillu has deemed it expedient to appeal to the con-

current testimony of a friend, the Rev. Mr. Walker, an American Presbyterian missionary at the Gaboon station, who authorises him to say that he vouches for the entire truth of these stories.

The chief village of each family of the Fans has a huge idol, to whose temple all that family gather at certain periods to worship. The worship consists of rude dances and singing. The idol-houses are mostly surrounded by a number of skulls of wild animals, prominent among which is that of the gorilla. To take away or disturb those skulls would be counted sacrilege, and worthy of death.

"Notwithstanding their repulsive habits," says Du Chaillu, "the Fan have left the impression upon me of being the most promising people in all Western Africa. They treated me with unvarying hospitality and kindness; and they seem to have more of that kind of stamina which enables a rude people to receive a strange civilization, than any other tribe that I know of in Africa."

In so brief a sketch as this, it is not easy to distinguish tribe from tribe, or to give with minute accuracy the characteristics of each. But we must allude, though in a somewhat cursory way, to a few other points. In regard to the state of the women, it is for the most part very low. The burden of tilling the soil rests on them, for the men spend their strength in hunting. When a tribe is in motion, and burdens have to be carried, the women are the bearers. In general, their moral character is bad. They are faithless, intriguing, profligate, although slavery and death may be the punishment that awaits the detection of their guilt. The children are generally much neglected, and the infant mortality is something fearful. When the crops have to be secured, a great push must be made; everybody must go to the fields; and on these occasions all the children except those not weaned are left together, to spend their time playing in the mud, and greedily munching the few ground nuts which their mothers may have left them. The industrious habits of the women, as might be expected, are fitful and irregular. Mr. Du Chaillu remarks, as a curious instance of extremes meeting, that like the gay ladies of fashionable circles, they are apt to spend the night dancing, and great part of the day sleeping. The fields are, of course, very ill cultivated, and notwithstanding all the fertility of the soil, the people are often exposed to want of food—encouraging, doubtless, the cannibal propensities of some of the tribes. The dancing scenes are often extremely disgusting; the women forget all modesty, and seem to vie with each other in outraging propriety.

The men, too, are often addicted to mean vices. The very warriors in some districts applaud tricks inhumanly cruel and cowardly, and seem to be quite incapable of open hand-to-hand fight. "To surprise man, woman, or child in sleep, and kill them then; to lie in ambush in the woods for a solitary man, and kill him by a single spear-thrust before he can defend himself; to waylay a

woman going to the spring for water, and kill her; or to attack on the river a canoe much smaller and weaker than the attackers;—these are the warlike feats I have heard most praised and seen most done in this part of Africa."

Such of them as have come in contact with white men, and have learned to trade with them, have acquired a set of corresponding vices. Greed, cunning, lying, are the too common accompaniments of their trading. In some cases, the white men themselves have exercised a bad influence on them. It may readily be believed that such of them as have had to do with slave-traders have been sadly demoralized through their connection.

All the African tribes appear to be alike in one particular—their dread of death. Their associations with death are of a peculiarly mournful character. On one occasion, at sunset, Mr. Du Chaillu was surprised by a mournful, heart-piercing chant—a wail whose burden seemed to be, "There is no hope!" It was a chant for the dead. They have a tradition, that at the sunset hour the evil spirits walk abroad among them; and as they sang, tears rolled down the cheeks of the women, and fright marked their faces and cowed their hearts.

They seem to have no idea of anything after death. "Death is the end." "Now we live; by-and-by we shall die; then we shall be no more." "He is gone; we shall never see him more; we shall never shake his hand again; we shall never hear him laugh again." This is the dolorous burden of their songs. Even their songs of mirth have the same thought in them:—

"When we are alive and well;
Let us be merry—sing, dance, and laugh;
For after life comes death.
Then the body rots, the worms eat it,
And all is done for ever."

In some tribes, the sight of death is terrible. They dread to see a dead person. Their sick, unless they have good and near friends, are driven out of the village to die in loneliness in the forest. Once, when Du Chaillu was there, an old man, poor and naked, and lean as death himself, hobbled into a Bakalai village. A conversation followed. "Where are you going?" "I don't know." "Where are you from?" (A neighbouring village). "Have you no friends there?" "None." "You are sick." "They drove me away for that." "What will you do?" "Die." The women of the village showed him a little kindness, but the men, seeing death in his eyes, drove him away. A few days after, his poor lean body was found in the wood.

We might write on to almost any extent, on the wretched condition of these poor Africans. We have been utterly saddened by the picture which the book presents to us of the moral condition of so very large a section of the human family. We can think of nothing so sad as a life cheered by no pure joy, destitute of all the gladdening influences of a happy home, saddened and maddened by superstition and its revolting orgies, and terminated by a death whose gloom is unrelieved by

a single ray of hope. We can understand the depth of feeling with which our traveller thanked God that he was not an African. We can only adore the wonderful sovereignty of Him who makes one nation so to differ from another, as the people of Britain from the people of Africa.

But have the people that dwell in darkness seen no light? Has the day star from on high shed no brightness on this valley of the shadow of death? The missionary of the cross has found his way to these tribes,—at least to some of them, though he has not penetrated among them so far as the adventurer. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has several stations, manned by devoted missionaries, in Equatorial Africa. In Mr. Du Chaillu's pages, we have some pleasant sketches of missionary life and labours. Here is one at Baraka, on the Gaboon river:—

"A little before nine o'clock, the ringing of a bell calls the children who live at home in the villages to assemble in the schoolroom; and here, presently, the work of instruction goes busily on, being begun with prayers and the singing of a hymn in the native tongue. The missionaries and their wives are here assisted by native teachers, who are able to take charge of the less advanced classes. The children are taught in their native tongue first, and after mastering their A B C, go on to reading the Scriptures in the Mpongwe. Then follow lessons in geography, history, arithmetic, and writing, and English lessons. Many of the scholars are bright and well advanced, reading English well, and having a good understanding of history and geography, and even writing in English. There is, of course, much attention to religious instruction; and by reading, explanations, and inculcations of Bible precepts, efforts are made to settle the rising generation firmly in the great life principles of the religion of Christ. . . . Sunday is the great day of the week; then the bell calls all who will come together in the little bamboo church. The missionary children and employes attend, dressed in their best; and even the heathen of the village follow this custom, and are found in church wearing their best garments, perhaps their only ones. . . . The positive success of the mission is so far not great. . . . The missionaries do their best, and wisely leave the rest to God, knowing that he works in his own good time, and often effects great ends with very slight means."

In the Bible, Africa seems to be represented by Ethiopia. Ethiopia was the land of Cush—the region of the blacks—and even more than Egypt itself, the representative of the race of Ham. But it is worthy of notice, that in the missionary psalms, special mention is made once and again of Ethiopia, and a peculiar satisfaction seems to be felt that days of gospel blessing were to dawn on the once banned and outcast descendants of Noah's wicked son. "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God." "I will make mention of Rahab with Babylon to them that know me: behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia, this man was born there."

Ebedmelech the Ethiopian shared God's mercy in the days of Jeremiah; and the treasurer of Candace, the Ethiopian eunuch, in the time of the apostles. The nineteenth century of the Christian era is a late period, alas! to begin the work of African evangelisation. But it is only now that the vast continent may be said to be opened up, and the wail of Africa's griefs and sorrows to be distinctly heard. Few things can have a stronger claim on Christians, than to labour and pray for the conversion of Africa.

B.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

A SERMON ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG,

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

"The kingdom of God is . . . righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—ROM. xiv. 17.

IN one sense, the kingdom of God rules over all worlds and all orders of being. Every creature is subject to the Creator's power; but the kingdom described in this verse of Scripture is a different thing. It is a new reign which God has set up in one rebellious world. It is the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

When mankind had broken God's law, and become rebels all against his authority, he neither deserted nor destroyed them. He set up his throne in the midst of his enemies, and invited them back. This kingdom is still in the world. Many of the rebels have come into it, and many are hastening in at the present time. All are welcome. The motto over the open gate is, "Who-soever will, let him come." The apostle Paul is already within that kingdom, a faithful servant of the King. At his heavenly Master's bidding he invites the outcasts to come in. In order to persuade them to enter, he tells them what the kingdom is. It is made up of three things: righteousness, peace, and joy. Righteousness is the widely spreading root, Peace the towering stem, and Joy the lovely fragrant blossom.

We would all and always fain pluck for ourselves that beautiful flower. If a band of little children escape for a single day from a crowded city, and be permitted to rove through flowery fields in June, every little hand will soon be stretched eagerly out to pull the daisy or the butter-cup that nestles in the grass beneath their feet: as certainly and eagerly do weary human hearts, old and young alike, grasp at joy wherever they think they can see its blessed blossom opening. Though often disappointed, we don't give up; we try, and try again. As a plant, frequently crushed to the ground by a traveller's foot, always points up to heaven again, as long as life remains, so a human soul, after many failures, aims still upward, and ever chases the joy that ever flees.

Nor is the habit evil. It is the outcome of an instinct planted deep in our being by God before sin began,—an instinct that sin has not been able to extinguish, and that will act strongly, sweetly for the Creator's glory and the creature's good for ever, in all the ransomed of the Lord.

People fail to gain the prize because they do not "strive lawfully." They seek the last first. They seek joy before righteousness and peace. They stick a withered branch into the ground, and then vainly look for blossoms. We may seek joy, but we must seek it in the right way. If a wounded deer lie down for rest with the hunter's arrow sticking fast in its flesh, the attempt to obtain ease will increase the pain. The only way to comfort is to get the arrow taken out.

People often very foolishly blame religion for destroying their pleasure. It is not religion, but the want of it, that makes them unhappy. We are so made that, as long as any life remains in the conscience, we cannot be truly joyful while we are at enmity with God. In days when the law was much more severe in this country than it is now, and death penalties much more frequent, three men were lying in prison in a county town of Scotland, under sentence of death for an act of house-breaking. Some of their rustic companions were admitted to see them ere they suffered. One of the visitors, after a pause, addressing one of the convicts, complained that he did not seem so cheerful as he used to be. "I would be as cheerful as any of you," replied the condemned man, "but that hanging always comes into my head." I give the fact, as I ascertained it at the time, without change, because it supplies a singularly close parallel to the case in hand. The question of the visitor betrayed an extreme measure of heartlessness and stupidity; the convict's answer was simple and true. Why should any man in his senses expect great mirthfulness in a human being with unpardoned sin staining his conscience, and the wrath of God abiding on him? How can he be merry who hangs by the frail thread of life over a dark eternity? He may indeed be, and he often is, drugged into a state of spiritual insensibility, so that, being unconscious of danger, he is not tormented by fear; but whenever there is any measure of life in the conscience, guilt on his soul drives joy from his heart.

In this verse of Scripture joy is not the first, but the last of three. Joy is the home in which the pilgrim rests; righteousness and peace are the path by which he reached it. We shall now examine, in the light of Scripture, these three things: the first two as the way to the last, and the last as the natural issue of the other two.

The same three things, in the same order, are expressed and more fully explained in an earlier portion of the same epistle (ch. v. 1, 2). We must look to the earlier and fuller statement for an explanation of that which is later and shorter. On this method, which is most certainly correct and safe, we find that righteousness in our text means "justified by faith;" peace is "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and joy is to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

I. RIGHTEOUSNESS. It is the want of righteousness or guilt that disturbs our peace and damps our joy.

Here lies the root of the ailment, and here, therefore, must the cure begin. As soon as the conscience awakes to a sense of spiritual things, its instinctive cry is everywhere substantially the same as that which was long ago expressed and recorded by the psalmist; "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?" (Pa. cxxx. 3.) Felix trembling under the preaching of Paul is a fair specimen of humanity. He did what we would all do in the same circumstances. As soon as he felt his own guilt, he feared God's judgment. The kingdom of God is not an outward and material, but an inward and spiritual power. By the express testimony of its King, it is "within" the loyal subjects. It is a thing of the conscience and the heart. Now, the first stone in the foundation of that kingdom is righteousness. Guilt is the ailment; the cure must be righteousness. I must be just with God, ere I can rejoice in his presence. God and I must be agreed ere we can meet in peace. He cannot lay aside his righteousness in order that he may be like me; I must be delivered from my guilt, in order that I may be at one with him. This is the essence of Christ's work; this is the foundation-stone of his kingdom in human hearts.

But a righteousness suitable to our need must obviously consist of two parts; the evil must be removed, and the good imparted. In the figurative, but easily understood language of Scripture, we must be relieved from the filthy rags that cling to us, and clothed in the fine linen clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints. Christ's sacrifice and work correspond to the twofold need of guilty men. His death blots out the guilt, and his life becomes the righteousness of his believing people. Christ personally is everything in the gospel. Salvation is not to accept a doctrinal system, but to have a divinely righteous Saviour standing in the place of guilty lost men. When I accept Christ, as he is offered in the gospel, my guilt is laid on him, and his righteousness is put on me. This is the turning point. The root of the matter lies in small compass. My guilt, if it remain marked to me, will crush me in that day; but if I am Christ's in simple believing trust, my guilt is no longer mine in God's sight; it has been borne by Christ for me, and it has been blotted out in his blood. The divine Redeemer, God and man in one person, took upon himself the guilt of all who have trusted in him from the beginning of time, or shall trust in him till the last. For that guilt he made full atonement. By the eternal and unchangeable covenant of God, Father, Son, and Spirit, that guilt so expiated cannot be charged again. God is just to forgive sins to all Christ's members, because the price has been already fully paid by Christ the head. Believers are not half saved, and half lost. It is finished. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." They walk at liberty, for the Son has made them free. The honour of Christ, as well as the comfort of his people, is concerned in the completeness of the pardon. Those Christians most glorify their Lord who count most

confidingly that no sin is marked against them. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The other side of the saint's righteousness is equally sure and equally perfect. Believers have not only lost their own guiltiness, but the holiness of Christ has also by faith become their own. He whom they have now put on, not only bestows, but is their righteousness; and therefore, in the great day, the Judge will see upon them, "no spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing."

II. PEACE enjoyed flows from righteousness possessed. A state of war is painful, whether it be between persons or nations. The measure of its painfulness depends on the nearness and power of your enemy. If he is far distant or feeble, you are not greatly disturbed. Now, an unforgiven sinner is at war with the Nearest and Greatest. According to the vivid language of Scripture, "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." You can neither resist his power, nor escape from his presence. How deeply disturbed is the human heart that is not at peace with God!

On the other side, when that storm is hushed at the command of Jesus, "there is a great calm." It is "a peace that passeth understanding;" it is a peace that "keeps the heart and mind."

In the kingdom of God, righteousness is the first thing, and peace follows it. When I have righteousness, then I have peace. The peace of which this text speaks dwells on earth; but it has been produced there by another peace which has its home in heaven. It is when God is at peace with me, that I am at peace with God. When his anger is turned away, my confidence in him begins. I need not cherish my dread, when he has taken his wrath away. When peace is proclaimed from the judgment-seat to me, peace echoes from my glad heart up to heaven again.

Now this peace, as explained in the fuller expression of the fifth chapter, is peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is not peace in the conscience maintained by hiding from God. Ah! many people are at peace with God, as a citizen of Glasgow is at peace with a citizen of Pekin—by having nothing to do with him. Those Athenians who sauntered under the shade of trees on the borders of the market-place, chattering news with every passenger, were not consciously agitated by a sense of sin, and a fear of the Holy One. They had woven a very thick veil of politics and philosophy and idolatry, under which they crept and lay, so that the face of God did not come through as a consuming fire in the conscience. They kept out of the way. The unknown god to whom they reared an altar did not disturb their peace, because he was unknown. The peace which enters as an element of the kingdom in a believer's heart is "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is not the peace which the prodigal enjoyed in riotous living at a great distance from home; but the peace which he attained when he lay on his father's loving breast.

III. JOY in the Holy Ghost. Here at last is the thing we have all been seeking all our days; it is joy or happiness. Joy springs from peace, and peace rests on righteousness.

Now, we do not venture to say that nobody finds any joy except those who find it in this method. There are many pleasures of sin, and many people taste them. We confess frankly that there are joys which do not spring from righteousness and peace; but they are both shallow and short. If there were not joys in sin it would be more easy to persuade the world to seek the joys of holiness. The power of sin lies in the pleasure of it. There are pleasures on both sides; and, alas, those on the side of sin lie nearest, and are more easily reached. It is not a case in which you have joy on one side and grief on the other. There are joys and griefs too on either side, but they differ deeply in kind and in duration. Our text, without denying that sin has joy, commends to our choice the joy of righteousness.

A person employed to gather fruit in a garden was attracted by a cherry more fully grown and more richly coloured than the rest. Seizing it by the stalk he pulled it from the tree, and placed it between his lips. At the same moment that he tasted the sweetness of the fruit he felt the sting of a wasp in his tongue. The insect had been burrowing unseen, unsuspected in the heart of the tempting morsel. Such is sin to youth—an outward skin of sweetness, and lasting torture underneath.

There are two conditions possible to a human soul in this life,—the one, to be in sin and at enmity with God; the other, to be righteous in Christ's righteousness, and at peace with God through the blood of the cross. These two conditions are, in respect to joy, in one aspect like each other, and in another as widely different as any two conditions could be. In respect to the happiness which they respectively yield they are related as night and day are related in respect to light. In the region nearest us, and at certain times, they may approach or seem to approach an equality. The night sometimes, through moon and stars and wintry meteors, has a good deal of light in it; and the day sometimes, through rising smoke and hovering clouds, has a good deal of darkness in it. A night of many stars may seem brighter than a day of many clouds; but the night is notwithstanding far different from day. An infinitude of darkness, with some sparks of light scattered on its nearer edge, is a different thing from an infinitude of light, with heavy clouds hovering close to your eye, between it and you. Immortal souls in sin and under wrath may have many bright joys as they traverse this life; but these joys are only sparks on the surface of an eternal night: on the other hand, Christian disciples may have many sorrows, but these are only clouds moving in the thin atmosphere of earth, hiding heaven from view for the moment, but leaving all the eternity beyond an undimmed, unending light. The wrath of God is an infinite sorrow; peace with God an infinite joy. To the unforgiven some joys glitter on the edge of the darkness ere they fall into its unmeasured,

unending deep; to the forgiven some griefs hang on the margin of the saint's inheritance ere they enter the joy of their Lord. The choice is to-day before us, and we are silently, secretly making our choice now. Either we choose death, made pleasant to the carnal mind by a thin coating of sin's sweet pleasures; or we choose life, not deterred by some clouds of godly sorrow that hang for a while on the horizon, but will be driven away when the Sun of Righteousness has arisen in his strength.

If holiness had no pain, and sin no pleasure, where were the discipline of earth, where the meetness for heaven? Holiness, we confess it,—holiness has pains for the fallen. Sin, we confess it,—sin has pleasures for the fallen: and yet the difference between the two, even in respect of happiness, is infinite and eternal.

The point with which we are at present mainly concerned is, to show that the righteousness of faith and peace with God bring joy to their possessor, and not grief. The glory of God our Saviour is involved in this. And yet we cannot do much in this department by argument. No proof will convince those who are without; and those who are within do not need any proof. We must fall back on the old counsel, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Those who are at enmity with God cannot be made to understand how sweet it is to be at peace with him, through the blood of Christ.

We turn rather to the other side, and counsel believers to rejoice in the Lord, and let their joyfulness be seen and felt. Pardon of sin, and peace with God, and hope of glory, should make a pilgrim glad, even while he is marching through the wilderness of this world. But it is not enough to say that a true Christian, though exposed to many sorrows in this life, enjoys the blessed hope of rest; he enjoys the good things that are going in this life, better than those who have no other portion. When the sun has risen in the east, you not only see the risen sun; you see also all that lies between, bathed in his golden light. Thus Christ seen by faith afar, gilds all the path that stretches between the pilgrim's feet and the gate of glory. While the language of unbelief is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" it is a mistake to suppose that the language of faith is, "we must thirst and starve to-day, for to-morrow we shall live for ever." Meat and drink are sweeter now to him who sees eternal life, than to him who knows only death beyond.

It is most interesting and instructive to observe how simply the Scriptures connect conversion with joy. Here we read of the kingdom of God, and of those who are filled with the Holy Spirit; and yet this is called joy. This one thing turns upside down all the conceptions of the unconverted of every rank and name. Their main idea about real godliness is, that though very necessary, it is very dull. Read the first part of this text, "The kingdom of God is,"—and leave the

remainder blank. Bid any pleasure-seeker, whether from the ranks of the refined, or the ranks of the rudest, fill up, according to the best of his judgment, the three main elements of the spiritual kingdom of Christ within the saints; and, if he write off honestly at the dictation of his own heart, he will complete the sentence in some such way as this—The kingdom of God is,—Long prayers, long faces, and gloom. I don't expect by this argument to get any of these to change their view; this kind goeth not out by argument. They feel religion to be sad: it is dark from their view-point, and my word cannot turn their experience upside down. Ah! they must become new creatures ere they experience new tastes. When they rejoice in Christ Jesus, then they will know that to be in Christ Jesus is a joyful thing. Although we should describe this feature of the kingdom with the tongues of men and of angels, those who have not been born again will fail to see its beauty.

One well-marked feature of the present revival, for which all intelligent Christians should give glad thanks to God is, that it is attended with a considerable measure of "joy and peace in believing." The Scriptures suggest a channel through which happiness, swelling in the heart, may get free vent—"Is any merry, let him sing psalms." It is a grand God-glorifying feature in the reviving of our day that, in some good measure, the children of Zion are *joyful* in their king.

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

PART THIRD.

THERE are many points from which we may regard with interest the life of President Edwards. He was a great philosopher, a profound theologian, an eminently earnest and spiritual man. But there is one light especially in which, at the present day, his history is deserving of study; and that is in its relation to the great religious revival which occurred during his time. It is to this we propose to confine our attention in the present section of our sketch, and we may notice, to begin with, the origin and character of the—

FIRST AWAKENING IN NORTHAMPTON.

It was by no means a sudden and unlooked for outburst of interest. It did not force itself on the public attention till 1734, and it is usual to name that year and the following one as the properly revival era of the period. But so long before as the beginning of 1732, the state of religion, which had previously seemed on the decline, began gradually and perceptibly to grow better. An unusual flexibility of disposition appeared in the young people. Meetings that were wont to be devoted to frivolity, were changed into meetings for

prayer. Several notable conversions took place, and the manifest quickening of feeling reacted upon the minister, and led to his preaching, among others, those remarkable discourses on *Justification by Faith*, which are well known to have contributed largely, under God, to the subsequent results. The movement, however, may be said to have reached its crisis in December 1734, when five or six individuals appeared to be very suddenly converted one after another, and some of them in a manner so arresting, as to awaken very great numbers, of all ages and conditions. The year 1735 opened, in consequence, under deeply interesting and peculiar circumstances. Religion became the only subject of conversation in every company, and almost the only business of the people appeared to be to secure their salvation. In the spring and summer following, the town appeared to be full of the presence of God. There was scarcely a house which did not furnish the tokens of his presence, and scarcely a family which did not present the trophies of his grace. "The town," says Mr. Edwards himself, "was never so full of love, nor so full of joy, nor yet so full of distress, as it was then!" In the months of March and April, when the work of God was carried on with the greatest power, he supposes the number of apparently genuine conversions to have been at least four a day, or nearly thirty a week. This blessed state of things did not continue beyond the month of May 1735. Why? Why should not a town that had been permitted in such a marvellous way to behold the glory of the Lord, have maintained persistently the elevation it had reached? The reasons are only too easily given. In the first place nothing exhausts the physical nature so much as keen and excited feeling. It seems inevitable that a revival such as occurred at Northampton, should be followed by something like a reaction. Besides, we cannot wonder, if, after a year of grace, the work of conversion should begin to proceed more slowly. By that time the hearts of the impenitent must have grown harder, and their spiritual darkness more complete. But in addition to these causes, which must operate everywhere in similar circumstances, there were special influences tending to arrest the awakening at Northampton. Edwards himself mentions two striking events in Providence in the town, and two unhappy cases of enthusiasm in neighbouring villages; and to these may be added the breaking out of a miserable ecclesiastical controversy, which engrossed time, and talent, and attention that would have been much more wholesomely occupied otherwise. "A revival of religion," it has been well said, "is nothing but the immediate result of an uncommon attention on the part of a Church and congregation to the truth of God; and an effectual way, therefore, to put a stop to a work of grace, is first to direct the attention of Christians and sinners to something else."

Five years elapsed before the Spirit of God returned in visible power to Northampton. The interval was not

an idle one for Mr. Edwards, nor altogether an unfruitful one for his flock. He was much occupied in extended labours outside of his proper field, and while thus engaged, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the great mass of the new converts were continuing steadfast, and that others, now and again, were being brought into the Church. From the 16th of October 1740, however, we date the commencement of—

A SECOND REVIVAL.

It was connected with the visit of George Whitefield. He came on the day we have mentioned, to see Mr. Edwards, and remained with him till the 20th. During that time he preached five sermons, adapted to the circumstances of the town,—reproving the backslidings of some, the obstinate impenitence of others, and summoning all by the mercies with which they had been distinguished to return to God. His visit was followed by an awakening among professors of religion, and soon afterwards by a deep concern among the young; and there were some cases of hopeful conversion. The feelings thus produced increased through the winter; and in the spring of 1741, religion became the object of general attention. In the month of May, in particular, a private lecture by Mr. Edwards made a deep impression; and during the summer and the early part of the autumn, there was a glorious progress in the work of God, on the hearts of sinners in conviction and conversion, and great numbers appeared to become the real disciples of Christ. One of the most interesting features in this awakening is thus referred to by Mr. Edwards in a letter to Mr. Bellamy. “There has been, this year past,” says he, “the most wonderful work among *children* here, by far, that ever was. God has seemed almost wholly to take a new generation, that are come on since the late great work, seven years ago. Neither earth nor hell can hinder his work that is going on in the country. Christ gloriously triumphs at this day.” The effects of these two religious upheavals could not but be conspicuous. “There has been,” says Edwards, writing in 1743, “a great and abiding alteration in this town, in many respects. There has been vastly more religion kept up in the town, among all sorts of persons, in religious exercises and in common conversation. There has been a great alteration among the youth of the town, with respect to revelry and frolicking, profane and licentious conversation and lewd songs. And there has also been a great alteration amongst both old and young with regard to tavern hunting. I suppose the town has been in no measure so free of vice in these respects, for any long time together, for sixty years, as it has been these nine years past.”

While the river, “whose streams make glad the city of God,” was thus overflowing the scene of Mr. Edwards’ ministerial labours, an unusually favourable opportunity was afforded to him of forming a judgment regarding “revivals” generally; and he, of all others, was not the

man to let such an opportunity slip. As was customary with him, he carefully collected the facts that seemed likely to throw light upon the subject. He then as carefully classified them; and as the result of his meditations, we have numerous letters preserved by his biographer in his *Memoirs*, and at least three treatises which the Christian Church will never willingly let die. Of two of these treatises we desire to give here a very brief description. The first we shall notice is entitled at large, “A Faithful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God in the Conversion of many Hundred Souls in Northampton, and in the Neighbouring Towns and Villages of New Hampshire, in New England; in a Letter to the Rev. Dr. Coleman, of Boston.” Or more briefly, it is called—

“NARRATIVE OF SURPRISING CONVERSIONS.”

The letter is divided into three sections. The first section, which is introductory, gives a history of the awakening—describing its rise, progress, and general results. The second shows the character of the spiritual changes wrought upon the subjects of the revival: bringing out the fact that the conversions experienced were strictly analogous in their essential nature, though they differed in the manner in which they occurred. While the third section is made up of specific cases, illustrating the positions that had previously been laid down. The treatise, as even those may guess who have never looked into it, is a deeply interesting and instructive one. Christians in general will feel their spirits refreshed and quickened by perusing it; the anxious and doubting will find much to help them in their difficulties; and above all others, those should read it who are called to “deal” with souls seeking salvation. But we cannot give a better idea of its character, than by quoting one or two of its facts and sentiments.

Dealing with souls.—“Whatever minister has a like occasion to deal with souls, in a flock under such circumstances as this was last year, I cannot but think he will soon find himself under a necessity greatly to insist upon it with them, that God is under no manner of *obligation* to show mercy to any natural man, whose heart is not turned to God; and that a man can challenge nothing either in absolute justice or by free promise, from anything he does, before he has believed on Jesus Christ, or has true repentance begun in him. . . . I think I have found that no discourses have been more remarkably blessed than those in which the doctrine of God’s absolute sovereignty, with regard to the salvation of sinners and his just liberty, with regard to answering the prayers, or succeeding the pains of natural men continuing such, have been insisted on. I never found so much immediate saving fruit in any measure, of any discourses I have offered to my congregation, as some from these words (Rom. iii. 19), “That every mouth may be stopped;” endeavouring to show from thence that it would be just with God for ever to reject and cast off mere natural men.”

New light.—"In this town there has always been a great talk about conversion and spiritual experiences, and therefore people in general had formed a notion in their own minds what these things were. But when they come to be the subjects of them, they find themselves much confounded in their notions, and overthrown in many of their former conceits. And it has been very observable, that persons of the greatest understanding, and who have studied most about things of this nature, have been more confounded than others."

Diffusion of intelligence.—"There is no one thing that I know of which God has made such a means of promoting his work amongst us, as the news of others' conversion. This has been owned in awakening sinners, engaging them earnestly to seek the same blessing, and in quickening saints."

Date of conversion.—"In some converting light is like a glorious brightness suddenly shining upon a person and all around him; they are in a remarkable manner brought out of darkness into marvellous light. In many others it has been like the dawning of the day, when at first but a little light appears, and it may be is presently hid with a cloud; and then it appears again, and shines a little brighter, and gradually increases, with intervening darkness, till at length it breaks forth more clearly from behind the clouds. And many are doubtless ready to date their conversion wrong, throwing by those lesser degrees of light that appeared at first dawning, and calling some more remarkable experience they had afterward their conversion."

Tastes.—"While God was so remarkably present amongst us by his Spirit, there was no book so delightful as the Bible, especially the book of Psalms, the prophecy of Isaiah, and the New Testament. Some, by reason of their love to God's word, have been wonderfully delighted and affected at the sight of a Bible; and then, also, there was no time so prized as the Lord's day, and no place in this world so desired as God's house."

Humility.—"Such persons amongst us as have been distinguished with the most extraordinary discoveries, had commonly nowise appeared with the assuming, self-conceited, and self-sufficient airs of enthusiasts, but exceedingly the contrary. They are eminent for a spirit of meekness, modesty, self-diffidence, and a low opinion of themselves. No persons appear so sensible of their need of instruction, and so eager to receive it, as some of them; nor so ready to think others better than themselves."

The work from which these extracts are taken was written for the satisfaction of friends. It could not but be, however, that a movement so remarkable as it describes, should raise in the world a good deal of suspicious opposition and dislike. And by-and-by, therefore, Edwards felt called upon to prepare another treatise of a more controversial nature, in which the character of the awakening was vindicated and further explained for the benefit of enemies. It is generally known by the title of "Thoughts on the Revival."

It is divided into five "Parts." The first shows that the movement was a glorious work of God; the second insists upon the duty of all to promote it; the third gives instances in which those connected with it have been injuriously blamed; the fourth makes suggestions as to the right conduct of it; and the fifth follows up in a fuller and more positive way the line of thought pursued in its predecessor. It would be well if those who still have their doubts about the marvellous visitations of the Spirit of God in the present day, could be induced to read, were it only the first part of this treatise. As a calm, thorough, and convincing defence of revivals, it is eminently satisfactory. He argues that the reasons why many questioned the reality of the work in New England, were just these three: First, they judged of it *a priori*,—that is, they had their own preconceptions about it, and refused to look the facts fairly in the face; second, they would not take the Scriptures as the only rule whereby it could be justly tried; and, thirdly, they would not be at the pains to separate the good from the bad in it. Our readers can say for themselves if such unreason as this has become extinct. Even yet it is probable there are some sincere Christians who shake their heads when mention is made of outpourings of the Spirit, and great awakenings following as the result of them. There has been enthusiasm here, and extravagance there, and inconsistency yonder, not to speak of the mixture of false doctrine that has cropped up even in the most promising districts. These cannot be associated with a true work of God. The whole thing must be nothing better than an unnatural and an unwholesome excitement. Alas! that it should seem to any now-a-days such an incredible thing that the Spirit of God should move powerfully among masses of men, or that Satan should be doing his utmost to mar a divine work. It looks as if the Church were losing somewhat of the simplicity of its faith, and were being corrupted by the sceptical spirit of the world. "I suppose," says Edwards, speaking of his own time, but the words are equally applicable to any,—"I suppose there is scarcely a minister in this land, but from Sabbath to Sabbath is used to pray that God would pour out his Spirit, and work a reformation and revival of religion in the country, and turn us from our intemperance, profaneness, uncleanness, worldliness, and other sins; and we have kept from year to year days of public fasting and prayer to God, to acknowledge our backslidings, and humble ourselves for our sins, and to seek of God forgiveness and reformation; and now when so great and extensive a reformation is so suddenly and wonderfully accomplished, in those very things we have sought to God for, shall we not acknowledge it? or do it with great coldness, caution, and reserve, and scarcely take any notice of it in our public prayers and praises, or mention it but slightly and cursorily, and in such a manner as carries an appearance as though we would contrive to say as little of it as ever we could, and even glad to pass from it? And that because the work is attended with a mix-

ture of error, imprudence, darkness, and sin; because some persons are carried away with impressions, and are indiscreet, and too censorious with their zeal; and because there are high transports of religious affections, and some effects on their bodies, of which we do not understand the reason."

Our space is more than exhausted, but we cannot close without saying, what must have occurred to many others, that those who have self-sufficiently questioned the genuineness of the work of God at the present day, because, as they say, it has not met with the sympathy and support of the higher style of minds, would do well to inquire, *first*, if the revivals that have recently taken place really differ in any essential particular from the revivals of last century in New England; and *second*, supposing they find, as they will, the two movements marvellously similar in character, if it is nothing in their eyes that we have as a witness on the side of such awakenings as are now occurring,—of their scripturalness, desirableness, and utility,—the great and influential name of President Edwards.

K. L. W.

"GO YE THEREFORE, AND TEACH ALL NATIONS."

A FEW things about the COMMAND.

And we must remark, first, what a singularly loving one it is. Imagine Mohammed on his dying bed saying to his disciples, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;" what would be his command? "Go ye therefore, with sharp scimitars, and propound faith in the prophet, or death as the dread alternative; avenge me of the men who threw stones at the prophet; make their houses a dunghill, and cut them in pieces, for vengeance is mine, and God's prophet *must* be avenged of his enemies." But Christ, though far more despised and persecuted of men, and having a real power which that pretended prophet never had, says to his disciples, as he is about to ascend to heaven, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." It is the voice of love, not of wrath. "Go and teach them the power of my blood to cleanse, the willingness of my arms to embrace, the yearning of my heart to save! Go and *teach* them. Teach them no more to despise me, no more to think my Father an angry and implacable Deity. Teach them to 'bow the knee, and kiss the Son,' and find peace for all their troubles, and a balm for all their woes in me. Go ye; speak as I have spoken; weep as I have wept; invite as I have invited; exhort, entreat, beseech, and pray, as I have done before you. Tell them to come unto me, if they be weary and heavy laden, and I will give them rest. And say unto them, 'I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but had rather that he should turn unto me and live.'" What a generous and gracious command is that of the text, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,

baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Go ye and teach *all nations*." The Greek has his philosophers; teach *him*; he is but a child; he is a fool, though he thinketh himself to be wise. There be polite nations, which have a literature of their own far larger and more extensive than the literature of the Christian: teach them nevertheless; they are to be *taught*; and unless they are willing to take the learner's place, and to become as little children, they can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Do not debate and argue with them; put not yourself with them upon their level as a combatant concerning certain dogmas; insist upon it that I have sent you—sent you to teach the most erudite and profoundly learned; and when you shall claim it, I am with you always to back your claim, and men shall be willing to sit at your feet to be taught the name of Jesus.

I do not know whether *all* our missionaries have caught the idea of Christ—"Go ye and *teach* all nations;" but many of them have, and these have been honoured with many conversions. The more fully they have been simple teachers, not philosophers of the Western philosophy, not eager disputants concerning some English dogma—I say the more plainly they have gone forth as teachers sent from God to teach the world, the more successful have they been. "Go ye therefore, and teach." The fact has been proved, brethren, that there are no nations incapable of being taught, nay, that there are no nations incapable afterwards of teaching others. The Negro slave has perished under the lash, rather than dishonour his Master. The Esquimaux has climbed his barren steep, and borne his toil, while he has recollected the burden which Jesus bore. The Hindoo has patiently submitted to the loss of all things, because he loved Christ better than all. Feeble Malagasy women have been prepared to suffer and to die, and have taken joyfully suffering for Christ's sake. There has been heroism in every land for Christ; men of every colour and of every race have died for *him*; upon his altar has been found the blood of all kindreds that be upon the face of the earth. Oh, tell me *not* they cannot be taught! Sirs, they can be taught to die for Christ; and this is more than some of you have learned. They can rehearse the very highest lesson of the Christian religion—that self-sacrifice which knows not itself, but gives up all for him. At this day there are Karen missionaries preaching among the Karens with as fervid an eloquence as ever was known by Whitefield. There are Chinese teaching in Borneo, Sumatra, and Australia, with as much earnestness as Morison or Milne first taught in China. There are Hindoo evangelists who are not ashamed to have given up the Brahminical thread, and to eat with the Pariah, and to preach with him the riches of Christ. There have been men found of every class and kind, not only able to be taught, but able to become teachers themselves, of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

FROM the wilderness, the scene of His solitary wrestling with the powers of darkness, the Son of Man, with the work of his life clear before him, retraces his steps to the banks of the Jordan. His sudden disappearance must have perplexed the Baptist. Anxiously has he been waiting for the sound of that returning footstep,—for some sign, at least, which might mark, as by a luminous trace, the presence and outgoing of a new life in the world; wondering where and in what manner the glory that dwelt in Him would first shine forth in the eyes of men. Unnoticed as when He first came a wayfaring man from Galilee, he passes through the crowd again; but one eye discerns the unknown Christ; and the first words that fall on the ear of Jesus, coming up from the wilderness after those stinging taunts and accursed whispers of the Tempter, are words which speak of suffering and redemption,—“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

And now, by slow degrees, there are to gather round him a few faithful and loving souls,—a band of men whose hearts God had touched, drawn to him by a secret and resistless power,—at first with but faint and glimmering perceptions of his Divine nature, and the true glory of the kingdom he has come to set up on earth,—but to be trained, by daily communion and hard discipline of trial, to higher faith, and clearer spiritual insight. This is that goodly fellowship of the Apostles, whose humble Galilean names are spoken in all earth's languages, whose saintly memories are shrined in all devout hearts with reverence and affection next his own,—who, as the first companions and followers of the Son of Man, forsaking home and kindred that they might cleave to him, are, to the Christian's eye, like satellites for ever burning in a lucid ring round him, the bright and morning Star. As might have been expected, his first associates were chosen from among the disciples of the Baptist,—the inner circle of the religious life of Israel,—men in whose souls a deep and earnest longing for the coming of the Messiah had been awakened, and who, like their master, were watching and praying day by day in the belief that the kingdom of heaven would immediately appear.

On the day after John's first announcement, two of his disciples seeing Jesus passing on the way, followed him to his lowly dwelling. The day was waning, and night came on, yet they lingered in rapt attention to words which made their hearts burn within them; and ere they left, a new hope had dawned in their hearts. In that poor chamber they had seen, at evening time, a heavenly vision, the light of which was never in any coming darkness to fade away from their eyes,—in whose joy, and strength, and glory they were to walk to life's

latest day. One was Andrew; the other the youthful son of Zebedee, in whose fresh, genial, ardent nature there then sprang up that tender attachment to Jesus of Nazareth, as tenderly returned, which for ever links the name of John, as the beloved disciple, the Benjamin of the Gospel-Twelve, with that of his Lord. Andrew could not rest till he had found his own brother, and imparted to him the wondrous discovery; and then Simon, the “man of Rock” amongst the brotherhood, a spirit strong and fearless, alive with fiery impulses, and generous unselfish affection, stood, for the first time, face to face with Christ.

It is now time that Jesus should bend his steps from the valley of the Jordan homeward to Galilee. At the outset of his journey he meets with Philip, a townsman and friend of the two brothers, who instantly responds to the call, “Follow me,” and hastens to announce to his friend Nathanael, an Israelite indeed, a man of open, guileless nature, that in Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph, he had found the Christ, and looked upon that face, for a sight of which they had so often prayed, as the consolation of Israel. The doubts of Nathanael (better known amongst the apostles as Bartholomew, “the son of Tolmai”) vanished with almost the first words that fell from the lips of Jesus. The Saviour's eye had seen him under a fig-tree, where, as in a safe and secret oratory, screened by the dense low-hanging foliage from human sight, he had been pouring out his soul to God. There must have been something in the look or tone of Jesus which assured the devout and sincere seeker for truth, that He who had seen him there had read his deepest thoughts; and in the immediate conviction of His divine omniscience, Nathanael cried, “Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.”

The Saviour's reply to this frank confession being addressed not to Nathanael alone, but to all his first disciples standing round, contained a mystery of truth which, as yet, they could not fathom,—“From henceforth ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.” To no special season in his life did these words apply; and, certainly, to no vision of angels to be seen by the outward eye; but to the continuous abiding of the Divine energy upon him, and its ceaseless outgoing from him in gracious ministrations,—a life and power from ethereal springs flowing into him, and flowing forth in streams of blessing to the bodies and souls of men, so that in and through Him, the mystical ladder of the patriarch's dream,—the Mediator touching in his own person the Divine nature on the one hand, and the human on the other,—there might be opened, and kept open for ever, a

communication between earth and heaven. Let the soul see the glory of Jesus Christ, and by faith live in Him, and in this fallen world angel visits are no more "short and far between." From each spot of earth touched by the knee of contrite believing prayer, under the fig-tree or in the inner chamber, on the bed of languishing or far off upon the sea, a new and living way, consecrated by the blood of Jesus, leads into the Holiest.

It was the third day from the calling of Nathanael, perhaps from their leaving the ford of Bethabara, when a marriage festival was held in a town of Galilee, about three leagues north-east from Nazareth. This town was the abode, very likely the birth-place of Nathanael,—a place, up till this time, of no mark or repute, quietly lying in the foldings of these Galilean hills, unlinked with any of the stirring events in the old-world life of Palestine, till it is suddenly brought forth from its obscurity, and touched by a gleam of sacred remembrance that endears the name of it for ever. There is another village in Galilee, Kefr Kenna, about half the distance from Nazareth, on one of the roads to Tiberias, which monkish tradition has selected as the scene of the miracle, owing to its being more conveniently situated for the resort of pilgrims. We owe the reinstatement of the real site to Dr. Robinson, who, from the hill above Nazareth, saw some ruins on a slope at the foot of the northern hills across the plain, which he found to bear the name *Kéna-el-Jell*, the exact rendering of the Scripture name, *Cana of Galilee*; and, as such, identified with the locality of the miracle by earlier traditions. It is now deserted and without inhabitant, a few broken heaps on a bare brown hill-side. War has swept over it, and wasted it, leaving only these stones as the mouldering relics of the once peaceful and happy hamlet. There are no more betrothals, nor vintage songs, nor pleasant laughter of children; the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride are heard no more at all in Cana.

From the manner in which the mother of our Lord is introduced in connection with this marriage, and her familiar footing in the house, it may be inferred that it took place in the dwelling of some acquaintance or relative of her own. She was there from the first; and as soon as it is known that Jesus is in the neighbourhood, he and his newly-chosen disciples are asked to come. He at once complies. In all likelihood it was not the kind of scene or society in which these disciples expected Him first to appear on his return from the Jordan, and the solemn events that had there transpired. Still less could it have entered into their minds to conceive that a private dwelling, crowded with the light-hearted guests of a marriage festival, would be the theatre He should choose for the first manifestation of his glory. It might seem strange, and almost incongruous, that he who, a few days before, had been fasting in the wilderness, leading there as austere and lonesome a life as Elijah or the Baptist, should be seen seated at the banquet, mingling with the joyous company, entering into the spirit of the

festive season, certainly not frowning upon it, as if all this was but hollow and thoughtless merriment. It is clear that his presence cast no chilling shadow on the guests, and did not damp the general rejoicing.

Nor is it difficult to see why, for the sake of these disciples, the Saviour should have selected this as the first occasion in which they were to see him in the society of men,—why, with the delicate and tender wisdom which we trace in all his dealings with them, He meant thus at the outset of his ministry to teach them a lesson which they needed to learn. Some, if not all of them, had been followers of the Baptist, venerating him for his severe and mysterious sanctity, deeply impressed by the stern, self-denying, unworldly life he led in the deserts. Fresh from the atmosphere of religious excitement in which they had lived, it was natural to think it was only by a life and ministry like John's that any thorough regeneration could be wrought in the corrupt mass of society, and any genuine or lasting spiritual result achieved. The life and ministry of our Lord were to be altogether different in character from that of the Baptist, its strain to be pitched on quite another key-note. The preacher of the desert was an ascetic, under the Nazarite vow from his birth, keeping himself aloof from men, neither eating bread nor drinking wine,—in all things unlike his brethren. The work of Jesus, on the other hand, was to be done on the broad highway of the world. His life was to be one of intimate fellowship with men. He was to enter into their joys and sorrows, to mingle in the crowd where all might throng and press and touch him, that from His quickening and gracious presence virtue might go forth to heal, and gladden, and bless them. Therefore it was meet that his first appearance with his disciples should be at a festal gathering,—that the first of his miracles should bear the stamp of a broad, complete, genial humanity.

The givers of the feast had not been able from poverty to make sufficient provision for the entertainment of their guests. So large and unlooked-for an accession to their numbers made a demand on their hospitality to which their straitened means were quite unequal. Mary at once applies to her Son, persuaded that in this difficulty he will be able to come to their help. Her words imply a belief in his ability to supply the deficiency, and in some immediate and supernatural way. Not certainly from any previous experience of his miraculous power, as has been supposed. The statement of the evangelist, that this was the beginning of His miracles, is decisive. No sign nor wonder had been ever done in the quiet home of Nazareth; but she who, from his earliest infancy, had a store of strange experiences in her heart, who had beheld him go forth alone, and return with these five grave and God-fearing men as his disciples, seeing the reverence with which they regarded him,—hearing from them, perchance, some report of what had passed in the interval,—was no doubt longing to see the veil of his humiliation cast aside. It was natural

to expect that he would take the first occasion to show his divine power in friendly requital of the kindness of this poor household. But with this feeling there was blended a certain impatience or officiousness,—an overhasty expression of a mother's wishes to her Son. It is this that explains the manner in which he met the application, the manifest reproof which his reply conveyed, in the gentlest terms indeed, but still designed to be felt as a rebuke. The point of his answer does not lie in his addressing her as "Woman!" a term which has, to our ears, a tone of severity or coldness which did not belong to it as it came from his lips, as was touchingly proved in a later day when his eye rested on her as she stood weeping by the cross, and he said, "Woman, behold thy Son!" It is in the words, "*What have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.*" Rather, What in such a matter as this have we in common? thereby reminding her that in that higher sphere of his life in which He was to speak and act as Son and Servant of God the common rights of earthly relationship could not hold, that into this sacred region a mother's wishes could not enter, that He must be the sole judge when the time has come to manifest his glory as the Christ. His language was in spirit identical with his first words uttered years before in the temple when Mary said, "Thy Father and I have sought thee;" and quietly setting aside the earthly father's claim, he said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Or, as on a future occasion, when His discourse to the people was interrupted by an announcement that his mother and brethren were without, desiring to see him, he looked round about on his disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren!" In all that appertained to his spiritual work, one will, that of his Father in heaven, was paramount; earthly ties had no place,—claims of human kindred must be forgotten,—the laws and the conditions of the lower relationship must bend to those of the higher.

We need only note in passing the emphatic rebuke and condemnation which these words furnish to the tendencies, dating as far back as the application to the Virgin of the name "Theotokos," or "Deipara," "Mother of God," which in the later phases of Romanism, have developed into the system of Mariolatry,—the exaltation of the Virgin to the throne of heaven, and the worship of the mother as Mediatrix in place of the Son, the one Mediator between God and man. Over against the prayers of the Romish Hymnals and Litanies, scarcely to be quoted without irreverence, "Show that thou art mother, and command the Son!" let the words, "What have I to do with thee?" be set, and all such blasphemous ascriptions must appear as insulting to the lowly maiden of Nazareth, as they are dishonouring to the glory of the Son of God.*

* The "Psalter of St. Bonaventura," one of the most popular manuals of Romish devotion, is based throughout on a deliberate substitution of the name of Mary in place of that of Jehovah, "How excellent, O Mary, is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens," &c.

Thus mildly repelled, Mary makes no reply, but with perfect confidence in His wisdom and sympathy, inferring from his look more than his words implied, she leaves the issue in his hands, only saying to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith to you, do it." There was no long delay. The frequent ablutions which the Jewish law enjoined made an abundant supply of water on such an occasion essential. At the lower end of the apartment, six large vessels of stone, each containing at least twenty gallons, were ranged. These the Lord, unnoticed by the guests, commands the servants to fill with water. They are filled to the brim. Again he speaks, "Draw out now!" the "now" marking the divine volition by which the instantaneous change was wrought. They drew, and that which a few moments before had been poured in as water, is carried as wine to the ruler of the feast. The remark he makes to the bridegroom, on tasting it, simply attests the genuineness of the miracle. It affords no pretext for supposing that there had been excess on the part of the guests assembled at these lowly nuptials, but only alludes to what was too common on occasions when wine flowed freely,—an inferior quality being kept in reserve till the taste was dulled, and could not detect the difference. This was wine, rich and generous as any crushed from amber or purple clusters that long-past summers had ripened on the slopes of Lebanon, though he knew not how the coarse flagons of a peasant of Cana brimmed so suddenly with a beverage that might have sparkled in the golden beakers of Herod's banquet-hall. The secret was soon known; the bewildered bridegroom could only turn to the servants, and they who drew the water knew.

By this deed of power, wrought within a sphere so narrow as a village household, and for an occasion so common as a poor man's wedding-feast, that the Son of Man first on earth "manifested forth his glory." It was Omnipotence, calm and effortless in its invisible operation, which without sound or sign had gone forth from Him. Not in the name of God, as Moses or Elijah might have invoked it, but by a silent movement of his will, had this been done. Above all the prophets He stood in serene and solitary elevation, the anointed One in whom the Spirit dwelt without measure; and in the light of this brilliant evidence of His glory, the men he had called to follow him rose to a higher faith,—"*His disciples believed on Him.*" It is a remark as old as Augustine, and devoutly made by him, but frequently quoted in a different spirit since, that this miracle of water changed into wine is one that every year repeats before our eyes,* when the spring rains that nourish the budding vine-leaves are by secret alchymy transmuted into the sweet and subtle juices that fill the swelling grape, and crimson in the drooping cluster. True it is that everywhere nature is unceasingly display-

* *Ipsæ fecit vinum in nuptiis, qui omni anno hoc facit in vitibus illud autem non miramur; assiduitate amittit admirationem.*—Augustine, quoted by Olshausen and Trench.

ing mysteries and marvels of Divine power and goodness before our eyes; the signs and wonders of His glory are not only looking down upon us out of heaven, but springing at every moment out of the earth, as if He had stooped down and written in the dust with his finger the letters of his name. The book of nature has its miracles on every page as well as the volume of revelation, if we were but wise and would observe these things. But when we see the Son of Man by a silent volition reach in an instant the end which in nature is only attained through a slow, continuous, never-varying process in the appointed succession of the seasons, does He not thereby all the more signally assert and vindicate his supremacy over all material laws and natural agencies?

We have already noticed the significance of this, the first of the gospel miracles, as bringing out in clear relief the distinctive character of the Saviour's ministry. As the first medallion struck to commemorate His assumption of regal state on earth, the image and superscription it bears is that of the Man Christ Jesus,—his heart throbbing with natural sympathies, his face shining with a frank and winning graciousness towards men.

And a symbolic meaning as profound lies in the special occasion out of which it rose. It was not to a common friendly gathering, but to a marriage-feast that He was invited,—and he went. It was not what we might call a necessary of life that failed, bread or meat; it was a luxury, only needful in so far as it was in harmony with the festal character of the gathering. He supplied it, and dispelled the sadness that clouded a poor man's brow at his seeming want of hospitality.

By this miracle our Lord did special honour to God's ordinance of marriage, making of twain one flesh. His presence gave the nuptial rite a higher consecration; His blessing sanctified and sealed the vow which bound husband and wife together in a covenant of love and truth, twining two lives in one, so as to be—

"The two-celled heart, beating at one stroke
Life,—"

and making this union, "honourable in all," the symbol of a holier betrothal, and the eternal espousals of Himself and his Church. The heavenly guest of Cana has left the abiding benediction of his grace on the family and the house. We see the print of his footstep within the fenced and quiet enclosure where the household altar stands, and a godly seed is trained by believing parents "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." From the lonesome wilderness He came to the Galilean dwelling to hallow and ennoble all the relationships of life, all the sweet domestic charities, all loves and friendships and kindly sympathies between man and man.

His presence there rebukes and denounces the attempt so often made to exclude God from his rightful dominion over the whole nature that he has so fearfully and wonderfully made. It condemns alike the wild Manichean

fancy which makes matter the work of the Evil Spirit,—giving to Satan, not to Christ, the lordship of the body,—and the monkish asceticism which pursues a phantom sanctity, not through self-restraint, but self-mutilation,—not by ruling the passions in the fear of God and training the affections in his love, but by uprooting and trampling them under foot as common and unclean. It shows us that the true Christian ideal, as exhibited in the graces of the One perfect humanity, is not to be reached in the hot-house air of the cloister, where all that should be wholesome and robust is blanched and sickly,—or in the rigours of the anchorite's cell, where all that should be beautiful and genial is stiffened and petrified,—but in the open air of the world, by mingling in the society of men, entering into common joys and sorrows, shrinking from no allotted duties nor trials, but preserving a Christian spirit in them all, and thus finding amid the dust and heat of life's beaten highway a path where we may walk humbly with God. Too often has it been seen that in aiming at a fictitious and impossible purity, nature has only sunk into fouler abysses of corruption.

Still further, the miracle, looked at in its unique and salient features, becomes a type or prefiguration of the great and blessed change which in His spiritual kingdom the Redeemer was to accomplish in the world. The first miracle of the Jewish lawgiver was to change water into blood, as a sign of judgment. The first miracle of Jesus is to change water into wine, as a sign of grace,—an announcement of the hope and gladness which His appearing and his work on earth were to bring to the souls of men. It was water in vessels, provided for the legal rite of purifying, that was by His word transfigured and sublimed to higher virtues, and so made to minister to the innocent enjoyments of the feast. And all that was good and true in the elder dispensation was in His hand in like manner to be exalted and spiritualized. He came not to destroy but to fulfil; not to abrogate the good, but to change it into the better; to translate the truth of all its rites and symbols into nobler and more enduring forms. He was to take the nature of man and cast it into a purer and heavenlier mould, to refine and enrich it through the purifying virtue of His love, making that which had borne the image of the earthly bear the image of the heavenly; entwining with all other ties and affections the golden thread of grace, which gives them strength by giving them sacredness. And thus we may affirm that in every renewal and transformation wrought by the living word of Christ in man, elevating that which is natural into that which is spiritual, the marvel of Cana receives perpetual fulfilment.

The quantity of wine supplied, if, as we have no reason to doubt, all the water in the vessels underwent this transmutation, may excite surprise. It has occasionally led to remarks somewhat in the spirit of the disciples on a later occasion,—“To what purpose is this waste?” But in this way, our Lord, while providing for

an immediate want, no doubt designed by an act of kindness delicately done, to bestow a gift which in the straitened circumstances of his hosts, would be of substantial value. The gold, and frankincense, and myrrh were not wasted when laid at his feet in the poor abode of Bethlehem. And may we not discern in the largeness of the supply the stamp of divine munificence,—an emblem of the grace which giveth liberally and royally—which, in the higher necessities of the spiritual life, has promised to supply all we need, not according to our sense of it, but according to His riches in glory—which would have us ask much and expect much, because He is able to do for us exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think?

Nor can we fail to see in it a foreshadowing of another marriage feast, when, with gladness and rejoicing, the bride arrayed in spotless vestments, and radiant with the beauty of holiness, shall be brought into the palace of the King; when the new wine shall be drunk in the kingdom of the Father, and blest in knowing more of the love which passeth knowledge, and the peace which passeth understanding, and the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, the guests at the eternal Festival shall say,—

THOU HAST KEPT THE BEST WINE UNTIL NOW!

J. D. B.

AUGUSTINE—HIS "CONFESSIONS."

ONE of the greatest and wisest living teachers of Christendom once said in our hearing, that the highest style of ministerial success is not the conversion of individual souls, but the leavening of the community with great general principles of Christian truth. Tried by this test, the most precious gift that God has given to the Church since the days of the apostles is the author of the "Confessions." Augustine the preacher is one of the few ancient preachers who still deserve to be studied as models. As a preacher, though not as an orator, he probably excelled John Chrysostom, the orator of the ancient Church. As a preacher, however, he could influence directly only a small number of his own contemporaries. But Augustine the doctor has influenced and moulded every great spiritual movement in the Church for fourteen hundred years. He and his immediate successors, by the proclamation and vindication of gospel truth, to some extent rolled back the tide of the Pelagian heresy, in the Western Church, through the fifth and sixth centuries. After this heresy, renounced and denounced in form, had been accepted and believed in fact, when the Church lay buried beneath the nightmare of Popish superstition and will-worship, it was mainly by his writings that the life of God was sustained in the bosom of God's "hidden ones" throughout the long night of the middle ages. When the life-giving stream of divine grace re-appeared, like another Aethusa, in the sixteenth century, it was Augustine, more than all other human teachers together, who raised up

such men as Luther and Calvin to lead the people of God forth from their Babylonish captivity. And it was the careful study of his works that led to the formation of that institution of the Port-Royal (a "little flock" of God in the fold of antichrist, ultimately dispersed by Jesuit persecution), which has been immortalized by the Christian genius of Nicole, and Arnauld, and Pascal. At this hour, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, by sympathy or by antipathy, his influence is coextensive with Christian civilization. His spirit surrounds our spirit like an atmosphere. From the babe who lisps its prayer by its mother's knee, to the loftiest theologian and metaphysician, there is not a Christian, in any land or age, whose mind is free from the guiding and moulding power of "the doctor of grace."

His doctrine first achieved notoriety in its antagonism to that of Pelagius and his followers. Pelagius, under the name of Christianity, taught a pagan philosophy, without the pagan philosopher's frequent confession of darkness, and want, and woe. He maintained that there has been no fall; that every man is born such as the first man was created; that salvation means merely preservation from certain downward tendencies inherent in the nature of man as a creature; that for this salvation each man must depend upon himself, that it is within his own reach, and must be attained, if attained it be, by his own endeavours; and that by the "grace" of God is meant merely the outward revelation of the truth, along with a certain unexplained help which God in providence supplies to him who helps himself. In opposition to this baptized paganism, the Bishop of Hippo taught "the doctrine of grace." Augustine maintained that man was created "upright," with no inherent proclivity to evil, but a natural disposition to God and good; that now, however, he is fallen and lost, incapable of knowing, or loving, or serving the Lord; that the "grace of God which bringeth salvation" includes not only outward revelation in Christ, but inward regeneration, illumination, sanctification, the work of the Holy Ghost; that in bestowing that grace Jehovah is a sovereign; and that, once having bestowed it, he never withdraws it. This doctrine of natural depravity and death, of sovereign predestination to life, of the Spirit's efficacious grace, and of the saints' perseverance in grace, was, in his estimation, simply the doctrine of the gospel as opposed to the Pelagian heresy. It is the common doctrine of all the first reformers. After the defection of the Lutherans, and the rise of Arminianism, it has come to be associated with the name of Calvin. With the momentous exception of the great doctrine of justification by Christ's righteousness, which no one of the Church fathers apprehended and expounded in its due place and proportion, Augustinianism is the system which was finally formularized by the Synod of Dort, and which is now the creed of all the "orthodox" Churches of Reformed Protestant Christendom.

The personal "Confessions" of Augustine illustrate the origin of the creeds and confessions of the Churches.

It is sometimes imagined that these creeds and confessions are the product of mere idle speculation about things not plainly revealed, and not necessary to be believed; that the imposition of them has been but the amusement of arbitrary Church power. In point of fact, they originate in the very nature and necessities of the Church;—her nature, as an institution appointed to bear witness to the truth; and her necessities, as bound to preserve her own existence by guarding against opposing error. Thus, for example (the work of the four great ecumenical councils of the age of Augustine), the creed of the Church regarding the person of Christ was framed to guard against the heretics who taught, either that he is not true God, or that he is not true man, or that he has not two distinct natures, or that these in him do not constitute one person. Still more striking is the history of her creed regarding his saving work. Not only was it framed as an antidote to heresy; it expressed what had been discovered in the experience of God's saints to be the only relief to a burdened conscience, the only balm to a wounded heart; it was discovered, not in the dreamland of metaphysical speculation, but in the sunny meadows of God's revelation of grace. The whole creed of evangelical Christendom on this point is summed up in these two facts: on the one hand, that man is hopelessly fallen, guilty, depraved; on the other hand, that his salvation comes only from divine grace, freely providing for his guilt an atoning sacrifice, and for his depravity a life-giving Spirit. Our evangelical systems of theology do but unfold, in coherent order, all that these two facts involve. The facts themselves are confessed in the prayers, and verified in the experiences of all the children of God. But perhaps their most impressive verification, in post-apostolic ages, was in the experience of Luther and Augustine. In order to prepare a doctor of justification by grace, by Christ's sole righteousness, God gave to Luther an experience, all but unexampled in its severity, of the majesty of the divine law, and of the depth of human *guilt*. In order to prepare a doctor of conversion and sanctification by grace, of a salvation entirely from God, he gave to Augustine a wondrously profound experience of man's *impotency*, his spiritual blindness and death.

Accordingly, when the Pelagian heresy called him to vindicate the doctrines of grace, Augustine was able to say with truth that he then advanced nothing new, nothing but what he had long before believed and recorded in his "Confessions." The "Confessions" were written long before the controversy had begun; they show that at that early period Augustine was an Augustinian; they show that his Augustinianism was but the systematic exhibition of what he had experienced in the agony of his conversion to God. We do not purpose to give any detailed analysis or extract of this remarkable work. The general reader will find an abridged translation of it in Milner's Church History. The theological student will find a magnificent delineation of the Pelagian and

Augustinian systems in Neander's Church History. We shall only give such notes as may illustrate the power of divine grace in Augustine's conversion.

Aurelius Augustinus was born at Tagasta in Numidia, A.D. 354—the same year with John of the Golden Mouth. In our article on Chrysostom (February), we pointed out some other coincidences in the history of these twin stars of the Western and Eastern Churches; that they were both the offspring of Christian mothers and of heathen fathers, and that both, at an early age, were left orphans to their widowed mothers' care. In other respects the early life of the future doctor of the Church contrasted most disadvantageously with that of her great orator. Gifted with extraordinary natural talents, he charges himself with having been an extraordinary instance of natural depravity. Even in infancy, he tells us, before he could distinctly speak his wishes, if these wishes were withstood or not understood, he would break out into stormy rage. He records, with pungent contrition, that on one occasion he accompanied a troop of black-guard boys to rob an orchard of wretched fruit, though he could have had for the asking as much as he chose of the best fruit at home. He gives as an illustration of sinful perversity that, while making brilliant progress in the study of Latin literature, he manifested an invincible repugnance to the study of Greek. When, at a very early age, he went to Carthage to be a teacher of rhetoric and practise the law, he confesses that he had no higher motive in life than a devouring thirst for literary renown. And here he plunged more deeply than at Tagasta into sensual indulgences, of which he continued the slave until he received a new life from God. While the heart went thus astray, the head, too, was turned. The prayers, example, instructions of his mother retained no hold of his mind. He fell into the heresy of the Manicheans. From Carthage, in his twenty-ninth year, he went to Rome. He continued to make progress in his literary profession. He continued to mingle gross sensual excesses with refined intellectual speculation. A sentence of Cicero's "*Hortensius*" profoundly moved him with the feeling of the vanity of his life. But it did not reclaim him to God or good. Highly accomplished, vainly seeking by mere intellectual pleasures, or by the grosser pleasures of sense, to satiate the soul's undying thirst, he was visited from time to time with desponding and weary remorse. How many of our own cultivated young men are at this hour in the same condition?

In the providence of God he was led to Milan. As a rhetorician, for the gratification of his taste, he began to attend the preaching of the good Bishop Ambrose. Gradually and insensibly he was so far won by the bishop's personal character, and convinced by his scriptural preaching, that he abandoned his Manicheism, though only, at the first, to fall into the abyss of scepticism. But one day alone in his garden, he was driven by the sense of his misery to pour out his heart in fervent prayer to God for light. While he was praying, he heard

a voice which cried, "*Take! take! read! read!*" (the word of God). He eagerly seized a roll of New Testament MS., unrolled it, and read the first sentence on which his eyes lighted, "*Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying [let us walk]: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof*" (Rom. xiii. 13, 14). We do not need to account for the vision. It is to the word of God, and to the Holy Ghost bringing it home with power to his heart, that Augustine ascribes his conversion. He immediately made open profession of Christianity, and from that hour began to live a Christian life. After remaining two years in the class of catechumens, he was baptized by Ambrose, A.D. 388, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. Of his subsequent career we need say only that it abundantly evinced the genuineness of his conversion; his natural fervour as a man was purified and melted into the sunlight of Christian charity; and his subsequent place and power as a bishop was consecrated, we have seen with what effect, to the praise of the glory of that grace by which he had been called from death to life.

For the encouragement of Christian mothers, we subjoin a few notes regarding his gentle mother Monica. Though no mother among us may reasonably hope to be blessed to give another Augustine to the Church, yet any Christian mother may reasonably strive to be another Monica. From the many hints that are furnished by the "Confessions," we conclude that she was by no means "strong-minded," but rather the opposite. But she was a true Christian, a daughter of God. And she loved her son, and strove and prayed for his conversion, with a Christian mother's devoted affection. He truly and tenderly loved her in return. But spite of all her entreaties and instructions, he plunged into one lawless excess after another; and long, long, she had to wait before her prayers were answered and her pains rewarded. She had no doubt occasional glimmerings of hope. One day she waited on her minister, on whom she had often waited before, and implored him to do something to reclaim her lost child; wearied with her importunity, the good man somewhat crustily dismissed her, assuring her, however, that it was impossible "*that he should be finally lost who was the child of so many tears*." Here we see a troubled smile dimly dawning through the tears. On another occasion she, too, had a vision, in which she was assured that before she closed her eyes in death she would see her son a Christian. But these somewhat questionable assurances were dim and feeble as compared with the actual fact, that he was rushing down the way of destruction. And when she went down to Carthage on occasion of his leaving for Rome, and he, in his kindly anxiety to spare her the pang of parting, slipped away to sea by night, she may have given way to utter despair—the mother may have died in her heart. Perhaps it was her Divine Father's purpose thus to wean his daughter from the world, by

breaking her earthly idol. But he did not forget his promises or despise her prayers. When we next see Monica she is sailing down the yellow Tiber from Rome, knowing that she shall never again behold her African village, knowing that she is dying, but exulting in death, and seeing a new joy in the dawning heaven, because she is dying in the arms of a Christian son, who in answer to her prayers has been born again into the kingdom of God. As she closed her eyes, she thought only of his personal salvation. But as he buried her on the shore at Ostia, it may be that the recollection of her true heart's self-forgetting affection to him, gave him a deeper view of the selfishness and baseness of his past ambition, and fixed in his heart a deeper purpose to live to God's glory and the world's good. M.

RED LIGHTS.

A BLACK night, an iron-bound coast, a howling wind, and a raging sea; and, bang! there goes the signal-gun! But the sound is almost drowned in the storm. And now streams up a rocket, like a serpent of fire, showing for a moment the devoted ship labouring and rolling in the trough of the sea, and tumbling on to certain ruin. "Light is sweet;" but that red light is ghastlier than the darkness, and shoots a pang to the heart of the hundreds who are watching on the cliffs.

When the Spanish Armada threatened our coasts, the English commander sent fire-ships into the midst of it; and the great galleys fled in every direction—some stranding on the rocks, and some drifting away into the sea. It must have been strange to stand on some eminence during that eventful night, and watch the breaking up of the host, and the twinkling of their scattered lights, as they spread like fire-flies over the deep.

When Horatio Nelson shattered with his cannon at Trafalgar the whole naval power of France, his friend, Lord Collingwood, had to carry home the captured vessels. But they were not to reach our shores. A great storm arose; and what a scene of terror it must have been, as one by one the huge men-of-war, their ribs already rent and torn in the battle, sank under the waves, or became wrapt in the flames to which they were abandoned! It was well to abandon them to the flames, for English humanity had already saved the inmates. But how often have cases of fire occurred where this was impossible! And how awful the result! A great ship, with hundreds on board, drifting madly in mid-ocean, the flames feeding on her timbers and climbing her masts, and none to help, and none to save, and a fearful gale urging her to destruction! It is the most terrific picture that the imagination can contemplate. What an awful tale does that distant blaze suggest, as it gleams over the darkening sea!

Now, look across the ocean of life. We are all sailing there. Many of us are going prosperously and pleasantly; most of us are going, at least, comfortably and easily.

Week comes after week, and year after year, and finds us much as we were—not much better, not much worse—losing old friends, making new acquaintances—eating and drinking, marrying or giving in marriage—labouring for daily bread, and getting out of life what enjoyment we can. And as we are doing, so are other men doing in every tongue and nation of earth; and as this generation is doing, so were our fathers—age after age gliding down the stream, rougher at one time, smoother at another; but not very different now from what it was before. But stop! what is that blaze that lightens up the horizon? What is that devoted vessel hurrying on, with sloping masts and dripping prow, and timbers scathed with the fire, and gaping to the sea—a cloud of vengeance above it, and a blast of perdition urging it on its way? Read the name on its side. It is JUDAS ISCARIOT. Across eighteen centuries we catch the signal of that soul's ruin and doom. Or, again, look at that other so many centuries nearer. How, in the despairing darkness, the flames of remorse leap up and curl round the shuddering ship, "set on fire of hell" before the time! That is poor FRANCIS SPIRA, who three centuries ago denied his God, and drifted into the midnight of despair. Look where we will across the tide of time, in every country and in every age, we cannot escape the sight of these waifs and wrecks, whose sins are open beforehand, going before us to a terrible judgment. And sometimes it is not one lone wreck, but a vast and general conflagration that seems to red- den the deep. How many pestilences, how many famines, how many wars, have decimated the generations of men! The destruction of Jerusalem, the engulfing of Lisbon, the Black Death of former centuries, the Cholera of our own time—how many and vast calamities rush upon the mind as we think of the subject! Yes; the sea of life is not all a calm and prosperous one, or, at least, it is never free from *lurid and warning lights*.

My friend and reader—reading these sentences somewhere far away, and unknown to me who am writing them—I do not speak of these terrible things that you and I may hug ourselves in our safety and happiness. Many people like to hear of great and crushing calamities, because they have the secret comfort of thinking that they are not exposed to them. Are you sure that we have no interest in these things ourselves? Some of those of whom I have spoken were signal sinners; but not all. They were men like ourselves, with like passions, consciences, and sins. Those Galileans whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices, were not sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things. The truth of God brought another lesson out of their fate. *These red lights concern all who sail the sea of life.*

But I wish now to appeal to your own experience and observation. History is a distant and doubtful thing; but we all know what we have ourselves passed through.

You and I, reader, were once at school, in some great town, or English village, or Scotch parish, or Irish hamlet. We are now grown up, and those who were boys and girls with us have grown up too. We have all gone a little way on the stream of life, and we know a little about those who have sailed it with us. We ourselves, I will suppose, are outwardly virtuous and prosperous; we have sailed well, and the sun shines upon us.

But what of all that little fleet that set out along with us? How many wrecks? How many drifted asunder? How many have sunk into the deep even in the mid-day calm? How many have dashed upon the rock? How many are dismantled for eternity?

I know nothing more touching than thinking thus of our old associates. Some of them are far away, in Australia or Canada, and we shall never see them more. Others are near us, but separated in spirit. Others are deep in some pursuit of the world—it is their life and their hope. Some are struggling slowly against misfortune, finding life a hard and heavy work. Others are floating on the top of the wave, far higher than we would ever have expected them to be. And some are away from us for ever—citizens now of that dark land from which they shall not return.

But we are happy if there are not some of our old acquaintances who set out on life with us together, but who are now like beacons and warning fires to us. Are there none of them in the drunkard's grave, or in the Valley of the Shadow that hangs over the drunkard's life? Have none of them split on the rock of crime? Or, at least, are there not some who have been smitten by sudden and great calamity, even though we cannot trace any reason for it in their actings and their life?

Yes; this is what I for my part have to confess, though I cannot venture to explain it. Of those whom I knew well when young, and whose course I have followed since then, there are one or two who seem to have been singled out for great and crushing calamities, whose boats have dashed upon the rock while I have been sailing upon the stream. Have not some of you, my readers, observed the same thing? And can you say that those your associates, who were smitten while you were spared, were sinners of a darker type than yourself? *I cannot say this.* Looking into my own heart, knowing my own history, and remembering what those my friends were in our early days, I *dare* not say that the judgment which spared me came on them for their greater sins. Rather, as I look on some of them, and remember well how they resisted some temptations into which I fell, and stood forth for right when I was cowardly and false, I tremble as I think, If such things have been done in the "green tree" on earth, what shall be done with the "dry tree" when it falls into eternity?

I do not wish to press this in the least upon any readers who do not think it concerns them. Some of you may have never met with such cases. But with those who, like myself, know them well, I should

like to take counsel. *You and I*, at least, have to do with these things. They have come across us in our individual history. Others have nothing to do with them, but we have, and we alone. We cannot shake them off. God has planted them in our lives, and made them part of our personal history. They are not like things which occurred ages ago, and which concern other men as much as us. These red lights are in our track, and if we wilfully sail past them and drift into perdition, what shall be the end of those who, with such warnings, obey not the gospel of Christ?

But now, my dear friends, who have been kind enough to consult with me so far, if I know anything of the human heart, you will probably be saying by this time, "Yes, I know that such things have happened, and that in my own experience; and I cannot shake them off, for they are too near me. But what lesson do they bring? If it was the ruin of some one who had been conspicuous for his crimes, I could see something in it, and would listen to the friendly moralist. But these calamities have fallen black and heavy, on people who, as you acknowledge, were not much worse than others; not worse than you or than myself. What lesson is to be found there?"

My friend, *I shall give you no answer to this*. I merely refer the question back again to your own conscience. It is not my business, much as I should desire to help you, to deduce lessons from events which have occurred in your own history; and were I to attempt it, I would in all probability make mistakes. Besides, there is no need. This is one of those cases, in which, as I believe, every man's conscience speaks loudest and truest, if he will only listen honestly to it. Therefore I would only ask you, as I wish to do myself, to think over your own history, and the disasters which have fallen on those around you, and not on you, and to ask your own conscience what it says on the subject. If you can honestly say that you escaped because you *deserved not to die*, then you are surely happy. But can you say this? Can I? Let us think together on the subject, remembering only those echoes of a divine voice,—

"Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

"Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance?"

"Remember, therefore, the goodness and severity of God; unto them, severity, but unto thee, goodness."

"Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

"Thou doest terrible things in righteousness. According to thy fear, so is thy wrath."

"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

And now, my dear friend, I have left you to deal

yourself with these fatal lights around you, because our conscience, if we listen to it, is quite able, by God's blessing, to tell us the truth about them. But there is another light which our conscience does not tell us of, of which we must speak before we separate. For the red lights on the sea of life tell only of ruin; but there is a light come into the world that men may live and not die.

I have seen it rising slowly, broadly, and wonderfully on the horizon of life. I have tried to turn to it the prow of my own bark, and my desire is to sail towards it evermore, leaving behind the shadows and the darkness, and passing into the everlasting dawn.

We are all sinners exposed to the just judgment of God. There are storms of indignation and wrath, and tempests of tribulation and anguish, whose proper home and work is in a world of sin. But God restrains them for a while, and keeps back the thunderbolt. Only now and then, as providence passes on, does a stray flash escape, and a sinner perishes in his sin. Yet surely the clouds are gathering, and the end of these things is death. Our hearts condemn us. Year after year loads us with sin. Other men die by the judgment of God. We *live*, but all our days pass away in his wrath, and we feel as if our lives were more dreadful than death could be. And our fears are true; for God, who is greater than our hearts, has said it.

The Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of the eternal God, stands on the horizon of this dark life, and calls to light and blessedness. Not on the horizon of human life generally; but in your life, and in mine, my dear reader, He has appeared. From our earliest years we have been hearing his voice. Christ is speaking to *you*, week by week, as if I had no existence; and to *me*, as if you were not in the world; to each of us individually, as if there were no other in the universe who had to do with him. He tells us that we are laden with sin, and weak with iniquity; that we have destroyed ourselves; that we are morally loathsome and vile in his pure eyes; that every day of our life is full of sin; that we need a most almighty salvation. And he tells us that he, to save men, has stooped from the immortal splendour and unspeakable blessedness of God to become man; that he embarked on the tossing and agonizing sea of our human life (he, the Rock and centre of all things), and was there pursued like a leaf by the storms of God, and dashed in utter ruin upon the blackest ledge of evil, the Son of the Blessed suffering intolerable pangs; and that all this was for pure love to ruined men, and compassion to lost souls. And now also God has highly exalted him, and clothed him with light as with a garment, and given him a throne built up for ever over against the troubled sea of human life, on which he sits dispensing life to men, as the purchase of his sorrow and the reward of his glorious work. He can save us from the sins that are past. He can save us from the sin that is in us. All is dark in every other direction; but Christ the Lord, in the hori-

zon of every man's life, is the bright and morning star.

Look, therefore, to him. Look, and the star will brighten more and more, and broaden into a glorious sun. Look, and even if you cannot see him at first, you will see the great light that tells of his presence; and if you still look unto him, God the Spirit will reveal God the Son as God the Father's gift to you for salvation. Look, and do not look away, for the sea is filled with warning wrecks. Look, and the world will be filled with Him, and thy sun shall no more go down.

Yes, this world is a troubled sea; but he is a happy voyager who can stand on the deck in the white robes of forgiveness and sanctification, with Christ's word for his compass, and Christ's holy will for his guiding star, and the spirit of Christ for his unseen pilot, and the glory of Christ for his desired haven. God grant to you and me, my dear reader, a gracious breeze, "a sweet west wind of heaven," that we at last may anchor in the city of God! For "the people that dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity." D.

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

CHARLES SIMEON.

On the 12th of November 1836, all the shops in the principal part of the town of Cambridge were closed, though it was the market-day; and in almost every College in the University, the lectures were suspended. It was the funeral day of *Charles Simeon*, who had died at the ripe age of seventy-seven, and whose mortal remains were then to be committed, till the resurrection morning, to their last earthly resting place. Heads of colleges, and professors, and men of all ages and stations and opinions came to do honour to this man of God in his end. The provost of King's walked immediately before the bier; the pall was borne by the eight senior fellows; the persons who made up the procession, walking three or four abreast, nearly extended round the four sides of the quadrangle: and a multitude of men, women, and children, all in mourning, crowded the chapel where the service was performed, giving proof that they were real mourners by their sighs and tears.

"Turning," says an eye-witness, "to my old recollections, I could scarcely have believed it possible that Mr. Simeon could thus be honoured at his death." Seldom, indeed, has there occurred a case, in which so bright a sunset has followed so threatening a dawn.

He was born at Reading, September 24, 1759. When yet very young he was sent to Eton; and at the age of nineteen was entered as a scholar in King's College, Cambridge. Only three days after his arrival in the University he was told that in the course of a

few weeks he would *require* to attend the Lord's Supper. This announcement awakened extreme alarm in him. The thought rushed into his mind "that Satan was as fit to attend as he," and that if there was no alternative but to partake, it was absolutely necessary for him instantly to prepare for so solemn a service. Without a moment's loss of time, therefore, he bought the *Whole Duty of Man* (the only religious book he had ever heard of), and began to read it with great diligence, at the same time calling his ways to remembrance, and crying to God for mercy; and so earnest was he in these exercises that within the three weeks he made himself quite ill with reading, fasting, and prayer. But the effort was not in vain. The intimation that had so startled him turned out to be the means ordained by God for carrying conviction to his conscience. His prayers for light and mercy were not disregarded. A vital change came over his whole views of life and duty; and, says he himself, "from that day to this, blessed, for ever blessed, be my God, I have never ceased to regard the salvation of my soul as the one thing needful." But although he was brought thus far at that time—reaching as we cannot doubt the crisis of his spiritual history—it was not till three months after that he attained to the peace of believing—that he knew by experience the joy of God's salvation. The manner in which this new revelation, with its results, came to him, is exceedingly instructive. "In Passion week," he tells, "as I was reading 'Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper,' I met with an expression to this effect,—*That the Jews knew what they did when they transferred their sin to the head of their offering*. The thought rushed into my mind, What! may I transfer all my guilt to another! Has God provided an offering for me, that I may lay my sins on his head? then, God willing, I will not bear them on my own soul one moment longer. Accordingly I sought to lay my sins upon the sacred head of Jesus; and on the Wednesday began to have a hope of mercy; on the Thursday that hope increased; on the Friday and Saturday it became more strong; and on Easter Sunday (April 4) I awoke early with these words upon my heart and lips, 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day! Halleluiah! Halleluiah!' From that hour peace flowed in rich abundance into my soul."

Forty years after that memorable Sabbath morning, Mr. Simeon had occasion to put in writing the "circumstances of his inward experience;" and in the paper then prepared occurs the following:—"From that time," the time when peace flowed into his soul, "to the present hour, I have never for a moment lost my hope and confidence in my adorable Saviour; for though, alas! I have had deep and abundant cause for humiliation, I have never ceased to wash in that fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness, or to cast myself upon the tender mercy of my reconciled God." And he adds at the close, "This now is my one ambition, to live with one Mary at my Saviour's feet, listen-

ing to his words, and to die with the other Mary, washing his feet with my tears, and wiping them with the hairs of my head."

Simeon was now, then, at the age of twenty, a converted man, prepared with such fervour as nature and grace combined to give him, to devote himself and his all to the service of Christ. So unobtrusive, however, at that time was the New Testament Church in England, that three years elapsed before he met with a single "religious" person. Even after his ordination in 1782, he still found himself in the same isolated position; and so earnestly did he long to know some one who had the same views and feelings with himself, that he had serious thoughts, he tells us, of putting into the newspapers an advertisement to this effect, "That a young clergyman who felt himself an undone sinner, and looked to the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation, and desired to live only to make that Saviour known to others, was persuaded that there must be some persons in the world whose views and feelings on this subject accorded with his own, though he had now lived three years without finding so much as one; and that if there were any minister of that description he would gladly become his curate, and serve him gratis." As it happened an advertisement so curious and so affecting did not require to be sent forth on its mission. An evangelical Christian was at last found in Cambridge, without the use of the "Hue and Cry." This was Mr. Atkinson, the minister of St. Edwards, through whom also Simeon was introduced to the Venns, a family whose intimacy he came to prize above most other earthly blessings.

His first ministerial duty was undertaken in connection with the Church where he had first heard what he believed to be the truth preached. His friend Mr. Atkinson left Cambridge during the long vacation, and he engaged to serve the charge in his absence. The extraordinary zeal with which he entered on his new work, and the equally extraordinary effects which his labours produced, immediately attracted attention to him, and made him the subject of general conversation. In the space of a month or six weeks the church became quite crowded, and the Lord's Supper was attended by three times the usual number of communicants. The very day his engagement commenced he began to visit the parishioners from house to house, and before it terminated there was not a single dwelling within the bounds into which he had not entered, with his cordial and Christian salutation and inquiry, "I am come to inquire after your welfare. Are you happy?" "He is calculated for great usefulness," writes Mr. H. Venn of him at this time, "and is full of faith and love. My soul is always the better for his visits. Oh, to flame as he does with zeal, and yet be beautified with meekness! This," he adds, "is the young man who was bred at Eton College; so profligate a place, that he told me he should be tempted even to murder his own son (that was his word), sooner than let him see there what he had seen. This is the young man so vain of dress, that he

constantly allowed more than £50 a-year for his own person. Now he scruples keeping a horse, that the money may help the saints of Christ."

In the end of 1782 Mr. Simeon was appointed incumbent of the Church, over which he presided till his death. It was that of Trinity, one of the largest places of worship in the town of Cambridge, and situated in the very heart of it. Noticing its suitability as a centre for the diffusion of evangelical influences, he had often wished in his heart that it could be made his; but the gratification of his desires in this respect seemed in the last degree improbable. It so happened, however, that just at the time when he was leaving the university for good, the incumbent died, and his father being acquainted with the patron, the Bishop of Ely, an application was made for the living on his behalf. The application was successful, but he was not permitted to enter on his ministry in peace. The parishioners were almost unanimously in favour of another man; and their opposition to the settlement proposed was vehement and determined. We cannot, of course, go into the miserable affair here. It must suffice to say, that Mr. Simeon considered himself justified in forcing his way into the cure, and that the people in revenge not only appointed their favourite (as they had a right to do), to the lectureship associated with the charge, thereby leaving to the minister no more than forty guineas a year as stipend, but locked up the pews and seats which they had been in the habit of occupying, so as to prevent others from attending a church from which they resolved henceforward to absent themselves. This deplorable state of things continued for many years. "It was indeed painful," says the chief sufferer, "to see the church, with the exception of the aisles, almost forsaken; but I thought that if God would only give a double blessing to the congregation that did attend, there would on the whole be as much good done, as if the congregation were doubled, and the blessing limited to half the amount. This has comforted me many, many times, when, without such a reflection, I should have sunk under my burdens." He still held his Fellowship in King's College, and the income which he derived from it, along with his private means, made the smallness of the stipend received from Trinity a matter of indifference; and as he continued to believe that here was the very corner of the vineyard which the Lord intended him to till, he determined to hold on in faith and patience; using, meanwhile, such extraordinary methods of good doing as might present themselves, in the hope that the bitter feelings against himself would wear away, and that success would at last follow his efforts where his labours were, to begin with, so unacceptable. He was not, in the end, disappointed; but before his sun rose clear above these clouds, others as dark and unpromising rolled up from different quarters to add intensity to the gloom. His doctrine was held to be extravagant, if not unsound; his mode of action was declared to be eccentric and irregular, and his

whole demeanour was pronounced enthusiastical and unchurchman-like in the highest degree. Hence he was now frowned upon by his bishop, now called to account by a college professor, and now subjected to insolence from the gownsmen. Through good report and evil report, however, the good man bravely fought his way, giving, as year after year rolled on, new evidences of the fineness of his spirit, the purity and disinterestedness of his motives, and the gracious and benevolent tendencies of the religious system which he preached. It was not in the nature of things that a light so singularly bright as that which burned in him should remain for ever obscured, either by the malice or the prejudices of men. For more than half a century he laboured in the ministry for nothing; for absolutely no emolument whatever. As his reputation increased, all the livings in the gift of his college were in succession offered to him; but true to his first conviction, that Trinity was the watch-tower to which he was appointed, he steadily refused them every one. His elder brother proposed to leave him property, the possession of which would have required his abandoning his residence in Cambridge, and on this ground he persuaded him to bequeath it otherwise. On the ground that if he did not do so, he would be obliged to resign his fellowship, and thus diminish his power of good doing, he remained unmarried. And though he derived, in the later years of his life, a large income from the sale of his publications, he accumulated no fortune, but spent it all in promoting the cause and establishing the kingdom of his great Master. No wonder, then, that after years of difficulty, and coldness, and resistance, he burst forth into the full influence and recognised honour and credit of a faithful and devoted servant of the Lord.

It is admitted by those who knew him best, that Mr. Simeon was not a man of commanding intellect, or great learning, or extraordinary powers of judgment. The wide and blessed influence, therefore, which he exercised over the age in which he lived was owing chiefly to the strength and excellence of those moral qualities which distinguished him as a Christian minister. During the half century of his active life, the power of evangelical religion revived in an extraordinary degree; and there cannot be a doubt that to that result he himself largely contributed. If, in 1830, it was no longer necessary to advertise for a Christian in Cambridge,—if the gownsmen crowded into Trinity not to insult, but to listen,—if the doctrines of grace were regarded with respect in the university, and if the Church of England was beginning in earnest to take a part in the evangelization of the world, the change was attributable to few things so much, under God, as the consistency, and wisdom, and energy of Charles Simeon! His history has, in consequence of this, an interest for us, not merely as being that of one who was brought in a singular manner to the knowledge of the truth, and who, after opposition such as few would care to encounter, achieved for himself and

his cause a position of influence and respect, but also as being the story of one who played a most conspicuous part during the transition period of religious life in England. We propose, therefore, now to give some illustrations at once of that *character* which proved itself so influential, and of the *ways* in which it told upon the men and movements of his time.

Here was the secret spring whence he derived those supplies of grace which kept the fountain of his spirit so fresh and full. He rose invariably every morning, summer and winter, at four o'clock, and after lighting his fire, devoted the first four hours in the day to private prayer, and the devotional reading of the Scriptures. The copy of the Scriptures he was in the habit of using was "Brown's Self-interpreting Bible," a work which he so highly prized that he did what he could to put it into the hands of all the godly ministers of his own acquaintance. In Mr. Simeon's preaching two things appear to have been peculiarly marked; the Scripturalness of his statements, and the "unction" of his delivery. In these, probably, lay his power. How did he get them? It was, without a question, by following the practice just referred to. "Among the many sweet sentiments contained in your letters," says he, in 1811, to his friend Mr. Thomason, "I am particularly struck with one which entirely accords with my own experience, namely, the importance of a devoted reading of the Scriptures for ourselves, in order to qualify us to speak to others. There is, I am persuaded, more in this than pious ministers are in general aware of. God does draw nigh to the soul that seeks him in his word, and does communicate an unction that is in vain sought for in the books of men; and that unction will, like the ointment of the right hand, bewray itself, both in the pulpit and out of it."

The biographer of Mr. Simeon has not followed the example of too many of his class and represented his hero as perfect. He has, in so many words, told us that the besetting sin of Mr. Simeon was vanity, and that, moreover, he was afflicted with a hastiness of temper which betrayed him often into unseemly irritability and impatience. What such a man might have become in the world gone well with him, and there had been no former of his character but Nature, it is impossible to say. But all the more remarkable, when we know that this was his disposition, appear those manifestations of humility, and candour, and sweetness of spirit in which his life seems to have abounded. A dignitary of the Church once spent a Sabbath evening in Mr. Simeon's rooms, and ere they separated the host for the night prayed. It was such an offering, doubtless, as was often made to God in the same place; but the visitor was extremely struck by it, and he could not help saying to the curate who accompanied him on his way homeward, how much he had been affected with the deep humiliation of Mr. Simeon's prayers, particularly with the confession, *that our very tears need to be washed in the atoning blood of Christ*. In the year 1807, Mr.

Simeon was laid aside for a time from active duty, and his place in Cambridge was occupied by Mr. Thomason. This devoted servant of God (one, with Martyn and Corrie, of the earliest missionaries to India) rose to the occasion, and those who enjoyed his ministrations felt now and then that there was a richness and fulness in his discourses which did not appear always in those of his superior. Mr. Simeon, therefore, on coming back to Cambridge after a prolonged absence, found (a trial surely to his natural vanity!) that he had not been greatly missed. But his joy in the spiritual success of his substitute banished every unworthy feeling from his mind, and after hearing him preach he turned to a friend and said, "Now I see *why* I have been laid aside; I bless God for it."

The following has been often told, but it will bear repeating in this connection here. An intimate friend of Mr. Simeon once called for him and found him so absorbed in the contemplation of the Son of God, and so overpowered with a display of mercy to his soul, that he could not utter for a time a single word. At last, after an interval, with accents big with meaning, he exclaimed, "Glory! glory! glory!" The friend who witnessed this affecting transport was so overpowered by it that he began to doubt the reality of his own religion. "You see here," the tempter whispered, "a pattern of Christian zeal and fervency; what do you pretend to? It is plain you have neither part nor lot in this matter." He sunk into deep despondency, and as, some time after, he was on his way again to Mr. Simeon's rooms, he said to himself, "Ah! if my friend, who is so full of religious joy and so flourishing in his soul, knew me and my barrenness, he would not suffer me to enter into his presence." But on reaching Mr. Simeon he was taught a lesson he had not anticipated. The happy believer who had enjoyed such rapturous communion with Christ was now in tenfold greater misery than himself. He could scarcely speak now from humiliation of soul and contrition. Humbled before God, he could only cry out, "My leanness! my leanness!" and, striking on his breast, uttered the publican's prayer.

The subject of missions to the heathen had long engaged the attention of Mr. Simeon before anything was actually done by his party in the Church of England towards sending evangelists into the field. Through his influence, however, and that of others like minded, the *Eclectic Society* (a sort of evangelical club which existed at that time), was persuaded at last to set about the matter in earnest. Accordingly, a special meeting of those favourable to the positive commencement of work, was convened on the 18th of March, 1799, and the preliminaries being then and there settled, the *Church Missionary Society* was launched into existence on the 12th of April following. This great and influential association had, so far as numbers went, a very humble beginning. Sixteen clergymen and nine laymen were all that composed its first public meeting; but if the assembly was small in quantity it was rich in quality, and one

might safely have predicted that such men as Venn, and Pratt, and Grant, and Wilberforce, and Simeon would not combine for any fixed purpose without achieving large measure of success.

From circumstances known, we may venture to assume, to the whole world of religious readers,—for who is unacquainted with the life of the prince of missionaries, Henry Martyn,—Mr. Simeon's interest in missions became, shortly after this, unspeakably deepened. At the meeting of the Eclectic Society, referred to above, one of the difficulties stated and discussed in relation to the commencement of evangelistic work in India, was the supposed impossibility of finding clergymen—men of education and ability—to leave all their home prospects to undertake it. Mr. Simeon proposed to get over this by sending catechists; but in the course of a year or two he was taught that when the Lord hath need of labourers he can find them anywhere. The student who, in 1802-3, seemed most certain to attain the highest honours of the University of Cambridge, and who in point of fact did attain them, was one of the young men who waited on the ministrations of the much-spoken-against incumbent of Trinity. A senior wrangler might reasonably hope for speedy advancement in any profession he chose to adopt; and though the successful prizeman on this occasion entered the Church, it would, of course, never enter the minds of Mr. Venn or Mr. Pratt, that a man with such prospects would for a moment dream of placing himself at their disposal. God, however, often surprises us, by showing how easily he can appropriate and use the highest talents. Henry Martyn, the first student of his year, the Cambridge senior wrangler, was moved by a higher spirit than that of worldly calculation to offer himself as a missionary for India; and it is one of the most memorable points of interest in Mr. Simeon's history, that "the immediate cause of his determination to undertake this office, was hearing Mr. Simeon remark on the benefit which had resulted from the services of a missionary in India." What an influential "remark" that was, which under God sent Henry Martyn to India! Think of what he became, and of what he achieved, of the thousands on thousands who have been benefitted by his life, and of the many who have by the contemplation of his zeal been moved to follow in his footsteps!—and then you may form some idea of the power of one "fitly spoken" word. It is rather remarkable, as we had occasion to show in these pages before, that this is not the only case in which a "remark" by Mr. Simeon had far-reaching consequences. If to him we may attribute, in a sense, the lifting up of the missionary banner among the clergy of the Church of England, we may also, in the same sense, attribute to him the deepening of religious earnestness among not a few of the clergy of the Church of Scotland. An appeal from him was blessed to the spiritual enlargement of one minister, who afterwards was himself greatly owned in his Master's work, Dr. Stewart of Moulin; and in the

frequent tours which he made at various times in the north, the evangelical clergy there, as they themselves confess, were refreshed and heartened, and the cause which they represented—the revival of spiritual religion—was appreciably strengthened and advanced.

It should not be forgotten, in noticing the part taken by this single-eyed servant of Christ in the religious movements of his day, that great as was, necessarily, his interest in missions to the heathen,—not only Martyn, but Thomason going forth to India from his own family circle as it were,—it is doubtful whether he did not manifest even a deeper anxiety in the conversion of the Jews. In the service of the society established for the promotion of that object, he travelled through the three kingdoms, and made two journeys to the continent of Europe—one to Holland, another to France; and but a week before his own death he dwelt with deep feeling on what he called “our ignorance, as well as want of feeling on the whole subject.” “See,” said he on that occasion, “how wonderfully God speaks of his ancient people. He calls them, 1. The dearly beloved of my soul; and then he says, 2. I will plant them in their own land assuredly, with my whole heart, and with my whole soul; and then again, 3. He shall rejoice over them with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing; nay more, 4. They shall be a name and a praise among all people of the earth.” It is not, indeed, wonderful that a mind so steeped in Scripture as his was, should have adopted strong views in regard to the destiny of the chosen people, and of the relation of the Christian Church to them. Such a result, we may confidently say, and it is a significant thing to say, is inevitable.

Some of his dying sayings, collected from the narrative of his last illness appended to his memoir,* must form the finishing paragraph of this sketch. When all hopes of recovery were taken away, and this fact had been made known to him, a friend, sitting by his bedside, asked of what at that time more particularly he was thinking. “I don’t *think* now,” was the reply made with great animation, “I am *enjoying*.” He then spoke with great and simple-hearted submission of his dependence upon God, concluding with these words, “He cannot do anything against my will.” “You find the Lord Jesus Christ to be very present, and giving you peace?” it was said to him at another time. “Oh yes,” he answered, “*that* I do.” “And he does not forsake you now?” “No, indeed! *that* CAN NEVER BE!” “When I look to him,” he said again with singular solemnity, “I see nothing but *faithfulness*, and *immutability*, and *truth*; and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace,—I CANNOT HAVE MORE PEACE. But if I look another way—to the poor creature—oh, then THERE is nothing—*nothing—nothing* [musing]—but what is to be abhorred and mourned over.” On asking him if I could do anything for him,

or if he wanted anything, he said very slowly and distinctly, “Not anything; I want *nothing*. Are you not surprised to hear with what composure I can say that? I seem to have nothing to do but to wait. There is now *nothing but peace—the sweetest peace*.” And so he passed away,—the sting being taken out of death,—the same Saviour whom he had been enabled through grace to serve being his sensible support through the dark valley.

N. L. W.

“WHERE IS ABEL THY BROTHER?”

“AND the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?” The Lord said unto Adam, “Where art thou?” and unto Cain, “Where is Abel thy brother?” This is the order,—first thyself, ever fit to be in the presence of God, and then thy brother, where is he?

What a question this for Cain! How well he knew where Abel was, the very spot in the field where he lay; how well he remembered the last look of the corpse lying still, pressing down the grass, the blood sinking down and oozing into the opening earth: he knew it all; the picture was before his eyes for ever, drawn in colours bloody red, burnt into his very soul. “My sin is ever before me.”

Cain knew; and God knew as well. He had seen it all,—the blow, the blows, the blood, the death; and the blood cried aloud for vengeance from the ground. Thus he comes near to Cain, touching his conscience on the tender place, “Where is Abel thy brother?” There are some sins which provoke God’s vengeance, and weary out his patience more than others, and murder is one of them. It is a dreadful thing for one human being to take away the life of another, and the more dreadful form is when that other is thy brother, and such a brother—an Abel.

God has not left this world to care for itself. Though he does not always step out of his place to punish each sin as it is committed, he yet sees all, notes and remembers all. Each act and fact is as well known to him as if it alone were the sole object of his care. The law carries its sanction with it. Each breach of the law carries with it the sentence of death. It is not executed *speedily*. God is in no haste for execution of judgment: the criminal cannot escape him; his dignity, his authority can lose nothing by delay, and hence the sentence against the evil work is not executed *speedily*; and therefore, instead of using the delay for the purpose of obtaining mercy as God intends, the hearts of the children of men are fully set in them to do evil.

God virtually asks each of us on the back of each sin of omission and of commission in which our neighbour is involved, “Where is Abel thy brother?” God holds us responsible for all that we do, which by its effects has an injurious action on any of our fellow-men. The blood of the body resting red on the hand is terrible to think of; but it is only as the small dust in the balance when compared with the blood of a human soul.

* By Rev. William Carna. London: Hatchard.

It will not do for us to reply by the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He was a murderer and liar. "I know not," says he. We do not mean to stand in his place, to occupy his vacant room? He says, "Am I my brother's keeper?" As if he had meant to insinuate, "Thou art. He is thy favourite; is he not thy special charge?" This will not do for us. It did not do for him. Master! where is the soul of thy servant? Mother, father! where is the soul of thy child? Sister, where is the soul of Abel thy brother? Minister, elder, official of whatever name in the Church of Jesus Christ! where is the soul of the man whom God put under thy charge, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made thee an overseer? Think, each of you in your several places and relations, what answer you will have ready when the Judge of all the earth comes to hold inquest over all these, and all other matters. Think of that sin which you committed; another saw it, and, excited by your example, followed in your footsteps. Stronger than he, you stopped short; God had mercy on you and arrested you in your downward way; but your weaker brother staggered wearily, blindly on, and at last his feet stumbled on the dark mountains, and he fell quick into the jaws of the second death. Where is Abel thy brother?

Think of that young man whom you once saw going forth on a Sabbath-breaking excursion. You passed him, in the pride of face, on your way to the house of God. A kind word and a gentle warning from you would have stopped him then; but he went on, and from bad to worse. Drunkenness followed, and the end was death; and you might have prevented it all had you spoken the word in season; but, like the priest and the Levite, you passed by on the other side, and left your brother to perish. Another may have passed and stopped; a good Samaritan may have been found to bind up the man's wounds, but that will be no reply for you when God asks, Where is Abel thy brother?

Do you remember that pleasant excursion you had with your friend? You set out in the morning together; you spent the day in varied talk—story, tale, quotation, joke; you poured forth all your stores, and your wit was exuberant and delightful; it was a day of gladness, and to be remembered for many a noteworthy thing; but you never spoke to him of God; you never asked whether all was well with his soul; whether he rested for righteousness on the finished work of the Lord Jesus, and was accepted in the Beloved;—for all that passed between you that day you might have been a follower of Confucius, or Mohammed, or a believer in Jove, and not a disciple of the Lord Jesus. That day's work stamped its impress deep on the soul of thy careless brother. It added another stone to the door of his sepulchre, another rivet to the strength of the chain of iron wherewith he was bound. It built him up and confined him in his carelessness. It was another stab at thy brother's heart, and God asks about it, Where is Abel thy brother?

You are your own and you are your brother's keeper; and you will never learn how to keep or care for your brother till you have learned to keep and care for your own soul, and this you will never do till God keeps you. You will never do any good to others till God has done good to yourself. You must have salvation and the joy of it before you will care to speak of it. David prays, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit: then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

These are solemn questions, dear reader, for thee and for me: Is there really the blood of an Abel on thy hands or mine? Have we, by any act of omission or commission, sent the soul of a brother down to the pit of death? Is it so that through all eternity, in hell, some brother can lay the guilt of his eternal death, instrumentally, at your door or mine? Surely the bare possibility that it may be so should quicken us to redoubled zeal and diligence, working with our might the things which our hands find to do. And with what earnestness of soul ought we now to offer up this prayer of David's, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness?" The apostle Paul could say, "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men." And he could say that because he could also say, "That by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears." Have your answer ready when God comes to ask, "Where is Abel thy brother?" A.

A FAMILY TEST OF CONVERSION.

You tell me a man is changed by the converting and renewing grace of God. Let me look at him? It is something that I may see him with the Bible in his hands. It goes as confirmation that I behold him on his knees. It helps the evidence that I hear him speaking his public vows in covenant with God and his people.

But I would rather visit him in his home; see what sort of a husband and father he has become; whether he is gentle and self-restrained, when he used to be petulant and irritable; whether he is monarch of all he surveys, or the servant and minister of all,—lives to receive the incense of the family homage, to be saved trouble, and to guard his personal comfort and convenience from interference and restriction, or to lavish thought, and toil, and care, upon the welfare of all the dependent circle. Let me know, is he eager to lift off the household burdens from the frailer form at his side, and adjust them to his own broader shoulders? Especially, has he become, in a scriptural and meaning phrase, a nursing father to the little ones there? Are they only the playthings of his idle moments, with whom he frolics as so many kittens when he is good-natured, or looks upon as so many stumbling-blocks to be pushed out of the way when he is moody and hasty?

or are they young plants to be watched and nurtured for the garden of God, youthful learners to be taught the way of life, early pilgrims whose feet he is to lead with his own in the path to heaven? Show me the evidence that he has discerned and accepted his most privileged and responsible calling of nurseryman for the great Husbandman in this little plantation of immortals. I wish to see him kneel with his right arm around his eldest born, and his left on the cradle of his babe,—to hear him with a *tax* which he shall feel, because it is painstaking study and effort, and yet for love's sake shall not feel, because it is freely and gladly borne, reading and expounding to young learners the way of truth and salvation. If his heart is not *thus* turned to his children, it is not turned to Christ.—*Rev. A. L. Stone.*

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

THE lilies fair are found
On shadowed ground,
The shady haunts of sunny clime,
And breathe the balm of summer time :
Refreshed by morning dew, and veiled from noontide glow,
They taste the softest light and air, and this is how they grow.

Updrawn from verdant sod
By look from God,
These holy, happy flowers pervade
The sloping lawn, the forest glade :
And charmed by zephyr's wing, and lulled by streamlet's flow,
They calmly muse, they brightly dream, and this is how they grow.

They bloom in sheltered nook,
By purling brook ;
And earth how firmly, fondly loves
These treasures of her streams and groves :
The dark mould cherishes their petals white like snow,
With heaven-apportioned nutriment, and this is how they grow.

I *have* considered them,
The flexile stem,
The blossoms pending airily
Beneath their leafy canopy,
Their witching fragrance, spotless hue, and thus I feel
and know
That God imparts their loveliness, and this is how they grow.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE SCEPTIC'S WISDOM.

THE practice of the sceptical expositor is precisely parallel to that of a physical empiric, who, having made himself well acquainted with the mechanism and laws

of his native planet, its geology, its chemical constitution, and its vegetable and animal organizations, should deny or neglect all those more mysterious and inexplicable phenomena which indicate the relation of that planet to the great system of the universe; or if he did not treat such phenomena with contempt, should persist in the endeavour to explain them in connection exclusively with the private or home economy of earth. On the contrary, he ought always to keep in mind, that this single world is an inconsiderable member only of a system far more extensive than human philosophy can embrace; and that, therefore, it is probable—may certain, that the relation of the part to the whole overrules, in some inscrutable modes, the private mechanism of each planet throughout.

And it is thus that the sceptical expositor of Scripture, having gathered to himself (very incorrectly, it is probable) a system of divine and moral philosophy, from the homestead of the human family, resolves to receive from God's revelation not a tittle that does not naturally find a place in some compartment of his mundane science. Whatever in the Scriptures seems to pass on elliptically beyond the orbit of our world, whatever stretches itself out to greater dimensions than the human mind can readily compass, whatever dimly declares the relation of the human system to the universe of moral agents, or to the infinitude of the divine nature, all such things, because no place or nook can be found for them in the previously-digested philosophy of this *terrene* theologian, and because they can be but imperfectly understood, or must be received, if at all, as bare affirmations, all these things, we say, he discards and contemns; and in high scorn casts them out for the acceptance of the superstitious vulgar. This is the procedure of scepticism; and this its wisdom!—*Isaac Taylor.*

FOR MINISTERS.

THE right text is the one which comes of itself during reading and meditation; which accompanies you in walks, goes to bed with you, and rises with you. On such a text thoughts swarm and cluster like bees upon a branch.

There is as real an order in the evolution of parts in a tree, as in the successive additions which build a house; and if a discourse proceeds by an inward law, which disregards symmetrical plans, it may have more coherence and vitality than could be produced by rule and square.

Constant perusal and re-perusal of Scripture is the great preparation for preaching. You get good even when you know it not.

Where there is more voice, more emphasis, or more gesture than there is feeling, there is waste, and more powder beyond the shot.—*J. W. Alexander.*

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

SHUNEM, NAIN AND NAZARETH.

EARLY in the morning of Wednesday, the 24th June, our little encampment in the garden of the Fountain Gardens (Engannin) was broken up again, the tents were struck, our hasty breakfast of eggs and coffee was finished, and we set off once more across the plain of Jezreel, without prospect of a shelter from the scorching sun, except such as we might find under tree or rock, until evening, when we hoped to rest in the Latin Convent at Nazareth.

Our first point was Zerin, the ancient Jezreel, now a collection of poor Arab buta. It is situated, like the other villages on the plain of Esdraelon, on a slight elevation which commands a fine view across the level, from the fertile and wooded range of Carmel on the west, to the valley of the Jordan on the east, the isolated heights of Tabor rising in the distance on the north. The dogs howl and prowl around it as they do around all Arab villages, and as they did in the days of Jezebel and Ahab, and of the murdered Naboth.

It is remarkable how even the intermittent and feeble adherence of Judah to God gave a stability to its metropolis and its government, which the transient and arbitrary dynasties of the ten separated tribes never knew.

Jerusalem was supreme and unrivalled among all the cities of Judah, as the house of David among all the families of Judah, but in the history of Israel how often the metropolis is changed; oftener even than the dynasty.

Bethel might attract the tribes sometimes when they desired to wrench some selfish advantage by mercenary sacrifices from indifferent or reluctant Powers, but it was no centre of national unity. Shechem and Tirzah and Samaria and Jezreel were royal residences rather than national cities. No heroic or patriotic songs are inspired by these names, still less any sacred psalms. They are mere Versailles, with pleasure-grounds and "Naboth's vineyards," but with no Acropolis and no Temple—idling places of a court, not rallying points of a race. What Jewish heart in exile ever wailed, "If I forget thee, O Samaria?" With the Temple and the city of God the history of the ten tribes seems to lose all its patriotic interest, and to become little more than the record of a Persian satrapy, or a series of Egyptian dynasties; little more, and therefore far less, inasmuch as all gifts of God rejected, degrade by the measure of the height to which they might have raised.

The events of national interest connected with this portion of Palestine seem confined to the period before the parting of the stream into the two channels; the descent of Barak's patriotic band from Tabor, the victory of Gideon, the flight and capture of the Midianites

chieftains, the defeat and death of Saul and Jonathan on the high places of Gilboa, bewailed in David's generous dirge. From the period of the disunion the interest of the national history, religious festivals, reformations, patriotic conflicts, desperate clinging to the ancestral city even in its desecration, all are concentrated in Judah. Whatever of interest lingers about the ten tribes gathers around individual narrative, biographies of persecuted prophets, stories of humble home life. The sacred names of Israelitish history are not Samaria and Jezreel, but Carmel, Sarepta, and Shunem. The rents in the national Jewish life, however, let the light stream through on the great Gentile world beyond, and it is significant that the only narratives quoted by our Lord in connection with the history of Israel are those of the widow of Sarepta and the Syrian leper.

But perhaps the most touching and familiar story connected with the later history of Israel is that of the "great woman" of Shunem, which place was our next halting point after Jezreel. The characters are so attractive, the incidents so touching, the details so minute and the end of the story is so happy, that it rises like a strain of joyous-singing, or like an illuminated fragment of gospel narrative from the dreary chronicles of the houses of Jeroboam, Ahab, and Jehu.

The village of Solem (Shunem) is situated on the side of a hill, forming part of the range of Little Hermon and Gilboa. Belonging to it were some luxuriant gardens of lemons and oranges, such as we had not seen since leaving Jaffa and the maritime plain. They were enclosed with fences of prickly pear.

After passing these orange gardens, we came to an abundant spring welling up cold and pure from a cavern in the hill-side. A number of the villagers gathered around us with a friendly curiosity, and one kindly-looking woman offered me a draught of water from her pitcher, and made no request for baksheesh in return. We thought the spirit of the hospitable Shunammite must linger around the place.

Somewhere near this fountain and these orange-gardens the "little chamber" had actually arisen on the wall of the house of that open-hearted Jewish gentlewoman, so womanly in the thoughtful care which set the bed, and the table, and the candlestick; so princely, in the refusal of all return. She needed no favour from court or camp. She could receive no reward for care so freely bestowed. She dwelt among her own people.

Then the child's voice coming to gladden the household; the new mother's love with all its possibilities of

sorrow; the boy returning from his manly occupations in the sultry harvest field, and drooping in the summer noon, and dying on his mother's knee; the little chamber entered with the mournful burden of that precious corpse laid on the bed, prepared with such kindly care of old for the man of God; the chamber door shut on the silence of death; the grief which found no utterance except in action until the prophet was reached; the rapid ride across the long reaches of the plain from Gilboa to Carmel, with the complaint which could be trusted to no messenger or mediator, but must burst straight from the mother's lips to the heart of the man of God himself; the quick sympathy of the prophet, who saw through the "It is well," which was all she vouchsafed to Gehazi, how her soul was "bitter" within her; the officious formality of the selfish Gehazi, deeming that the dignity of heavenly messengers must be fenced by courtly etiquette from too fervent petitions; the miserable unsympathizing coldness of the man who knew much of the forms of religion, and nothing of the heart of God. How, indeed, could the prophet's staff in his hand have awakened the dead child? The prophet did not use his staff. It was through no cold mechanical medium he drew the life from God, which he communicated to the boy. He shut the door upon them twain; he prayed unto the Lord, and eye to eye, mouth to mouth, warm living hands on the cold dead hands, he stretched himself, until the dead waxed warm with the life of the living, and the child opened his eyes, and the mother was sent for, and with a joy apparently as unutterable in its intensity as her sorrow had been, "fell at the prophet's feet, and took up her son and went out."

Love, with its lowly common necessities and sorrows, had come to break up the princely calm of the Shunammite lady's life, and henceforth she was to be tossed about on the sea of our common human hopes and fears, and could no more say, "I have need of nothing."

When the seven years' famine came, she fled at Elisha's warning into the land of the Philistines, and when she returned she sought his intercession with the king, and obtained the restitution of her lost inheritance, the inheritance of her son, among these hills and plains, and among these gardens of Shunem. To her as to us, God's most precious earthly gifts are not those which land the heart in a haven of rest, or smooth it into an even surface of ease, or fill it with a little quieting draught of comfort; but those which launch the heart on the seas, where it is tossed and strained, and finds goodly pearls,—those which upturn its depths, and water them, and make them fruitful. The man of God had not deceived her, or given her a stone for bread. Nor will God do so to us.

From Shunem we crossed the shoulder of Little Hermon to the poor little village of Nain, where we made our mid-day halt in the court-yard of one of its hovels, under the shadow of its one olive tree. The rest was very welcome on the breezy hill-side.

The owner of the poor cabin was friendly, and brought us coffee in a tiny cup, thick, according to Turkish custom, as chocolate, but very refreshing. Two or three bright-eyed boys gathered around us. I volunteered to mend one of their very simple garments; and they were in ecstasies when they discovered the secret of our coasting glass, and found the sheep on a distant hill brought quite close, so that altogether we parted very good friends.

A few poor cabins, on the steep hill-side, one olive among them, a little below, a well with one green tree near it, and a few ruins, or scattered stones,—and this is Nain.

The transition from Shunem to Nain seems easy and natural. You could scarcely find two points at which Old and New Testament history more easily coalesce than in the two narratives which hallow these two villages, situated so near each other on opposite sides of the same hill. The names of both are preserved unmistakably in the language of the peasants, unperplexed by any monastic traditions.

Again, it is a story of life and death and life restored, and of an only son.

This poor little village was a "city" then—a town with walls and gates, and multitudes of inhabitants, many of whom thronged out of the gate with the funeral procession, which wound down the steep side of the hill to the burial-ground outside the walls. For nearly two millenniums now, every one of the multitude who followed that one dead fellow-townsmen have passed away to the bourne from which he only ever returned. Probably they all lie buried, that busy throng, in the cave-tombs beneath this hill to which they were bearing him. And every vestige of their life has vanished except the memory of that one funeral, which has made their dwelling-place a household word in Christian homes all over the world. The procession was issuing from the gate down this hill-side—not silently, and with slow, measured step, as on such an occasion among us, but lamenting loud and passionately, with hurried steps and rent garments, weeping, and pouring forth that terrible, piercing wail as they went—the open bier borne on the heads of the bearers—amongst them one broken-hearted, desolate woman, who probably did not wail, but only wept—when they met the company around Jesus entering the city; a larger group than usual, for the day before, the centurion's servant had been healed at Capernaum, and "many of his disciples went with him, and much people."

Then came one of those revelations of the heart on whose love the universe depends, which ought to have silenced for ever all those negative definitions of a Being too sublime to feel, at which our hearts shiver and fold up into themselves.

"When the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her." It was no exceptional compassion, no mere capacity of sympathy, put on with his human nature; it was the divine pity which, though now first it beamed or wept

through human eyes, is the same from everlasting to everlasting in the heart of the eternal Father and the eternal Son of his love—the same now, not measuring our sorrows by his infinity, but by our suffering. In a few minutes the cause of the widow's tears would be removed; but his words of sympathy, "Weep not," anticipated the work of mercy. His touch arrested the bier; his voice reached the dead. It was not the first time the dead had been won back to life among those hills. Yet how different the character of the miracle!

In the little silent chamber, with the closed door, in the house at Shunem, on the opposite side of this hill, Elisha had prayed and contended in God's strength with death. His prayer was heard, and through the living prophet life flowed from God into the dead child. The prophet called on God, because God knew his voice. He did not call on the dead. His voice would not have reached that invisible world. But at Nain how different! How tranquil and majestic the bearing of the Son of God! No effort, no recorded prayer, no touch; but simply the imperial, divine, "I say unto thee, arise," from the voice which penetrated into the world of spirits, and recalled the disembodied soul from Hades, as easily, as gently as a mother's voice awakes a sleeping child. At Shunem it was the living in contact with the dead. At Nain it was the life-giving, the Life himself, laying his irresistible command on death itself, the last enemy.

And great fear came on all. They must have felt, for the hour at least, that the Person was more wonderful than the miracle.

"Jesus delivered him to his mother." The heart that had been moved with compassion by her tears cared for her joy. Let us treasure up those traces of his love, and let us not say only when we think of them, "How human our Saviour was!" This love, this tender pity, this caring for our transitory joys and sorrows, are divine; divine far more than human; and only human because they were first divine.

At Nain, after our rest, we remounted, and after passing a well where they were watering a flock of graceful, long-eared goats, crossed another reach of the plain of Esdraelon. Tabor rose on our right, and beyond the low ridge which connected Tabor with the surrounding hills, towered the distant, snow-streaked Hermon. The plain was partially tilled, and was covered in many places with a waving plant, with a prickly, starry flower, and bluish leaves, which, in the distance, had the effect of long, rippling pools of water.

Every detail of the scenery gathered a deeper interest as we advanced, for we were fast approaching the home of our Lord's early human years; the scenery through which he had not merely passed on his rapid, toilsome journeys, but amongst which he had lived for nearly thirty tranquil secluded years. That night we were to sleep at Nazareth.

Slowly, after leaving the plain, we rode up, winding through the valley under what is traditionally called

"The Mount of Precipitation," to the fountain known as the Fountain of the Virgin. The fountain now flows beneath a stone arch, through a marble spout, into a large stone trough like a sarcophagus, and thence trickles away. It is an abundant spring of good water, and many of the women of Nazareth were gathered around it, talking, as they waited for their pitchers to fill, at the evening hour when we passed it. We enjoyed a draught from it, and had no doubt that, eighteen hundred years ago, one maiden of Nazareth, "blessed among women," used to take her quiet way down that winding road to this very spring. And, in after years, did not the feet of the "child Jesus" actually tread the same path?

Of all places in the world I had almost longed to see this most. It seemed as if the sight of the scenery of that home at Nazareth would help more than anything to fill up the silence of those long, unrecorded years. And now at length this little secluded hollow of the Galilean hills, which had cradled the childhood of our Saviour, opened on us; a little quiet valley, or basin, surrounded by hills on all sides, except at the narrow pass from the plain of Esdraelon, through which we entered it; a village shut out from the world; white houses, partly nestled in the bottom of the hollow, and partly, on one side, climbing the hills, which, in that place are steep and craggy,—the hill on which the city was built.

We rode through the streets to the Latin Convent—a large white building, with flat roof, and long airy corridors, where we lodged during the two nights we remained, willingly exchanging our tents for the hospitality of the monks, and their large, cool, clean rooms.

Before breakfast the next morning we all rode with Mr. Huber, the Protestant missionary, around the environs of Nazareth. As we left the village at that early hour, we saw, through an open door, two women grinding at a mill in the court-yard of a house. From the heights above we had a magnificent view, from Carmel on the west, stretching its green and wooded heights into the blue Mediterranean, over the high table-land above the sea of Galilee, to Tabor on the east, dotted thickly with trees and green to its level isolated summit, and Hermon, pale in the distance, with its silvery streaks of snow. It was a rough ride, over rocky fields, and through terraced olive gardens and vineyards, sadly ruined and wasted by the Bedouins and the Turkish soldiers. The views changed continually, and were very beautiful. The hills were much more varied in form than the round monotonous heights in the south of Palestine, near Jerusalem. We had not seen anywhere in the Holy Land such really mountain landscapes. The long waving wooded range of fruitful Carmel, with all the hills and valleys between it and Nazareth, dotted here and there with white villages, and sprinkled with clusters of trees, contrasted with the symmetrical isolated hill of Tabor, and that again with the long, pale, snow-streaked ridge of Hermon and the Lebanon. The val-

leys also were as varied as the hills, from the quiet oval hollow of Nazareth itself, with its corn-fields and olives, through the countless slopes, and dells, and little plains between us and the Mediterranean, to the long, ocean-like sweep of Esdraelon on the south, beautifully green (Mr. Huber told us) in spring with corn. In one olive-garden we dismounted to look at an olive-oil press, a cistern hollowed in the solid rock of the hill-side, and connected by a groove, or channel, with another deeper cistern cut out of the rock below, into which the oil flowed as it is trodden out of the olives. Any little details of domestic life had peculiar interest at Nazareth.

We returned to the convent by the steep side of the hill, up which climb the houses of Nazareth, tier above tier. Many people believe this to have been the brow of the hill on which the city was built, from which the people sought to cast our Lord down. It seems more probable than that they should have taken him more than a mile up the hills to the traditional Mount of Precipitation. The hills of the valley in this point is, in some places, precipitous and craggy.

In the afternoon, some of our party took a second ride over the surrounding country to one of the two villages, supposed to be the Cana of the miracle. But we preferred relinquishing this expedition for the unspeakable delight of a quiet ramble on foot alone over the hills in the immediate neighbourhood of Nazareth. We rambled and rested several hours on those breezy quiet hills, aromatic with the fragrant thyme, which the bees of the land of milk and honey love. On the top of the hills the air seemed like a sea-breeze, so fresh and reviving; probably, indeed, it was a breeze steeped in the freshness of the Mediterranean which we had seen from the higher ground that morning. The varied foldings of these hills form many quiet nooks, as lonely as if you were in the desert,—in the desert-place to which, in after years, He went a great while before day to pray. Just round the shoulder of the steep which Nazareth climbs, you lose sight of every trace of the village. Many lovely wild-flowers grow on the heights, sea-pinks, a little delicate blue blossom like the nemophila, brilliant scarlet poppies, the graceful wild convolvulus, and others not so familiar to us. But the burst of beauty among the wild-flowers follows close on the rainy season, and this was past when we were there.

We paused chiefly at two points on the hills to look, and sketch, and rest. One was a height just above the "brow of the hill on which the city was built," looking down an abrupt descent on the white roofs of the Latin Convent, some houses of considerable size, across the narrow valley to the opposite hills broken here and there into terraces, earth, and rocks, brown and warm in tint, with clusters of gray olives among them, and the isolated top of Tabor towering alone behind and above the range of hills which immediately bound the valley.

As we walked from this spot we saw a group of children clustered under an olive. It was a school, and we

admired the taste of the master in the selection of their study, and wondered whether he knew how to give them lessons from the "lilies of the field" and "the fowls of the air." A little further up, the broad western landscape opened on us, hill beyond hill, village and cornfield, and olive groves, to Carmel, and the golden line of the Tyrian sands meeting the blue waves of the "great sea."

Our second resting-place was at the head of the hollow or basin of Nazareth, which, as before mentioned, has no outlet except at the lower end towards Esdraelon. Here we were near the ruined vineyards we had ridden over in the morning, and commanded the whole length of the valley. Just below us, was the flat roof of the Greek convent on the traditional site of "the House of the Virgin;" beyond it, on the left, a group of people thronging around a well. At our elevation we could hear no sound, but on visiting this well afterwards, we found its scanty and badly-managed water a scene of the most violent quarrelling among the women of the village for the right of the first turn. At that height, however, all this was inaudible or only reached us in a broken hum. On the hillside, on the right, the flat-roofed houses rose half hidden amongst trees, and conspicuous among them the white minaret of a mosque gleamed like ivory amidst its black cypresses. Beyond the village stretched, in the perspective of the valley to its termination, a long range of golden cornfields, broken at intervals by the olive groves which swept down across them from the hills. The valley ended in the cleft of the hills through which we had ascended from the plain, and beyond this stretched the broad sweep of Esdraelon, level as the sea, bounded in the far distance by the undulating line of the hills beyond Jordan, the land of Gilead. At that hour everything was bathed in the loveliest light. Hill, and valley, and cornfield, and the distance glowed in the warm evening tints, and the long, broken shadows of the hills, were thrown at intervals across the valley of Nazareth.

We knew we must not trust the brief twilight, and hastened to return over the broken terraces of the ruined vineyards. That afternoon walk was one of our brightest memories of the Holy Land; and yet how is it possible to transfer the impression of a delight which consisted chiefly in *being there*, in gathering the common wild flowers on those hills, in feeling their fragrance, in watching the common changes of sun and shade, day and evening on those scenes, in walking on the rough rocks and broken clods of earth, and breathing the breezy air, and feeling with every sense that Nazareth, the home of the Son of God for thirty years, is no dream-land, but actually a place on this common everyday earth?

On our way back to the Latin Convent we came on another olive or wine-press, hewn out of the solid rock, with a pit ten feet deep to receive the oil or wine; and crossed several tanks and terraced vineyards, all now disused, and waste, and ruined.

We have no "Gospel of the Infancy" like that early

apocryphal book which is said by the contrast of its absurd stories to form such a commentary on the divine origin of the genuine narrative. Our only "Gospel of the Infancy" and childhood of our Lord is contained in two short sentences, "He grew in favour with God and man," and "He was subject unto them." Brief but vivid traces of those many years of love and service. Two brief sentences;—and Nazareth. This is all we know. But in the silence of the Book, the Land speaks to us with peculiar power, through the scenery of the daily life of that sacred home whose history is concealed with so thick a veil. In the absence of the record of words and acts, it is something to fill those years with the pictures of the breezy hills, the deep secluded valley, the wide prospects across the land from Gilead to the sea,—the glimpses of Tabor and distant snowy Hermon, the mountain landscapes and the lonely nooks on the hill-sides, fragrant with thyme and bright with flowers, among which those years were spent.

What thoughts those wide views of hill, valley, Galilean villages, the distant Tyrian shore, the great battle-field of Kedraelon, and Hermon with garments "white as no fuller on earth can white them" awakened in the Redeemer's heart, and what prayers those silent hills have witnessed, the rest of the gospel narrative may tell us. Tiberias, the Mount of Transfiguration, Olivet, Gethsemane, Calvary, give us abundant comments on the silent pictures of Nazareth.

PRAYER-MEETINGS AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

"I BELIEVE in the communion of saints," should not merely be a barren article in our creed, but a blessed experience manifesting itself in our lives.

And prayer-meetings do very much to turn this into joyful reality. When little companies of Christians come together every week to lay open their hearts to God and to one another, they take one of the best means for promoting and strengthening their mutual regard. Indifference is impossible in such an atmosphere. If you are a Christian yourself, you cannot fail to love the brother who has often knelt with you at the same throne, offered the same petitions, advised with you in your difficulties, endeavoured to share with you the burden of your cares, "rejoiced with you when you rejoiced, and wept with you when you wept." You count such an one as a brother especially beloved; and hallowed friendships have often been formed in such scenes, and hallowed enjoyments experienced, that have led men to exclaim, with good Philip Henry at the close of a well-spent Sabbath,—“Surely if this be not heaven, it must be the way to it.” Even an apostle was not insensible to the exhilarating and reviving power of meetings with his brethren in Christ. How often was he refreshed by them on his journeys? Let the immortal picture, traced by Luke, of his parting with the elders on the sea-shore at Miletus, tell. When a company of Christians came out to welcome him on his way to Rome, so far as to

Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, and there was union in prayer and interchange of benedictions, the sight and the exercise drove away the cloud of despondency that had previously been resting on his great spirit, and setting his face steadfastly towards Rome, where so many dangers awaited him, "he thanked God and took courage."

I am aware that there are some, perhaps a considerable number, among us, to whom attendance on such meetings is not practicable; but I am equally aware that there is a far greater number to whom it is practicable, if desired and sought. And in every instance in which this attendance is withheld, the individual should endeavour to make himself sure whether the desire is genuine, and whether, with better arrangement, he could not make himself a partaker in this part of Christian edification and enjoyment. If you can find time for fashionable entertainments and protracted evening parties, which are so often distinguished by nothing so much as their vapid frivolity and waste of golden hours, you have much reason to suspect that want of heart is the true secret of your habitual absence from the meetings of those who "speak often one to another." The Puritans, in the dark days of the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts, held such meetings at the hazard of their liberty and the spoiling of their goods, and kept alive their spiritual life by this "bread eaten in secret," until the year of blessed enlargement dawned. The Covenanters of Scotland, cowering in caves and moss-hags, startled the curlew and the plover by their midnight psalms, and kept their hearts brave for endurance and for death. And in later times, as the late Dr. Mc'Grie has testified, "our fathers grudged not to abridge their hours of labour and their hours of rest,—they scrupled not to travel with the light of the moon and the stars, and to spend hours in a smoky hovel, that they might enjoy the foretaste of heaven upon earth." And we ourselves can tell of a prayer-meeting which has existed in a pastoral district in the south-west of Scotland, in unbroken continuance, since before the Revolution of 1688, the hoary sires and the stalwart sons and modest daughters of four neighbouring farm houses, meeting fortnightly in each others dwellings in the months of winter and spring, and assembling weekly in summer and autumn, beneath the shadow of a few aged hawthorn-trees, whose sweet scent mingled with the odours of the prayers of the saints, and the two ascended together to heaven. What an evidence that the oil of inward religion is all that is needed to make such meetings perpetual. Depend upon it, prayer-meetings in a church are just like so many magnets let down into a mass of various metals, which will be sure to operate with an attractive force on all the particles of steel by which they are surrounded. They test the vigour, if not even the reality of men's piety, and often draw a line of much distinctness between the living and the dead.—*Dr. Andrew Thomson.**

* From "The Fellowship Meeting"—an eloquent and admirable discourse just published by Mr. Elliot, Edinburgh.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

THE REDEEMER'S TEARS.

"Jesus wept."—JOHN XI. 35.

BY JOHN EDMOND, D.D., ISLINGTON, LONDON.

YOU know my text to be the shortest verse in all the Bible; is it not among the sweetest also? You would not like that short sentence (it was right to make a verse of it) to be blotted from the New Testament. Thousands on thousands have blessed God for these two words. Next to the comfort of knowing that Jesus shed his blood, is that of reading that he shed tears.

One of the earliest sermons I remember hearing, was preached by a minister, still living, from this text. I recall some things yet that were said on it. Perhaps it was the shortness of the verse, perhaps its sweetness, that made me, though a boy, attend and think. I should be very glad if the brevity and beauty of the text should prepare your hearts for what I am going to say about it.

There are a good many weeping scenes depicted in the Bible. I shall describe some of them, that we may come in the end to the most wonderful among them. I shall select those I name so as to show you much variety, both in the weepers and the cause of their tears.

First, let me lead you out into a desert, and bid you look below one of the shrubs growing in the place. There is a boy lying there faint for thirst, panting and ready to die. His mother laid him where you see him, that he might have a little shadow from the heat for his head, while life was ebbing away. And where is the mother herself? Sitting at a little distance, weeping for anguish. Ah! if some friendly cloud would but come, as if to join her in her weeping, her child's parched tongue might taste life yet! Did he die? You know he did not. God called to the weeping mother, and opened her eyes, and showed her a well, from which she filled her bottle, and gave the lad drink. And he lived to be the father of a great nation. You know I have been speaking of Hagar and Ishmael.

Let me ask you next to go with me into a grand house, where there are twelve men standing in an apartment. One, who is the master of the house, is opposite to the others, who seem to be strangers, and are ranged before him, with faces full of wonder. The one who is apart is speaking to the rest, and weeping aloud. Then, after he has talked to them for some time, he falls on the neck of the youngest of the company, and the two weep together. Then the lord of the house embraces all the others, one by one, weeping still. A short time afterwards and there was another weeping scene, when this same householder rode out in his chariot to meet an old man who had come in a waggon

from a distant country, and falling on his neck, wept there a good while. These were tears of affection and of joy, rather of pleasure than of pain. You know the men, and recognise in that old man the patriarch that had mourned for years as dead the son who was alive, and lord over all the land of Egypt.

I shall take you now to see very different tears—the tears of an infant a few months old. We stand beside the bank of a noble river, where there are reeds growing up on the marshy margin. A royal lady comes with a train of maidens from the palace. Her attention is drawn to something hidden among the rushes. She sends one of her maidens for it, and it proves to be a basket with a lid, all daubed with slime and pitch. When the lid is raised, behold a beautiful babe crying, and with tears on its little cheeks. Before the basket was opened you knew whose child that was; and you know what a great man he lived to be. He was cradled strangely; he had as strange a death-bed, and was buried as never any one else was buried. Can you tell where his grave is?

We shall now glance at a whole assembly in tears. The very place they met in took its name from the weeping. The tears were tears of repentance; for God had met his backsliding people, and rebuked them for their sins, and they "lifted up their voice and wept." Tears of repentance are happy tears. There is pain in them, but joy too. They fall from the eyes as the shower from the cloud where the rainbow springs up in sight of the sun. Did you ever visit Bochim, dear young readers?

I shall next show you a company of women all weeping. They are met in an upper room. There is one man among them, and they are all busy showing him coats and garments of different sorts. On a bed in the room there is a dead body laid out. By-and-by the women all go out, leaving the man alone with the corpse. After a while they are called back again, to dry their tears—for the dead friend they mourned is presented to them alive. You know who she was. She has left her name to certain benevolent societies to this day.

Come with me once more, to the sea-shore, and see a company kneeling. One man in the midst is praying aloud. When he has finished, the others fall on his neck and kiss him, and weep bitterly. They can hardly stop crying and embracing. At last they accompany him to a ship in the harbour, and sorrowfully part.

They knew they were never to see him more, and that was their keenest grief. Where was that parting scene, and who was it that went away in the ship?

I shall but ask you to go with me now to the Mount of Olives, and look at a strange sight. The king of Jerusalem is coming up the slope with a covering on his head, and his feet without shoes; and a large company follow, with their heads covered in sign of sorrow. And as they come, they weep; even the king weeps. David is fleeing from his rebellious son Absalom; and by-and-by, with choking sorrow, he will weep for him slain in his sin.

But there is another scene of tears on the Mount of Olives, more affecting by far than even this. A greater King than David wept there. On the day when Jesus, near to die for sinners, rode in lowly guise into Jerusalem, hailed with hosannas, we are told that when he came nigh the city, he lifted up his voice and wept over it, saying, "O that thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes!" Ah, these were tears of grief and compassion indeed—wept for enemies, that would not be friends. A great writer from that scene has drawn a title to a book he published. Did you ever read Howe's treatise, called, "The Redeemer's Tears Wept over Lost Souls?" That is the book I mean.

On two other occasions we are told of Jesus weeping. Once, a few days later than the incident mentioned, down in a garden at the foot of the same hill of Olivet, he wept by night, in that agony of his, which brought the bloody sweat in great drops from his body to the ground. It is, at least, most probable that to this Paul refers in his Epistle to the Hebrews when he says that Jesus, "in the days of his flesh, offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." The other occasion was that of the text. The time was a few days before both the other seasons. The scene was near the Mount of Olives too; for the village of Bethany stood on the back of the hill. It is to this weeping of Jesus that I am now to call your attention.

Just notice, however, before I proceed, the difference of character in those three weepings of Christ. In Gethsemane, his own anguish, endured indeed for us, wrung the bitter drops from his eyes. On Olivet he wept for foes, resolved and doomed to perish. Near the grave of Lazarus, he wept in sympathy with loved friends. One other distinction is worth your observation. On the Mount of Olives he wept aloud. At the tomb of his friend he shed tears. Let us draw near now, and see what those sacred drops teach us. I think that those tears of Christ speak to us of *four* things. They are tears—

I. *Here are tears of pain.*

Tears are not always painful, at least chiefly so. The tears of Jacob and Esau when they met in peace, the tears of Joseph and Benjamin, are examples. Laughter itself at times runs over in tears. Is there not something touching and solemn here—that joy should go to the same fountain with sorrow to draw water? But though this be the case, tears are generally the signs of grief. If you saw a little child weeping, you would not think it glad. Now, Christ's were painful tears. There is an old tradition, perhaps not much to be minded, that says Jesus in our world was never seen to smile. Be that as it may, we may be sure his tears of which we read were from the fountain of grief. They were signs of pain within.

A great deal of Christ's sufferings was within. His worst pain was not when they scourged his back, or when the nails went through his hands and flesh, or when he said, "I thirst." The pain of crucifixion was very dreadful, but he had endured worse anguish than the bodily torture. The worst sufferings of men, generally, are not what can be seen. It must be very dreadful to see a field of battle after the carnage is over, and to listen to the groans of the wounded lying among the dead. I remember a man, who was a soldier in his youth, and wounded at Quatre Bras, giving me a harrowing description of his own and others' sufferings as the wounded lay all night in the corner of a field, and were driven next day in rough carts to Brussels. Miss Nightingale, in the hospitals of the East, must have witnessed dreadful sights of suffering. Yet, perhaps, dear young friends, there are walking the streets in health, or sitting in our worshipping assemblies, without a sign of woe, persons whose bosoms are full of a grief worse than bodily pain. Oh, God only knows the bitterness and the burden of stricken hearts! Now, never any one suffered so much as Jesus did in his heart, surrounded as he was with sin and its fruits in our world. I should like you to think of the constant burden that must have pressed his heart, seeing with his eyes what he saw. On the occasion before us, we need not go far for proof that his tears came from a laden spirit. Both before and after, we read that he groaned within himself. His bosom was oppressed. To see the bitter wages of sin,—to see the sad workings of sin itself in unbelief and slowness to learn,—to see this, both in enemies and friends, bowed down his soul in grief.

Now, you should think of this, because all this sorrow was for us. It was a part of the burden Christ bore, that we might be relieved from our burden. He had no need to expose himself to all the sad and grievous sights of a wicked world. But he met it all for our sakes. You know that our tears cannot wash away the guilt of sin. And we must not say that Jesus' tears are the fountain where these stains of ours can be cleansed; his blood it is that takes sin away. But his grief, which caused tears, was part of that suffering unto death which makes his atoning righteousness.

I. *Of pain.*—Jesus suffers.

II. *From pity.*—Jesus sympathizes.

III. *In pledge.*—Jesus shows what all may find him.

IV. *For pattern.*—Jesus sets an example.

When he wept, as well as when he bled, he was suffering for us.

But see in Jesus' tears—

II. *Pity.*—Jesus sympathizes.

John tells us this in almost express terms; for he says that when Jesus saw Mary "weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him?" I think it is a good explanation, in part, of these words which says that they mean, that Jesus feeling the tide of sympathy swelling in his bosom as he looked on Mary's tears, was obliged to check and restrain himself, to swallow down, as it were, his heaving pity, and let it shake his soul unseen, till he should ask the question he proposed. He could not speak without a painful effort. Then, having spoken, and been answered, his tears would no longer be kept back, but gushed over. Again, when the remarks of the Jews on his tears, partly kind and just, partly unbelieving and wrong, rose around him, he curbs his feelings anew; he groans inwardly over the dread ravages of sin—he is moved as with anger against the bitter root of all the woe around him, and advances to the grave. But is it not beautiful to see Jesus' tears mingling themselves with those of the sorrowing sisters? He feels that Lazarus was his brother too, and he weeps to think he had been sick to death, and now lay in the grave. The explanation of this feeling we have in an earlier verse of this chapter, which is as beautiful as it is simple,—“Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.” You recollect, too, the sisters' message when their brother was ill,—“Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick.” Jesus, as we say, must have been fond of Lazarus. Yes, the Jews were right when they said, “Behold how he loved him!” Love shed those tears—love for the dead, and for the living. O happy family, equally numerous, or less so, or more so, that can put their own names into that verse about the Saviour's love to the three of Bethany, and read it about themselves!

But some of you will be ready to say, How should Jesus shed tears of sympathy with Martha and Mary, when he knew very well that in a little their sorrow would be turned into joy, as Lazarus was brought back to them alive? It is natural enough to put such a question; and you are quite right in thinking that Jesus knew that he would soon call the dead out of the grave. For not only was Jesus, as God, omniscient; but as the Father's servant, he had prayed about this, and obtained his request. A little further on in the story, we read that he said aloud to his Father, “I thank thee that thou hast heard me.” There is no real difficulty, for all that, in his weeping meanwhile. For sympathy throws itself into the feelings of others, and sees as with their light. The hearts of Martha and Mary are sore, thinking that their brother shall rise again only in the last day, and Jesus suffers with their grief. When you read the beautiful story of Joseph,

you know now that it is to end happily and well for all parties, but that does not prevent your being vexed for Joseph when his hard-hearted brothers sold him to the Ishmaelites, or for his old father when he was shown his son's torn and bloody coat. Or, as you read the story of the Cross, are you kept from sympathy with the holy and blessed Sufferer, because you know that on the third day he will rise from the dead, and suffer no more? Does a mother, seeing a child undergo some operation, or administering some bitter drug, feel no pity for the little one's pain or shrinking disgust, because she hopes for cure from the treatment? Sympathy weeps with the present distress, whatever issue be foreseen.

But now see in the tears of Jesus—

III. *A pledge.*—These tears speak about the future, and show us what Jesus will always be.

Everything done by Christ on earth was done for all time. The meaning of his actions was not confined to the persons and the places of the hour. They stand out as parables to teach the world. When Jesus wept with Martha and Mary, his tears promised that all his suffering followers to the end of time should have his pitying regard. They dropt to the earth for you.

It is true that we must not think now of Jesus' shedding tears in heaven. If God wipes away all tears from the eyes of Christ's people, they cannot remain in the eyes of Christ himself. Tears belonged to the time of his weakness and humiliation. Nevertheless, his heart is as tender and full of love as ever. His eye looks as kindly on his suffering brethren on earth as if it poured for them floods of tears. You remember what happened to Stephen at his death. He saw heaven opened, and Christ standing at the right hand of God,—standing, as if he had risen up to see his servant suffer, and to welcome him home. You recollect, too, how in the last day, the Judge, who is the Son of man, speaks of the least of his brethren as one with himself; when they are fed, clothed, visited, he counts all done to himself. He still, in fellow-feeling, suffers and rejoices with them. Now, it is because this truth may be read in the tears shed by Jesus at Lazarus' grave that so many thousands have blessed God for the words of the text.

— Love Jesus, dear young friends, and drink in the full comfort of this sweet and soothing thought. Jesus feels for you in every pain you feel. If your heart aches, he pities its throbbing. If your head aches, he does not count even that too little a matter for him to care about. Have you not often felt the aid it gave you to bear pain or fever, to have a kind word spoken to you, in the soft tone of tenderness, by one who loved you? When your mother has taken your hand in hers, as you lay on a sick-bed, or has pronounced your name with the gentle music of her affection clothing the word, did you not feel helped and strengthened? Now, think

that Jesus does more than all this for you. He speaks to the heart; he takes the soul's hand; he is with you. His presence and his pity are very real, if you will only believe it. Inasmuch, also, as he suffered himself from all kinds of trials, knows even a child's sorrows, he is able to sympathize with all sorts of grief. Especially do the tears of my text speak comfort to mourners for the dead. Oh, Jesus knows what an enemy death is; he is very much concerned to destroy death; and whether his people stand by the grave of departed ones weeping, or look forward to their own graves, shrinking, let them know that Jesus is near to dry their tears and to hush their fears.

See in Jesus' weeping—

IV. *A pattern.*—The Saviour sets us an example.

It is a woful thing, dear young friends, to have a hard, un pitying heart. Should any of yours be already selfish and stony, woe for you in this suffering world! If you do not get your heart warmed and softened by Jesus' grace, it will get like flint and steel. It will dry up altogether, and become a dead, withered, unfeeling thing. There is so much to pity all around us, that if we will have no fellow-feeling with sufferers, the constant refusal to show kindness will prey on the soul, and eat its marrow up. The tears that are kept in will turn to gall and wormwood within us. Pray for a tender, loving heart in your youth. You will have enough to do, to keep even such a heart from having its feelings deadened in the years of after life.

The teaching of Christ's tears to us all may be given in Paul's words, "Weep with them that weep." But there are two things I should like you to hear from me, about the sympathy which this lesson teaches you to cherish. Let it be with real distress, and let it be practical. *Sympathize with real distress* as you find it around you. I think there is hardly a child anywhere in these days, capable of reading, who has not often shed tears over some touching story in a book. I could name some books read by many thousands, which perhaps few persons have been able to read with dry eyes. Now, I do not say such tears as drop over a pathetic description in a story-book are necessarily worthless. I do not bid you be ashamed of such tears. But here is a strange thing: Persons may weep profusely over pictured sorrows in a tale, and have, after all, unkind, selfish hearts; do nothing, at least, to lessen real woe in the world. It is one thing to look on a fine painting of distress; and another to look on the reality, with much that is forbidding and repulsive often cleaving to it. Now, take care that you do not keep your tears for the world of fancy alone, and pass by griefs in the rough world of fact. Then, *let your sympathy be practical*. Let it move your hand, as well as stir your heart, and fill your eye. Try and take some grains from the great heap of human misery, and add some to the growing pile of human happiness. Jesus not only wept with Lazarus' sisters, but he brought him back to their

love and their home. You cannot work miracles, but you can help, in some way, to soothe or remove distress. It is a blessed work, and he who every day dries some tears, is in training for the companionship of angels, and of Jesus, and of God.

Let me close this sermon, which has spoken of Christ's tears as tears of pain, from pity, in pledge, and for pattern, by asking you a question which will lead us back to look again at another of the weeping scenes of Jesus' life. Whether would you have Jesus weep over you, or with you? Over you, as lost, like doomed Jerusalem; or with you, as his loved ones in sorrow, like Martha or Mary? You know what should be your choice;—is it your choice? If you choose aright, be of good cheer; you have Christ's sympathy under all that may try you; and at last you will be with him, where neither he nor you shall weep more. But the place for those over whom Christ grieves, is a place of "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Why should any of you see it?

"TAKE AN HARP."

ISA. xxiii. 16.

BY THE REV. JAMES DOLTON, KILBURN.

THIS simple text may help you to remember some of the truths about which we are now going to talk, just as a little stick cut out of the hedge or picked up in a wood, helps to remind us of a May-day ramble in the country, and all we saw and learned in it. Only, if we compare such texts to little sticks, we must recollect that they do not get dry as a sprig of hazel or thorn does; at any rate, if they *seem* to be dead, God's Holy Spirit can bid them bud and blossom and bear fruit to us, as Aaron's rod did.

Our life-lesson this time is Cheerfulness—Christian Cheerfulness. It is easy for you to be cheerful now, whilst you are young and light-hearted, and whilst your parents try to keep off from you everything which might trouble you,—as that devoted elephant in Dr. Livingstone's book is receiving into her side all the poisoned lances of the hunters, in order that she may shield her calf from them.

But this cannot last for ever; soon you will grow up and have to bear your share of vexations, and then you will be thankful to have been taught in childhood how to carry your cross. This is one of our objects in these life-lessons—to sow seeds deep in your memories, which will spring up when you are older, and when you don't find the ground so open for sowing. It is well, then, to impress the duty of Cheerfulness even upon children. Besides, are not boys and girls fretful and downcast occasionally?—Do they never look as miserable as those whining wolves in the Zoological Gardens used to, whilst the merry guinea pigs, but next door to them, were frisking about as if they had found their long-lost tails? Are no disagreeable things required of you? Have you

no sicknesses, no discipline, no disappointments? What hour passes without something going against your wishes? And if you are not on the watch, you will gradually fall into a grumbling, sulky way, which resembles the angry hum of the humble bee at his work, and which, to say the least of it, is not lovely.—How different to the poor negroes on the sugar plantations, who sing so gaily at their toil that you can hear them half a mile off: Not their slavery, not the overseer's frown, not the crack of the lash, can stop their songs.

Now God delights in our Cheerfulness. He would have us be cheerful at our tasks, as well as at our play: He would have us cheerful at our meals; cheerful in lying down to sleep and rising up; cheerful in our Sabbath services; cheerful in our gifts to his cause.

And let me tell you that the Cheerfulness which *he* pours into his people, is rich, and varied, and inexhaustible; it comes from his own bosom. It is a *well* of water in them. Worldly frivolity is the froth which floats on the stream; it has been lashed into a momentary existence by the mill-wheel above, but as your eye follows it, bubble after bubble bursts, and presently it disappears. Christian Cheerfulness is the clear, sparkling, eddying stream beneath—each drop of which is solid, and flashes as if it were a diamond.

Oh, to have such a stream from the river of God's pleasures ever flowing through our souls, awake or asleep, at home or abroad, when we are in harness in the traces, or when we are unaltered in the fields!

The harp is the symbol of this Cheerfulness, as the trumpet is of action, the lute of melancholy, or the fiddle of folly.

Whenever we think of a harp we think of gladness; it expresses our ecstasies when we are joyful, and which words express so feebly.

Now in this sense God would have us "take an harp" and play on it for ever. That is, he would have us—

- I. *Be happy ourselves.*
- II. *Endeavour to enliven others.*
- III. *Praise himself.*

These are the three principal uses of a harp, and they are the three principal uses of Christian Cheerfulness.

I. He would have us *be happy ourselves.*

The harp may have been invented for this by Jubal (Gen. iv. 21) to cheer his loneliness. David probably cheered his solitude with it, when he was shepherding "these few sheep in the wilderness." It is called the "pleasant harp;"—we read of the "joy of the harp." It is joined with "singing" and with "the sound of the tabret."

And God would have us as happy as we can be,—as happy as harps, cornets, flutes, dulcimers, sackbuts, psalteries, or anything else can make us. It is supposed that religion is a dull and dolorous thing—a thing of sighs and fetters and self-denials! But if it is this to any, it is their own fault.—They tune it to their dismal tempers

and habits, and then it becomes dismal to them. But who that began piety early can say that it is a burthensome thing? Who that thoroughly yields himself to its leadings can say that it is a gloomy thing? Of this I am confident that Jesus does not mean that his *youthful* disciples should be mopish.—He requires of *them*, assuredly, nothing but what will increase their happiness: All his paths for them shall be paths of peace: For them his yoke shall be light: He will feed them with such secret meat (as he did Daniel and his companions), that their countenances shall be "fairer and fatter" than if they ate from a king's table. He who has put it into the lambs to gambol in the pasture, and into the lark to pour forth such raptures as he climbs the skies—he *cannot* but intend that his dear children should be happy too. And he will see to it that they are happy. A hundred ills may befall them, but he will be near to whisper, "Be not afraid," as he did to the poor father to whom his neighbours brought the news of his daughter's death so suddenly—"Be not afraid," Jesus said to him! And he had done the same to Job ages before.—Messenger after messenger rushed in with a fresh calamity, but the Lord stood by him to prevent him from sinking under them; and he was able to say, "*Blessed* be the name of the Lord." If God designs that you shall be happy, you *shall* be, no matter what your circumstances. "Your joy *no man taketh from you.*"—It is a jewel which we have here within us, where no thief can snatch it, no rust corrupt it.

How apt we are to hang our harps on the willows for the merest trifles. A rainy morning will bring us to the breakfast table soured and pettish, when in the trees yonder, the blackbirds, and thrushes, and robins are carolling their sweetest, though drenched to the skin; and when the imprisoned canary in the conservatory is warbling as if he were loose in the vineyards of his native land! Fie on us! Might we not oftener move about, harp in hand, if we "counted up God's mercies" to us, and contrasted our lot with that of others? Whatever Haman had, he could not rest whilst Mordecai sat at the gate,—are we to refuse to be cheerful, because we have not *everything* according to our minds? If we are in "a goodly heritage," shall we sulk at a thorn, or an unripened cluster, or a withered gourd here and there in it? "Take an harp," then, and let it ring with notes of melody, till you exchange it for a golden harp in heaven! Let it accompany you into the closet—the parlour—the train—the house of God. Where is your harp? would be a capital question for us to ask ourselves when we are needlessly dejected. Where is your harp? God might inquire of us when we repine and forebode. Thrice enviable are those whose harp—whose Cheerfulness—is the first thing which strikes the beholder!

II. "Take an harp"—that is, *Endeavour to enliven others.* There is plenty of this sort of employment for our harps amongst our families and friends. Be the sunshine, or the fire, or the candle never so bright

there will be *shadows* with it—the garden wall will not shut them out from the garden, or the front door from papa's and mamma's faces.

We had a sister (a sainted sister now!) who played the harp exquisitely, but she was so exceedingly diffident that it was quite painful to her to perform before strangers. Yet, whenever any one requested it, she would instantly force herself, and say, "Oh, if it will *gratify you*, of course I will." There was no selfish string in *her* harp.—If it could amuse an invalid, or while a winter's evening, or drown a thunder-storm, there it was thrilling away as if under an angel's fingers.

Was it not thus that the "son of Jesse" devoted his harp to rid Saul of his demon spirit? When the frenzy seized the king he hastened in to him and soothed it down with his harp—charming it, as the Indian jugglers do the snakes with their tambourines. It is related of Dr. Doddridge that, as he was strolling,—unaccountably depressed—by a cottage in the village where he ministered, a maiden at her spinning wheel struck up a hymn of his own composing. *Her* harp, thus unexpectedly, attuned *his* again, and he joined her in the remaining verses, with a "will"—as the sailors say. His depression vanished as if by magic.

Now, seek to be a fountain of Cheerfulness—in the nursery—at school—to your fathers and mothers. What clouds you may disperse—what tears you may dry—what burthens you may relieve? "That daughter of mine," said a widow, "will not let a hair of my head have a *chance* to whiten, or a wrinkle to write itself on my forehead." "That lad"—said an officer who escaped the massacre in Delhi, of an artillery cadet who escaped with him,—"*that* lad prevented me from dying of despair in the jungle *by his buoyant spirit*."

This is how we can enliven others by our Cheerfulness.

III. "Take an harp"—that is, *praise God himself*.

This was the chief business of the harp, as recorded in the Bible. The prophets, therefore, bore harps, that they might mingle music with their messages of wrath or grace, or conclude them with it—addressing themselves to God, as we do in our "Glorias" in the Church of England.

"Sing to the Lord with the harp," was the call which rang out from the palace on Mount Zion and the temple at Jerusalem, and which he who uttered it, so frequently declares that he himself obeyed,—"*Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God*."

And what endless, boundless *themes* of praise to God Cheerfulness has. There are those in *nature*—the night with its stars and stillness—the sea with its waves and wonders—the forest with its awful inhabitants—the mountains with their snow-crowned pinacles—the insects in the air. I can praise God over an ant, a beetle, a fly; how much more over a chaffinch's nest, or a strawberry plant, venturing forth leaf upon leaf as the weather favours—then rearing its stem till its flowers

are out of the reach of mice and snails—then dropping its petals and retaining the golden berry which now fades into green, then into blonde, then into pink, then into scarlet! Are not these *Themes* for praise,—"*matchless pieces*" for a harp?

And then there are those in *Providence*. God's surrounding of us with such comforts and advantages—preserving us in infancy—committing us to those who are anxious to train us for God—shielding us from temptations which might have ruined us. Are our harps familiar with *these* anthems of praise?

Lastly, There are those in *Jesus Christ our Saviour*. Forgiveness of sin and restoration to God—The Scriptures, our celestial guide—The "Comforter" to renew and sanctify us—The blessed city, "*adorned as a bride for her husband*," to be our eternal abode when we are no more dwellers on earth. Can we ponder these *blood-bought* treasures and not say, O that I had a seraph's Cheerfulness,—a seraph's harp to praise God for them?

Perhaps we are waiting till we are *with* the seraphs to do it; but be our attempts now, imperfect as they may, we should not postpone it till then.—God expects it of us *now*; it is the *fragrance* of his lilies! A silent harp is a mournful thing. I saw one which had not been uncovered for years. The strings were snapped; the dust was on the gilt; the pedals creaked when touched. She who had brought such harmonies out of it, was beneath the sod!—It was hushed and muffled as if it wailed for her, and was mute till she returned! But our harps are *never to be silent*, because God never ceases to bless us.

In conclusion, two things are necessary to a harpist,—

A skilful hand.

A tasteful ear.

A skilful hand.—You may have a harp of Eraud's own choosing for you, and yet, if you have not had a master to lead you into its mysteries, it will be no more to you than a shilling accordion, or a comb with a bit of brown paper over it. You must be taught how to place the fingers, and how to hurry them hither and thither, swift as a weaver's shuttle; and then if you catch the cunning, you will be a harpist.

So we must be taught Cheerfulness of God. He must pour out of his anointing oil upon us ere we shall be happy ourselves, and be qualified to enliven others, and praise himself. Ah! that is the reason that what we do of these is so feeble, we have not a *skilful hand*. We strum as a baby does, instead of striking the chord as an artiste does; and it will be so till we are more filled with the "Great Teacher."

Finally, *A tasteful ear*.—Without this, you may be *drilled* into playing a harp after a fashion; but it will be a penance to yourself, if not a torture to your auditors. It is absurd to labour (as there are those who will) at a jackdaw or a parrot, to extort a doleful ditty from them, when a linnet or a bullfinch would catch the glee, and warble it off as you whistled it! *A tasteful*

ear is essential ; with *that*, you can judge of a pianist or flutist by the commonest street ballad. So, unless our *heart* be in our cheerfulness, it is a humdrum shallow thing. But when our heart is in it, it has tones and variations which no harp, no nightingale, can imitate. And if our heart is gentle, and pure, and thankful,—if it is Jesus' Throne,—what hosannahs, what halleluiahs, will gush from our lips, though we be but as the “babes and sucklings” whom the Pharisees would have rebuked. Pray for such a HEART, my dear young readers. Then, instead of having Cheerfulness shed *upon you* temporarily,—as the golden rays are shed upon us at noon, it will beam forth *from us* as that soft radiance does from the glowworm, for our own illumination, as a lamp to others, and to the glory of our God !

WHAT!

Oh, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven ?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery,—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven ?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say,—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven ?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book,—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven ?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour, Friend,—
Such grace to mine be given.

Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven !
When hearts, and hands, and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in his sight,—
Such grace to mine be given.

—Anon.

LITTLE WISHES.

Two little boys were standing before a shop window, looking in. They were looking with very eager eyes. There was a glass jar full of candy inside, and the jar had a hole in it. “See there,” said one of the little boys, pointing to it with his finger ; “if it wasn't for this window we'd get one of those sticks, wouldn't we ?”

“Oh, I wish,” cried the other little boy,—“I wish I had one.” Those two little boys were in harm's way. What ! by looking into a candy shop ? No, but by *coveting* the candy. They were breaking the tenth commandment, which says, “Thou shalt not covet *anything* that is thy neighbour's.” *Wishing* is often *coveting*. Let us see what it leads to.

A boy once in a school had a round tin whistle. It was a capital whistle. George — wished he had it. He would whistle the old cow to the pasture bars, and not have to wait for her. He could whistle to his dog ; not that he *had* a dog, but *if* he had one. He could learn tunes too—he knew he could. So he tried to bargain for the whistle. But no ; James Jones wouldn't part with it. That, however, did not stop George from wishing—*coveting*. How often, when it lay on James's desk, George kept one eye on his book and the other on the whistle.

One day he left his geography in school, and went to the master for the key of the schoolhouse, in order to go in and get it. The master let him have it, and he went in. As he passed along to his desk, what should he spy on James Jones's desk but the tin whistle ? James had forgot it. George seized it. Then he took his book and made off. But he locked the door *easy*, and *crept* out the *back way*. Can you guess why ? He hurried home ; but he durst not show his newly-got treasure to his mother, or his elder brother, or his sisters. He was afraid even to whistle to the cow. Early one morning, up in the pasture, he took it from his pocket, and whistled *easy*. Even that made him *uneasy*. It did not seem to sound *good*. Poor James was very much disturbed when he found he had lost his whistle, and he asked every boy if he had seen it. George, I am afraid, like the rest, said “No,” or shirked the question int meaning “no,” some way or other. It was in his pocket all the while, and he was sometimes quite scared lest it should get out and whistle him a liar—a thief and a liar too. *If* it should !

Oh, what disagreeable fancies Guilty Conscience whispers to us ! One lays his account with a hard master when he gets under the lash of Guilty Conscience. One night, too, as he lay abed thinking, he was so afraid the poor tin whistle would *whistle itself*, that he jumped up, took it from his trouser's pocket, and hid it under his pillow.

Some time after, George went with his father into the forest to chop wood, and there he lost it. “Good riddance,” he muttered to himself when he found it really gone. “Now it's all the same as if I hadn't had it.” All the same ! Poor boy, he knew better. It was a root of bitterness to his dying day. *Coveting*, you see, leads so easily and naturally to other sins ; and though George was not *found out*, he carried about in his bosom a sense of shame and guilt very hard to bear.

In this light you see what a foolish and wicked habit wishing, wishing, wishing is. They are little wishes, perhaps, but they have long, bad roots to them. Do you

not know children very apt to wish they had a rich father, or handsome clothes, or somebody else's time with nothing to do, or a watch, or "*anything* which is their neighbour's?" But the Bible says very differently. It says, "Let your conversation be *without covetousness*,"—don't keep wishing. And it very beautifully adds, "Be *content* with such things as ye have;" for He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He who said this is the great and blessed God: so that if we are in ever so great straits, very poor and very desolate, we can take God at his word, and trust him for help. Striving to obey the tenth commandment, in humble dependences upon the Holy Spirit to help you, will not only put a stop to a great many idle words, but it will take the roots of a wicked life from your heart.—*Child's Paper*.

JESSIE'S HYACINTH.

JESSIE Burns had several plants growing in pots on the window—a fuchsia, a heliotrope, a tea-rose, and a bridal daisy; but the most cherished of all was a hyacinth, which was in a beautiful purple vase. She had bought the bulb and the vase with her own money at a seed-store in November; had filled the vase with pure water, a little warmed, then placed the bulb, which looked exactly like a little dried onion, in it, and set it in a south window, where it would catch the sunshine.

In a few days little white roots began to appear at the bottom of the bulb; these grew longer every day, till the vase was quite filled with the thread-like roots. Jessie changed the water once in two weeks, but after a month's watching she began to grow impatient, and to wonder why no green shoots showed themselves.

"It is a real stupid old thing!" she said one day. "I should think 'twould be ashamed to look so dry and ugly on top when it has got such lots of roots! What are they good for, if it never puts out leaves and flowers? I am half a-mind to throw it away; it isn't a bit pretty, and everybody said it would be so beautiful! Oh dear! I wish I had spent my money for something else;" and she was ready to cry with vexation.

"Be patient, my little daughter," said Mrs. Burns. "By and by it will send up a green shaft containing the flowers, which will be both beautiful and fragrant."

But Jessie looked at it with pouting lips, and said she wished it would be about it then. She didn't believe it ever would; it was just as dry and brown as it was the day she got it.

Meantime the poor, abused hyacinth was doing its very best. Within that homely cover wonderful processes were going on. Those thread-like roots absorbed and carried nourishment to the centre of the bulb, and its heart had grown warm with a mysterious life. Every fibre felt the strange thrill, and laid aside its torpor; every little cell, of which it had hundreds, had its work to do—not one was idle; and by their joint labour a little plant was in time completed, perfect in every

part. Within a tiny green bud was packed away layer upon layer of tinted leaves of the most exquisite hue; and when all was ready, this tiny green bud was pushed up into light through a small opening at the top of the bulb.

"Oh, it's green, mother; it's green! It will grow now!" shouted Jessie, in an ecstasy of delight.

And grow it did. The bud parted into six broad green leaves, and among them lay nestled little flower-buds just tipped with pink. These gradually opened, till at length ten lovely blossoms hung like graceful little bells from the tall flower-stalk, filling the room with fragrance. Everybody admired it; everybody said, "What exquisite colour! what delicious perfume!" Jessie's little heart was overflowing with joy and gladness, and she exclaimed, "It wanted to have roots before it had flowers; didn't it, mother?"

"Yes, dear; first roots, then leaves, then blossoms. Just so it is with fair and lovely heart-flowers: there must be a silent, unobserved growth down deep in the soul before we can see the beautiful blossoms on the surface, scattering fragrance and blessedness all around them. We must be patient, and wait quietly for the seeds we plant to root." And as she stroked the soft curls back from her little daughter's brow, her heart grew warm with faith, and the sweet trust that many a fair plant was taking root in that young soul, to bloom for evermore; though the time seemed long since some of the seeds were sown, and as yet no greenness or beauty showed they were not perished.

"They will yet spring up and blossom, and bear fruit," said the hopeful mother; "and fill many hearts with joy and sunshine, and at last make glad the city of our God."

R. L. O.

TOO BUSY TO FREEZE.

How swiftly the glittering brook runs by,
Pursuing its busy career;
Reflecting the beams of the cheerful sun,
In waters transparent and clear;
Kissing the reeds and the lowly flowers;
Refreshing the roots of the trees;
Happy all summer to ripple a song;
In winter too busy to freeze.

Onward it glides, whether sunshine or storm
Await on its vigorous way,
And prattles of hope and sustaining love,
Whether cloudy or bright the day.
Chill winter around may his torpor fling,
And on lazier waters seize,
But the nimble brook is too much for him,
Being far too busy to freeze.

May we, like the brook, in our path through life,
As active and steady pursue

The coarse in which real utility lies—
Which is lovely and useful too ;
Still nourish the needy, refresh the sad,
And despising indulgent ease,
Adorn life's current with generous work,
With love that's too busy to freeze.

Yes, while there's a brother to warn from sin,
A sister to save from despair ;
A penitent heart to be meekly taught
To utter the prodigal's prayer ;
An outcast child to be turned to God ;
A foe to be brought to his knees ;
And heathen yet to be sought and taught ;
We *must* be too busy to freeze.

Juvenile Instructor.

"MY DEAR SAVIOUR."

I ONCE requested the children of my Sabbath school to find for me all the names and titles of Christ they could in the Scriptures ; offering, as a prize, a richly bound Bible to the little boy or girl who, without help from any source, should bring in the largest number. The names and titles were to be such, and only such, as are applied *distinctively* to Christ. Several lists were handed in. These were carefully examined and corrected. The largest number on any one paper, after correction, was one hundred and seventy four. Some of these were very significant and beautiful. They were such as,—Bread of Life, Chief Corner Stone, Captain of our Salvation, Immanuel, Desire of all Nations, Lamb of God, Messiah, Lion of the tribe of Judah, Morning Star, Rose of Sharon, Prince of Peace, &c.

Among those who sought to obtain the prize, was a little girl then twelve or thirteen years of age. She did not succeed in finding so many names and titles as some of the other children, but after having put down all she could find or think of, she wrote at the bottom of the list,—"*And he is my dear Saviour.*"

Only a few weeks before, this little girl had become interested in the subject of religion. She felt that she was a sinner, and gave herself in faith and love to the Lord Jesus Christ. Some time after, she made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and is now a member of the church. There was a peculiar meaning, therefore, in what she wrote at the close of her list,—"*And he is my dear Saviour.*" It was the outgushing of her young heart's first love, and literally true, I trust.

Children, you have often noticed the different names and titles given to Christ in the Bible,—how many and beautiful they are. You have yourselves, perhaps, attempted to prepare a list of them,—to see how many you could find. But, were you able to add at the close, "*And he is my dear Saviour?*" No higher pleasure could be given to the Lord Jesus, by any little child, than by addressing to him, in truth, this endearing, precious name.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do ;
I would seek white lilies,
Rainy woodlands through.
I would steal among them—
Softest light I'd shed ;
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go ;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe.
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine !
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine."

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance,
Sunshine never had ?
Oh, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatters rays divine !
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

"WE SHALL BE CHANGED."

ON one of our autumn days, during what we call our Indian summer, when the beaver and the musk-rat do their last work on their winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves away to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm haze over all the fields, a little child went out into his father's home lot. There he saw a little worm creeping towards a small bush. It was a rough, red, and ugly-looking thing. But he crept slowly and patiently along, as if he felt that he was a poor, unsightly creature.

"Little worm," said the child, "where are you going?"

"I am going to that little bush yonder, and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. Nobody will be sorry, and that will be the end of me.

"No, no, little worm ! My father says that you *won't* always die. He says you will be '*changed*,' though I don't know what that means."

"Neither do I," says the worm. "But I know, for I feel, that I am dying, and I must hasten and get ready. So good-bye, little child ! We shall never meet again."

The worm moves on, climbs up the bush, and there weaves a sort of shroud all around himself. There it hangs on the bush, and the little creature dies. The child goes home, and forgets all about it. The cold winter comes, and there hangs the worm, frozen through and

through, all dead and buried. Will it ever "live again?" Will it ever be changed? Who would think it?

The storms, the snows, and the cold of winter go past. The warm, bright spring returns. The buds swell, the bee begins to hum, and the grass to grow green and beautiful.

The little child walks out again, with his father, and says:

"Father on that little bush hangs the nest or house of a poor little worm. It must be dead now. But you said one day, that such worms would 'be changed.' What did you mean I don't see any change?"

"I will show you in a few days," says the father.

He then carefully cuts off the small limb on which the worm hangs, and carries it home. It looks like a little brown ball, or cone, about as large as a robin's egg. The father hangs it up in the warm window of the south room, where the sun may shine on it. The child wonders what it all means! Sure enough, in a few days, hanging in the warm sun, the little tomb begins to swell, and then it bursts open, and out it comes, *not* the poor, unsightly worm that was buried in it, but a beautiful butterfly! How it spreads out its gorgeous wings! The little child comes into the room, and claps his hands, and cries,

"Oh! it is changed! it is changed! The worm is 'changed' into a beautiful butterfly! Oh, father, how could it be done?"

"I don't know, my child. I only know that the power of God did it. And here you see how and why we believe his promise, that we all shall be raised from the dead! The Bible says, it does not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be 'changed.' And we know that God, who can change that poor little worm into that beautiful creature—no more to creep on the ground—can change us, our 'vile bodies,' and make them 'like Christ's own glorious body.' Does my little boy understand me?"

"Yes, father."—*S. S. Times.*

THAT LITTLE HAND.

"He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

Black and blue eyes opened wide with wonder in the bright faces of the children who had gathered lovingly around old Mr. Elden, as he slowly spoke those words.

"What *does* he mean, Elsie?" whispered Jane Lee to her cousin. "We asked him for a story, and you know he always has one ready. I hope he isn't going to preach a sermon!"

"Wait, Jenny; we shall see."

"This text," continued Mr. Elden, "always reminds me of an incident of my childhood. When I was a little boy, I had a pleasant company of playmates, and we used to enjoy our sports together, just as you children now do. At the lower part of the village where we lived was a river, and a bridge across it. We often

went there to play, and many times I have stood a long while trying to see the fish as they swam below.

"One day we were playing on the bridge, and one of our number, who had mounted the railing, was watching something in the water, when he suddenly slipped, lost his hold, and fell. We heard his cry, and the splash as he struck the water. We ran to the side of the bridge and looked over. The water had already closed above him, he had sunk so quickly, and bubbles were rising where he went down. We were too young to know exactly what to do, and too much frightened even to shout for help. The little fellow rose once more to the surface, struggling for life, but could only give us a beseeching look, when, with his arms uplifted, as if imploring help he sunk again.

"We were still speechless with horror; but a kind man had noticed our movements from a short distance, and suspecting what had happened was hastening toward us. He reached the bridge. Nothing was in sight but one little hand above the water and that was fast disappearing. We had recovered our voices, and pointing at it we cried eagerly, 'There's his hand! Oh, there's his hand!'"

"That outstretched hand! I seem to see it now,—I shall never forget how it looked to me. But our friend waited not a moment. As that hand went out of sight he plunged into the river, and soon brought the drowning boy to the shore. He looked earnestly into the pale face of our playmate as he held him in his arms, and in a tone of voice that sent a thrill of joy through all our hearts he said,—'Saved!' Then turning to the rest of us he added,—'Boys, I know you will never forget that little sinking hand. Remember, when it comes into your minds, that we all are sinking in a colder and darker place than that river, unless we have asked One to save us, who alone can do it. This boy will soon recover now, and be able to say that I took him from the river. It is my prayer that he and every one of you may be able to say of another, better Friend, as you think of the dark waters of sin, in which all who do not love Christ are sinking,—'He sent from above, he took *me*, he drew me out of many waters.'"

"Dear little friends," said Mr. Elden, closing his story, "I trust the prayer of that good man, for me, has been answered. Will you remember *that little hand* and the lesson it taught us? Jesus is ready to take hold of those little hands of yours as you lift them up imploringly from the depths of sin and evil in this world, and he will bring you at last,—not to the shore of such a river,—but to the 'Shining Shore.' Will you ask him to do it?"

THE SPIDER.

"A SPIDER! oh, I hate spiders!"

Do not say so. Spiders, I am sure, have their good side. The Bible, you know, says, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces." "The

spider taketh hold with her hands"—that is a lesson of industry which I hope you are not too proud to learn, even from the most humble of God's creatures. The spider loves to work. As soon as it begins to live it begins to work. Every spider is a weaver and a rigger, and the youngest spider knows how to do these things just as well as the oldest. The spider never has to go to school to learn; it knows how by instinct. Instinct is the knowledge which God gives to those of his creatures who have not reason to guide them. Men have reason and can teach themselves. The bee builds its neat honey-comb, the bird its dear little nest, the ant its three-storey house, and the spider its web, without any help from others. They know *how* far better than we could tell them; indeed, they know the best way, for God is their teacher.

Not all the riggers, spinners, and weavers in the country can beat a spider in his work. Its web is a wonder of strength and lightness. See how regular and straight the threads are, and how beautiful they are fastened to the cross pieces. They never come undone. A puff of wind, you might suppose, would blow it away. No, no. The breeze sweeps through it and over it, and there it hangs, not harmed at all. It is not careless or hurried work, I am sure. The spider takes time to do its work well. It is also a *persevering* little creature. It does not get easily discouraged. Children try to do a thing once or twice, perhaps three times, and if they do not succeed they say it is no use, and give up. Not so the spider. If you sweep its web away again and again, again and again it goes to work and weaves another.

You remember the story of the poor Scottish king, who again and again was defeated in battle, until he was well-nigh ready to give up his kingdom for lost, when, as he lay in his bed one day, he saw a spider trying to fasten its thread on the wall. The spider tried, and tried, and tried again; something prevented the thread sticking; but the little weaver did not give up; some say it tried twenty times. Bruce got amazingly interested in the spider's determination. He watched and watched its efforts, and when it, at last, succeeded, the young man jumped up with new life running through his veins. "I won't give up," he cried; and from that time he dated the success which afterwards crowned his efforts. The king won his kingdom; and what does the spider gain? "She is in king's palaces," the verse says. That is, it gains an honourable position; and so industry and perseverance in our calling win for us an honourable place among men. Better than that; if we use our industry and perseverance in loving obedience to the service of Christ on earth, we shall have a place in the palace of the great King on high. "For he that persevereth to the end shall be saved."

NEVER PUT OFF.

WHEN'EER a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly *wish* it done;
Begin *at once*, and do it.

For Sloth says falsely, "By-and-by
Is just as well to do it:"
But *present* strength is *surest* strength;
Begin *at once*, and do it.

And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee do it.

LITTLE BENNY'S DEFINITION.

"CHILDREN," I said to a class of little ones, "what is conscience?" I knew it was a hard question for such young minds, but I wished to draw out their thoughts. They looked at each other, but gave me no answer. "I think I don't know such a big word as that," said one.

Then I asked if they had never felt something within them, when about to do wrong, say, "Little boy, don't do so; it isn't right!"

Light broke over their faces at once. When the question was put, in a simpler form, to their experience, they understood it. "Now," I repeated, "what is conscience?"

"It's when Jesus whispers into our hearts," spoke out my good little Benny.

Was not this a sweet answer, and a comprehensive one?

"Jesus whispering into our hearts!" Jesus! No abstract principle to be reasoned about, and made the basis for dry philosophical controversy, but a fresh reality, springing from the living fountain.

"Jesus *whispering*!" Not the voice of many waters, nor thunders of the law, but a gentle, soft, and winning whisper.

"Jesus whispering into our *hearts*!" Not to the ear of sense, not to the proud, questioning mind, but "into the heart," where dwell the highest affections, the purest motives.

Surely God's truths sometimes find their best interpreters in these "little ones!" God grant my darlings may ever listen to this voice of "Jesus whispering into their hearts," and thus press joyfully on until they meet the blessed One in glory.—*S. S. Times*.

TREASURY PULPIT.

THE GOD OF PEACE.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect."—HEB. xiii. 20.

ONE of the most noticeable features in religious revivals has been the new power of an old gospel. A very commonplace preacher, gifted with no power to stir the passions and move public assemblies, pouring forth no flood of eloquence to carry men along as stones are rolled before a headlong torrent, appears in the pulpit. His manner is plain, and he preaches nothing but the simplest gospel truths. Yet, as I have seen the reeds that fringe the margin of a lake bend before the invisible wind, so is his congregation affected. Without any apparent cause to account for the phenomena, there is a shaking of the dry bones; rough hands wipe tears from eyes unused to weep; and not delicate women only, but strong men are visibly and powerfully affected; sobs interrupt the speaker; truths often heard before, but no more felt than hailstones rattling on a rock, now fall like a shower of arrows; each time the bowstring sounds and a shaft flies, a sinner falls; Christ appears a mighty conqueror, the place of his feet is glorious, and the scene forcibly recalls these words of prayer and prophecy, "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty"—"Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee." All are moved, and not a few converted.

How explain this extraordinary event? A small band of God's hidden ones have been, or are, perchance, at that hour on their knees at a throne of grace—wrestling with God, and pouring out prayer for an out-pouring of his Spirit. In this, more than in the eloquence of the minister, lies the power of preaching. Study brings a man to the pulpit, but it is prayer that brings God there. Thus Paul, who was above the praise of the people, and held himself independent alike of their applause and censure, saying, "It is a small matter for me to be judged of man's judgment, he that judgeth me is God,"—was not above their prayers. Though he insisted on the right of preachers to a sufficient maintenance, he was much more anxious that the people should pray for their ministers than that they should pay them. He could, and that the gospel might not be hindered, did do without that, saying, "These hands have ministered to my necessities;" but he could not want

their prayers; and so here he affectionately entreats them, saying, "Pray for us."

And now, recalling the scene by the shores of Tyre, where the sailors, as they heaved their anchor and unfurled their sails, saw Paul, accompanied by the disciples and a crowd of women and children, kneel down on the sand, and part with prayers—or a scene where a father, with the members of his family gathered round his dying bed, propped up on pillows, lifts his emaciated hands, and with labouring breath and looks of love, commends them, "lads" and all, to the angel of the covenant; even so Paul closes his epistle and his intercourse with the Hebrews. He had sought their prayers, and now gives them his own, saying, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

I. Look at the aspect in which God is here presented.

1. As a God of peace.

Were we to draw rash conclusions from the state and condition of this world as to the character of its Maker and Governor, we might come to a different conclusion. "God of peace!" Where is peace? Look either at our world's past history, or at its present condition! Has not every age been filled with wars? and what soil, from the sands of Africa to Polar snows, has not been drenched with human blood? The Indian savage, who flashes his tomahawk, and fills the forests with his war-whoop, or with stealthy steps approaches sleeping tents to murder the aged and drag the young to slavery, has had his counterpart among civilized and Christian nations. Peace! notwithstanding all the boasted progress of science and arts, and even of the gospel, the world is now bristling with arms—the tocsin has not ceased in one country when it begins ringing in another. In our own day, save this sea-girt and happy isle, every land in Europe has shaken to the tramp of armies and sounded to the roar of cannon; and at this moment,

mingling with the roar of the Atlantic, we seem to hear the boom of guns borne across the deep, from shores where God's impending vengeance for negro's wrongs at length is falling—teaching men the lesson, "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

Fancying that peace is not among the nations, and imagining that she may have fled for an asylum to the fanes of religion, we seek her in the house of God. Alas! It is a house divided against itself. The Church herself has been rent asunder into I know not how many factious divisions. Set on fire of hell—fire catching the bad passions that filled her, she has burst into fragments like an exploding shell. Disappointed of finding peace there, do we turn our steps to the domestic circle? We seek her in the family; and, following the steps of the mourners from a father's grave to see them clinging to each other, we are startled by loud discordant angry voices, brothers and sisters are quarrelling about the spoil. There is still one asylum to which peace may have fled. No man ever hated his own flesh, and, like a lonely bird, she may be found nestling in each man's bosom. No; till Christ bring the peace of God, bidding its waves and winds be still, man's heart is agitated by many violent passions: burning with hatred, or devoured by jealousy, or shaken with fears, or racked with remorse, or tortured by desires, it feels but cannot feed, his bosom a nest of scorpions and stung by conscience, the wicked man has no peace. He cannot; for the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Unconverted man is at peace—neither with himself, nor with others, nor with God. Shall we conclude from this view of the world that God is not a God of peace? Why, He had nothing to do with this miserable condition of affairs. He is neither to be judged by it, nor to be blamed for it. In a fatal hour sin was admitted into the world; and if the ship takes a Jonah aboard, she parts with peace; and has nothing to look for but thunders and lightnings, and storms and tempests.

Give God his way, let his will be done in earth as it is done in heaven, and were such a blessed change instantly effected on this world, it would recall a change such as that night saw on Galilee, when, rising in the boat, Jesus looked out on the tumbling sea, to say, "Peace, be still;" and in a moment there was a great calm; and the lake lay around like a glassy mirror, reflecting in its tranquil bosom the stars and peace of heaven. Let only this one commandment, "Love one another as I have loved you," be instantly and universally operative, there never were another cannon cast; nor sword forged; nor quarrel bred; nor blow struck; nor man enslaved; nor shore of earth invaded; nor use made of drum and trumpet but to sound the jubilee of universal peace. Sin banished peace, and God sent his Son to restore it; and when this world is Christ's, and the crowns of earth, like those of heaven, are laid at his

feet, then God shall be known as the God, and our world shall become again the abode of peace.

2. God has made peace.

"Fury is not in me, saith the Lord." He has turned from the fierceness of his anger, and made peace between himself and man by the blood of the cross. It is not peace at any price—at the expense of his honour, holiness, justice, law, or truth. God has not overlooked the guilt of sin; he pardons, but does not palliate it.

Peace may be established on a false basis, as has often been done between man and man. Take for example those States of America, where brother now stands armed against brother. Some months ago they might have reared a peace on the foundations of iniquity. Had they given ear to men who grossly perverted God's word, and, regarding slavery as a right and not a wrong, agreed to sacrifice the interests of humanity to those of commerce, and the eternal laws of God to political expediency—they might have had peace instead of war, cementing an unholy union with the blood of slaves. But such a peace, in place of an analogy, would offer a perfect contrast to the peace of the gospel. It preserves God's honour. Not peace at any price, it is peace at such a price as satisfied his law, and fully vindicated God's holiness in the sight of the universe; for by the cross where Jesus hung, mercy and truth met together; by that blessed cross, righteousness and peace embraced each other; there the great God appears as just, "and also the justifier of all those who believe in Jesus." "Let justice be done," said a noble heathen, "though heaven should fall;" but little did he who uttered that glorious sentiment fancy at what expense justice might be done. Here a greater than heaven fell. God spares not his own Son, and by that immense sacrifice established such a peace between himself and this guilty world, that now all sin may be pardoned, and every sinner saved. Believing in him, and at peace with God—at peace with his justice, at peace with his law, at peace with your own conscience, you have no sins to answer for; you have nothing to fear in the hour of death, nor to dread at the day of judgment. Christ has paid your debt; Christ has satisfied for your sins. Reconciled to you by the blood of his Son, God has no quarrel with you now. Richer than banks could make you, with Christ's legacy, "peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. That righteousness should satisfy your conscience which has satisfied your God. "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

II. He brought Christ from the dead.

1. In one sense the glory of his resurrection belongs to Christ himself.

Should we hear of a man sinking in the very day

of its attack under a fever that commonly takes ten or twenty days to run its course, and reach the crisis—well in the morning and a cold corpse at night, we should not be more astonished than Pilate was to hear of Christ's death. Like the earth that trembled at the crime, like the graves whose doors opened to show the sheeted dead, like the sun that hid his face, refusing to look upon the scene, this sudden death was contrary to the course of nature. Dead! dead in a few hours where men take days to die! dead, with the two thieves still alive, and writhing on the neighbouring crosses! notwithstanding his drooping head, and glazed eye, and still, unmoving form, it seemed impossible! Besides, when men are dying, they speak low, not loud. You have to bend as we have done over the pillow, to catch the whisper of bloodless lips; but that cry, "It is finished," which sounded loud and clear from the cross, was less like the low faint voice of a dying victim, than the battle shout of a victor—of one who has won the fight, and stands with the foe beneath his feet. Strange he should die so soon! What if it were an attempt to escape the hands of justice! To defeat that and make all sure, a soldier raising a long spear on high, buries the shining steel in his blessed side, to see it, on being withdrawn from the seat of life, followed in a gush of blood and water by the sacred emblems of the world's redemption.

Strange as it seemed, it is possible to explain our Lord's death by natural causes. The very perfection of his nature made him more than other men liable to injury; just as the finer the mechanism, the more easily is the machine deranged. Then think what filled the four and twenty hours that preceded his death—the sad parting with his disciples; the pain of Judas' treachery; the agony of the garden; the exhaustion of the bloody sweat; the long night filled with mockery, and insult, and suffering; the trial; the scourging; the rude usage of a brutal soldiery; his sorrow for weeping women and a fainting mother—suffering these, I can fancy our Lord's strength exhausted, and that he was half dead ere he reached Mount Calvary; as ready to die as a stone—whose foundations have been washed away by summer rains and winter snows—to leave its base at the slightest touch, and roll down to the bottom of the hill.

Yet our Lord's death—so strange and sudden—may be otherwise accounted for. It was in a peculiar sense his own act. We never lay down our lives. Who dies a natural death, has his life taken from him; who commits suicide, throws his away. But in dying, our Lord was like a man who says, I have done my work, completed my task, and I will now go to rest; I have paid the debt, and I will now leave the prison; I have fought the battle and won the victory, and I will now go home. The only thing else I have to give, he might say, is this,—my life, and there it is. Of my own will, by my own free spontaneous act I lay it down. All your wretched tools and cruel tortures, your crown of thorns and your

bloody cross, cannot deprive me of life. If I could create bread as fast as it was eaten, could not I create blood as fast as it flows away? It is not you that take away my life; nor God. It is not taken away, but given. I have power to lay down my life. Hence his claim on our love and gratitude. He gave himself for us, dying "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

But he who said, "I have power to lay down my life," also said, "I have power to take it up again." Once on a time when the Jews asked a sign of him, he said, referring to his body, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." It is a strange power some have of going to sleep and waking when they please. They resolve to sleep three, or three times three hours; and as if a trumpet was blown at their ear, they wake at the set time—true to a minute; they have hardly opened their eyes when the clock strikes the hour. Stranger still, many have not only slept, but some have swooned and come out of the trance at the time they fixed on. But however curious these cases seem, there is a spirit within the body, lodged in the brain, to assert the supremacy of mind over matter; and lord of the house, it stirs up the sleeping inmates when the fixed hour has come.

How much more strange for a man, ere he dies, to settle the day and date of his resurrection; and, greatest of miracles, as yon tomb has witnessed, to raise himself. Christ, bowing his head, gives up the ghost. The body the women swathed was cold; cold the feet that Mary kissed; fixed, and glassy, and filmy the eyes his mother looked on, and bloody and mangled the form she received in her arms as they lowered it slowly and tenderly from the cross; and for three days nothing distinguished this from other corpses, but that it assumed no sign of corruption. As perfumes give their odours to the vessel that holds them, it seemed as if his pure soul had imparted somewhat of its virtues to his body; for though dead it suffered no decay—no smell of the charnel house filled that tomb; his pale countenance, as if carved out of marble, was beautiful as ever. The Grave sat by and looked on its captive, but did not dare to touch him; and there he lay like a king asleep in a prison, the grimmest warder standing in reverence of one on whom the door is locked, to be thrown open at his bidding. At length the door is opened, but none enter to wake the sleeper. The angel rolls away the stone and sits on it, with eager eyes watching the great event. All yet is wrapped in gloom, within and without is the deepest silence. No sound breaks the stillness but the distant footfall of the guards, that fly this celestial apparition. Suddenly, the body stirs, of his own accord the dead rises; and, dropping the garments of death, Jesus steps forth on the dewy ground. He has broken the prison, bound the jailor, and spoiled him of his keys; and Faith hears voices as of angels singing among the stars, "O Death, where is thy sting? and O Grave, where is thy victory?"

2. Here our Lord's resurrection is attributed to God.

Nor here only. Here unquestionably. But God is elsewhere represented as standing over the dead body of his Son; and standing between it and the greedy grave, he guards it as a mother would her child's from the ravening wolf!—as Rizpah did her seven sons, hanging on one gibbet, from the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. In words which were addressed to God, and which could only be applied to Christ, the psalm says, "Thou wilt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." But the Bible, which attributes the preservation of Christ's body to Him, also attributes its resurrection. The apostle Paul says, "He hath raised up Jesus again;" and to the day of that grand event, as in some respects throwing the birth at Bethlehem into the shade, the inspired apostle applies these words, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee"—as if he came from Joseph's tomb, more evidently and gloriously God's begotten Son, than from Mary's womb. From that womb he came, a feeble infant, to save the world; but from this tomb he came, a mighty conqueror, having saved it. There he enters the field a combatant, with angels spectators of the fight; but here, borne high on his shield, with angels attending his triumph, wearing the crown of resurrection, declared to be the Son of God, with power he ascends to his Father; and is received by heaven to the cry, "Lift up your heads, ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; that the King of glory may come in." His resurrection is the work of God; the crown of his labours; the token of his acceptance; the fruit of his death. The God of peace has raised him from the dead by the blood of the everlasting covenant—his own blood, as if the blood that washes away our sins, sprinkled on his dead face, restored him to life; sprinkled on the chains of death, dissolved them; sprinkled on the doors of the grave, threw them open! Most precious and potent blood! May it be sprinkled in red showers from God's hand on us! If it gave life to a dead Christ, shall it not impart life to us? Yes. Through its power,—dead with him to sin, crucified with him, and buried with him in the baptism of the Holy Spirit, we have risen to newness of life; and when the last trumpet calls, set free from death as well as sin,—bondmen no more,—we shall rise from watery graves and dusty tombs when corruption puts on incorruption, and mortal immortality. Then shall death be swallowed up in victory. In conclusion,—

1. Look at this aspect of Christ as the Great Shepherd of the sheep.

How many are the elements of his greatness! He is a divine Shepherd. With a shepherd's crook he wears a kingly crown! Unlike other shepherds, who dwell in tents or the lowly cottages of lonely glens, this royal Shepherd dwells in a palace—having angels for his servants, and heaven for his home. Think on the number of teachers, preachers, pastors, ministers of all the

Christian Churches in the world, and how many shepherds he has under him! indeed, the greatest of them are his sheep; though leaders, they are but part of the flock, and he the only Shepherd, Bishop, and Overseer of souls. He said, "I have sheep that are not of this fold." And think of the numbers of his flock scattered all over the world! When the last day gathers them all together, and angels' hands have separated them from the goats, the earth has no plain large enough to hold that flock—the ransomed multitude which no man can number. On these grounds well may he be called the Great Shepherd, as on this also that the whole earth is his pasture-ground!—"The world is his, and the fullness thereof."

Nor here, as sometimes happens, is greatness separated from goodness. The last is the best of the two—we would rather be good than great. But both properties, infinite in measure, meet in Christ. He whom Paul calls the Great Shepherd, speaking of himself, says, "I am the Good Shepherd." How tender he is toward weak and feeble Christians! He gathers the lambs in his arms, carries them in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young. His sheep are not reared for the butcher's knife. They are not given over to hirelings; he himself leads them forth,—conducts them to green pastures and by still waters. So providing for his people that they sing, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," his sheep are of such value in his eyes, that if even one should stray and be "ready to perish," he will seek the wanderer till it is found. Home, if I may say so, has no delights for Jesus till he find the lost, and return with it on his shoulders, to call on angels and saints to rejoice with him that the lost is found. Good in these aspects of his character, in this Jesus is especially and emphatically the Good Shepherd, that he laid down his life for the sheep. He sacrificed himself—he suffered, he died for us. Hear the voice of God in this mysterious, awful call, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, against the man that is my fellow; and smite the shepherd." The sinless, spotless, well-beloved, eternal Son is standing before his Father—heaven looking on in expecting silence. The sword of justice is now unsheathed. Once before, the angels had seen its flash; then it had emptied many a throne in heaven; and their fallen compeers, shrieking from its wounds, had rushed down into hell headlong, like the swinish herd into the depths of Galilee. Now, the Father sheathes that sword in the bare bosom of his Son. He falls; he groans; he dies,—the just for the unjust; wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed. Standing now as it were by the dead body of the shepherd, can we think of the dignity of the sufferer, the greatness of the ransom, the pangs that rent this blessed body, the sorrows that wrung this loving heart without exclaiming,—How great was thy mercy toward me, and how great should be my love to thee!

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

2. Let us glance at Paul's prayer.

"The God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will; working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen." Make you perfect! Could I express for you a better wish, or could you aim at a better object? Perfect! it is a high, but it is not a hopeless aim. In your sins are you bound as by chains of iron and affliction? What chains are too strong for him, who, bringing Jesus from the dead, burst the fetters of the tomb? In the person of his exalted Son, God has set a man on the very throne of the universe—above angels and archangels, seraphim and cherubim, principalities and powers; and is he not able to raise us to humbler thrones? What he has done for Christ is a glorious pledge of what he shall do for all Christ's people. Where the head is, the members, the humblest of them, all of them one day shall be. The oil poured on the high priest's head descended in fragrant streams to the very skirts of his garments, —the parts that swept the dust; and so the grace that was poured on Christ without measure, shall descend to the meanest of his people. All who belong to him, imbued with his Spirit, and sanctified by grace, shall be fitted for heaven and brought to it; even as everything that pertained to Israel was at the great Exodus brought out of Egypt! "Not a hoof was left behind."

We are not perfect; far from it! In imitating Christ how unlike is the fairest copy to the original! Still perfect freedom from sin, perfect obedience to the law, perfect harmony to the mind, perfect conformity to the image of God, are in the bond sealed with blood—in the prayer, "I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." Let not your souls, therefore, be cast down by past failures. Say with David, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why is my spirit disquieted within me; hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Aim at perfection! Try it again, and again, and again! Every true, earnest, prayerful effort, will raise you higher and still higher on the Rock of Ages. Let every day see some work done; some battle fought; some good victory won. Rise every morning to start anew for heaven; and let every sun that sets, leave you a day's journey nearer home. Do the best you can; live the best you can; get all the good you can; do all the good you can; do it at all times you can; do it to all men you can; do it in all the ways you can. And God working in you by his Spirit, both to will and to do of his good pleasure, you shall rise step by step upward to perfection; till, mounting as on eagle's wings, you arrive at the gates of glory; and in you a perfect heaven receives a perfect saint.

THE SAVING WIFE.

"What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"—1 Cor. vii. 16.

BY J. DE LIEFDE, OF AMSTERDAM.

CHAPTER I.

A DISCOURSE IN A TRACK-BOAT.

"But you don't mean to say that I should not care whether my husband goes to the church or to the theatre?" said Mrs. P——, in rather a querulous voice to the Rev. Mr. D——.

Both parties were sitting in the first cabin of the track-boat that was plying between Amsterdam and the town of Hoorn, in North Holland. They had the whole of it for themselves, which, however, was not having very much, for the first cabin of an old Dutch *trekschuit* is the very opposite of a "grand saloon." Of the two compartments into which that oblong and narrow vessel is divided, it is the hindmost, and by far the smaller. To be able to enter it, you must bend yourself into an angle of about forty-five degrees, and be very contented if you succeed in dropping down on the cushion of the bench without pushing your head against the concave ceiling. From the moment you are so fortunate as to find yourself comfortably seated, you must give up every prospect of rising upon your feet again, unless you might resolve to creep out and to keep company with the man at the helm, where there is scarcely room for four persons to stand. You had better keep inside, especially when the weather is wet and the wind cutting, as was the case when Mrs. P—— and the Rev. Mr. D—— were performing their journey. Being the only first-cabin passengers this time, they could choose their seats opposite each other, having a narrow little green painted and white spotted table between them. They were strangers to each other, but the prospect of a long tedious journey had already, from the beginning of their travelling, made them desirous of some intercourse. Now, in a Dutch *trekschuit* you are in a somewhat critical position as to conversation. If once you begin a talk you cannot get away from it, however disagreeable it may prove to turn. In steamboats you may leave the cabin any moment you like, but in a *trekschuit* you are compelled to sit down, even if your next neighbour should prove your greatest enemy. And in stage coaches you may break off the conversation by turning your face to the window and looking into the fields, but in a *trekschuit* you must face the person who is sitting opposite you, for there is no opportunity for a look out, as the one window is behind your back, and the other behind the back of your fellow traveller. Mrs. P—— having often performed the journey from Amsterdam to Hoorn, was, from experience, quite conscious of this peculiarity of a *trekschuit*, and, consequently, very happy to infer from the gentleman's black coat and white neckcloth that he was a minister; the more so, since she was a religiously-minded person who took a

delight in edifying conversation. She had the better of him, in this respect, for nothing in her dress told the minister what kind of person she was. Availing herself of her advantage she opened the conversation by some general remarks about the weather and the crops, and soon both parties were delighted to find that they perfectly agreed upon the great questions concerning man's calling in this life, and his hope for the future. Mrs. P—— learned that the Rev. Mr. D—— was a believing servant of Christ, preaching the gospel at the Hague, and the Rev. Mr. D—— was glad to learn that Mrs. P—— was the wife of a respectable merchant at Amsterdam, and mother of five children, whom she anxiously tried to train up in the fear of the Lord. The kind, sensible way in which he answered her questions and remarks impressed her with the conviction that he was a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of God, and a man of more than youthful experience in Christian life. This elicited her confidence. She could not help opening her heart and communicating to him the sad cross she had to bear, in consequence of her domestic circumstances. Her husband was not a converted man. He seldom attended worship, and spent the greater portion of his evenings at the theatre, or at the card playing club. Her children were too young as yet to follow their father's example, but she feared that her eldest boy would take a fancy to tread in his footprints. Many a sad and alarming scene had issued between her and her husband, in consequence of this state of things. Scarcely a day had elapsed that they had not had some quarrel, he scolding her as a silly woman and a fanatic, and she preaching him the judgment of a holy and just God, whose face is turned against those who do evil. Mr. D—— heard her sad story with serious concern, and both by the earnestness of his countenance and by a few short exclamations showed her the deep sympathy he felt with her distressing condition. When she, however, had finished her story and expected a word of praise and consolation from him to confirm and countenance her in her conduct hitherto pursued, she was not a little surprised to observe that a gentle smile broke over his face, while he, in a voice of kind heartedness, mixed with a little of sarcasm, said to her,—

"Well, my dear friend, I see you have done all you could by *talking* to your husband. I think you now might try what you could effect by *being silent*."

This saying of the minister entirely put her out, and it was in replying that she, in a tone of great disappointment uttered the question already mentioned:—

"But you don't mean to say, sir, that I should not at all care whether my husband goes to the church or to the theatre?"

"By no means," answered the clergyman, "I mean to say that you ought to continue to pray most fervently for your husband's conversion. The present state of his soul ought to be a permanent topic of your conversation with the Lord. But I don't believe it is wise to introduce it into your daily intercourse with your husband."

"But, rev. sir, am I not called upon, as a Christian woman, to warn my husband of the dangerous way he is walking in? The Lord commands us to rebuke the works of darkness, and to exhort sinners in season and out of season. We are but creatures of yesterday, and our life is but like a vapour. Every day death may cut off my husband's breath, as well as mine. Am I not, as a faithful companion, every day to remind him of the perilous state of his soul, that he may turn to the Lord ere it is too late?"

"Dear madam," answered the minister, "you are perfectly right as to the *principle* that moves you. You love your husband, and you cannot be at peace about him until you are sure that he is safe in the arms of the only Saviour. I therefore fully sympathise with your anxiety, and appreciate it as an evidence of your faithfulness, both with regard to your husband and your Redeemer. Indeed, if I were told that your husband was serving the world, and that you never had spoken to him about his future state, I certainly should most seriously rebuke you. But the reverse is the case now. I find you *have* spoken to him. You *have* told him all he was to know, and you can tell him nothing more besides what you have told him already a hundred times over and over again. Now, it appears to me that you might grant him a little time for thinking over the matter in his own mind. You have sown the seed of God's word in his heart. Pray, leave it alone for some time, that the Lord may do *his* work, now that you have done *yours*. Look at the farmer when he sows the crops. After having committed the seed to the bosom of the earth he goes home and prayerfully leaves it to the care of Him who giveth the increase. He does not return every day to turn up the clod, and to ascertain the development of the grain. He would spoil the whole process by doing so. There is a time for sowing, madam, and there is another time for growing. Let us not confound these two periods, lest we hinder the work by doing too much and by praying too little.

"But, my dear sir," replied the lady, after a pause, "I am afraid this advice of yours might lead me to a reprehensible apathy concerning my husband's eternal welfare. Certainly, I might satisfy myself by thinking, I have told you enough about it, and you now may take care of yourself; happen what may, I wash my hands in innocence, but does not this sound very much like Cain's saying, when he exclaimed, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"Doubtless," rejoined the minister; "if you for the rest showed him a perfect indifference about his person in your conduct. But if you continue loving him and daily seeking the Lord's face on his behalf, you cannot possibly give him the impression that you don't care whether he worships God or the devil. You must every day rebuke, exhort, warn, entreat, and beseech him to turn away from his present course of life, and to take his place at the feet of Jesus. But you may do all that without much talking to himself. There is an impor-

ant exhortation given to wives in the First Epistle of Peter, which, I am sorry to find, many Christian ladies pay too little attention to. *Ye wives*, says the apostle in the third chapter, *be in subjection to your own husbands, that, if any obey not the word, they also may be won by the WALK of the wives WITHOUT THE WORD,* while they behold your chaste walk coupled with fear.* You observe, madam, that the apostle here addresses wives who very much are in a case, such, as I am sorry to learn, you are in at present. Their husbands are unbelieving persons. They have heard the word of God, but they refuse to obey it. Now the apostle does not exhort the wives to continue repeating that refused word over and over again in their ears. They should not give their husbands anything to *hear*; they should give them something to *behold*. The application of the gospel to the *ears* of their husband through the medium of the preacher has proved fruitless. The apostle now wants to try an application to their *eyes* through the chaste, meek, quiet conduct of their wives. I perceive that this is not one of the easiest commandments of Scripture for some ladies. But, I trust, for you it will not be so very difficult, since you, from experience, must be fully convinced that your words, however numerous and urgent, are not the means to win your husband."

Mrs. P—— listened with earnest attention to the minister's words. She could not help smiling for a moment at his remark about "some ladies," of whom she felt sure he thought she must be one. Nor could she deny that he, perhaps, had hit very near the point. Still, she did not want him to think that she only had made her husband to *hear* everything and given him nothing to *behold*.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said she; "but I hope you will believe that, as much as I could, I have always tried to keep up a conduct in the sight of my husband in accordance with my words."

"I am most willing to believe that, madam," replied the minister; "but I am afraid that your conduct, however irreproachable and pure in the sight of Christian beholders, was marred in the sight of your unconverted husband by the somewhat querulous and caviling appearance which you could not help displaying by your constant opposition and repeated disputes. As far as I can judge from the description you give me of his character, he appears to be a person of a liberal, cheerful, jovial disposition. He does not desire to be your tyrant, but he does not want you to be his either. He grants you full liberty to think and to act as you please; but he wants you to grant the same liberty to himself. He unhesitatingly permits you to attend church service where and whenever you like; but he desires that you should

permit him to go to the theatre and to his club whenever it pleases him. You have told him that his way is wrong and dangerous. He has told you that yours is foolish and fanatical. Very well, up to this point you have both availed yourselves of your mutual right of expressing your opinion, and he fully granted you the liberty of stating your conviction with the most decided assertions. But here you ought to stop, for here is the boundary of your right and liberty. If you go one step further you trespass upon *his* right and liberty. Every word of rebuke and warning you add in a tone of dispute and reproach gives you in his sight the appearance of an imperious woman, who tries to encroach upon other people's rights, and to get them all dancing after her fiddle. This cannot fail prejudicing him against the holy cause you plead. He considers what he calls your austerity and rigourism as a fruit of that sort of religion which you try to intrude upon him. His favourite object is what he calls his *liberty*. Of course it is a false liberty; but he thinks it is the true one. Now you try to deprive him of that treasure, without giving him a better instead. Can you wonder at his thinking that you are trying to lead him into bondage?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Mrs. P——, "I surely offer him a better. I never fail when speaking with him to point at that true liberty wherewith the Son of God makes us free indeed."

"Ah, to be sure you do," replied the minister, "but he does not see that that liberty is liberty indeed. What he wants is that you should convince him by practice that your liberty is better than his. You have tried enough by talking, but it has led to no result. You both continue sticking to your own opinions. Now the time comes in for arguing by *facts*. He wants you to *show* him that you are free indeed. But you show him the reverse as long as you try to *compel* him to abandon his opinion and to adopt yours. He never will believe that the building he is to enter by compulsion is the temple of liberty. He wants you to show him that you feel unspeakably happy in that temple. But he cannot possibly believe that you are happy as long as he finds that you are unhappy in his presence."

Mrs. P—— was silent. She felt that there was much truth in the minister's sayings. She recollected how her husband always seemed to lose his cheerfulness when she entered the parlour, and that there was a spirit of coldness and stiffness about their family conversation, which he was always trying to escape by going to the club-house or to the theatre. Tears came into her eyes now that she felt that herself, perhaps, was the cause of that sad state of her domestic life, or, at least, that she might have prevented a great deal of the present misery, by being less of an actor and more of a sufferer. Still she could not clearly perceive how she could follow a different course of conduct without tampering with her most holy principles.

"My dear sir," said she, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. "I feel that much of what you are say-

* Such is the Dutch translation of that text, and such also is the old meaning of the word "conversations" employed in the English version. The words *ἀνευ λόγου* (without the word) are placed immediately behind *ἀναστροφῆς*, so as to indicate that the apostle means the *silent, quiet conduct* of the wives, which often is more eloquent than any mere words can be.

ing strikes my conscience. But is it your opinion, then, that I should conceal my convictions altogether, and never speak about the Lord and his righteousness to my husband? Do you mean to say that I should perfectly put up with his manner of thinking and living; never oppose, never show the sad, dismal impression his worldly-mindedness makes upon me, but, on the contrary, manifest an interest in his pleasures and dissipations, and make him as happy as if myself were one of his most congenial companions? I cannot suppose that this can be the purport of your reasoning. Such a course would be quite impossible to me. It would kill me. I would make myself contemptible in my own eyes as a hypocrite, showing a shining face while my heart would be full of sadness and aversion. I should not have one night's rest because of the pangs of my conscience, crying that I was betraying my Lord in order to please my husband."

"Not at all! not at all, madam!" exclaimed the minister. "Such conduct would be worse than an open family war. Yea, I presume, as far as I know your husband's character from your description, that by turning so complaisant you would make yourself contemptible even in *his* eyes. He knows your opinions and convictions too well to be able to expect that you ever would have a taste for his worldly pleasures. But what I mean to say is, that you might try to show him in every respect, not at variance with your conscience, that you love him most cordially, that you take the liveliest interest in his happiness, and desire most sincerely his company. If such a love towards him dwells in your heart, madam, thousands of opportunities may be found, sometimes of an important, sometimes a trifling nature, to show him kindness and goodwill. In this matter nothing is so inventive as cordial, sincere love."

"Oh, I do love him! I truly do love him!" said Mrs. P—, while a deep feeling of affection rising from her heart's very core swelled the tears in her eyes. "He is such an amiable, kind-hearted, gentle person by nature. If he only knew the Lord, I should have the best of husbands."

"Well, then," continued the minister, "the only thing that is required for the purpose is at its place. Allow yourself to be led by that love as far as you possibly can go without impairing your love to your Saviour. Between the sphere in which the converted Christian moves and that in which the unconverted but respectable individual finds his delight, there is a third one, in which both may meet as upon a common platform for mutual intercourse and conversation. It is the sphere of the merely natural life, of which family life occupies such a considerable portion. Your favourite sphere is the church, madam; his is the theatre and the club-house. You cannot follow him there, nor will he follow you where you go. Very well; but you breakfast, you lunch, you dine, you take your tea, you sup together. *There* is a platform, at least, where both of you can meet in peace. Now, mind the important task

you there have to fulfil as his wife and the mother of his children. When he comes down to his breakfast, try to meet him with a cheerful countenance, and put the baby on his knee. Then, of course, you know how he likes his tea best. Speak a good, kind word to him at dinner, and tell him some stories about the children. Get him to take one of the boys on his back, or to sing a tune with the girls. Listen to his jokes, and if they are of an innocent kind—which, I am sure, they are mostly—why should you not show you enjoy them? If he wants to tell you something about his friends, their wives and families, listen to him with kind attention, and show your sympathy either with their joy or with their affliction. Of course they are not *your* friends, nor are they friends of the Lord. But they are *men* like you, and they are worth your attention and concern, since God made them and wishes their salvation. Perhaps if they learn from your husband that you rejoiced in their happiness or wept over their losses, they will be set thinking seriously about that religion which caused you to show such a love to persons who are not your friends. I think all this you might do without hurting your conscience, and a great deal more which your love will be much apter to invent than I am able to tell you. But I believe I had better tell you a story out of my own ministerial experience, which may clearly illustrate my theory about the conduct which I mean you ought to pursue. It relates to a Christian woman, a member of my church, who some years ago found herself in the same difficulties which you are in now. The Lord, however, heard her prayers and blessed her wise conduct to that effect, that she at length overcame evil with good, and became a striking illustration of the truth expressed in the apostle's saying: *What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?* If you have no objection I will tell you the story, leaving it to yourself to draw such lessons from it as you may deem fit for your own instruction."

Mrs. P—, of course, was very anxious to hear the narrative of a fellow-sufferer who had travelled through the same desert she was wandering in still, and had reached the happy land for which she was looking out, day and night, with intense desire.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

PART SECOND.

It is encouraging to the young pastor struggling with the difficulties of a disadvantageous charge, to learn from the biography of Angell James that he preached seven years to empty pews—preached till his heart began to fail him in the prospect of a repetition of the first seven years of adversity. The flood on which he was afterwards borne was so high and continuous that it was difficult to conceive that he had ever occupied any other place than the crest of the wave. That he

should have lain stranded so long in Carr's Lane Chapel, is still to his biographer a question of difficult solution. Of the wisdom of his enforced obscurity there can be no doubt. The draper's apprentice, but two years released from the shop, was not ripe for showing forth unto Israel. Meditation, study, prayer, and self-discipline, were the schools through which he had yet to pass to his higher work. Nothing was so needful for him as to be hid from the eyes and kept out of the mouths of men. "He wanted," as Mr. Dale has well said, "more metal, if he was ever to produce any deep, permanent impression on a vigorous and intelligent community." Still, even at the period of his ordination, he had the elements that have often won a brilliant, though ephemeral reputation. He had then, as through life, an ardent, impetuous, glowing heart; a mind, though undisciplined, full of life and activity; a copious, free command of language; a voice which, for sweetness, richness, and pathos, has been rarely equalled, never surpassed, and which then was as absolutely under his control as in his later years. Add to which, his heart was in the ministry. He spake because he believed. Notwithstanding, his congregation, which numbered only sixty-two members at the commencement of his ministry in 1805, continued till 1812 "very small."

A combination of circumstances powerful in determining the position of a congregation, were unfavourable to the progress of Carr's Lane Church. When James entered on his ministry, it had just been rent into two parts, after violent dissensions. The larger division had gone off with the minister, leaving to the remnant the possession of the vacant pulpit and pews. To occupy such a pulpit was to inherit a feud. To fill the empty pews required a pre-established reputation. Men stand aloof from a church that has been a battle-field. They shrink from treading on ashes still warm. The very name of a contentious congregation, no matter the source of its disputes, repels approach. Its minister preaches in vain. He suffers with his people, shares in their common reputation; and not till their strife be forgotten, is the field open for his gathering from the community around him hearts and minds in sympathy with his own. The locality of the Carr's Lane Chapel was, besides, as unfavourable as the reputation of the congregation. No splendid edifice in central square, or crescent, or great thoroughfare, awaited the reception of the young preacher on his entrance into Birmingham. Carr's Lane Chapel had to be searched out amidst the obscure retreats of the town; and when found, was not worth the search. It was not, as it afterwards became, in James's eye, the type of the perfect place of worship. Dissenting chapels had not at that period begun to rival in architecture the church and the cathedral.

An escape for a season from the Carr's Lane locality to a more central position in Birmingham terminated the discouraging period of James's ministry. It then flashed on the community that one had been amongst them whom they knew not. His preaching came upon

his fellow-townsmen with the freshness of novelty, and was felt in its sterling truthfulness and life. They had made a new discovery; and such was the value they put upon it, that when James returned to his former locality, it was no longer to preach to empty pews. His seven years' obscurity had not been wasted. Disappointment had not become the excuse for mental inactivity. It had quickened his mind to more vigorous study. His resources during the period had been greatly increased, his whole intellectual nature rendered more robust; and when he took the high position which he eventually reached, it was a position from which he never went back. He retained it with a constancy allowed only to genuine worth and real power. A transition so sudden and decisive was not without its perils to the spiritual character of the preacher. His safeguard was, that before honour had come humility. He had stooped ere he rose, and learned to suffer ere he reigned as the popular favourite. Yet, as his biographer observes, the genial, generous heart, which had not been soured by adversity, was in danger of being too much elated by the noisy excitement and indiscriminating admiration which his eloquence had at last awakened. His was a nature too ardent not to be in danger of mistaking the emotion of the orator for the spiritual affections of the Christian, and the ardour of genius for apostolic consecration and zeal. In his temperament enthusiasm was easily excited, though slowly transformed into a profound and settled principle. A check was needed to restrain the excitement of his new position, and prevent, as his biographer remarks, his becoming a mere rhetorician, with an insatiable craving for popular applause. An alarming illness in 1817 left him so enfeebled, that for nine months he was unable to appear in his own pulpit. That the affliction was not without its fruits of righteousness, may be gathered from his reference in his autobiography to this period of his life, in which he says, "I am deeply humbled to think how little I have benefited by the judgments of God. O my heavenly Father, I am astonished that thou hast not either inflicted upon me still heavier strokes, or ceased to smite at all. I have a thousand times feared lest I should not honour God as I ought in affliction. I am greatly affected by pain,—a poor, timid, cowardly creature. I can never cease to wonder at God's infinite forbearance towards me. I believe my life was spared in answer to prayer. The earnestness of the people in supplication was remarkable. The chief part of my usefulness, both as a preacher and an author, has been since that illness." A still severer stroke followed in the death of his first wife, of whom nearly fifty years afterwards he wrote,— "That he owed, under God, to her gentleness and prudence, to her meekness and good sense, to her sobriety of judgment and instructive propriety, in a great measure, the formation of his own character, and his fair and good start in his ministerial career. She was hailed after our marriage by the congregation as an

angel of God ; and there was not a member to whom she was not an object of love, interest, and esteem."

An invitation to preach the annual sermon of the London Missionary Society, in Surrey Chapel, introduced him to the large world of the metropolis, and carried his fame as a preacher to its height. The impression produced by that discourse is said to have been most extraordinary. A modern critic reading it in his closet and applying to it our severer standard of taste, would feel that the preacher had not always distinguished tinsel from solid metal, artificial rhetoric from genuine eloquence, and that he knew not when to say of ornament and figure, it is enough. The congregation gathered on the occasion, by the reputation of the preacher, occupied every inch of room two or three hours before the time. In the front of a gallery, which ran round the chapel, were seated the principal ministers connected with the Society in London and the provinces. There sat Bogue and Winter, Waugh and Haweis, and Wilks—men held in reverence for their age, their wisdom, their personal sanctity, their ministerial power, their arduous and successful labours in the service of Christ and his Church.

The sermon lasted two hours. The preacher's brother sat in the pulpit with the manuscript in his hand, prepared, if there was a moment's hesitation, to suggest the forgotten word ; but, from first to last, the discourse was delivered exactly as it stood on the paper, not an epithet or a preposition was changed. At the close of the first hour the preacher paused for a few minutes, and the people sung a hymn. Such was the excitement of the congregation that, during the temporary interruption, oranges were thrown into the pulpit to refresh the exhausted orator. The hymn finished, he rose again and thundered on for another hour, closing with a peroration anticipative of the homage of all created things to the Redeemer. So great was the effect produced that, notwithstanding the place and the occasion, murmurs of applause broke from the audience. Here and there a dissentient critic put in his caveat against the orator that he buried thought in a heap of ornament. John Elias, the great Welsh preacher—no foe to the wise employment of imagination in the pulpit, who was present that day, exclaimed, when the sermon was over, "I believe the cross was there, but it was so heaped up with flowers I could not see it." Another hearer delivered his opinion in a form still more terse and epigrammatic, "I don't care to dine at a pastry cook's." These were a scarcely appreciable drawback to the burst of enthusiasm with which the discourse was received by the entire congregation ; and which from London spread through the provinces, as its glowing passages were rehearsed, or the story told of the profound impression of its delivery.

From this time James became the favourite missionary advocate. From his Gosport days of intercourse with Morrison he felt the claims of missions, and no man was more successful in presenting these to others,

or in drawing forth the large and willing contributions in their support. The May meetings wanted their chief attraction when James was absent from Exeter Hall. There he was always acceptable and always effective. His episcopal friend and neighbour, Dr. Miller, of Birmingham, so competent to judge in a department in which he himself excels, in describing the general powers of James as a public speaker, has strongly said, "No man ever stood on a platform who was more welcome to the auditory. Earnest, grave,—or with a gravity relieved by playfulness only, never by levity—touchingly pathetic ; rising not seldom to lofty eloquence, his language fluent and choice ; every speech presenting the difficult combination of all the polish of the most finished preparation, and all the freshness of extempore address—his face betokening high intelligence, and often lighted with a smile of heaven's own love—he was a speaker not often surpassed. I never saw him sit down without regret that his speech was not longer." And yet, of speech making, James himself says, "It was a business of which, though I have not been unsuccessful in it, I was never very fond."

It were to adopt a false criterion to judge of James's usual ministry by the overwrought effort of a Surrey Chapel missionary sermon. At home, in the usual exercise of his ministry, he was the affectionate, earnest, oftentimes simple and essentially practical preacher. He preached the cross—its atoning blood the sinner's ground of hope, with no vagueness and no uncertain sound ; and, with a faithfulness and fulness then little known, the obedience inseparable from Christian privilege. His writings are the living witnesses of the minute and searching practical character of his evangelical preaching. Though his mind was that of the orator,—and his thoughts naturally took the shape of persuasion rather than of didactic teaching,—his sermons never wanted light as well as impulse. He knew that the truth must be presented to the understanding before the heart could feel it. But he did not forget that the knowledge of the hearers of the gospel is almost always in advance of their lives ; and that the preacher's great business is to "persuade men." In this department the resources of his eloquence were very varied. Some painters, it has been said by his biographer, are only successful with a gloomy sky and a restless sea, others with green fields and running brooks, so some orators can only produce terror, and others only tears. James had both sublimity and tenderness. He could fire enthusiasm, or awaken pity ; he could terrify or soothe at will. "Preach Christ," was his earnest address to a body of students leaving college, "and for Christ's own sake. Exalt Christ, not yourselves. Exhibit Christ in the divinity of his person, the efficacy of his atonement, the prevalence of his intercession, the fulness of his grace, the freeness of his invitations, the perfection of his example ; in all his mediatorial offices and scripture characters ; and as the Alpha and Omega of your whole ministry. Let your sermons be fragrant

with the odours of his name. Carry this precious unguent to the pulpit, break the alabaster box, and let the precious perfume fill the house in which you minister. Christ has himself told you the secret of popularity and success, when he said, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' With this divine loadstone magnetize your sermons; here lies the attraction. Preach as in full view of all the wonders of Calvary, and let it be as if, while you spoke, you felt the Saviour's grace flowing into and filling your soul, and as if at that moment you were sympathizing with the apostle in his sublime raptures, 'God forbid I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' His own ministry was the reflection of this exhortation. If subordinate attractions were thrown around it, in this lay its element of power. He was an ambassador for Christ, beseeching men for Christ's sake to be reconciled to God. From his own profound appreciation of the vital truths of the gospel he was quick to discern the rise of the *Negative Theology*, to read its signs and bear his testimony against its loose generalities, cautious reserve, and ambiguous statements. "Doctrines, my friends," was his note of warning to his flock, "doctrines are of immense consequence, they are the basis of all practical religion, and the morality that is not connected with truth by faith is not the morality of the New Testament. It is the very nature of Christian ethics that they are so many emanations from Christian truths. Christ crucified, therefore, should be the great theme of every minister of religion: that latitudinarianism—and alas! it is becoming but too fashionable in the present day,—which would reduce all sentiments, as to their importance, to a level, and which would banish all distinctive opinions from the pulpit, to make way for mere moral duties and social virtues, is the rankest and most mischievous infidelity. If the truth, as it is in Jesus, be withheld, there can be no Christianity: no, nothing but deism; and to this many of the liberals of the passing age would bring us;—but it must not be."

There was one feature of James' preaching that gave to his ministry amongst his flock a deeply searching character. He did not take for granted, that the divine life once implanted, would transform by its intrinsic energy the whole character. He closely followed in the footsteps of the apostles, in warning renewed converted men against the special sins of their age and position, and summoning them in detail to the discharge of the duties of the Christian life. He was incessantly preaching to particular classes on their peculiar obligations and dangers. His ethical sermons were amongst the ablest and most powerful that he ever delivered.

But it was not alone by his eloquence as a preacher he won and kept, for fifty years, his high position as a minister in Birmingham. His pastoral wisdom and fidelity were as eminent as his powers in the pulpit. Often he bewailed to his colleague and biographer, his inability to sustain a regular and satisfactory system of pastoral visitation, and yet there were few per-

sons in a church of a thousand members, and a congregation of nearly two thousand, of which he could not give a clear account. The weekly meeting held in the lecture-room, was the especial occasion for the pious pastor dealing with the inquirer or the backslider, and pouring out the fulness and tenderness of his heart. Singularly affecting scenes were there from time to time witnessed. On an occasion in which Mr. Dale was present at an early period of his connection with the church, an old man stood before the desk, amongst the long line of few members, at the advanced age of seventy years. For the first time he had been brought to the acknowledgment of the truth. Next to him stood a little girl, not more than thirteen years of age, who, in answer to her mother's prayers, had been early renewed by the Holy Ghost. Not far from her stood a man who had been guilty of gross and reckless sin, but who, recovered to repentance, had been living a new life. On approaching the old man James grasped his hand, and with trembling tones welcomed him to the church. To the young disciple he spoke with the tenderness of a father to a child on the blessedness of early coming to Christ; whilst to the reclaimed sinner he could scarcely give utterance to the joy of his heart. His addresses on these occasions often far surpassed in all the highest qualities of eloquence the most matured and finished of his sermons or public speeches. Under such a ministry and pastorate it is not wonderful the congregation should have grown to the magnitude of two thousand, and become the active centre of numerous benevolent missionary enterprises, a church eminent in faith and its fruits.

Yet the labours of James were not limited to his congregational circle. He was eminently a public spirited Christian, and took his full share in the business of his church, and in the advancement of the great philanthropic objects of his times. He possessed all the qualities by which men acquire authority; free from "crotchets," he had none of the self-will that frustrates maturest counsels, and from incapacity to yield to a friend the slightest concession, gives to an adversary a triumph. When business was to be done his eloquence was remarkable for its vigour, directness, and practical sagacity. To his energy and presiding wisdom, his section of the church owes the formation of the Congregational Union. Whilst many were alarmed at the prospect of an organized union controlling the independence of the churches, he hailed it from the prospect it afforded of increased brotherly love and co-operation, and on the review of its completion, congratulated himself on the part he had taken in gathering together into a body the scattered members of his denomination.

The first proposal for the formation of an Evangelical Alliance was from his pen, under the title of "Proposal for a General Protestant Union," and the whole force of his mind was thrown into the movement. His appeal awoke the response of ten thousand hearts. It was the utterance of a great truth long unexpressed, but deeply

felt by hearts one in Christ. At the first Conference in Liverpool, it seemed to him as if the reign of truth, love, and peace had begun. With the most intense anxiety he awaited the decision of the question of the basis of the union, trembling lest it might prove the rock on which they should split; and when at length the basis passed the ordeal of examination and was adopted by the whole assembly without prolonged discussion or disposition to captiousness or theological hair-splitting, his heart was lifted up in wonder, love, and silent prayer. The conference was a signal triumph of truth, charity, and Evangelical Protestantism. Twenty denominations agreeing on a doctrinal basis! It was, henceforth, more than a possibility that there could be union without compromise; it was an accomplished fact.

That in addition to his public labours James should have accomplished so much as an author, can be accounted for only from the readiness of his talents, the energy of his efforts, and the severe economy of his time. The edition of his collected works now being issued under the editorship of his son, is the worthiest and noblest monument that human hands can raise to his memory. Thousands will thank God through eternity for their guidance in the way of life by the author of "The Anxious Inquirer." A sketch from his home life unveils the secret of his multiplied literary labours. "He diligently redeemed," says his son, "his time. Meals were despatched in his house in less time than I ever saw them gone through elsewhere. Though a stout man all his movements were quick; he walked and wrote fast, and he dressed with unusual rapidity. My stepmother was as active as he was, and never kept him waiting for her at a meal, or when going out with him; and she remarked with great pleasure that Bonaparte gave the same praise to Josephine. He was generally in his study soon after seven, and I believe spent in devotion the hour before breakfast, which in winter and summer he took at eight. He never sat more than half an hour after dinner (at two or half past), and not a minute after breakfast or tea. After supper (at nine) he usually read an amusing book, and I think he did so also at the end of the morning. He wrote his letters generally in the afternoon, and grumbled if he had to take up his pen after supper. Up to supper time nothing seemed ever to incapacitate him from working, or to dissipate his mind. He could breakfast out, and when he returned fall to work as usual. When he reached home on an afternoon after travelling all day, he had tea as quickly as it could be got, and then went to his study, and generally on such occasions was later than usual at supper. He never gave up working unless physically unable to sit up, and made nothing of a headache or other ailment which would have laid aside most men." We are surprised to learn from his son, that from his numerous and widely circulated works he received little more than £100 a-year,—his principle being to sell them at such prices that the purchaser had the best of the bargain, as old Sir Oliver Cromwell in-

sisted on selling his land. The money he received for the "Anxious Inquirer" he made a point of disposing for religious purposes.

But James did not escape the inevitable penalty of labour beyond strength. While his broad, massive, physical frame, energetic elocution, and voice as of many waters, betokened no yielding to the pressure of continued exhausting work, his nervous system was slowly being undermined. As they looked on his still vigorous frame, his friends could hardly accept the excuse of nervous depression for his declining all public engagements away from home. Yet for nearly ten years he was compelled to limit himself to his congregational duties, and to refuse all applications to preach out of Birmingham. No one would have thought, looking on his broad chest and firmly compacted frame, and listening to his powerful voice, that a shadow of nervous tremour could have troubled him. Yet for many years he scarcely ever slept on a Saturday night, so uncontrollable were the apprehensions with which he looked forward to the services of the Sunday. Twice or thrice his dread became so excessive that he was compelled to leave important services at the last moment on the hands of his brethren. During these years the restless, hurrying life of the popular preacher was exchanged for the more quiet life of the faithful pastor, and his growth in all the highest elements of wisdom and power was marked and rapid. At the same period a heavy cloud hung over his heart and home. The sufferings of his daughter, who had been an invalid from childhood, had greatly increased, and he was called to mourn the removal of his second wife, of whom, in the prospect of marriage, he had said, "Though sought for by many, she was reserved for me." Her energy of character and sanctified wisdom were his strength and support through eighteen years.

At this period so vivid was his own conviction that he had only a few months or weeks to live, that he penned a letter to his Church and congregation to be opened and read after his death, in which occurs those affecting introductory sentences: "Having a strong persuasion, from certain symptoms in my constitution which it might not be possible nor important to describe, that I am approaching the conclusion, not only of my labours, but also of my life, and deeming it probable that my last illness may be of such a nature as to give me little opportunity to express my views, and hopes, and counsels, in prospect of dissolution, I have determined thus to commit them to paper, in order that they might be read to you after my decease, when the circumstance of my removal to the eternal world, united to the calmness with which I now give utterance to my dying testimony, will tend by the blessing of God deeply to impress your minds." Though he survived this period nearly twenty years, the conviction remained that he might be overshadowed at any moment by the presence of death and eternity. If dazzled at any period by his popularity as a preacher, now he was weighed down by

the tremendous responsibilities of the ministerial office; and in the near anticipation of his own appearing at the judgment-seat of Christ, he watched for souls as one who should give account. If during these years there was less of the activity of his earlier life, he had lost none of his interest in public affairs, or his ardent sympathy with every great Christian enterprise; nor was the warmth of his affection for those he loved abated, though the distractions of human life seemed latterly to have lost their power to trouble him. Year after year, however, his physical weakness and sufferings increased. He dreaded pain, he dreaded a lingering old age of suspended usefulness; and he was delivered from both. On the Sabbath preceding his death he preached on the "Common Salvation," prefacing his discourse with the solemn declaration, that if he knew he was preaching for the last time, he would choose no subject more in harmony with his own feelings. On the Tuesday after symptoms appeared which awakened for the first time the serious apprehensions of his family. On the following day his biographer entering his study, found him feeble, but free from pain, bending over a book of pictures, with one of his grand-daughters on each knee, and talking to them with great cheerfulness about the wonderful things on which they were looking. The grey head and furrowed but happy countenance between those two childish eager faces, made a picture not to be effaced from his memory. When the little children had kissed him and run away, he began talking solemnly, but not sadly, about his consciousness of increasing weakness. Gradually his thoughts moved towards the highest regions of saintly contemplation, "and I was so impressed," says Mr. Dale, "with the unusual glow and brightness of his faith and hope, that I said to him, 'Mr. James, you have an extraordinary measure of happiness and joy in God to-day; I remember that when I first came to college your sermons seemed to indicate that you were almost permanently under the shadow of religious despondency, and I cannot help thinking of the contrast.' He smiled, and said, 'Yes, I used to be clouded sometimes; and now I am afraid that my joy only rises from the hope and prospect of release; I want to slip away and be gone.'" His desire was on the eve of realization. The chariot wheels were at the threshold. On Friday the symptoms which had so greatly alarmed the family returned with increased violence; yet, so far from supposing that his end had really come, he would not permit either his invalid daughter or his son to remain after his medical attendant had left him. About six in the morning a sudden change took place. In all haste his son and medical attendant were sent for, but they only arrived in time to receive one look of love and word of recognition, before he sank into unconsciousness, and quietly and painlessly passed away.

Amidst the suspended business of that great mart of industry, which for fifty-three years had been warned and instructed by his faithful and eloquent ministry,

and amidst the tears of assembled thousands, his remains were committed to the tomb, his congregation, as the coffin was lowered, raising the hymn of Christian hope:—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
A while to slumber in the dust."

THE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

PART I.

THERE may be few of our readers to whom the name of the United Brethren, or Moravians, will not bring associations of devoted missionary labour abroad, and earnest, self-denying piety at home, for in these respects, "their praise is in all the Churches." But their old romantic history of trials and deliverances, as the first protesting Church of Christ, is, we fear, comparatively little known, and a brief sketch of this may, we believe, convey to many interest and information.

The gospel appears to have been first introduced into Bohemia during the ninth century, by two ecclesiastics sent as missionaries from Thessalonica. Their labours were successful, both in Bohemia and Moravia, and in these countries, hopeful Christian communities were rapidly formed. Being united to the Greek Church, they did not acknowledge the supremacy of the pope, and were from the beginning free from the peculiar errors and abuses of Romanism. Cyril,—one of their early teachers,—is supposed to have been the translator of the Scriptures into the Slavonian language, a translation in use to this day.

Their times of trial soon began. About the year 930, the Christian Duke or Prince of Bohemia was murdered by his heathen brother, Boleslaus, who usurped the throne, and proved a cruel tyrant, especially towards his Christian subjects, whom he persecuted in every way. The emperor Otho I. interfered, compelling Boleslaus to desist, and to acknowledge his sovereignty, but taking advantage of this to bring the people under subjection to the see of Rome. They resisted and remonstrated, but could only obtain the indulgence from Pope John XIII. of having divine worship performed in the native language. Even this was soon disputed and withdrawn. We may give the first and last paragraphs of a letter from Pope Gregory VII. in 1079, to Wratelslaus, king of Bohemia, as a specimen of the language held by the popes of Rome, then and long afterwards:—

"Gregory, bishop, and servant of the servants of God, sends greeting and benediction to the Bohemian prince Wratelslaus. Your highness desires that we would give permission to your people to conduct their Church service according to the *old Slavonian ritual*. But know, dear son, that we by no means grant your request; for, *having frequently searched the Holy Scriptures, we have there discovered that it has pleased Almighty God to direct his worship to be conducted in hidden language.*

* * * * *

Therefore, what your people ignorantly require, can in no wise be granted unto them, and *we now forbid it*, by the power of God and his holy apostle Peter, and exhort you, for the honour of Almighty God, that you oppose such folly by every possible means, in conformity to our command.

"GIVEN AT ROME IN 1079."

A long period of spiritual declension followed after this, and the light of divine truth must have been burning very low, when it was mercifully revived among the Bohemians by the arrival of many Waldensian Christians, who, driven by cruel persecution from their own homes in France and Italy, sought refuge—near the close of the twelfth century—in Bohemia and Moravia. Those who received them with Christian compassion and hospitality, had cause to say that they entertained angels unawares. These faithful and deeply tried witnesses for Christ soon strengthened the faith and hope of their weaker brethren, pointing out the errors into which they had fallen, and the clear gospel truths which they were in danger of losing sight of. The united Churches were enabled to make a new stand against the tide of superstition and corruption around them, and not only grew in grace themselves, but, we are told, sent missionaries to England, Hungary, &c. Is not a missionary spirit ever one of the most hopeful tokens of a reviving Church?

All this was done, however, with caution, and in a condition of comparative obscurity. About the close of the thirteenth century, the attention of the Roman authorities was unhappily attracted, by the imprudence, we are told, of two Bohemian preachers, and a severe persecution was the consequence. Celibacy for the clergy, the use of Latin in public worship, and refusing the communion cup to the people, were enjoined under severe penalties. Many reluctantly submitted, but many were found faithful, and preferred to endure trial in every form rather than deny the truth of Jesus. Numbers of these were driven into exile (and in this way carried light to other dark places), others were imprisoned, plundered, even put to death, like our own persecuted forefathers; and like them, their meetings for worship were held in the wildest retreats of nature, or when they ventured to assemble in larger numbers, it was under arms. Yet, here and there, bold witnesses for truth were raised up, even in high places. John Millitsch, court chaplain at Prague, was a faithful preacher, and a most popular one. His discourses were attended by crowds, and these, together with his writings, were instrumental to the awakening and conversion of many. He became, as might be expected, an object of papal hatred, especially after a visit to Rome, where he had not shrunk from denouncing the glaring errors and immoralities of the clergy. On returning to Prague, he was thrown into prison, but this produced such a sensation among the people, that his enemies were afraid of the consequences, and he was soon released. He took a journey afterwards through Moravia,

Silesia, and Poland, doubtless everywhere "confirming the Churches." The pope sent final orders that he was to be punished with the utmost severity, as an incorrigible heretic. But the Lord was pleased to spare his servant the last trial of faith, and, just at this crisis, by natural illness, Millitsch departed in peace.

Another remarkable preacher, Matthias Janowski, was much in favour with the Emperor Charles IV., and prevailed on him to promote religious reformation. Some overtures to this effect having been made to Rome, the pope, enraged, demanded that Janowski should be banished. His exile, however, did not last long, and he was permitted to end his days in retirement at home. He is said on his deathbed to have spoken, in what seemed the language of prophecy, of the future trials of his native Church, and yet the rise of a peaceful, despised people from among them, against whom the efforts of the enemy should be directed in vain; adding, that only one of those then present should see that day. One of his hearers considered this prophecy fulfilled, when, at a very advanced age, he lived to witness and join in the formation of the Church of the Brethren.

Then came the days of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, whose history is too well known to need repetition here. The object of what has been already said, is to show for how long before that time there had been true and faithful witnesses for Christ in the land of Bohemia and Moravia. These were animated with new hope and courage, when the Master raised up for them such a leader as Huss; and deep and bitter in proportion was their disappointment and indignation at his most unjust and cruel fate. A spirited remonstrance was sent to the Council of Constance, in the name of the Bohemian nobility, complaining of the insult offered to the whole nation, in the sentence executed on one so universally respected and admired for his talents as well as piety. The only reply was a circular, commanding all adherents of the Romish Church to join in efforts for the "extermination of heretics."

A terrible persecution followed. The followers of Huss were "hunted upon the mountains like beasts of prey," and on being apprehended, were thrown into dungeons, sold as slaves, or exposed to death in its most dreadful forms. Not fewer than sixteen hundred are said to have been thrust alive down the shafts of the mines near Kuttenberg. Others, like their leader, were committed to the flames. There is an affecting record of one of their pastors, named Wenceslaus, who was placed on a pile of wood, along with several of his people and four boys under eleven years of age. All were offered life at the last moment, on condition of abjuring their heretical opinions. Wenceslaus, in the name of the rest, replied that they would endure death a hundred times instead of once, rather than deny the truth as revealed in Scripture. The pile was then lighted, and the pastor—clasping the children in his arms—joined with them all in a hymn of praise, till their voices were silenced by the suffocating flames. Is

is easy to read and write of such things; but which of us, in these modern days, would be strengthened to endure them?

Human forbearance could endure no longer, and an outraged people rose to arms, in defence of their rights as men and Christians. They found a worthy leader in John de Trocsnow, one of those gifted and daring spirits who figure ever and anon on the page of history, raised up by Providence for some special work in times of trouble. He was a Bohemian noble, and is best known by his surname of Ziska, or the one-eyed, given in consequence of his having lost an eye in battle with the Turks. An army of forty thousand were soon under his command, and he fixed their head-quarters on a rugged mountain, nearly isolated by the windings of the river Moldau, and capable of being strongly fortified at the point of junction with the mainland, so as to form an almost impregnable camp. The hill was named Tabor (a tent), and the followers of Ziska are generally mentioned in history as the Taborites. Marvellous things are related of the contest which followed during the next three years, and the victories gained by the desperate courage of the Bohemian patriots, over all the superior numbers and discipline of the Imperial armies. But the conflict was marked by all the horrors so peculiarly characteristic of civil and religious wars, and on either side cruelties were inflicted as well as endured, such as it were painful to dwell upon.

In one of their engagements Ziska was wounded by an arrow in his only remaining eye, which was quite destroyed, and thus he became totally blind. On his recovery from the consequent illness, his friends with amazement heard him talk of setting out with the army as before. They reasoned and remonstrated with him in vain. It is said that in the midst of the argument a tumult arose in the camp, and the blind warrior smiled to hear that the soldiers were declaring they would throw down their arms unless their old general was restored to them. His greatest victories were gained after this. Two powerful armies were to advance against him from the east and west, expecting to crush between them "this handful of vexatious heretics." But the battle of Kamnitz proved a decided victory for the Hussites, who fought with the combined energy of patriots and martyrs. After singing a hymn all together, they drew their swords, and on a signal being given by their blind general waving his above his head, rushed forwards with an impetuosity which nothing could resist. A panic seized the army of Sigismund, they fled in disorder, and two thousand perished in attempting to cross the river Iglau, where the bridge had become blocked up.

Even popish writers of this period acknowledge the marvellous bravery and success of the Hussites, defeating with such inferior numbers, and often the rudest weapons, such as threshing flails, the well armed and disciplined ranks of their enemies. One says: "The Bohemians have proved themselves a brave people; though the Emperor Sigismund led nearly half Europe

in arms against them, he was not able to reduce them." Cardinal Julian, the pope's legate, himself present at two engagements, on seeing the boldest nobles and generals give way, is said to have burst into tears and exclaimed, "Alas! it is not the enemy, but our sins which have put us to flight." Melancthon, in after days, considered that the angels of God must have accompanied the Reformers, and terrified and dispersed their opponents.

Ziska, after the battle of Kamnitz, availed himself of comparative rest to carry on the reformation of religion among his countrymen, renouncing the papal authority, and abolishing the worst superstitions of Rome. Yet this does not seem to have been done in any arbitrary manner; though a stern soldier, he was not a fanatical bigot. He and his army have been compared in various points to that of Oliver Cromwell, and like him, Ziska steadily refused the offered crown of his father-land. We must not judge of his character and actions by the ideas of our modern days. He seems to have been a sincere, though what we would call a rough Christian. He died not, as he doubtless expected and probably desired, on the battle-field, but from an attack of the plague, at the Castle of Priscow, on his way to hear proposals of peace offered by the emperor. His body was interred in the church of Czarlow, where a monument bears this inscription:—

HERE LIES
JOHN ZISKA,
WHO, HAVING DEFENDED HIS COUNTRY
AGAINST THE ENROACHMENTS OF PAPAL TYRANNY,
RESTS IN THIS HALLOWED PLACE,
IN DESPITE OF THE
POPE.

The struggle for religious liberty was continued for a number of years after the death of Ziska, but we need not enter into its details. The Romish Church endeavoured to accomplish by artifice what could not be gained by force, and succeeded in weakening the Reformers, by dividing them into parties. One of these, called the Calixtines, or "Cup Christians," were willing to compromise on certain conditions, especially that of the cup in the communion service being granted to the laity. The other party, or Taborites, were dissatisfied with the conditions granted by the Council of Basle, and convinced of the insincerity of all the pope's promises. The two factions actually came to war with one another, in which the Calixtines were victorious.

Meanwhile those truly animated by holy and spiritual motives, beheld with deep grief the state of matters among themselves, and felt that it was not by war and tumult the cause and kingdom of the Prince of Peace could be made to prosper. They earnestly entreated Rokyzan, leader of the Calixtines, to make greater efforts after true and spiritual reformation. But all they could obtain was permission, through his influence, from the Bohemian king, George Podiebrad, to retire to

the lordship of Lititz, on the confines of Silesia and Moravia, a portion of the country which had been much desolated during the long war, and there to colonize, and worship God according to their consciences, in peace and obscurity.

Here, accordingly, in 1453, the genuine followers of Huss, few in number but strong in faith, retired; and in the words of a Moravian historian, "from this small remnant originated a branch of the Christian Church, which, in ancient and modern times, and under every vicissitude of repose or persecution, has, by the blessing of God, firmly adhered to the doctrine of Christ crucified; and, considering its slender means, has not been behind others in zeal and perseverance in propagating the truth as it is in Jesus." The first settlers were soon joined by believers from other parts of the country, including some men of rank and ability, and having agreed on various fundamental principles as a bond of mutual union, they assumed the name which they have ever since retained, the *Unitas Fratrum*, or, Church of the United Brethren.

Thus, sixty years at least before Luther's famous document had been posted on the cathedral wall at Wittemberg, the foundations were laid of what justly claims to be the oldest of the Protestant Churches. For the title of Protestant does not belong to the Waldenses, who claim descent from the primitive Christians, and never owned the authority of Rome. c. c.

"I AM CHIEF!"

CHARGE no other man with guilt!
I alone his blood have spilt;
Every crime against the Lamb
Charge on me. Lo! here I am
Self-convicted—self-confessed,
Chief, alone. Discharge the rest.

Olivet! 'twas I that slept—
Slept when watch-hour should be kept;
I alone—'twas not the three.
Spare me, O Gethsemane!
Though thy sod with bloodlike sweat
For my wicked sloth was wet.

Who 'gainst Peter bringeth blame?
Enter there another name.
He but thrice—I stood beside,
And a thousand times denied—
His sin washed in bitter tears;
Mine persisted in for years.

Say'st thou—doubting what I am—
Judas sold the Paschal Lamb?
Yes! for silver—but they bought
Jesus Christ of me for nought.
'Tis no Jew his life assails,
'Tis no Roman drives the nails?

These are sins, not spikes; and those,
Those are crimes, not thorns. His woes,
Mine iniquities. That spear
In my heart was forged! And here
Pilate, Herod, both were born;
Cross, and spike, and spear, and thorn.

Shamed, I owned them every one.
That black cloud that veils the sun—
(Veils the Father, too, in wrath),
From my soul its blackness hath,
Leaves my soul to light and bliss.
All have gone from mine to his.

Joy, peace, righteousness divine,
All have come from his to mine.
Him in my stead, me in his,
God accepts. The sonship is
Mine; and he—oh! past belief—
He, not I, appears the chief.

"PLEASING OTHERS."

"How far," inquires a young minister, "am I justified in attempting to please others?"

1. Not by unworthy compliances. Your calling is the noblest in the world. You are your Master's *ambassador*. Lord Amherst, when representing England in China in 1790, refused to perform the *Ko-Tor*, or Chinese form of obeisance to the emperor, on the ground that this would be derogatory to the dignity of his own prince. So it is derogatory to Christ's dignity for his servants to yield any menial obeisances to the customs or men of the world. Particularly should this be observed in the pulpit. The world-conforming, or truth-compromising preacher dishonours his Master and ensnares many souls.

2. Yet be careful never to show personal hardness. It is true you must not judge of this by the animosity of some whom you address. This follows all earnest presentations of the truth. "If I am faithful," said Mr. Whitfield, "you will either fall out with me or with yourselves." This is necessary, but let it not come from *personal* pretension. A *hard* man can do good only at a distance, and often he hardens others, turning doubt into despair.

3. There are certain positive ways of pleasing others to edification, among which we may notice the following:—
Showing to all men the respect due to each.
Exercising the social affections under God's grace.
Not laying undue stress on minor points, and treating greater ones with tender solemnity.

Recollecting not to be a self-seeker in society, or to be desiring position or display, BUT THAT THE MAN WHO WANTS YOU IS THE MAN YOU WANT.—*Bishop's Recorder*.

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

TABOR AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

EARLY in the morning, on Friday, June 27th, we left the Latin Convent at Nazareth to resume our tent-life. We had quitted no place in the Holy Land with more longing to linger there. But if we had stayed a year instead of a day, we must still have left with regret; and unless a visit can be prolonged into a residence, a few extra days, perhaps, scarcely add much to the force of recollections. The vividness of the first impression wears off, and there is not time to replace it by the familiarity of daily associations, so that what is lost in freshness, is scarcely compensated by what is gained in acquaintance with detail. At all events we tried to console ourselves with considerations of this kind, as we wound our way over the hills which separate from the world the mountain cradle of the life which has transformed the face of the world, and renewed the depths of every Christian's life.

It was very early in the morning when we started. The sun had scarcely risen. The long shadows of the hills lay across the valleys; the air was breezy and cool; our horses, especially the little nimble white horse I rode, were fresh and eager after their day of comparative rest, and paced briskly over the downs, and valleys, and wooded hills.

For the hills on that morning ride from Nazareth to Tabor might really be called wooded, especially as we approached Tabor. Not that the hill sides were clothed with those rich masses of wood which, in the moist atmosphere of England, often makes the distant hills look purple, and soft as the plumage of a dove; but our path lay under the frequent shadow of oaks of various kinds, and terebinth, and luxuriant thorn-trees. Many green and glossy shrubs grew as brushwood in the intervals, and the ground beneath them was often strewn with wild flowers which scented the morning air; thyme, pink convolvulus, a large blue thistle-like flower, and a deep blue prickly star. It was not a forest certainly, but it often recalled the scenery at the outskirts of an English park; trees and evergreen shrubs with shining leaves, standing apart, with full liberty for the development of each, and branches feathering to the ground; with flowers and green, flowering shrubs between and among them.

The oaks increased in size as we approached Tabor, and grew closer to each other, yet still you could not so much say the hill was clothed with wood as thickly sprinkled with trees, clustered in park-like groups, or scattered here and there as on the edge of a felled copse. The path up the hill was very steep and rocky, in many parts rather perilous, winding among the rocks and

the roots of the trees. In some places we had to climb rough staircases of rock, as on the hill road from Jaffa to Jerusalem; while in others we rode along green glades and terraces, shaded with oak and terebinth, and sprinkled with syringa and other flowering shrubs. As we approached the summit, the bridle path widened into a carriage road, which had been hewn in the solid rock. There were grooves of chariot wheels deeply worn in this road, certainly not traversed by chariots for many centuries, probably not, at the latest, since Roman times. It led to a massive gateway; and on the summit of Tabor, to my great surprise, we found ourselves among the extensive ruins of ancient fortifications.

No place in the Holy Land more contradicted my previous image of it than Tabor. From childhood, I suppose, most of us have pictured it as a solitary mountain, on whose green pastures the flocks peacefully graze, whose brow rises quiet and lonely to the sky. Mountains in our northern climates give the idea of calm solitude, above the din and turmoil of the lower world. Even if not peaked with wild rocks or crowned with snow, the last idea one connects with a mountain-top is that of a city. Yet the summit of Tabor must evidently have been, not a mere fortress or military station, but a city. We had become accustomed to look on the low rounded hills of southern Palestine as pedestals for towns or villages, and we had admired the regal site of Samaria on its isolated hill; but Tabor is not a hill, but a mountain, eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and rising more than thirteen hundred feet above the land immediately surrounding it. The walls have been very massive, and the fortifications very strong, as an engineer officer in our party assured us. A deep fosse surrounds the wall on the least precipitous side of the mountain. Along the walls, at intervals, were the ruins of towers. One of these had pointed arches in the doors and windows, and had, probably, been built or repaired in crusading times. Others seemed far more ancient; and some of the gigantic stones in the walls appeared to be of Jewish or Phœnician workmanship. Underneath the walls and towers we explored a very large reservoir or water-tank, lined with cement; several cisterns, smaller, but still of considerable size, shaped like bottles, with the long narrow neck upwards; and some magazines apparently intended for corn or various military stores. Broken pottery lay around in these subterranean reservoirs, and great evergreen oaks grew from the interstices of the massive stones which their gigantic roots had here and there displaced, and threw their broad broken

shadows over the deserted chambers. Altogether, with the trees, and verdure, and large-leaved plants which sprang out of the crevices of the broken masonry, it reminded us of a ruined castle on the Rhine, such as Rhemfels. But the ruins on Tabor are not those of a castle but of a city, and the date of the latest is probably about that of the earliest of those fastnesses of robber or crusader on the Rhine. In one part we came on the remains of a church, lately partially repaired by the Greeks as a place of pilgrimage, and, perhaps, previously repaired by the Crusaders from the earlier Greeks.

The peculiar feature of the ruins, however, is that they enclose a large space of green level ground, on which there is no trace of buildings of any kind. It must have been a strongly fortified town encircling a spacious park. This green and wooded platform is considerably lower than the edges of the hill, whose height is increased by the ruins of the fortifications. The summit of the mountain seemed to us to form something like a volcanic crater, whose edges were walled; although Tabor is not volcanic, but a limestone spur of the hills of Galilee.

We supposed it must have been a place of refuge, to which, in times of war or danger, the inhabitants of the surrounding villages fled for protection, encamping in the parklike space within the city with their cattle. An impregnable place of refuge it must have been in the days of arrows and slings, commanded or even approached by no neighbouring height, and containing such ample space for stores, and even—if needed—for the tillage of crops.

Our saddle bags were opened under the shade of the oaks, and we sat as long as we could venture to linger among the trees and ruins; the thick foliage, the long grass and wild flowers stirring and rustling in the breeze around us, and the whole of northern and southern Palestine at our feet in successive landscapes, as we moved from point to point along the edge of the hill, and rested on the massive stones of the more ancient fortifications. In winding round the mountain on our way up we had caught various glimpses of the plains below, of the villages of Endor and Nain, and over Eadraelon to Jordan and the Mediterranean. On the summit we kept chiefly to the side which commanded the north, and saw from the hills of Galilee across the high table-land above Tiberias, to the Sea of Galilee, the gleam of whose waters just caught the eye in the distance, sunk in their deep basin below the plain. Beyond rose the long back of Hermon, from that point not rising in one grand distinctive summit, but stretching in a long undulating line, pale with distance, but quite clear, and streaked—not crested—with silvery lines of snow. Hermon from Tabor was not a sight we could easily leave; yet the unexplored country beyond us, the hills and lake of Galilee were, if possible, more interesting than these. We traced one or two streams across that hot brown plain by their border of verdure, and occasional clusters of olives, and we could see too plainly how considerable was the distance yet to be

traversed that day, to admit of our lingering more than a few hours.

We descended the hill by a rocky road, over part of which we thought it safer to walk, leaving our gentle sure-footed little horses to follow.

Barak and his brave ten thousand were on foot when they assembled on this mountain, and poured down its rocky sides upon Jezreel, sweeping the cavalry and chariots of the Canaanites across the plain to Kishon and the sea. Cavalry would certainly have availed little on those broken wooded steepes. It was inspiring to think how the war cries of the little Israelitish army must have resounded from these rocks as they rushed on, irresistible with the prophecies of Deborah, and the arm of the Lord.

But there was one event commonly associated with Tabor, which would indeed pale the interest of all others if it occurred here. Can it be that on some secluded terrace of this wooded hill, the glory of the Son of God for a time broke through the veil, and the garments "white as no fuller on earth can white them," and the face "shining as the sun," once beamed forth here through the night on the three wonder-stricken apostles?

At first sight the existence of this ancient fortress or fortified town on the summit of Tabor, seems so to contradict the natural impression of the narrative, as to preclude the possibility of this mountain having been—as tradition makes it—the scene of the Transfiguration. There are and were so many solitary and even desert hills in and near Galilee, that one cannot easily conceive the close neighbourhood of such a stronghold as this to have been the spot chosen for a manifestation, so jealously veiled from the eyes, and at first guarded from the knowledge of all but the three. Yet Tabor is a mountain—not a mere ordinary hill—and on its rocky sides, doubtless, many a place absolutely secluded might always have been found, especially at night, when it is most probable the event happened. St. Peter's expression, "the holy Mount," implies nothing. The Presence consecrated the place. Many think Hermon the most probable scene, chiefly influenced, it would seem, by the far greater majesty of the scenery of Hermon, its sublime mountain solitudes, and the constant presence on its lofty clefts, of the snow, to which the glistening transfigured garments are compared.

But when narratives so circumstantial and simple as those of the three Gospels avoid every detail which could lead to a positive identification of the place, is it not probable that this indefiniteness is deliberate and designed? All topographical details which could give vividness and reality to the incidents, are in the New Testament so carefully specified, and at the same time all curious indications which might lead to a superstitious identification of certain precise spots, are systematically omitted, that there is no point more frequently pressed on one's attention in the Holy Land than this: that Christianity, whilst as a history of facts

capable of standing the strictest tests of geography, as a revelation of truths and of a divine life, vouchsafes no assistance to the spirit of superstitious pilgrimage.

At Jerusalem, you can feel with certainty that your feet are treading the footpath to Bethany, that you are wandering along the olive shaded valley where the garden of Gethsemane was, that you are standing on the very same sacred temple precincts where the blind and lame came to Jesus and were healed. But on what spot of that valley the forehead of our Lord was bowed in agony, or on what part of the hilly ground close to the walls of the city fell the precious drops of His redeeming blood, no human being knows.

Again, at Nazareth you can roam about the breezy, thyme-scented hills, and be absolutely sure you are gazing on the scenery of the early life of our Lord; but where the angel met Mary, or where the lowly house of the carpenter stood, no researches can discover.

And with regard to the Transfiguration, might we not still more expect this to be the case? Among all the incidents of Gospel history, none have less of a local character than this. The scenery is of heaven rather than of earth. It is a fragment of the eternal light breaking in on the darkness of time; and whether the apostles had been rapt, like Paul, into the third heaven to behold it, or had seen it on this earth, would seem of comparatively little moment. It is the unseen world becoming for a brief interval seen, and proving that the unseen is not necessarily invisible. The persons in the scene are gathered from the depths of the invisible world, "whether in the body or out of the body we cannot tell." The scenery was not Tabor or Hermon, or any sweep of earthly landscape, or snowy heights of mountain solitude; but night and an overshadowing cloud. That cloud wrapped those within it as effectually from earth as if it had been millions of miles of planetary distance in the furthest heavens. Beyond it was the sleeping world, invisible, and night. Within it were three messengers from the dead, and the Son of God, and day;—the day of heaven beaming from the face of Jesus as the Sun, and glistening on his raiment whiter than snow; and from the cloud a voice, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." The light, and the voice, and the persons were of heaven, not of earth. It is only on the next day, when they went down the hill, that earth meets us again, with its perplexities and necessities, in the questioning Scribes, the wondering crowd which ran to meet the Saviour, the possessed dumb child he healed, and the poor, bewildered, agonized father, whose tearful, fearful prayer he heard. Locality is, indeed, of less importance to a vivid conception of the narrative of the Transfiguration than to that of any other in the New Testament. Whether the cloud of glory rested on Hermon or on Tabor, or on the holy city whose foundations are precious stones and her gates pearl, would make no alteration in the scene. Those who were eye-witnesses of that majesty and listeners to that voice were blind and deaf for the time to all earthly

sights and sounds; as we shall be when once more that glory is unveiled, and the momentary radiance of the Transfiguration shall fade into the permanent light of the glorious Epiphany of the Son of God.

Through the afternoon, after descending Tabor, we rode across the sultry table-land, longing for water, for on Tabor we had not come on any spring. The country becomes volcanic in character from the base of Tabor eastward to Tiberias. In many parts the plain was thickly strewn with large, black, rounded stones. At an hour or two from the base of Tabor we reached a village, with a large rocky threshing-floor, where men were working. We hoped to have found water here, but the villagers directed us further on to their well, which, they said, was at some distance. Whether we missed this well of theirs or not, I cannot tell; but the first water we reached was a spring at the bottom of a black, volcanic, ravine cliff, in the plain, which had so bitter, bituminous a taste, that neither we nor our horses could drink of it. We scrambled out of the ravine, therefore, as soon as possible, and made all haste across the rest of the table-land, which lay between us and the basin of Tiberias. When we arrived at the edge of this reach of the deep volcanic ghor or Jordan valley, the lake lay rippling and sparkling, a broad expanse of refreshing waters, some hundred feet below us. We had difficulty in restraining the eagerness of our thirsty horses, as they hurried down the stony hill to this paradise of waters. I forgot at the moment that this lake was indeed fresh, and not salt and bitter like the Dead Sea, and was mournfully anticipating the disappointment which awaited the poor, eager horses, when to my delight, on reaching the brink of the lake, they rushed into the water, and plunged their heads into it, and drank with most unquestionable enjoyment.

The luxury of this sea—these exhaustless miles of fresh and wholesome water, good for drinking or bathing—after husbanding a cupful of the same precious liquid in our hot pitchers all the day, is not easily described. No wonder so many cities flourished on its shores.

We descended to the lake close to the walls of Tiberias, which leant with the concussion of the earthquake which laid it waste in 1837. Our thirsty horses had left us little leisure to linger over our first view of the lake, as it burst on us from the edge of the hill,—once a busy scene of life and labour and traffic, bright with cities and boats, now a lonely mountain lake—reflected in its unbroken waters the white walls of only one poor tottering town, and bearing on its bosom only one poor crazy boat. The road to the Baths, where our tents were pitched, lay close to the lake, over shingly beaches; with black volcanic stones and ruins of the old Roman Tiberias, strewn here and there on our right, over the little level space between the water and the hills, or rather the steep sides of the plain.

Our encampment was close to the Hot Spring, on the shingle between the Bath House and the lake; and here we were to be at home for two whole days and three

nights, from this Friday evening till Monday morning. The thought was rest and delight indeed.

The heat on those June days was intense, of that sultry, steady, tropical kind which we had experienced at the Dead Sea; and, with the exception of one morning's ride, the hardest amongst us could do little else than rest, and look, and stroll after sunset along the beach. Nor did we desire much else. The sites of the cities around the Lake of Tiberias are so much disputed that its interest lies in the general character of the scenery far more than in especial spots; and since we could not visit every nook and corner as we had wished, the next best thing was to have leisure to drink in the scenery and associations of the lake in one characteristic part of it, which we did. By day we rested in the room belonging to the Baths, built by Ibrahim Pasha, the large windows of which, when we could venture to open the Venetians, give us a full view of the lake. Our tents would have been quite unendurable during the heat of the day. Indeed, the lake itself was the only pleasant place during the hottest hours, and in it the gentlemen of our party spent much of their time.

Beyond the Baths the hot sulphurous springs, which, since the days of Herod, have made this place famous, trickled over the pebbles into the lake, throwing out a strong sulphurous smell.

On Saturday morning (June 28th), we breakfasted outside our tents before the sun rose, and watched the grey and then the glow of dawn spread over the hills "on the other side;" the hills among which the demoniac once roamed, and where the cave tombs, where he abode, still honeycomb the ravines. We were told we must on no account venture to cross to those hills, on account of the savage predatory habits of the Bedouins who infest them. The solitary boat which floats on the lake, did not appear during our stay; but, if it had been within reach, we were warned by no means to attempt a voyage in it, because in the sudden storms of wind which burst on this inland sea, as of old, she becomes unmanageable by the unskilful boatmen, and has been detained for days on the opposite shores, involving serious peril from the robber-hordes.

Our horses were ready very early, and we started for an exploration of the shores. Crossing the shingly beach again, and passing the ruins of the old city, we rode under the walls of Tiberias, and then skirted the hills which, beyond it, descend precipitously into the lake, on a road hewn in their rocky sides,—a Roman road probably, we thought, for since Roman days, since New Testament days, since the fall of Herod's dynasty, what roadmakers have been here? What cities are there now, since Chorazin and Bethsaida fell into nameless heaps, between which any such communication is needed? The poor Jews of Tiberias have no merchandise to convey along these shores; and, except a peasant's mule, laden with corn from the plain of Gennesaret, or a stray Bedouin horseman, who scorns or dreads all highways, what feet now tread these paths, so carefully

and laboriously cut out of the black volcanic cliffs into a road, in some places wide enough for two chariots to pass? Therefore, we concluded we were, in this rock-hewn road, on the sure track of Him who went about this lake doing good, from Capernaum to Bethsaida and Chorazin; and the thought made us ride in silence.

Beyond those cliffs the hills retreat, and the shores of the lake widen into an extensive fertile plain, watered by many streams. This, we were told, was Gennesaret; and before we reached it the road diverged a little, leaving room for a height of volcanic rock between us and the lake, crowned with the black ruins of a building, with a few huts near it, called, in accents scarcely changed since Mary Magdalene dwelt there, Mejdol. On these rocky shores she wandered distracted by the terrible reality of the demoniac voices, wilder than the wildest dreams of madness, and yet, alas! no dreams. On these shores, probably, she first heard the voice which hushed the tempest in her soul, with its unfailing "Peace, be still!" And hither, we may suppose, she returned after the resurrection, the first witness of the risen Lord, with his "Mary" awaiting the response of "Raboni" in her heart for ever.

The locality of the plain of Gennesaret is disputed: some authorities placing it on this plain near Tiberias, and others on the low fertile lands near the flowing of the Jordan into the lake on the north. The scenery of either would correspond with that of the Galilean parable of the sower and the seed, which naturally, not having seen the other, we now associate with the rich plain we crossed on that morning's ride.

Here were the hills sweeping down the "stony ground" into the fertile soil of the plain. Here was the way-side, now indeed little trodden; and here were the fowls of the air. Birds abound round the shores of the lake, not merely the doves and wood-pigeons which coo and murmur in the groves throughout Palestine, but birds of various kinds, and among others, birds of prey; we had seen eagles hovering and wheeling over the bare cliffs. Thorns and prickly bushes abound everywhere in Palestine. And here certainly was abundance of the good ground which could bring forth some forty, some sixty, some an hundred fold.

Along this fruitful plain we rode for a long time between the lake and the cultivated land, pacing leisurely over the sandy beaches which border this part of the lake, the little waves rippling up and bathing our horses' feet, and shrubberies of oleanders in full flower leaning towards us on the other side. Every now and then the beaches widened into little sandy coves, through which little pebbly brooks trickled into the lake; and once or twice we had to wade through the mouths of deeper streams.

There was something indescribably happy in this leisurely riding along the shores of that sacred lake, as we thought what voice the music of its soft ripples had once accompanied, and whose feet its waves had bathed. At the end of this reach of the lake, this bay of rich,

low, level land, we came to a ruinous khan, called Khan Minyeh.

The best kept of khans have a dreary deserted look to European eyes, unconsciously comparing them with inns and their welcomes. A quadrangle of bare roughly built sheds around a desolate court-yard, constitute their highest attractions; but Khan Minyeh was a ruined khan, and around it, as so often in this land of the "desolation of many generations," were scattered ruins of an earlier date. We left our horses near it and climbed a hill just above, which commanded a fine view of the lake. We were told that the ruins on its brow were those of Capernaum; but be this as it may, they were almost certainly the ruins of a city in whose streets the Saviour taught, under whose roofs he rested, and at whose gates he healed the sick.

At the time we were there we thought ourselves actually on the site of the city which was so habitually the resting-place of our Lord when near the Sea of Galilee, that it is called his own city.

The lake lay before us in nearly its whole extent from south to north, point stretching beyond point into pale distance. The shores were for the most part steep, but not mountainous, and the outline of the hills not much varied. There was scarcely anything with sufficient form left in it to be called ruins. Indeed, we might have fancied the black unshapen stones strewn around us to have been rather the *débris* of some volcanic convulsion than the remains of human dwellings. In one place, however, there was a deep pit or broken cistern, and near it lay a large stone with a circle engraven on it, like a millstone or press of some kind. The thin grass was dried to an amber brown with the intense summer heat, and the dry stalks and withered ears waved languidly in the breeze.

Yet here, we thought, had been the home of Jairus, where the only child had died, and had been recalled again to life by the voice which called the dead from Hades with such tender, quiet words as those with which the mother would have waked her from sleep, "Talitha (little maiden, a term of endearment), I say unto thee, Arise." And in the streets once standing here the trembling woman had touched the hem of his garment and had been healed.

Here the centurion, whose servant was dear unto him, had lived, and the nobleman, courtier perhaps of Herod, who found his fever-stricken son healed by the distant word he had not heard; and here, in consequence of that miracle, sprang up at least one believing household.

And here the city was once at sunset emptied of its inhabitants, empty as it is now, for every house sent forth all its inmates, "sick and whole," thronging to the gate where Jesus stood and healed all who had need of healing. Fancy the tears and smiles and broken words of gratitude and joy as the multitude returned to homes from which, for the time at least, all suffering and pain were banished. Pain—but not sin! The words which once sounded over those waves as a

faithful warning, "Thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven shall be cast down to hell, for if the mighty works done in thee had been done in Sodom it would have remained," were unheeded, and they have become a wail of doom which echoes from every point and hill-side of these deserted and lonely shores. They were no solitude then. The white columns of temples and palaces and synagogues, and the sails of countless boats, gleamed over land and sea, and were reflected in these still waters. Busy, trading cities, baths which were the luxurious resorts of Herod's court, stimulated the energies of husbandman, fisherman, and merchant. And those plains below us, if they were indeed the corn-fields through which the disciples walked and plucked the ears of corn, were no unfrequented paths. Our Lord came that the world through him might be saved, and wherever men thronged most thickly lay his path. The busy, peopled, cultivated shores of the Lake of Geneva might perhaps give us some idea of what the Lake of Tiberias was.

Yet always as now the desert places must on these shores have trenched close on the peopled cities. The barren black volcanic hills which in many places rise precipitously from the lake, must always have been solitary and uncultivated.

One of our party rode further and saw the ruins of the white columns of a temple, contrasting strangely with the black stones of most of the ruinous heaps in this district. In some of the hills were quarries of white marble, which, no doubt, rang in New Testament days with the blows of the workmen. But we were warned not to venture further in the heat of the day, and therefore slowly retraced our steps by sandy coves and shingly beaches, gathering the beautiful rose-coloured flowers of the oleanders among their fresh green leaves—fresh as if no sun could scorch them;—traversing again the rock-hewn road on the cliff, and passing Tiberias to our tents by the baths.

All that day we could do little but rest and bathe. The bathroom behind the hall, which contained the divan which we appropriated, was built by Ibrahim Pasha. It had a stone roof supported on handsome marble columns, taken from the ruins of the old Roman Tiberias, close at hand. Here all the men bathed together. Opening into this was a little room with a bath intended, we were told, to wash the feet in, when the bathers came from the soil-covered floor of the great bath. It was a vivid illustration of the words, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet."

In the evening when the sun was set, we ventured out for a little stroll towards the Roman ruins on one side, and across the hot springs on the other, round a little quiet creek through which they flow. But the heat even then and throughout the night was very great. It was long before the black volcanic rocks would cool in that hollow furnace of the Jordan valley, which at Tiberias is 300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

The next day (Sunday) was one of especial enjoyment. The heat and the day combined to make rest desirable, and no further explorations of the regions round about could have been more interesting than simply sitting still and watching the changes of light and shade over lake and hill, with the Bible in our hands.

We sat on the divan in the bath house, which had windows on three sides with Venetian blinds, these we kept open on the shady side, thus changing the view as the sun went round.

On the north we looked towards Tiberias, whose white walls and towers leant from the point they fortify towards the lake, and were reflected in it. On the right of these stretched the broad sweep of sparkling sea, with long smooth lines crossing it, here and there marking the currents, and bounded by the hilly shores, distance beyond distance, in some places separated from the water by a narrow strip of sand, whilst beyond and above all towered the distant range of Lebanon and Hermon streaked with snow. Between us and Tiberias the narrow beach was strewn with large black stones, the relics of the Roman town, mingled with the rocks swept down from the steep cliffs which hemmed it in.

On the south the shores curved more rapidly, enclosing the waters in a smaller circle. The little shingly creek through which the hot springs trickled from their source in the abrupt cliff a few yards behind the baths was bounded by a cluster of ruinous Turkish-looking buildings, whose domes were relieved against the paler hills on the "other side."

Immediately opposite us the hills seemed to rise abruptly from the lake with no intervening strip of sand; and although they were said to be five miles distant, it was difficult to believe it, so distinctly were every bright projecting point and brake relieved against each other on the sky, and so plainly were each dark ravine and cleft defined. All day they glowed in the intense heat as in the blaze of an open furnace, and the hot golden tints were reflected far into the still lake,—each fiery peak and purple cleft as clear there as above; the reflection only divided from the reality by a long broad line of intensely blue water in the distance, at the base of the cliffs. All through the sultry noon, lake and hilly shores lay before us in one dazzling haze of fiery light.

Then a light breeze sprang up, and came towards us from the east, marking its path across the lake by a line of ripple, and at last breaking the little waves on the pebbles at our feet with a cool music.

When the sun had set, we crept out of our shelter, and strolled again over the shingly beach, picking up a few rounded pebbles, or tiny fresh-water shells, and watching the countless fish dart about under the clear water, or spring from it. Then we sat down on some of the black stones strewn over the beach, enjoying the breeze, with all the gospel narratives we had been reading about the Sea of Galilee and its coasts in our

hearts. And henceforth the old familiar names rise before us new and vivid pictures.

On this shingle or near it the apostles' nets had stretched to dry.

At the point where we were encamped, the beach sloped so abruptly into the lake that a few steps into the water would take any one out of his depth. It must have been in just such a place that Peter's boat was thrust out a little from the land. A few feet would have been enough to place the boat beyond the reach of the eager crowd, so that every syllable of those "words of everlasting life" might have been distinctly audible to every one of the multitude compressed on this narrow beach between the cliffs and the lake.

It would be impossible to gather a great multitude on these shores now. Cities, ships—all are gone! No tolls to be gathered now on these deserted shores;—no fishing boats ply among the countless fish in the lake. Now and then a couple of wild Bedouin horsemen would pass by us, straying from their haunts on the other side, which are so perilously near as to make a guard necessary for us at night. Now and then, a pair of white veiled women came with pitchers to the hot springs, or a family of depressed looking Jews would rest in the shade of the baths on their way to Tiberias, which is one of their sacred cities. But the silence and desolation of these shores are oppressive. It is remarkable that Tiberias, a city not once mentioned in the gospels as the scene of our Lord's teaching or miracles, is the only one left on the lake.

But the time of deepest enjoyment to us was the late evening, when no stray traveller could venture out, and nothing was heard but the trickling of the hot springs over the shingle, and the cool plashing of the little waves on the beach.

Then we could imagine the sudden rush of the storm down the ravines of those steep shores on the lake, the helpless tossing of the fishing-boat on the convulsed and foaming waters, the majestic tread of a human form on the billows, the calm words of command from a human voice instantly hushing the winds and smoothing the waves into such a calm as that around us now.

That human form we felt is in heaven now, that divine presence is around us still, that human voice we shall indeed hear. And as we sat on the brink of the lake, which had so long been to us like an allegory of life, and bathed our hands in the cool waves, all the quiet night seemed full of the words which once floated across these waters, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid;" and all our hearts seemed full of the response which broke once here from the apostles' lips, "Truly this is the Son of God."

Yet one scene was perhaps more present with us than any other throughout that Sunday,—and especially at each of the three sunrises we saw over the lake,—the scene which almost more vividly and familiarly than any other brings before us our risen Saviour, the first fruits in whose likeness all that sleep in Him shall be raised.

It was the time when Jesus showed himself again to the disciples by the Sea of Tiberias,—that last supplementary chapter of St. John's Gospel, which seems to lead us beyond the grave to the shores of life on "the other side," and yet whose chief delight it is that its scene was here on this actual, familiar, untransformed earth, on one of these very sandy or shingly beaches. We could not but recall continually the solitary figure seen dimly from the boat after the night of toil and disappointment in the grey of morning; the voice recognised at last by its power in the repetition of the old miracle; old, yet new in the significant variety of the safe landing of the unbroken net with all its contents at the feet of Jesus; the simple meal which the Master provided from his stores, not from theirs; and afterwards, more than all, the familiar converse as the little band, "when they had dined," walked along this shore.

Yes, along this shore; with the quiet music of these waters rippling against the beach, and the golden outlines of the opposite hills reflected on the lake in the early morning, that little band walked on, conversing as they went; and before them the risen Lord, the One who had died was alive again, and would die no more, speaking, as he walked, to Peter in few and quiet words which went to the depths of the heart. The past threefold denial, recalled by the threefold question, but only recalled to stamp a deeper consecration on the service of the future. This was the scene which, more than any other, seemed before us.

The fire of charcoal smouldering on this beach to welcome the weary fishermen; the fishes laid thereon, and the flat unleavened cakes (such as were often prepared for us) baked on the ashes; the Lord himself taking the bread and fish and giving them to the disciples; and after the simple meal the quiet conversation as they walked along the shore,—and then the gleams of allegoric meaning which flash through all these homely details, lifting the heart to the heavenly shore; and the net which, "when it is full," the angels shall come forth and lay at the feet of Jesus, no more treading the stormy sea, or tossed in the frail boat, but standing in majesty on the eternal shore. And afterwards the "feast,"—not a morning meal then, but a "supper," an evening feast when the long day of toil is over; and when the "Lovest thou me?" shall be exchanged for the "In that thou didst it unto me;" and the "Feed my sheep" for "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Thus if through the night the Sea of Galilee seems to echo with the heart-calming assurance, "It is I, be not afraid," its shores at morning seem no less to resound with the heart-stirring question, "Lovest thou me?"

And for all the nights and mornings of life, what sweeter and stronger words can cheer and brace the heart than these, spoken by the same voice, to heart after heart, age after age?

THE FOURFOLD USE OF SCRIPTURE.

A SERMON ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—2 TIM. III. 16.

THE Bible is its own best witness; like the sun in the heavens, it is seen by its own light. Those who love it most, understand it best; and those who understand it best, love it most. Here, the Bible—like Christ whom it reveals—bears witness of itself, and its witness is true. Two things regarding it we learn from this text: its Author, and its Use. Paul tells Timothy, and through him tells us, that the Scripture *comes from God*, and is *profitable to men*. The first of these two subjects I shall touch but slightly, the second I shall try to explain and apply more at length.

I. *The Author of the Bible.* "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." He who made men at first in his own image, did not forsake them when they fell by sin. The world after the fall became a dark place, but a light was sent to shine in the darkness. Before man was created, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light;" and after man sinned, that Divine Word came again to make all things new.

While the Scripture is divine in its source and character, it is human in the channel through which it came and the form in which it appears. "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Our Father in heaven did not reveal his will by thunder in the clouds, or fiery letters in the sky. He came to visit us, not in the earthquake and the storm, but in "a still small voice." In the language of men, and through a brother's lips, the mind of the Spirit has been made known. Through letters on a printed page, and by the senses of the body, the Father of our spirits holds converse with the spirits he has made and redeemed. His own way is best, He hath done all things well.

II. *The Use of the Bible.* "All Scripture is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." As some of these English words have slightly changed their meaning in process of time since the Bible was translated, I shall express for you the same things in different terms, that, by aid of both sets of words, you may more surely gather the whole meaning of the text. All Scripture is profitable for Teaching, for Convicting, for Right-setting, for Upbringing in righteousness. Let us now examine them one by one in their order.

1. *Teaching.* The first use of Scripture is to teach us the truth. "Doctrine" means teaching; not so much the teacher's act, as the lesson which he conveys. It signifies the thing taught rather than the method of teaching it.

In this material world, while the work of creation was going on, darkness was upon the face of the deep. To heal that ailment, God made a great light and set it in

the heavens. In like manner spiritual darkness was upon the face of the deep, in which human souls had sunk by sin. Human beings, blinded by their own guilt, knew neither themselves nor God. They understood neither the sin that reigned in their nature, nor the holiness that they had lost. Like the born blind, they understood neither the darkness nor the light.

You may see proof of this ignorance in every land that has not the Bible. Alike the heathen who have never gotten it, and the Papists who have thrown it away, are wallowing in the mire of idolatry. They make images and bow before them; they cry in their distress to the work of their own hands. "The world by wisdom knew not God." Nor is it once and done with it; the teaching must be repeated in each generation. A father may be enlightened and renewed; but his child, if neglected, will be ignorant and erring. The child of a Christian parent in this country, if he were left to himself, would grow up as ignorant of God and goodness as the child of a heathen parent in the heart of Africa. Every child is ignorant until he is taught, and it is from the Scriptures only that we can teach him the truth which he needs most to know. We owe it to the Bible that we are not bowing down before idols of wood and stone to-day.

From the Scripture we learn that God made and furnished the world as a habitation for man; that when man fell by sin, a Saviour was promised; that in the fulness of time the promised Saviour came. We learn that the Son of God took our nature and dwelt among us; that he was holy, harmless, and undefiled in his life; that he gave himself a sacrifice, the just for the unjust; and is now our friend at the throne of God. We learn that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that he receives all who come to him; that our Father runs to meet a returning prodigal, and, without upbraiding, takes the lost child back to his bosom and his home.

Eternity is very near us, although a thick veil hides it from our view. If we were obliged to remain for ever on this side, we would not greatly care to know what lay beyond. But we shall not remain always here; we shall not remain long here. We shall one day go through from time to eternity. The way lies through the dark valley and the cold grave. Every one of us must ere long go through that lonesome passage, and we have no promise of a day's warning before we go. It is very dreadful to be on this side close to the partition wall, and expecting soon to be called through, while we know not what may await us on the other side. We would be very glad if a window were opened in that wall, that we might know beforehand what we shall meet when we enter in. Such a window in heaven is the Scripture. God from the eternity within has rent the veil, and permitted us to see all that we now need to know of the world to come. The Bible is that opening, and through it comes a marvellous light. Through that window in heaven we see that the judgment is set, and the books are opened—that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; but we see also the

mercy-seat. We discover that a multitude of ransomed sinners are rejoicing before the throne; we learn that they have not been admitted to a happy heaven for any goodness of their own, but that they were freely forgiven through the blood of Christ. We even hear them through the opening singing a joyful hymn, and from its burden we discover that they were only great sinners, and that they are now before the throne of God in white because Jesus is a great Saviour. We learn, too, that there is yet room in the mansions of the Father's house; that Jesus grieves when sinful creatures neglect his mercy; and is glad when they come to him in haste like doves to their windows, and in numbers like the dew-drops of morning. Oh, it is very good to learn what is going on within the veil, and what awaits us in eternity—to learn before we leave this life how we may be admitted into the life eternal. Thanks be to God for his word, and for the Saviour whom the word reveals. From the Bible we have learned that those who are Christ's before they go shall enter into rest; it will be our own fault if we do not now give ourselves to Christ.

2. *Convicting.* The true meaning of the word reproof is to bring guilt home to one's own conscience. We all know what is the meaning of *proof* in a criminal trial,—it is the evidence of guilt, and the syllable *re* suggests that the proof of guilt comes again or against the culprit. Thus the word as a whole intimates that the proof meets the evil-doer in the face, and brings the guilt home to him, so that he cannot escape. The second use of the Scripture, then, is to convict a criminal by bringing out, and bringing home, the evidence of his guilt. The first use of it is to teach, so that we may *know* God's truth; the second use of it is to convince, so that we may *feel* our own sin. As Nathan first told David the story of the poor man's lamb and the rich man's tyranny, and thereafter said to David, "Thou art the man," so the Bible first enlightens the mind, and then pierces the conscience. The Scripture, as the source of knowledge, is like a window for looking through; the Scripture, as the convincer of sin, is like a mirror for looking in. Through the window you may behold the glory of God; but in the mirror you see yourself. There you perceive his holiness; here you discover your own guilt.

I think we have found here one chief reason why so many people dislike the Bible. When they look into it they see their own likeness too truly taken for their taste. There is a difference between your likeness painted on canvas by an artist, and your likeness staring at you from the surface of a looking-glass. The one flatters you; the other does not. The painter strives to fill the more beautiful expressions of your countenance, and hide the discontent, the jealousy, the pride, and other evil workings of the heart which show themselves on the features; the laws of light, which are the laws of God, mark your very self upon the mirror, as you are at the moment. Further, you select the time when you shall sit to a painter; you do not go to him when you are pale with recent passion, or haggard

by uncured disease. You put away everything that is unpleasant, and put on all your beauty ; and the picture, when finished, is pleasant to look upon. But that dreadful glass,—if there be envy rankling in your heart, it flashes the hateful passion back in your face ; if consumption is wasting your vitals, while yet you are determined to lead a merry life, it holds up the sentence of death before you, and puts in the background of its picture the gloomy grave. When a youth is dying, and yet determined that he will not die, he finds it pleasanter to look at the likeness which an artist painted a year ago, than to look into the mirror which stands in his bedroom to-day.

The same cause that makes the painting on the canvas more agreeable than the reflection from the glass, makes the flattering estimate of our character by a neighbour taste more sweetly than the terrible truth of God's word. The one says, You are a good-hearted fellow ; if you are not all right at the judgment seat, many may be afraid. The other says, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God ;" "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked ;" "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand ?" "The soul that sinneth it shall die." You may have looked with pleasing interest on the picture of a plague-stricken city,—a picture of the diseased and the dead ; but you cannot, without agony, glance towards a mirror, if the mark of deadly disease be fixed in your own face. It is comparatively easy to look on the likeness of another's danger ; the startling thing is to see your own. The picture of death disease looking at you from a mirror owes all its terror to the conviction that it is the picture of yourself. It is this that makes the Bible dreadful to a guilty conscience.

There is indeed a way of looking into a mirror so that you will see your neighbour and not yourself. If you stand near one edge, and look sideways, you will see the person who stands at the other edge, but your own image will not meet your view. It is when you come right before it, and look right in, that you really see yourself. There are two different ways of reading the Bible. It is possible to glance sidelong over its pages day by day without being alarmed about your own sin ; it is when alone and with prayer,—in godly simplicity and in the light of the Spirit, you place yourself right before it, that you truly get the sight of your own uncleanness. Then the cry bursts from a breaking heart, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me ?"

At some stage of his progress the Bible becomes a dreadful place to him who sincerely searches it. There the searcher sees the gate of hell ; and he thanks God for ever for the dread discovery, for it made him flee the faster to the open gate of heaven.

3. *Right-setting.* Nothing more is necessary than to explain the meaning of the word. It is the dictionary and not the commentary that is needed here. The English word "correction" employed in the text, meant at first, as you may see from its structure, to set a

wrong thing right. We must forget for the present the common modern meaning of the word, bodily punishment for a fault. To apply the rod to a fool's back may or may not be successful in bringing him from evil to good in his practice ; but the word in our text does not refer to personal chastisement at all. It is in the original a very expressive compound term, meaning to *set up the fallen, and to set right the wrong.*

(1.) The Bible is useful in *setting up those who have fallen down.* Bear in mind that this use of the Scripture comes in next after the conviction of sin. The Scripture would not be profitable to us, if it merely revealed our guilt, and cast us down into despair. To cast us down does us no good, unless we are lifted up again. A state of dark despair is in itself no better than a state of bold rebellion. But the design of the word of God is, after taking away the thought of our own righteousness, and so letting us fall, to give us hope in the righteousness of Christ that we may rise again. We are found at first dwelling in a house which has been built upon the sand, and thinking that all is well. In mercy to us the word of God becomes the flood to beat upon that house, so that it falls. But when the Scriptures like a flood have laid our house in ruins, they next place us for safety in a house that is built upon a rock. Expressly it is written regarding Jesus (Luke ii. 34), "This child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel." At the sight of Christ crucified, set forth in the word, a sinner convicted falls from all hope in himself ; but by faith's look out of the depths on the same Christ crucified, the sinner believing gets hold for hope on the risen Saviour, as an anchor of his soul sure and steadfast. Listen to those who have peace and joy in believing ; they will tell you that they were not always thus ; they will tell you that they were in the bottom of a miry pit before their goings were established on the rock, and a new song put in their mouths (Ps. xl.). As the Scripture reveals your own sin to bring you low in conviction, it also reveals Christ's offered mercy to raise you high in blessed hope.

(2.) The Bible is useful also in *setting right those who are wrong.* To be truly convinced of sin is not to be saved from sin. Conviction is a step on the way to salvation, but it is not salvation. To know that you are lost by your own sin is one thing ; and to be in Christ, saved by his righteousness, is another. You must come through the first in order to reach the second. Setting the fallen and broken spirit right is somewhat like setting a broken limb right. If the bones of your limb were all out of joint, and if the doctor should examine it and explain to you the nature of the injury, and how it was enough to make you lame for life ; if, moreover, when he had given you this explanation he should rise to go away, you would feel that he might as well not have come at all ; you would plead with him to stay and set the displaced members right. When the Physician of the soul, by his word and Spirit, shows you how thoroughly out of joint your spirit is, he does not leave

you in your lameness. He employs the same word to set your broken spirit right. The word which makes known the disease heals the diseased member. The word which breaks the soul off from its false self-righteousness lets the soul in, like an engrafted branch, into the righteousness of Christ for life and fruitfulness.

A sinner, alarmed about his guilt, and striving to make amends for it to God, is like a disjointed limb trying to heal itself without being set in its right place by the surgeon's hand. The sinner, conscious of guilt and dreading punishment, strives to do better, so as to please God. But his conscience tells him that even his efforts to be good are only new sins. He thinks that God will not receive him, unless he first succeed in making himself worthy. All his trials end in disappointment. He is like the prodigal son, trying to make as much of the swine's husks as will both support his life for the time, and repay all his father's property which he had wasted. Alas, he cannot gather as much as will keep himself from starving, far less lay up a fund to pay his debt. This method will not do. His condition every day is growing worse. At last a new light beamed into his soul. I cannot make myself worthy to be received by my father; but I shall go to my father unworthy; he will receive me as I am. He will forgive me freely, fully; and the free pardon will both make me obedient, and him glorious for his grace. He said, "I will arise and go to my father;" he arose and went. His erring, twisted, crooked spirit was set on the right way; and, as the displaced bone in the body, when it is put back into the right place, takes to it kindly, and quickly grows strong, so when a sinner convinced of sin and fearing judgment, has been led gently by the word, and let into the love of Christ, he takes kindly to the place that fits him, and feels that nothing now can again wrench him away. Hear him singing that exulting apostolic anthem: "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39).

4. *Upbringing in righteousness* is the last of the uses to which the Scripture is applied. To set the convicted sinner into Christ for life is like the birth of the new creature; and to train him up in righteousness is like the growth of the living child, upward to the stature of a perfect man. The fourth use follows the third, therefore, as the growth follows the birth. "Grow in grace" is the divine command to the children of the kingdom, and in the Scripture lies the bread of life for the nourishment of the new-born.

The same word which is the instrument of conversion at first, becomes the means of advancing holiness afterwards. When ministers preach the word to a mixed assembly, the same truth in the same language may be profitable both for giving life to the dead, and for increasing the strength of the living. Those who are dead in sin,

may hear and live; those who are alive unto God, may grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Saviour.

Looking upon the Scriptures as the bread and the water of life, which our Father in heaven has supplied to his people in this world's wilderness, that law of the Lord comes into play, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst." There is enough of the spiritual bread falling like manna out of heaven, if there were hungry souls to seek and use it; there is enough of the living water springing from the smitten rock, if there were thirsty souls in the wilderness to be satisfied from the stream. Young friends, the daily prayerful, self-applying use of the Scriptures is the true means of spiritual health and strength. But forced food is not nourishing, either to body or spirit. When we go to the word of God, as we go to our daily bread, we shall find it sweet to the taste and nourishing to the system.

Two lessons still remain in the text; let us open them a little as lessons at the close.

1. *All Scripture is needed and bestowed for the accomplishment of these grand objects.* Popery offers a daring insult to the wisdom of God, when it covers up his word, and cautiously doles out here and there only little portions to the people, lest it should do harm. O blind guides, ye know not what ye do. Is that God's word that you keep under lock and key? Open and let it go; let it run and be glorified; spread it like light, and air, and water, as pure, as plentiful, as free! "He every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Let no man dare to stand with a drawn sword over the rock, and warn the parched Israelites away, on the false profession that it belongs to him to receive it all, and give a little now and a little then to the needy, as he shall judge suitable. No; let the thirsty come to the fountain. For them it has been opened; for them it has been kept flowing. A whole Bible for the whole world, then at length the desert shall become a garden.

2. *The Scripture is profitable.* Although the present generation prides itself on the sharpness of its wit, many great mistakes are made amongst us as to profit and loss in the business of life. Such a trade is very profitable; such a man made many thousands by it in a few years; send your young people into that trade. Well, that merchant gained a great piece of the world, you say; but tell me, Did he lose his soul? If his soul was not saved, there is a loss in the whole transaction when the balance is struck,—a loss which cannot be counted in the currency of time. There is no sin in merchandize; there is no sin in gaining money by merchandize; but in every business where the ledger takes the place of the Bible, there will be bankruptcy soon. Keep the business in its own place, and go to the Bible for Christ; give Christ your heart in youth; invest your all in his hands. The transaction will be greatly profitable. A soul saved is a soul won. You will win your own soul. The Scripture is a profitable book, for it puts you on the way of winning your soul.

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

ROBERT HALL.

FIVE miles from Cambridge is the village of Shelford. "A more beautiful place," says one who resided in it, now a good many years ago, "I never saw. It is the garden of Cambridgeshire." Here, about the beginning of the century, lived the Rev. Thomas Thomason, who in course of time became famous as an Indian missionary, but who at that period acted as curate to Mr. Simeon of Trinity. Mr. Simeon himself also had a room on the ground-floor of his assistant's house; and as one door of that room opened into Mr. Thomason's study, and another into "a delightful pleasure garden," there were inducements enough presented to draw the city minister now and then into the country. While these two good men were thus enjoying to the full all the advantages of their retreat, the news reached them one day that the pastor of the Baptist congregation in Cambridge had also settled down in the village; and the tidings, we can well believe, were not received by them either with indifference or dissatisfaction, for the person so designated was ROBERT HALL, and his name and character were by that time sufficiently well known to ensure that his society would be reckoned an acquisition by earnest Christians of all denominations. Hall and Thomason became by-and-by intimate friends,—and on the Sabbath mornings the Church of England clergyman and the Baptist minister were often to be seen riding down in company to the city to engage in the duties of their respective cures.

There was a sad cause for the removal of Hall to Shelford. From his earliest years he was the subject of a malady which entailed distressing consequences upon him. One of these was a severe pain in the back, under which his whole physical nature was sometimes utterly prostrated. This was the case in an unusual degree in the early months of the year 1803. The agony was then so intense and so continuous that he could get no refreshing sleep, and his spirits became deeply depressed. In these circumstances he tried change, and had even some thoughts of resigning his charge. But he was finally dissuaded from giving up his official duties, and was recommended, instead, to reside some distance from his church, and try the effect of horse exercise. This is how he came to the little village where Thomason lived. But, alas! the prescription did not turn out to be perfectly efficacious. The cloud that was over his soul deepened and darkened. His mind became unhinged. Reason tottered upon her throne; and for two months, beginning with November 1804, the most eloquent preacher then in England was an inmate of an asylum for the insane. It was, one might well say, a mysterious providence—but no one was more thoroughly persuaded than the subject of it himself that the visitation was meant in mercy. Many years before, in 1778, when he was but a boy of fourteen, he had been admitted a

member of his father's church, giving on that occasion such "a very distinct account of his being the subject of divine grace," that the officers had no difficulty in recognising him as one who had the seal of the Spirit. But his own decided persuasion was that, however vivid his convictions of religious truth and of the necessity of a consistent course of evangelical obedience had formerly been, and however correct his doctrinal sentiments during the last four or five years, yet that he did not undergo a thorough transformation of character, a complete renewal of his heart and affections, until the melancholy seizure to which we have just alluded. "And be this," says his biographer, "as it may, there can be no question that from this period he seemed more to live under the prevailing recollection of his entire dependence upon God, that his habits were more devotional than they had ever before been, his spiritual exercises more fervent and more elevated." God has many ways of instructing his own children, of subduing them completely to himself, and certainly we have few more striking illustrations of the fact that there are "diversities of operations" than in the manner in which Robert Hall was brought into the kingdom, or, at the least, was led into a deeper and more experimental acquaintance with its mysteries. That bright and subtle intellect had for a season to be prostrated before it could be wholly consecrated to the service of Jesus Christ.

Hall was born May 2d, 1764, at Arnsby, a village about eight miles from Leicester. His father was pastor of the Baptist church in the place, and a man apparently of great natural ability. "He appeared," says his celebrated son, "to the greatest advantage upon subjects where the faculties of most men fail them; for the natural element of his mind was greatness." Hall's mother also was, in her way, equally remarkable. She was a woman, we are told, of "sterling sense and distinguished piety." If talent, then, is hereditary, we have here enough to account, so to speak, for the intellectual eminence of the subject of this sketch. His education was very much more thorough and liberal than that of most others in his circumstances. After spending some time at a village school, he was placed under the care of Mr. Ryland at Northampton, where he made great progress, among other things, in Greek and Latin. From thence he was transferred to the Bristol Academy, for the training of young men for the Baptist ministry; and having evidenced there the possession of unusual capacity, he was sent, "on Dr. Ward's foundation," to King's College, Aberdeen. At the university he remained for four years, taking his degree of Master of Arts in the spring of 1784, and acquiring, in addition to an enlarged acquaintance with the classics, a very thorough knowledge of mental philosophy. The result of the whole was, that he became, what few of our great popular preachers have been, a *scholar*, in the strict and technical sense of the word! "He set to work," for example, says Dr. Gregory of him while he resided in Cambridge,— "he set to work upon the best treatises

on the Greek metres then extant. He next read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* twice over critically, proceeded with equal care through nearly all the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, and thence extended his classical reading in all directions." This supplies one illustration of the extent of his attainments and the range of his reading; and it would be easy to give many others from the story of his life. But it is not his career as a man of learning that we are here specially called to study, and we only notice particularly the fact of his high education at all because it explains the character of his pulpit eloquence, which was distinguished above that of almost any other preacher that could be mentioned by a rare combination of simplicity and finish, of great popular acceptability on the one hand, and of a cultivation and polish on the other, which could only have been looked for from a fine and subtle intellect developed and exercised in the highest possible degree.

While Mr. Hall was still a student at Aberdeen, he was invited to become the pastor, along with Dr. Evans, of the church at Broadmead, Bristol. With much diffidence he accepted the call, and entered upon the full duties of his charge in the summer of 1785. His power as a preacher was recognised immediately. The place where he officiated was often crowded to excess, and many of the most distinguished men in the city, including several clergymen, were his occasional auditors. Difficulties, however, by-and-by appeared, to render his position uncomfortable. A serious misunderstanding arose between his colleague and himself, and doubts began to be entertained with respect to his perfect orthodoxy. After an incumbency of five years, therefore, he became not indisposed to move to another sphere. A favourable opening was not long in presenting itself; and in 1790 we find him established as Mr. Robinson's successor at Cambridge. Here he remained for fifteen years, having succeeded in transforming a society that was rapidly sinking under the influence of cold or disputatious speculators into a flourishing church and congregation, bringing forth the fruits of righteousness. In 1805 a recurrence of the same malady, to which allusion has already been made, made it expedient that he should resign his cure, and for some time he lived in complete retirement, first among his relatives at Arnshy, and afterwards at Enderly, a village five miles from Leicester. In these places he gradually regained his bodily health, with great mental tranquillity and a renewed capacity for usefulness in the Church. And being able to work, he was not, *now* especially, the man to remain idle. He began to preach in the neighbouring villages, and also occasionally in a small chapel in Leicester, which had once been occupied by the famous Dr. Carey of Serampore. Gradually his efforts became more and more concentrated on this little place. The Church grew under his fostering care, and at last he accepted a call from it to settle down as its stated minister. This was the unobtrusive beginning of a long and eventful pastorate. He lived and laboured in

Leicester from 1808 to 1826. During that time his fame continued to increase. The congregation more than quadrupled in his hand; the place of worship where it met was twice enlarged; and when he made his last move back again to Broadmead, he was ministering each Sabbath to at least a thousand people. He was in the sixty-second year of his age when he took up his abode once more in Bristol, and he was still spared to do much good service for his Master in the sphere of his first labours. But the time allowed to him was not long. Five years was the duration of his early ministry, and five years was to be the duration of his last. He died on the 21st of February 1831, leaving the Church that he had adorned to lament his comparatively early removal to a higher sphere.

One may learn much from the history of Mr. Hall's theological opinions. Even after he had become a minister of the gospel, his views of the truth seem to have been to a considerable extent dark and defective, and such sound and sober men of his own communion as Fuller and Ryland were full of anxiety about him. The latter appeared at one time to believe that he was far gone in Socinianism, and there was undoubtedly some ground for the belief. The period was, in many of its aspects, a perilous one. The French Revolution had given a violent shock to old institutions, and the old creeds also seemed tottering to their fall. Free thinking prevailed to an extent that it had never done before; and for those who could not make up their minds to plunge into the abyss of infidelity, there was a *via media*, a half-way house, presided over by the father of English Unitarianism, the famous Dr. Priestley. In these circumstances, a young man of great talent, and of a speculative turn of mind, ran some risk of being carried away by the stream; and Hall was certainly for a time on the brink of the vortex. It was his suspected "liberality" of sentiment which procured for him the call to Cambridge. Mr. Robinson, his predecessor there, had fallen away from the truth so entirely, that his last act as a preacher was to officiate in Dr. Priestley's pulpit in Birmingham; and, although his people had not gone with him unanimously in his defection, he had yet infused his spirit into them to such an extent that, upon his death, they were not prepared to accept as their pastor any one whose orthodoxy was stiff or uncompromising. The young and eloquent minister of Broadmead, who dealt in his preaching a good deal in generalities, and who excused himself for not meddling with the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity by saying that his colleague, Dr. Evans, rendered them sufficiently prominent, seemed just the man to suit them; and having secured him, the members of this broad and wide minded Church, congratulated one another that their new pastor, a man of splendid talents, was *almost* as liberal and unshackled as themselves. Singular to say, however, his settlement over such a congregation had the reverse effect of that which might have been expected. The

sight of their laxity produced a reaction in his mind; while it is not unlikely that if he had remained among a peculiarly narrow and straight-laced people, he would have continued as "liberal" as his Cambridge friends could desire. All that was true and reverent in his nature revolted at the flippant infidelity which met him among individuals in his new charge. Hence, from the period of his leaving Bristol, we mark in him a growing instead of a waning love of orthodoxy. As an illustration, an anecdote may be given. One day he passed, as he was in the habit of doing sometimes (for on various accounts he greatly admired him), a panegyric on Dr. Priestley. A gentleman happened to be present who held the doctor's sentiments, and drawing an inference from the language used which was scarcely legitimate, he tapped Mr. Hall on the shoulder with an indelicate freedom from which he recoiled, and said, "Ah, sir! we shall have *you* among us soon, I see." Mr. Hall, startled and offended by the rude tone of exultation in which this was uttered, hastily replied, "*Me* amongst *you*, sir! why, if that were ever the case, I should deserve to be tied to the tail of the great red dragon, and whipped round the nethermost regions to all eternity!" At this point in his history, it is clear that he must have got beyond all risk of denying the divinity of Jesus Christ; but even at so late a period as 1799, he was still at sea upon other points of fundamental importance. In that year, however, a severe fever which brought him, in his own apprehension and that of his friends, to the brink of the grave, gave him an opportunity of experiencing the support yielded by the doctrines of the cross in the near view of death and judgment. The impression produced then was not only salutary but lasting; and it again prompted him to the investigation of one or two points, with regard to which he had long felt himself floating in uncertainty. One of these points was the personality of the Holy Spirit. Up to this time he had actually doubted that. But now, "he was struck with the fact, that whenever in private prayer he was in the most deeply devotional frame, most overwhelmed with the sense that he was nothing, and God was all in all, he always felt himself inclined to adopt a trinitarian doxology. This circumstance recurring frequently, and more frequently meditated upon in a time of honest and anxious inquiry, issued at length in a persuasion that the Holy Spirit is really and truly God, and not an emanation; and in 1800 he publicly included the personality of the Holy Spirit in his statements of the doctrine of spiritual influence." Probably he had even then much to learn. Three or four years later, he received that terrible baptism of suffering and humiliation, out of which he emerged, as he himself constantly asserted, a new man; and we may be sure he was taught something then. At any rate, whether the change wrought then added any new articles to his creed or not, it made him, we cannot doubt, see what truth he had in a new light, and feel and preach it with a new power. "Long had

he been admitted by the intelligent to be a great man; now he was regarded by pious men of every persuasion as a good man, rejoicing to consecrate his best faculties to the specific objects of the Christian ministry."

Jonathan Edwards, the great preacher of America, gave his strength and mind so entirely to the pulpit, that, except in the way of dealing with individual awakened souls, he had no private intercourse with his people at all. In this respect there was a striking difference between him and Robert Hall. For some years after the settlement of the latter at Cambridge, he made it a rule to pay a pastoral visit to every member of his church once a quarter. These were not calls, but *visits*, and usually paid on evenings, that he might meet the whole assembled family. Among the lower classes, to make them quite at their ease, he would sit down with them to supper; and that this might involve them in no extra expense, he took care that they should all know that he preferred a basin of milk. This practice he appears to have maintained to a greater or less extent wherever he went. Even in his last charge, when he had become so infirm as to require the use of a carriage in his visitations, he spent three evenings in the week in social intercourse with his people. A habit like this necessarily endeared him exceedingly to those of whom he had the oversight; and gave, we can fancy, an additional momentum to that commanding eloquence with which, on the Sabbath, he sought to commend to them the truth of God.

Of that eloquence, we could have wished to have given some specimens. His most famous sermons were those on "Modern Infidelity," "The Death of the Princess Charlotte," "The Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes," and "Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis;" and from these it would be easy to select passages than which there is nothing finer in the English language. One paragraph only, we shall make room for. It is the peroration of the last of the discourses just mentioned—a discourse preached October 19, 1803, on the occasion of a General Fast held with reference to the threatening aspect of European affairs.

"The extent of your resources," says he, addressing those that were about to fight the battle of freedom and of humanity; "the extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their

eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals ! Your mantle fell when you ascended ; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty : go forth with our hosts in the day of battle ! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence. Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes : inspire them with thine own ; and, while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire."

The discourse is, of course, more of an oration than a sermon, and there is a style of allusion and accommodation in it to which we may reasonably object ; but as a piece of lofty and impassioned eloquence it has few equals, and the manner in which it concludes—taking the preceding paragraph along with the one quoted—must, like a swelling torrent, have swept everything before it. A man, with such a gift of oratory, must have been raised up in that day to serve, by means of it, some great and special object. And there is no difficulty in discerning what that was. In the critical age in which he lived, when the nations of Europe were convulsed to their centre, and speculation laid its free hand upon the most sacred mysteries of revelation, it was needful that Christianity should have its champion to meet the enemy on his own ground ; and Robert Hall was, we believe, as directly fulfilling his mission when he preached his sermon on "Modern Infidelity," as Luther was when he nailed his Theses to the church door of Wittenberg.

The personal character of Mr. Hall, as refined and purified by the influences of religion, appears to have been a very beautiful one. "Mr. Hall," says one who knew him intimately, "seemed to me very remarkable for *being always in earnest*. . . . He was artless as a child. A sort of infantine simplicity was conspicuous in many parts of his conduct. With his extraordinary capacity, and a propension for abstract and refined thinking, it was curious and remarkable to observe the interest that he took in the present object. He threw himself entirely into whatever might be the topic of conversation, and seemed altogether engrossed with what pressed on the sense and solicited immediate attention." There is a touching illustration given of this view of his character, by Dr. Gregory in his *Life*. It has been said that during the last years of his life at Bristol, he was in the habit of spending some evenings each week in social intercourse with his people. On these occasions some of the members of his own family

occasionally accompanied him ; and if it did not happen that the conversation was particularly lively, these last were apt to complain that the evening had been dull. To this Hall would reply, "I don't think so. It was very pleasant. I enjoyed it. I ENJOY EVERYTHING." "Think of this, ye despisers," says a writer in the *British Critic*. "Here was a man whose powers seemed almost adapted for converse with disembodied spirits—whose thoughts were frequently wandering through eternity—a man, too, whose life was a constant wrestling against bodily anguish, whose corporeal structure was 'an apparatus of torment,' and who yet was able to seek and to find delight among the humbler recreations of society, and to exclaim, in the gratitude and fulness of his heart, '*I enjoy everything*.' Byron, when his temples were throbbing with the self-inflicted pains of a vicious life, cried out, 'There is nothing but misery in this world, I think.' If this contrast does not speak to the hearts and understandings of men, the voice of wisdom would be heard in vain from the jaws of the sepulchre itself."

The last service in which Mr. Hall took a part was the Church meeting at Broadmead, on the 9th of February 1831 ; and the prayer which he offered on that occasion was observed and felt to be exceedingly spiritual and solemn. Next day he was laid upon the bed from which he was never again to rise. "I have not an anxious thought," he said then, "either for life or death. What I dread most are dark days ; but I have had none yet, and I hope I shall not have any. I fear pain more than death. If I could die easily, I think I would rather go than stay ; for I have seen enough of the world, and I have a humble hope." He did suffer dreadfully during the succeeding ten days ; but he had only so long to wait for his release. On the 21st of the same month, as has already been said, God took him to be for ever with himself in that place where there is no more pain ; and the last words he was heard to utter on earth were, "Come, Lord Jesus—come—quickly."

N. L. W.

"IT SHALL WITHER IN ALL THE LEAVES OF HER SPRING."

THESE touching words of Scripture were brought to my mind with great force last week, whilst travelling by railway between Callander and Stirling. One beech tree after another caught my eye, brown, scorched, and blasted, their mournful aspect presenting a sad contrast to the fresh verdure of the surrounding oaks and birches.

A few weeks ago there was a night of keen frost, accompanied by a blighting east wind, and the silky young beech leaves, so peculiarly delicate and tender at their first unfolding, had suffered far more than their hardier neighbours. Their beauty is all gone for this summer. Withered and unsightly they must remain, till the genial breath of another spring time

stirs their sap again, and they clothe themselves in new verdure.

"*She shall wither in all the leaves of her spring.*"—words which must have occurred to some of my readers at a sight too common in this land,—the premature blight and decay which falls on so many in the first freshness of their youth, and carries them off to an untimely grave. But not in this view let us at present apply them.

In an even more solemn and sorrowful sense, alas! how applicable are they to multitudes!

I remember one, who in early youth, became the subject of divine grace, and who for some years throve and flourished, full of hope and promise, as a devoted young Christian. But a blight came. It seems mysterious how any true lover of the Lord Jesus could allow her affections to be engaged by one not only an unbeliever, but well-nigh a downright scoffer. But so it was, and to the amazement of all her friends, and in spite of the remonstrances of many of them, she married him.

Ah! then, "*she withered in all the leaves of her spring.*" Her spiritual being withered. How could it thrive in the ungenial atmosphere into which she had brought it? "What communion has light with darkness? What fellowship has Christ with Belial?" She had cast in her lot with one who would not bow the knee in prayer with her, nor read the word of life, nor take sweet counsel with her, nor go into the house of God in her company.

She had wilfully violated her Lord's command,—"*Be ye not unequally yoked;*" and so she had brought a thick cloud between her soul and him. How could she thrive, with the cold frosts of worldliness, and the blighting east wind of infidelity breathing upon her night and day?

But in her case the blight came upon "*all the leaves of her spring,*" and perhaps it was a token of covenant love and faithfulness that it did so. It fell upon her happiness, her children, her means. Nothing about her prospered. In every conceivable way, into the details of which I may not enter, she was smitten, withered, and blasted. Long lost sight of in a distant land, I hope, but I cannot tell, that all that has come upon her, has led her to return to her first husband, and find the rest in His house which she has never found in the house of him for whose sake she has brought all these things on herself. But whilst the substance of the holy seed is no doubt in her, so that she shall certainly again, in the genial climate of heaven, develop her spiritual being, and send forth fresh boughs like a plant, her life here is not what it *might* have been, what it *ought* to have been, what it *would* have been, had she remained faithful to her Lord and Saviour.

This true, but, perhaps, extreme case, illustrates what is too often the secret cause of the sudden withering of the spiritual life of young believers. Oh, it is an awfully solemn and important subject, all the more

so, because the mischief is often done before it is suspected. Settle it with yourselves, dear young Christians, as a principle fixed and determined, never to give yourselves to one who is not a joint-heir with you of the grace of life. "Purpose," like Mercy in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, "never to have a clog for your soul." Seek a partner who will be a helper of your faith, a fellow-traveller in the straight way, a help-meet "*only in the Lord;*" or better, far better, none at all. And if your heart has not been kept with all diligence, and its affections have got entangled round one, who, you know, however amiable, has not the grace of God, "cut off the right hand, pluck out the right eye." Present pain, however great, is better than bleeding all your life long from an inward wound, or being altogether stopped in your pilgrimage by the hindering clog.

Unfaithfulness to the "one husband to whom we are betrothed, even Christ," in whatever way that want of loyalty may be shown, brings a blight over the soul. The vine in Ezekiel, to which our motto refers, bent her roots toward another than him to whom she had sworn fealty, and shot forth her branches toward him, that he might water it by the furrows of her plantation. But because of this breach of covenant, "Thus saith the Lord God, Shall it prosper? Shall he not pull up the roots thereof, and cut off the fruit thereof that it wither? It shall wither in all the leaves of her spring, . . . yea, behold, being planted shall it prosper? Shall it not utterly wither when the east wind toucheth it? It shall wither in the furrows where it grew."

Secret departures of the heart toward some other thing, no matter what it is, nor however lawful in its proper place—covetousness of any kind, whatever be the object desired, is idolatry. And the heart cleaving to idols, is let alone by God; is it any wonder, then, that the spiritual life should wither and decay? "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is *withered.*" "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert and shall not see when good cometh, but shall inhabit the parched places of the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be like a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her *leaf shall be green,* and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

"Whatever passes as a cloud between,
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear
Or seem less lovely, or its hope less dear;
This is our world, our idol though it bear
Affection's impress or devotion's air."

"It shall wither in all the leaves of her spring." This was the fate which befell the barren fig tree. The fruit

forms on the fig tree before the leaves, so that by the time the leaves appear, if there is to be fruit at all, it ought to be formed then. It was early in the season, when Jesus examined it. "The time of figs was not yet." The crop, therefore, had certainly not been gathered, and there could be no doubt of its barrenness. So under the blighting words that fell from the lips of Emmanuel, "presently the fig tree *withered away*."

Solemn history, and solemn thought, that many a green and leafy professor withers away from the same cause. Many who set out in youth with a fair promise, never come to anything in Christ's Church after all—barren and unfruitful they "presently wither away." Some thus give evidence that they were never *rooted* in Christ, and some, for want of use, seem to lose even the grace which they seemed to have. Sloth and lukewarmness are the secret cause of many a withering soul. Here is the way in which grace received is to be exercised, "Giving *all diligence*, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you and *abound*, they make you that ye shall neither be *barren* nor *unfruitful* in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off, and hath *forgotten* that he was *purged from his old sins*."

Yes, withering faith, and love, and zeal betray prevailing unbelief, and cold indifference to Him "who loved us and gave himself for us." Young Christian, live near the cross, and under the fresh and constant droppings of the blood of forgiveness,—"*the blood that cleanseth from all sin*,"—if you would have your soul ever green and flourishing."

I have seen others, alas, not a few! to whom these solemn words applied in another deeply mournful sense. I knew one well in his childhood, a most lively, bright, engaging boy. As the saying is, the *making* of much good was in him; the promise of much good was fair upon him. After the lapse of some years, I met him again, still quite a youth. As I looked at him, I thought "the same, and yet *not* the same as he was." The blight was already on him, he had begun to wither. The traces of sensual indulgence were beginning to show themselves in the clouded eye, the relaxed mouth, the general aspect of the still beautiful young face. And now, yet in his early manhood, he stands apart from his fellows, utterly blasted and withered in mind and body, and rapidly sinking into a drunkard's dishonoured and premature grave. Withered, indeed, in all the leaves of his spring!

Oh, "flee youthful lusts which war against the soul!" Beware of the beginnings of evil!—of the very first step which would lead you to go in the same direction as those "who *walk after* their own ungodly lusts." Of these Jude speaks as "*trees whose fruit withereth*, without fruit; twice dead, plucked up by the roots."

"Walk *after* the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh;" and "they that walk after the Spirit do mind the things of the Spirit." They "delight in the law of God," not in the wills of the flesh; and he "whose delight is in the law of God, and who meditates in it day and night, shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water; *his leaf also shall not wither*, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." c.

"I AM LIKE A GREEN FIR-TREE,—FROM ME IS THY FRUIT FOUND."

How ready am I to forget this truth! When I see all my own righteousnesses to be only as filthy rags, and my spiritual strength and vigour *fading* as doth a *leaf*, and my iniquities like the wind carrying me away, ah! then, poor fool that I am, I give up all for lost, and, ready to sink, cry out, Lord help me! What effectual help it is when the Lord gives this word as answer,—"*Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*" "*I am like a green fir-tree,—from me is thy fruit found.*" "I am the Lord. *I change not.*" "Jesus Christ, the *same* yesterday, to-day, and for ever." My leaf neither fades nor falls. My "righteousness is an *everlasting* righteousness," and "*Thy* righteousnesses are *of me*, saith the Lord God." "*Abide in me and I in you.* As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye *abide in me.*" Let these words of mine abide in you, and let your heart rest upon them. "*Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help found,*" and this is the name whereby the righteous, the evergreen Branch raised up for thy succour, shall be called, "*Jehovah, thy righteousness.*"—Oh, my soul, surely thy grateful reply must be, "*In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.*" "I will make mention of thy righteousness: even of thine only." "The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation." "Open to me the gates of righteousness. I will go into them and will praise the Lord."

"Remember thy sins, Christ's pardonings; thy deserts, Christ's merits; thy weakness, Christ's strength; thy pride, Christ's humility; thy many infirmities, Christ's restorings; thy guilt, Christ's new applications of his blood; thy failings, Christ's assistance; thy wants, Christ's fulness; thy temptation, Christ's tenderness; thy vileness, Christ's righteousness. Blessed soul, whom Christ shall find, not having on thine own righteousness, but having thy robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Be not afraid, O weak and sinful and empty soul, to find out your own absolute nothingness, if thereby you are led to value and to cleave to precious Christ, as all your salvation and all your desire. So shall you, even when heart and flesh are fainting and failing, be able in your turn to take up similar language and say, "*I am like a green olive tree in the house of my God: I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever*" (Ps. lii. S.). c.

THE SAVING WIFE.

BY J. DE LIEFDE, OF AMSTERDAM.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHOEMAKER AND HIS OBJECTIONABLE LIBRARY.

IN one of the main thoroughfares of the Hague—thus the minister commenced his story—there lived some ten years ago a shoemaker of the name of R——, who was as much liked by his customers for his strong and neat boots, as by his friends for his frank and jovial conversation. His wife, a very clever, tidy, and active woman, was very much of the same temper as himself, and always showed a face as smiling and glossy as the brightly scoured brazier's wares that adorned the white tiled walls of her kitchen. In as far as regarded their outward circumstances, they had ample reason to keep up this appearance of contentment and joyousness, for it would seem as if Mr. R—— understood the secret of coining florins out of a calf's skin, and of turning pitched thread into gold wire. His children also were everything a father can desire for this world. They were clever, active, cheerful, irreproachable as to their moral conduct, and kind-hearted to each other, so that very seldom was his interference required to keep them in peace and love. It was a treat, indeed, in as far as regards merely social enjoyment, to spend an evening with that happy, hospitable, and cheerful family. If you were in a rather peevish mood, Mr. R——'s jokes were sure to bring you back to your usual temper. Or should your depressed spirit anticipate some unknown threatening calamity, nothing was more likely to help you to the most sanguine hopes than Mrs. R——'s pleasant stories illustrating the foolishness of holding up the umbrella before the rain has begun to fall.

Yet, notwithstanding all this appearance of happiness, the true peace that passeth all understanding was a stranger in the family. It is true, Mr. and Mrs. R—— with their children regularly attended service every Sunday morning, but they were as regularly to be found every Sunday evening at the theatre, or in the dancing saloon, or in the wood to enjoy the concert. Often, too, they would engage a fly for the whole of the Sunday afternoon, to take an excursion to Scheveninger, or to some other village in the neighbourhood, where they were sure to meet gay company. Now, I need not tell you that they could allow their Sabbath to come to a close so contradictory to its beginning, without any feeling of inconsistency—for in this respect they did nothing but what nearly everybody in our unhappy country is accustomed to do. Besides, they seldom heard anything in the morning sermon that could rouse their conscience during their evening plea-

tures. They always attended the service of such preachers as were most congenial to their taste,* and you know enough of the state of our Church to be able to perceive that they always had plenty of choice. So after having drunk their "water and milk" in the morning, they could freely take to their wine in the evening. They knew no better than that they, all of them, would go to heaven, provided they did not commit a murder or pick their neighbour's pockets; and since Mrs. R—— was not conscious of being guilty of any such outrages, she trusted that she would arrive at heaven's gate, even if a sudden death should compel her to take her starting-point from the theatre on Sunday evening. The conception which she had of "the goodness of God" was quite boundless, so much so, that she gladly believed that God had provided plenty of forgiving grace—of course through Christ in some way or other—if there should be anything amiss in her conduct; for that she was not quite perfect she fully admitted, and she was glad to know that Christ, eighteen hundred years ago, had attained such an over-abundance of perfection as to enable him to make up full weight for her shortcomings. But that there was such a thing as a hell or a burning furnace, as some Methodists were pleased to cry, she never could or would believe. God, she thought, was too good, too kind towards his creatures, to permit the existence of such a terrible place in his glorious creation.

Yet, notwithstanding this smooth theory about God, heaven, and eternity, there was a worm gnawing at the bottom of Mrs. R——'s heart. She sometimes would feel its painful bites when death showed itself to her at a distance, by taking away one of her nearest relatives or friends, or when some sudden indisposition reminded her of her own mortality. She then experienced that the tranquillizing system of theology she used to advocate in her sunny days was not sufficient to quiet her mind when the king of terrors threatened to spread his dark wings over her head. We know by experience, madam, how sadly man gropes round in the dark as long as he has no other light to walk by but the lamp of his own reason. By its fascinating glare he sees, he thinks, a smooth path before him leading

* Since in the large Dutch towns the Protestant Church is not parochially organized, the band of ministers preaches in the various churches, shifting about. Every Saturday a list of the services is stuck up at the booksellers' doorposts, informing the public as to the place where every one of the ministers is to preach the next Sunday. The church-going people thus are enabled to pick out their favourite, or, if he should happen to preach in a rather remote quarter of the city, such a one as comes nearest to him in their estimation.

through delectable grounds to paradise. The slightest breeze, however, that whispers from the grave blows it out, and he finds himself in an awful perplexity. Then the torch of conscience, no longer outshone by the dazzling glitterings of proud reason, begins to illuminate the scenery round about, and the frightened wanderer discovers deserts and abysses instead of gardens and pleasure-grounds. No sooner, however, has he succeeded in lighting his lamp again than he again proceeds cheerfully, persuading himself that what he saw just now was only the effect of a deranged imagination. Mrs. R——, kind-hearted and good-natured as she was, shared the awful self-deception which is common to our fallen race. Thinking that her heart was full of love to all men—for she declared she wished everybody to be as happy as herself—she did not know that that same heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. She perceived not that what she called *love* was only an amiable form of *self-love*, which was ready instantly to assume a hateful form when it was counteracted in its desires or humbled in its pride. She was not aware that that same love of hers to all men was connected with a sad indifference with regard to God, who, during the week scarcely found a place in her thoughts, because they were wholly engaged in the cares and pleasures of her daily life. All this was hid from her notice behind the deceitful veil of her self-satisfaction and self-complacency. But self-deception, however skilful, can never fold that veil so tightly as to leave no hole for truth to peep through. Mrs. R——, confidently as she expressed herself about the future glory of all men, yet could not help secretly acknowledging that there might be something wrong at the bottom; and this might account for the strange inconsistency which was often manifest in her profession. For that same person who thought so highly of the love of God, and asserted that there could not possibly be such a place as hell, yet never had the courage to declare that she was sure of her future happiness after death.

Now, her husband had, from the time of their marriage, during a series of some twenty years, invariably shared her opinions; so that religion, while kept up merely as an out-door performance, had never disturbed their domestic peace within. Once upon a time, however, a change was observed in Mr. R——'s ideas and conduct, which gradually became more conspicuous. His wife, who was bent upon the whole household regularly going to church every Sunday forenoon (for, she said, it is a becoming habit, and the minister always tells us that we should be better than we are), became a little alarmed when observing that he now and then would tell them to go without him, till at length he got into the habit of staying away from church altogether, and keeping at home to amuse himself with reading a novel or a play, or with trying his flute, to which he had taken a fancy. The fact was that Mr. R——, being a little more of a philosopher and a logical thinker than his wife, had some time ago turned his attention

to the absurdity of that inconsistency which, as I told you, characterized his and his wife's profession. He acknowledged that if there was no hell, or no future punishment of transgressions at all, he ought to be perfectly at peace, and know no such a thing as fear or uneasiness when thinking of his future state after death. He felt, however, that there *was* such a thing in his heart, and he was determined to get rid of it, now that he observed that he was growing older, and was to perform the "great journey" ere long. On examining the *origin* of that feeling of anxiety with regard to his future condition, he discovered that it was closely connected with his belief in a personal God. He concluded that if God was a person—a rational, self-willing, and self-acting being—he *must* be a Judge, rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies. So he turned to inquiring whether his belief in a personal God was well founded. Now, there was amongst his customers a gentleman whom he always had thought a great deal of on account of his sagacity, learning, and calmness of temper. From some of his expressions uttered in the course of their conversation, he had observed that the Baron von T—— did not believe that God was a person, but only an all-moving power. This had led him to enter into more detailed intercourse with the baron on that subject. The arguments which the baron advanced, and the syllogisms he drew, seemed so overpowering that the bootmaker could say nothing against them. He was not aware, poor man! that the power of persuasion lay not in the baron's eloquence, but in the inclination of his own God-shunning heart. He did not keep in mind that our deceitful hearts are prone to believe what we are prone to desire; and his heart *desired* that there should be no personal God, in order to get rid of the Judge as soon as possible. The baron then provided him with a great many books which, all of them, breathed the same pantheistic doctrine. Mr. R—— put them in a row on a shelf along the wall of his counting-house, and soon had studied them so thoroughly that he became fully initiated in that God-dishonouring and soul-destroying system. He now thought himself at peace. He now had found "his own way," as he would express himself. And this way was that above the entrance of which the inscription was to be read: "Let us eat, and drink; for to-morrow we die." There was room left on his shelf still; for the baron's books, though numerous, were not sufficient to occupy the whole of it; but Mr. R—— filled up the empty space with novels and plays, and henceforth scarcely an evening elapsed which he did not spend either at the opera or in the club-house.

Now, Mrs. R—— was not quite at her ease when noticing this change in her husband's opinions and conduct. Though herself an advocate of what she called "liberal and large-hearted principles," yet she thought that now he was going too far. She was from her childhood accustomed to saying grace silently at every meal, and though she mostly performed this cere-

mony as a mere matter of course, yet she sometimes would connect some edifying notion with it ; at least, she often would appeal to it to persuade herself that she was a Christian and not a heathen. When she observed that her husband began forsaking this "comely habit," she found that either she must be a fool in his eyes, or that he was a profane person in hers. When she on Sunday morning, returning home from church, her little Bible with gold clasp in her hand, found him comfortably seated in his arm-chair playing his flute or reading a novel, she could not but conclude that either he or she had spent their time wrongly. So she became aware that a serious discrepancy had arisen between them, which, of course, could not fail to affect their domestic life and the education of their family. For some time she dreaded frankly to require of him an explanation of his altered behaviour, but at last some opportunity turned up which led her fully to enter upon the matter. She was quite alarmed to find that he boldly rejected everything she had revered hitherto as sacred and true. Much of what he said seemed to her to be most extraordinary, but much, too, she felt unable to refute. Of course, her stock of Christian knowledge was so poor that she was quite perplexed by the sophistical reasonings, many of which her husband read to her from the books he took from his library. Still some instinctive, better feeling made her shrink back from the whole of it. She told him most decidedly that she never could go so far as that. "We must have somebody to pray to," she said, "and we must have somebody to rely upon when we are in trouble. I shall never be able to die happy in the expectation of being absorbed by some universal power, as a drop flows away into the ocean. My good father was such a worthy person when alive, I hope to see him again in a better world. But according to your notion, he is no person at all now, but merely a particle of a great general power. No, never ! I shall never believe such a thing of my good father. He was too amiable a person for that, and he has trained me up too well to allow me to think so unbecomingly of him and of our good Lord in heaven. You yourself are a person now ; but for that I should not have married you. But if you are to turn a mere power, I don't know what to make of you ; I never married you in that expectation."

Such were Mrs. R——'s arguments, and her husband would reply to them by a silent smile or by taking his flute and playing a tune. She, however, felt very sad about this state of things. She perceived that they had entered a critical period in their matrimonial life ; that she either was to abandon all she had believed, revered, and adored hitherto, or to put herself in a decided opposition to her husband. Her consciousness of this alternative set her thinking seriously about her own condition as to religion. She felt that she knew too little of it to be able to encounter her husband's attacks upon the Bible. "He has a strong power in his books," she said to herself. "I must read the Bible to know a little

more about it. I wish he never had got those books. I am sure the whole mischief lies with his library. But I will read the Bible now, and I shall soon find it out."

So Mrs. R—— began reading her Bible for the first time in her life, and for the first time she sent up a silent ejaculation to God to give her some light in a dark matter.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE SHOEMAKER'S WIFE TRIED TO CHANGE HER HUSBAND'S LIBRARY, BUT COULD NOT CHANGE HIS HEART.

You know, madam (thus continued the minister), that the great bulk of our Protestant people, though formally professing that the Bible is God's word, yet never, or very seldom read it. With the spirit of neology and indifference which, since the beginning of this century, has invaded our poor country and filled the heads of our people to a large extent with such bare and wretched notions about religion, as Mrs. R—— was from her childhood trained up in ; the good old custom of our fathers of beginning and closing the day with family prayer and Scripture-reading has been discarded in most houses, and the blessed book of books is only kept as a piece of Sunday ornament in the hands of church-going women. So you cannot be surprised when I tell you that Mrs. R——, when giving herself to intensely reading that holy book, found herself carried into a sphere of thoughts and facts in which she felt a perfect stranger. Still the contents of this wonderful book excited an interest which increased with every page. She read it under the influence of some instinctive and traditional conviction, which she always had maintained, that all she was reading now was true and trustworthy. She soon became aware that the image of God, as pictured in this book, widely differed from the representation she had made of him hitherto. What especially struck her forcibly was, the deeply earnest tone in which the Bible spoke of God's justice and holiness. She was reading about a God who, merciful and tender-hearted as he was, yet was able to destroy a whole generation of men with a deluge, and to burn up cities with fire from heaven. She learned that this book most decidedly declared that there was such a thing as a hell and everlasting pain ; that it was not only possible that man should be lost for ever, but that there were such lost men indeed, and that it was true that God had provided a means of salvation from such an imminent danger, but that this salvation could only be brought about at the price of His own beloved Son's blood. All this failed not to leave deep impressions upon her mind, and though the new notions which she now imbibed were too much cramped by her old opinions to produce in her conception anything more than a confused mixture of truth and error, yet this much she felt, that life was connected with responsibilities for the present and dangers for the future, infinitely

more serious than she ever had been in the habit of supposing. Gradually her anxiety about her own state, and that of her family after death, increased, and in the measure of this increase the contrast between her and her husband became more conspicuous. While he was growing in merriment and carelessness she sunk deeper and deeper into a state of uneasiness and depression. Her aversion to his light-minded and all-denying opinions strengthened every day. It became a perfect torture to her to hear him talk about religion and man's destiny, and she opposed him continually with the most decided contradiction, appealing to as many texts from Scripture as she could recollect from her recent reading. These weapons, however, proved ineffective, for he frankly told her that he believed not a word of all that was written in that book. To be convinced of error he required arguments taken from nature and human reason. She appealed to the feelings of her heart, but he granted these no place in their dispute since he called them traditional prejudices. She then would call him an unreasonable, self-conceited man, who thought himself to have the monopoly of wisdom, and he would return the compliment by pointing his forefinger to his head, and saying that there was something wrong in her upper storey. So their family conversation became very painful and disgusting. Their domestic peace was gone. He henceforth was out every evening, spending his leisure hours in the club or at the theatre. And she, poor thing, not yet knowing the true fountain of consolation, tried to dispel her grief either by playing at cards with her children at home, or by taking them to some place of amusement. As to them they showed, on the whole, an inclination towards siding with her. Their young tender hearts sympathized with her religion (such as it was) more than with their father's cold philosophy. And this, at least, was some consolation for their poor loving mother.

The merciful and wise Saviour of the lost leads the blind in a way which they know not. He looked down with compassion on the perplexity in which this woman was, now that she knew enough of truth to tremble, and too little to be consoled. The Bible is a correct teacher, but man, as long as he reads it only by the light of his own human reason, can never discover the beautiful harmony of its truths. He may understand something of what he reads there about man, for the spirit of man knoweth the things of man. But the spirit of man knows not the things of God. It is only the Spirit of God that searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, and until the Spirit of God opens the eyes of the reader, man will never perceive how the things of God, as held out in Scripture, can harmonize with the things of man. There are many, especially such as from their childhood are trained up under the breath of the gospel, who, when reading the Bible, find the heavenly Dove alighted upon their shoulder and whispering his divine teaching into their ears without their noticing the exact moment

when, for the first time, they were blessed with this privilege. But there are many others who, in the providential leading of God, require some striking event in their life to be roused from a state of ignorance and deep slumber, the removal of which is indispensable for the free access of the great Guide, who leadeth into all truth. This was Mrs. R——'s case. The perusal of the Bible had shaped her mind into some frame of seriousness such as she had not known before. She took this change for the thing which she saw Scripture denoted as conversion or regeneration. She began pleasing herself with observing that she was much more earnestly minded now than formerly, and this self-satisfaction was not a little enhanced by the fact of the obvious contrast between her piety and the ungodliness of her husband. She thought she was on the right way now, since she was not on his. But she did not know that there are *many* ways that lead *from* the gate of heaven, and only *one* that leads *to* it. She did not perceive that error, whether laughing or weeping, whether with or without a Bible in its hand, always keeps erring. But her merciful Saviour knew that *He* was the Way, and he resolved to bring her to *Himself*, that he might give her that Spirit who only opens the heart for God's word and God's word for the heart.

One summer afternoon Mrs R—— was on her return from a neighbouring village, where she had paid a visit to a friend. She hastened her steps as thick clouds gathered in the sky, and a heavy thunderstorm appeared to be in prospect. Her speed proved fruitless. She was scarcely half way home when tremendous thunder-peals began rattling above her head. Flashes of lightning pierced the glooming firmament, and torrents of rain fell which, in a few moments, turned the smooth highway into a pool. A labourer's cottage stood a few yards from the way, peeping through a little grove. Mrs. R—— fled to it in full speed, and pushing open the door, found herself at once in a little parlour which seemed to be the only room the inhabitants could avail themselves of. At least it appeared to serve for a dwelling, a dining, and a bed-room. Between the fire-place and the window a woman of apparently thirty years was seated behind a green painted table, cleaning vegetables. Two girls of six and eight were sitting on stools at her feet playing with a doll. At the other side of the fire-place was a bed in a recess in the wall, in which a sick person was lying. The appearance of the whole showed, at the first glimpse, that this was not the abode of prosperity and abundance. Yet it was characterised by a spirit of order and cleanliness which bespoke Mrs. R——'s respect and confidence.

"Beg your pardon, my good woman," said she to the person behind the table, while shaking the rain from her gown. "I must apologize for rushing in so abruptly, but you will kindly permit me to remain till this fearful storm is over."

"Gladly, ma'am," replied the woman in a kind voice, at once rising from her seat, and placing a chair in the

middle of the apartment. "Sit down, ma'am, and take your rest. Your feet are wet. I'm sure. Let me give you a foot-stove, ma'am."

"No, thank you. Don't trouble—"

"No trouble at all, ma'am." And before Mrs. R—— could finish her sentence the woman laid her hand upon the stove, put a piece of glowing peat coal into the little fire-pot, and stooping down shoved it under Mrs. R——'s feet.

"What a tremendous storm," she continued, resuming her place behind the table, and taking up the beans she had thrown aside. "I am glad you could take shelter in time, ma'am. I hope you are not wet."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. R——, "only my outer dress is a little damp."

"Give the lady a warm cup of coffee," said a feeble voice, interrupted with coughing, coming out of the bed.

"No, thank you, I really don't want it," answered Mrs. R——, and it was only by virtue of her strongest protest that she could detain the kind woman from stirring the fire and getting the kettle boiling.

"I am sorry to find that you are sick, my good friend," said she, addressing the invalid. "I hope your illness is not of a serious character."

"Consumption, ma'am," answered the sick man. "I have been laid up for nearly half a year. I don't believe there is any hope of recovery."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. R——, in a voice of deep sympathy.

"Yes, ma'am," said the woman, "we are in painful circumstances. My husband, we have every reason to fear, will not be long with us."

"Don't say *fear*," said the invalid. "Our Father is about to take me home, and now I long to get there."

"Yes, you are right, my dear," said the woman. "But I only said so with regard to our present position in *this* life. For the rest, you are right, we have every reason to rejoice."

"To rejoice?" said Mrs. R——, in a voice of surprise. "How can you rejoice in such circumstances?"

"Because I am going to heaven, ma'am," answered the sick one.

The tone in which he spoke was so calm and deliberate, and so indicative of perfect assurance, that Mrs. R—— folded her hands from astonishment, and turning her face towards the woman, looked at her with an expression on her countenance that seemed to ask, "Did anybody ever hear the like?" When, however, she observed the gentle, joyful smile with which the woman, while nodding her head, seemed to confirm her husband's words, she again turned to the invalid, and pushing her chair a little nearer to his bed, better to understand his words, she said, in a voice of deep concern,—

"It is a grand thing to be able to say so when in the sight of death and eternity, my good friend. There are but few who would have the courage to take such words on their lips in such circumstances."

"Alas! too true," replied the sick one. "It is because few know the only Saviour of lost sinners. But I hope, ma'am, you are one of them," added he in a kind, serious voice.

"Well, I think I know the Lord Jesus Christ," answered Mrs. R——; "and I believe that he is a Saviour of sinners; but still, I should not venture to say that I am going to heaven, as you do. But I suppose you always have been a pious person from your childhood, and you have always been preparing yourself for heaven."

"No, no; far from it!" exclaimed the invalid. "I am a great, great sinner, ma'am. I was walking with both my feet on the way to hell for years, and had the Lord cut off my life's breath in those days, I certainly should have arrived at the eternal furnace. But he had no delight in my perdition, and in his infinite grace he remembered my poor immortal soul; and he has shown me mercy by opening my eyes, and by turning me to the only Redeemer ere it was too late."

"Yes, ma'am," said the woman, "the Lord has done great things with my husband, by discovering him to himself as a lost sinner, so that he sought for salvation at the feet of Jesus. Not that he had made himself guilty of great crimes or public misconduct; for he was always a quiet, honest, and sober person in society, and he regularly would go to church every Sunday, and read his Bible every morning and evening. But he did not see, ma'am, that he was an enemy of God for all that, and so he lived without Christ in his heart. But the Lord has opened his eyes to make him see that he was a barren thistle and a candle without light, and has led him to come to the only root of life, and to be kindled at the everlasting Sun of Righteousness."

These words of the woman still more increased Mrs. R——'s wonder. She was silent, and repeated them in her thoughts. "Always a quiet, honest, sober man," she said to herself; "regularly going to church and reading his Bible; and yet, notwithstanding all that, an enemy of God! How is that possible? What, then, am I?"

"My good friends," said she, after a pause, "are you not using too strong expressions now? Do you really mean to say that you were an enemy of God while you were living so irreproachably, and professing religion so faithfully? Was not your laudable conduct much more an evidence of the contrary?"

"So I thought, ma'am," answered the invalid, "till the veil of self-deception was taken from my eyes. I began noticing that with all my stock of self-righteousness and religion, I had no true peace, and was constantly trembling at the prospect of dying and appearing before God. This discovery alarmed me, and I took to inquiring into the cause of it. I earnestly prayed the Lord to show it me. I read the Gospel again with this special object in view. I conversed with some friends about the matter. But I could not find it out. One day, however, when passing along the road, I saw

a poor man sitting on a trunk of a tree, who seemed to be in great distress. Upon inquiring what the cause of his sadness was, I learned that he owed his landlord a month's rent, and was to be turned out with his family the next day, if he did not pay his ten shillings that same evening. The poor man's condition touched my heart; and as I then was in prosperous circumstances, I told him to call upon me after sunset, promising him a gift to the required amount. Suddenly the poor man's countenance changed; joy beamed from his eyes; he jumped up cheerfully, and clasping my hand in his, he said, 'Thank you, my kind benefactor. You scarcely can conceive what a great benefit you are bestowing upon me. My landlord is such a stern person! But let him come now. I don't tremble for him any more.' These words struck me forcibly. Going home, I could not cease thinking over them. I observed the striking similarity between that man's case and my spiritual condition. How suddenly, I thought, was that man's fear changed into joy! And how? Only by faith in me—only by believing that his debt was paid now; for he took my promise as equal to the fact. At once a light broke in upon my soul. 'Oh, how this poor beggar puts me to shame!' exclaimed I. 'He believes me at once, and he rejoices. And I have received such better promises from such a better Benefactor—yea, assurances signed with his own blood—and I continue trembling! His faithful word tells me that he *has* shed his blood for the remission of my sins if I will but believe in him—that he *has* paid all my debts—that he *has* fulfilled everything the holy law of a just Judge required of me. And yet I still continue trying to pay off my debts by my own righteousness, and to purchase heaven by my own godliness! Oh, what an insult this is, done to the perfect work and all-sufficient sacrifice of that divine and all-accomplished Redeemer! Instead of sinking down at his feet in unspeakable joy, because he *has* saved every one that will take his salvation, I have been all the while trying to save myself, by storing up a treasure of prayers and psalms, of church-going and Bible-reading, of self-perfection and outward holiness! Oh, what a proud, self-conceited wretch I am,—thinking that by any thought or deed of my own I might contribute something towards clearing off that eternal debt, for the cancelling of which nothing short of the precious blood of God's own beloved and spotless Son was required and sufficient! No wonder that I never could come to peace. I have always refused to let the only Prince of Peace come into my heart. I am a Christian, but without Christ; a sacrificer, but without a sacrifice; a merchant about to do great bargains, but without a farthing in my bag. Oh, what an enemy of God and his righteousness I am—refusing to be saved by grace—refusing to receive the gift of God freely, as a poor miserable beggar, just as that poor man received my alms, and rejoiced!'

The sick one here stopped his animated speech, during which he, in the enthusiasm of his heart, had raised

himself to a sitting attitude, the better to enhance the expression of his soul's most intimate convictions by the look of his bright eyes and the gesture of his hand. It was a most impressive sight to witness the natural and simple, but most vivid and fervent eloquence, with which that common labourer, in the dialect of his class, poured out the continuous stream of thoughts that sprung up from his heart's deepest wells. He spoke evidently inspired by that Spirit which prepareth praise to God in the mouths of the babes, and would rouse the stones to speak if man would keep silent. His exertion, however, quite exhausted him, and sinking back on his pillow, he fell into a fit of coughing, which for the present put an end to any further conversation. Meanwhile, the storm went off, and the sky cleared up again. Mrs. R—— took leave of the good people who so hospitably had granted her a shelter, and dropping a couple of silver coins into the hand of one of the girls, left the cottage, deeply struck with what she had so unexpectedly been privileged to witness.

The seed which now was sown in her heart, struck deep roots, and, under the fertilizing breath of the Holy Spirit, soon grew up to bear its fruits. For a long time she had been caring for salvation, but she now understood that it only was possible *by grace*. "Just to believe," she said to herself, "just to sit down at the feet of the Saviour, and to receive him with all the affections of a grateful and loving heart—that's salvation." And she did accordingly. She knelt down in the closet and spoke to Jesus. She told him that she had nothing to give to him, but a poor, empty heart, and a long, endless list of sins; but that she believed he had to give her a heart overflowing with love and compassion, and a righteousness brought about for her as deep as the ocean, and as high as the heavens. She told him that she gave herself to him, just as she was, but that she took him just as *he* was, at the same time—as a loving, gracious, all-sufficient, and never-forsaking Saviour of lost sinners. She said to him, "Now I am thine, and thou art mine, for time and eternity, and nothing shall ever separate me from thy love."

Thus she spoke to Jesus. And she found that this was salvation indeed. For a peace surpassing all understanding streamed in upon her soul, and she rose from her knees as a bride rises, when she has received the never-to-be-forgotten smile of her bridegroom.

The chasm that hitherto had been existing between her and her husband now yawned as widely as ever. Since Christ had become to her a *living* Saviour now, a *person* in whose blood she was washed from her sins, in whose resurrection she saw her own resurrection guaranteed, in whose personal love to herself she felt unspeakably rich, and in whose communion she desired to spend so many a sweet hour of the day and of her night watches—nothing was more disgusting and horrible to her feeling than a philosophy which denied every personal relationship between God and man, and looked at the Bible as a book of fables, and at God's beautiful

creation as a dead mechanism. She perceived that nothing could be more dishonouring to a loving Saviour and a living Creator of the wonders of heaven and earth, than such a system, and could not help considering her husband as an enemy of God and of his Christ. Now, in this judgment she was quite right, but she too little kept in mind that she herself also had been an enemy of God, and that her Saviour had for so many years borne her enmity with patience and long-suffering. Newly converted persons, when observing the great contrast between the unconverted and themselves, often indulge a spirit of indignation, which makes them overlook that they are indignant at what they were pleased with not long since. For, though Mrs. R—— never had gone so far as to *systematically* deny the personal existence of God, yet *practically* she had for years treated that God as if he were no living person at all. She had shared the benefits universally brought about by his atonement, without being reconciled to him, and she had enjoyed the blessings of his creation, without glorifying him. Had she humbly kept this in mind, she would have borne her husband's unbelief as God had borne hers, with a spirit of tender compassion and prayerful patience, remembering that herself had been erring, and blind, and destitute of knowledge. But the pride of her old nature, though through her happy change broken before God, yet was not quite broken before men. She was to learn now that her conversion was not the *end*, but the *commencement* of her sanctification; that her sin was pardoned, but not yet extirpated; that she was quickened to *begin* the warfare, but that she had not yet won the *victory*. She had given herself as a lost sheep into the hands of the only good and faithful shepherd. But she was to experience now that she had still to unlearn many a bad custom and evil habit, of the existence of which she, until now, had been unconscious. She had experienced the joy of becoming the *property* of Christ now. Another and higher joy was in store for her—that of becoming his *image*.

The first object of offence which her holy zeal was standing out against, was her husband's abominable library.

"Truly, my dear," said she, one day when she found him in his counting-house, reading a profane pamphlet, "truly, it won't do having such wicked, God-dishonouring books in our house. They are written by the devil and his companions, to blaspheme the living God and his anointed One. The wrath of the Lord will come upon our house if you don't throw them away."

"Very well, I'll wait upon it," answered he, with a sarcastic smile, without turning his eyes from the page he was reading.

"Oh, you reckless sinner!" exclaimed she. "How dare you take such words upon your wicked lips! Where would you be, if the Lord struck you down this very moment by a flash of lightning!"

"I think I should be turned to ashes," replied he, coldly exchanging his attitude.

"What a pest you have there on that shelf!" continued she, in a tone of high indignation. "Nothing but theatre and play-books, and wicked, God-reviling, and soul-destroying publications. I tremble at the idea that one of our children some day may take one of them in its hands. I should prefer to see them handling arsenic. That danger would only threaten their bodies, but this is deadly poison for their souls."

Mr. R—— was silent. He bit his under-lip to quell the anger that was fast rising within.

"I'm sure," continued she, "I'll take those books some day and throw them out of the window."

Here Mr. R—— laid down the pamphlet he was reading, and, with an angry look, staring his wife in the face, said, in a cool but threatening voice,—

"Very well, you may try; but you may be sure you'll go after them."

With these words he took his hat and left the house. Mrs. R—— kept looking at the shelf, as if pondering whether she would carry out her threatening or not. Then bursting out into tears, she sank down upon a chair, and lifting her heart to her Saviour, entreated him to give her light in these dark circumstances. And her faithful Shepherd heard her heart's prayer. He again led her in a way that she knew not.

THE SICK NURSE.

THERE are few of our readers who have not read that most interesting work, *The Missing Link*; the perusal of which has stirred up many to "go and do likewise." It was from the interest excited by this book that the benevolent scheme about to be described took its rise; and it is hoped that a few particulars concerning the sick nurse among the poor may be not only acceptable to the readers of the *Family Treasury*, but may be the means of inducing some to help by their contributions so desirable a means of doing good to the sick and suffering poor.

About the time that *The Missing Link* was first published, a new Territorial Church was being organized at the Cowgate-head (Edinburgh), and some friends who were desirous of assisting the clergyman proposed to raise funds to set agoing and support a "Bible woman" in that crowded and destitute district. It was, however, found that there was an agency of this kind at work there already, and, just at the time when this plan was under consideration, the clergyman (the Rev. T. Smith) was much impressed by the destitute condition of a sick family he had been visiting. There were three or four females lying ill of fever, and from the dread of its being infectious, not one of the neighbours would go near them. When he entered the room he could hardly breathe, but, when he endeavoured to open the window to let in fresh air, one of the poor sufferers begged him not to do so, as they had no fire, no one to kindle it, and no one even to give them a drink of water. Of course aid was pro-

cured when *paid for*, and this incident was the means of suggesting the idea of employing an active, kind, Christian woman as sick nurse among the poor in this locality. The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society have a dispensary and training-school in the Cowgate, and it was thought advisable to place the nurse under the orders of the medical superintendent, who resides in the mission premises, thus securing the advantage of efficient direction and superintendence. Subscriptions were accordingly collected, a suitable person able and willing for the work was found, and, now that nearly a year has elapsed since this scheme was set agoing, it may be pronounced a most successful experiment.

We will avail ourselves of a short report, printed for circulation among the subscribers, for some particulars about the nurse and her work among the poor, although it is not easy to select cases for publication, as even among those whose squalid poverty might lead one to suppose that the finer feelings were lost, there has been found a keen appreciation of the quiet tact and good feeling that prevents the nurse from speaking unnecessarily about what she sees in their houses.

Amongst her first employments was the simple duty of calling on some of the patients after the doctor had visited them, to see that the remedies prescribed were administered, as in more than one instance it was discovered that owing to the persons who should have taken this charge being intoxicated, the medicine had never been given.

Sometimes she sits up at night with the patient, when those belonging to the family are too much fatigued with their day's labour to do so, or when, as is alas! too often the case, intemperate habits render them unfitted to take charge. In general, she goes daily from house to house, sometimes making as many as fifteen visits in a day, cleaning the rooms, cooking the food, or kindling the fire, taking a change of linens, and carrying away the soiled garments for the purpose of washing them in the public wash-house.

To aid in this very essential part of her work, there has been an endeavour made to provide a sufficient supply of bed-clothes and linens to enable her to *lend* out such articles as are requisite, reclaiming them when the patient has recovered. This is a necessary precaution in situations where too often the intemperate habits of those among whom she labours lead them to pawn or sell articles of clothing bestowed on them. Some of the cases described by her are most touching, and even when she meets with what is unpleasant, perhaps even revolting, she seems to go fearlessly and cheerfully on her way, and has already been the means of bringing more than one hardened, careless being to attend the Sabbath evening services, and to take an interest in the things of eternal life. One very destitute case was that of an Irish girl, who was found by Mr. Burns Thomson, the medical officer of the society, in such a state of filth that not one of the neighbours would assist her, and he himself felt reluctant to ask the nurse if she

would go and see what could be done. Without any hesitation she went, washed the poor creature, and made her as comfortable as she could, putting clean garments on her, those taken off having actually to be burned, from the state they were in. Some time after this she met with a mark of the esteem her kind aid had excited, from an Irish woman who keeps a pawnbroker's shop, who offered to sell some article of dress the nurse wished to buy for a patient, at a lower rate than its value, on account of what she had done for the sick Irish girl. In one instance she was attending a woman dying of consumption,—no other female in the house, and the only other inmate, an old man, father of the patient. The nurse generally has a little Bible in her pocket, and when sitting up at night reads to herself, and occasionally offers to read a few verses to the sick person. Upon this occasion the verses read led to a conversation between the invalid and the nurse on a sermon she had heard on the preceeding Sabbath, when the old man remarked that "he had not been in a church for thirty years." "Well, it's time you were beginning," was the answer; "why should not you come up on Sabbath night?" To the surprise of his daughter, the old man at once assented, and came to the meeting held for people in their working clothes in the Cowgate; and when the nurse went next day to attend to the sick woman, she found him much impressed and interested by what he had heard. From that time he has continued to attend regularly, coming out even during the severe snow storm of last winter. Another interesting case was that of a poor woman who was dangerously ill after her confinement, and with whom the nurse was desired to remain all night. Of course, quiet and freedom from harassment were most desirable, but first the husband came home intoxicated, and soon after a daughter returned, rude and noisy, and the nurse had to exert some authority over her, to induce her to be quiet, saying she was sent there by the doctor for that purpose. In many other cases besides this the advantage of being able to refer to "the doctor" has been experienced, both as to the power it gives of enforcing quietness on the disorderly inmates, and also for the purpose of inducing the patients to attend to the religious instruction given by Mr. B. Thomson and his medical missionary students. In this instance the girl had been insolent and defiant, even to the medical men, but during the night the nurse took an opportunity of speaking seriously to her on the sinful nature of the life she was leading, she became softened, and said, that had she been spoken to in such a way before, she might never have been so bad as she was. She was persuaded to come to the Sabbath evening meeting, has continued to attend regularly; some employment was found for her, and her mother speaks favourably of her altered behaviour at home.

Another case in which the services of the sick-nurse were most acceptable, was that of a Highland girl who had been servant in a hotel, and who had fallen into a consumption. She was in lodgings, perfectly friend-

less and confined to bed. The nurse attended her regularly, frequently sitting up all night with her; her state of mind was at first careless and indifferent, but a blessing was given to the efforts of the medical missionary who attended her, as well as to the simple, earnest words of her kind nurse, and she died in peace and humble trust in the Redeemer.

In an extract from a letter of Mr. Burns Thomson, quoted in the report already referred to, he says, "Amongst all her cases she has the opportunity of doing the work of a Female Medical Missionary, especially among the chronic cases, and she rejoices to embrace it. Many of our cases we are anxious to bring to the meeting and to the church, and to keep up our friendly intercourse with them for their souls' good, and in this purely mission work she engages largely and cheerfully."

It is both pleasing and encouraging to find how much gratitude is shown by many to whom the nurse has performed these acts of kindness, and how quickly she gets access to their hearts. Her own account of some of her experience among her poor neighbours is both touching and graphic. Her expressive Scotch language cannot well be conveyed by writing; but no doubt *that*, added to her frank, homely kindness of manner, goes far towards making the people feel that she is what they call, "just ane o' oursel's," and enables her to speak to them with more effect than could be done by one of a higher class. Much of her influence she ascribes to having "a kindrife way with them." And truly does this expressive word point out the surest means of doing good either to the souls or bodies of our fellow-creatures. One anecdote more, to show how ready the nurse is to take every opportunity offered, to oblige or to instruct those she comes in contact with. Upon one occasion, when crossing the Bruntsfield Links, a very poor old woman accosted her, and begged her help to place a bag of bones she was carrying on her shoulders. They were near one of the stone-seats, and at the nurse's suggestion, they went towards it to rest, she assisting the old woman with her burden. Some one had laid down on the seat a tract, called "The Artillery Boy; or, Grasping the Promises"—laying a stone on it to keep the wind from blowing it away. The old Irishwoman took it up, and expressed some desire to know what it was, as she could not read. The nurse offered to read it to her while they rested, and it was listened to with much interest. Not only so; but seeing two acquaintances passing, the old woman called out to them to come and hear "what fine things this woman was reading." The tract was re-read accordingly; and a conversation ensued, in which those poor creatures expressed some curiosity to know if that was what was called a tract—evidently fearing to trust to what she had been told was pernicious. The nurse evaded the question by answering that it was God's truth they had been listening to, and that his promises and offers of salvation were addressed to the poorest and most

ignorant. None of them could read, but all expressed their interest in what they had heard; and who can tell but that a seed may have been sown that day, that shall yet bear fruit to life eternal? *

"I HAVE GONE ASTRAY LIKE A LOST SHEEP,—
SEEK THY SERVANT."

O BLESSED Shepherd of the sheep,
Within thy bosom laid,
I've travelled over roughest roads,
Untroubled—undismayed;
My utter weakness seemed like strength
Upon thy strong arm stayed.

How tenderly and kindly once
My footsteps thou didst guide,
I feared no danger nor distress
When thou wert by my side,
And sweet to me was thy command
Still with thee to abide.

By pastures green and waters still
Thou brought'st me forth to feed,
My hung'ring soul still followed close
Wherever thou didst lead,
And found, in living upon thee,
That thou wert meat indeed.

But now in darkness and distress
My outcast spirit lies,
My groping hands to thee I stretch,
And raise my tear-dimmed eyes.
Far off! and feeble! Saviour, hear
Thy prisoner's burdened sighs.

My wand'ring feet have turned aside
From following after thee;
Oh, wilt thou not, my Shepherd Lord,
Come following after me?
Strengthen my feeble knees again,
And bid my blind eyes see.

Within the pastures of thy word
In vain I seek for food,
On blessed hours and seasons past,
With longing thoughts I brood.
I know—I see—but cannot *taste*,
O Lord, that thou art good.

Shame and confusion, I confess,
Belong of right to me,
But mercies and forgivenesses
Are ever found with thee.

* Contributions for the salary of the sick-nurse may be sent either to Mrs. Sym, 37 George Square, Edinburgh, or to Miss H. Wilson, Woodville, Edinburgh.

In Him, where sin and pardon met,
Let us once more agree.

My weary, thirsting, fainting soul,
Oh wilt thou now restore,
Renewed, revived, thy wondrous grace
More deeply I'll adore,
And bound in closer bonds to thee,
Forsake thee nevermore. c.

BIBLICAL TREASURY.

NOTES ON

GALATIANS II. 19, 20.
ROMANS VII. 4.
COLOSSIANS III. 1.

ROMANS VI. 3-14.
ROMANS VI. 9.
ACTS II. 24.

THESE texts are grouped together as the subject of a few remarks, because the study of one of them leads naturally to the study of all, and a just or erroneous view of one is commonly connected with a similarly just or erroneous view of all. They lead us also to the consideration of the scheme of the gospel; and a clear discovery of their meaning throws light on many passages of Scripture.

It is not uncommon to hear the words of Paul in Gal. ii. 20, "I am crucified with Christ," explained as of sanctification, and as if the text were similar in meaning to other texts in which a figurative use is made of the word *crucify*, particularly Gal. v. 24, "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." But to adopt this interpretation is to be carried away by the mere sound of the words, or rather of a single word. That a word is figuratively used in one text is surely no reason for supposing it to be figuratively used, and in the very same way, in another. The word *crucify* in Gal. v. 24 evidently relates to that part of sanctification which is elsewhere called *mortifying the deeds of the body* (Rom. viii. 13), and *mortifying our members which are upon the earth* (Col. iii. 5). And when this is duly considered, it will be found impossible to maintain that there is a resemblance in signification between this text and Gal. ii. 20; or that, when Paul says, "I am crucified with Christ," he speaks, exclusively or primarily, of sanctification, common as it is so to regard his words. The figure of crucifixion, employed with reference to sanctification, must, from the very nature of it, relate to one part of sanctification in particular, namely *mortification*, as it certainly does in Gal. v. 24. But when Paul says, "I am crucified with Christ," the words, "with Christ," forbid this explanation of the words, "I am crucified." They cannot mean, I mortify the deeds of the body, nor even the deeds of the body are mortified in me: the whole statement cannot mean, I am conformed to Christ in this, for in Christ there was nothing of this at all. And to make the words "with Christ" signify in a

mere general way a connection with him upon which this mortification of evil lusts in us depends, is to empty them of their own proper meaning, in order to sustain an interpretation of the words, "I am crucified," which rests upon no evidence whatever.

Let us take the words, "I am crucified with Christ," as relating primarily to justification, not to sanctification, and every word appears rich in meaning, whilst the statement beautifully accords with the context both preceding and following. Paul speaks of his interest in the death of Christ, and the words are appropriate to every believer. "I am crucified with Christ," he says; that is, I have paid the penalty of the law in the death of Christ upon the cross, who died as my substitute and representative; and so he goes on to say, "Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me, and gave himself for me." The believer is crucified with Christ; he has paid the utmost penalty of the law in that death of Christ for him; the law's claim against him is discharged; but he lives, for Christ, who was delivered for our offences, was raised again for our justification; he lives, freed from guilt, and accepted as righteous; and the new life imparted to him from Christ is a life of holiness, and of conformity to Christ himself. The text is not without relation to the subject of sanctification; but its relation to that subject is very different from what is imagined, when sanctification is regarded as more prominent in it than the doctrine of justification, or of atonement.

The exposition which has just been given of Gal. ii. 20, is strongly confirmed by consideration of the preceding verse, "For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God," and by a comparison of both with verses in Rom. vi. and vii. "I am dead to the law," says the apostle; that is, as one who has endured its utmost penalty, and against whom it has no claim any longer, and can now pronounce no sentence of death. "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." The apostle, in Gal. ii. 19, not merely states a fact that he is dead to the law, but he directs attention to the manner in which this death to the law took place; "I *through the law* am dead to the law." The statement corresponds with that of the next verse, "I am crucified with Christ," as what follows, "that I might live unto God," corresponds with the further statement in that verse, "nevertheless I live." And how could the apostle's death to the law be through the law itself? It is but a part of the truth, and not the first or chief part of it, although often taken for it all, that the law prepares the way in the soul for the gospel, killing that that the gospel may make alive, showing a man his guilt and helplessness, that he may renounce all vain endeavours of self-righteousness, and put his trust in Christ. All this follows, and follows in its proper place, if the first place is assigned to the doctrine of the death of Christ in satisfaction of the law of God. I through the law *that put Christ to death*

am dead to the law: it has ceased to claim the penalty of death from me, because it has already exacted that penalty for me from him.

To be more assured of this meaning, let us compare this text, Gal. ii. 19, with Rom. vii. 4,—“Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that ye should bring forth fruit unto God.” This bringing forth fruit unto God corresponds with the living unto God of which the apostle speaks in Gal. ii. 19, and particularly in the holiness and new obedience of the new life; and this *death to the law by the body of Christ* corresponds with and explains the *death to the law through the law*. The believer is dead to the law through the law itself in its exaction of its penalty of the body of Christ, in the sufferings and death of Christ.

Does not the exposition thus given of these verses of Galatians receive confirmation from what the apostle Paul elsewhere says of being dead with Christ, and risen with Christ? for example, in Col. ii. 20, and iii. 1, where also the same relation of sanctification to justification appears: “If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.” To be crucified with Christ and nevertheless to live, seems to correspond more nearly with being dead with Christ and risen with Christ, than with crucifying the flesh and its affections and lusts.

Or let us turn to the sixth chapter of the epistle to the Romans. In the third verse we find that all who are baptized into Christ are baptized into the death of Christ, and in the next verse that “we are buried with him by baptism into death; that, like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life,” a text, of the relation of which to baptism it is not necessary here to say anything, but that it rather tells us what baptism signifies than what baptism does. But in this verse death and life are spoken of much in the same way as in the texts which have been already under our consideration. Here again we have the believer’s interest or participation in the death of Christ, and in the resurrection and life of Christ; the believer crucified with Christ, yet living as risen with Christ, walking in newness of life—living unto God. And so in the verses following. “For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection: knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin: for he that is dead is freed from sin.” Without going into any very close examination of these verses, it may surely be affirmed that they exhibit to us the doctrines of atonement, justification, and sanctification, in the same relation in which we have seen them in Gal. ii. 19, 20, and in Col. iii. 1. And to the same effect the apostle proceeds in language, if possible, still more illustrative of the meaning of these texts, and capable of elucidation

by them. “Now, if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him: knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, sin hath no more dominion over him. For, in that he died, he died unto sin once, but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise, reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Here we have again the believer’s death with Christ and life with Christ, which death is accomplished, and which life is eternal. Moreover, Christ is said to have died unto sin and to live unto God, and believers are called upon likewise to reckon themselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through him. All this cannot relate to sanctification, and the only explanation of the apostle’s language is by the doctrine of atonement and of justification. Christ died unto sin, not in mortification of sinful lusts or in relinquishment of sinful ways, but in the endurance of the penalty due to our sins who believe in his name, when he died through the law, as it is written, “the strength of sin is the law;” but even thus are believers to reckon themselves to be dead indeed unto sin, and as Christ rose from the dead, the justified head and representative of his people, so are they to reckon themselves alive from the dead through him, alive unto God, to glorify God not merely by the holiness and new obedience of their lives, but by the very fact of their living, and to enjoy God, and all this for ever.

That these verses are correctly explained in this way, which confirms the exposition already given of the other texts noticed, is made still more apparent when we read on and find the apostle connecting again the doctrine of sanctification with the doctrine of atonement and justification here declared. “Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal bodies, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God: for sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace.” On which it is perhaps only necessary to remark that the very form in which this exhortation to sanctification begins, shows that it is quite different in meaning and purpose from the exhortation immediately preceding. And is not the connection obvious and beautiful? Christ “*died unto sin once,*” “*he liveth unto God.*” “*LIKEWISE* reckon ye yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ your Lord. Let not sin *THEREFORE* reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof.”

In this passage of Scripture there occurs a statement, often misunderstood, attention to which may perhaps be conducive to a clearer view of the meaning of the whole. “Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more, *DEATH HATH NO MORE DOMINION OVER HIM.*” What is the meaning of this last clause? Is it merely a repetition of the preceding one, he *dieth no more*?

This is not easily to be imagined. And the statement here made by Paul readily recalls another, which was made by Peter on the day of Pentecost, that God raised up Jesus from the dead, "having loosed the pains of death, BECAUSE IT WAS NOT POSSIBLE THAT HE SHOULD BE HOLDEN OF IT" (Acts ii. 24). It was not possible, we hear it said, *because he is God*. But if this reason thus stated simply by itself were sufficient to prove the impossibility of Christ's being holden of death, would it not equally prove that he could not have died? Nay! Christ submitted himself to the law, he was "made under the law" to redeem them that were under the law, and so he became subject to death, not to an *usurped dominion*, according to the arbitrary gloss which many put on Paul's words in Rom. vi. 9, but to a *lawful dominion*; but he could not be holden of death, because he satisfied the law's utmost demands, nay, magnified the law and made it honourable, and here the doctrine of the divinity of Christ comes in as part of the whole doctrine of his person, which is essential to this doctrine of his mediatorial work. He could not be holden of death; the law which had put him to death now relinquished its claim for ever, not only as to him but as to his people; death hath no dominion over him, and there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. Believers are called to reckon themselves to be dead unto sin in his death, and alive unto God with him who lives for ever. And this is the great gospel argument for sanctification, continually urged in the Bible, and felt as an argument of power by all who know the constraint of the love of Christ, and who can truly say, "We love God, because he first loved us; we love Christ because he loved us and gave himself for us."

M.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.

It is because of the fact, unexplained and unauthorized, that fathers withdraw themselves from much of the responsibility, that mothers have to be the more faithful. And they need encouragement, and if it can be given, they need help also.

Maternal Associations are coming more and more into vogue. Every thoughtful Christian ought to be glad of it. In these circles of prayer the cases of individual families in turn are remembered, and all the multitudinous perplexities of a mother's life are discussed. The female character has one element in it, fixed as nature can make it. Mothers must have sympathy, conference, and companionship. Comparison of views, which experience has suggested, has more to do with their processes of reasoning, than logic. They go better when they go in a body.

I used to observe this when a school-teacher, years ago. Out from the windows at the recess I have looked many a time to watch the scholars rushing to the hollows in the autumnal field, where the early ice had formed over night. The boys with a whoop and halloo,

dashed on and over the narrow sheets, daring the danger of a wetting. But the girls almost always timidly took hold of hands, and walked slowly across till they were sure the slippery spot would bear. And without doubt they were the wisest of the two.

That is natural for the sex, and beautiful also. And the most touching sight in the world to me is to see mothers take each other by the hand for counsel and mutual confirmation, in reference to these holiest of all cares in their homes.

And there is a power in this thing, too, which cannot be over-estimated. A student in college, whose home was in the town, used to come up to the halls in the evening, for a "good time" with his fellows. Tuesdays he was always dull, and gloomy, and taciturn. We used to rally him over it, but to no purpose. The allusions to it the rather seemed to deepen his gloom. He generally went away early. Now, he has said in my hearing, over and over again since, that as he left the house, his mother would say to him, "We have our meeting to-night, my son;" and sometimes she would add, "It is our turn to-night; they will pray for my children, and for you among them." And this was what subdued him. He could not cover from his eyes the vision of those faithful parents, wrestling at the throne of grace for his conversion all through the hour. He has assured me that many a time he went to his own room, and prayed in the very agony of his heart that his soul might not be lost. He is now a minister of the gospel, and the turning point of his life was, when on his solemn way home one evening, he paused before the humble dwelling in which the association was held, and just behind that closely-drawn curtain were those who would pray him into the kingdom. He there resolved to give himself to God.

But after all, the great work is to be done by each mother alone. Encouragement she may get, and hints of incalculable help from those who meet with her for joint conference and supplication. After all this, she must return to her own little circle of duty by herself. The children must be taught to pray, and example is the way in which their lesson can be given the most effectually.

One mother there has been in this world, who has gone to her rest now, who did this duty faithfully. I suppose that we shall find, by-and-by, that many, many have shown as much fidelity as she. But I could tell you the name of this one.

She used to take her children with her into her chamber, whenever an hour from the busy day could be found. There she would read a Bible-story with them or to them, sometimes about Samuel, and David, and Joseph—but more often about Jesus, and Mary, and Lydia, and Timothy. Then she would question, and converse, and explain, till the mind had taught the truth it needed, and the conscience had felt it. She knelt then by the chair, and the child knelt likewise. Sometimes she prayed for him, oftener with him. He was taught to

repeat, as his own request to an unseen God, the petitions, short and simple, she uttered. And so years passed on, and there is no forgetting, even now, the power of those seasons. She respected her covenant with her Saviour. She talked of it, and urged it, and lived in it, so firmly, that her words were carved in the slab over her grave, "My covenant-keeping God."

Children are taught to "say" prayers too exclusively. They should be encouraged to compose their own petitions as early as possible. These may be in the form of sententious, pithy utterances, at the end of their set forms. Add one new one frequently—a prayer for some particular grace which is wanting, or against some particular sin which is besetting—"Give me a better temper;" "Guard me from being so heedless;" "Keep me from all untruth;" "Help me love study more." Any thing like this is legitimate, only clothe it in simple words, and teach the child the connection between his prayer and his own effort. Make him understand that one must not ask God to make him amiable, unless he tries to check his own temper. He must remember his prayer, and try to improve.

Now, these are the "mother's prayers," about which we hear so much in the stories. You see how simple they are. But you cannot overrate their influence. Sailors on the sea, soldiers in the field, prisoners in the penitentiaries, and even maniacs in the asylums, are vulnerable to their remembrance. There is a story of a heathen king who ordered that the garments his wife had worn, should become, when she died, the models for female attire throughout his kingdom. Believe me, there are better heritages than this to leave among a Christian people. A mantle of holy influence, a crown of piety, a circlet of devotion, these are worthier patterns; and it is not always, by any means, that the queens in our communities are the ones to bequeath them.

In the preface to one of our exquisite Sunday-school songs, there is told the story of a lad who worked for the support of his widowed mother, and brought home every night the hard earnings he had gained. One day it was very rainy and dark, and the three mile walk was severe on the tired boy. But when he neared the home he loved, weary under the big bundle he bore, that feeble but faithful parent met him with a kiss and a word of pity, "God bless you, my dear child; it is hard for you; but hereafter I will always set a light in the window for you." Years passed on, and yet that clear gleam from the pane met him every night as he drew nearer. And then he went to sea. No news came or went. And at last he returned, but his mother was dead. "Yet tell him," were her last words, "I am going to heaven, a better home than this; and there, if I can, I will set a light in the window for him."

Oh these lights in the window! Oh for more faith to fill them, more zeal to trim them, more love to set them! I have a pocket-Bible at home, which my mother gave me twenty years ago. On the fly-leaf, with my name, are written these lines:

"Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now
How many canst thou relight at the stars,
And blush not at their burning. Only one."

I know well what that one is; I have seen it many a dark day. It has long ago become to me my "light in the window" overhead.

Christian mothers, remember these little words I have been most humbly trying to say to you. We look over the edge of our pulpits into yours; and we think you have the best ones. And more than all, we know that it is your faithfulness which sends workers into ours.

Your mission is a mighty one. In one of the eastern lands, the nurses are wont to bring forth the new-born infant into the sunlight, that from the earliest hour there may seem to be a flash in his eye. Oh! how much worthier is your office—to hold up your children under the Sun of Righteousness, till thereafter there may be a light in their hearts.

"HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE."

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Oh, scoffer! He who from the cross
Looked down thy dark abyss of loss,
And knew his pain alone could win
Such souls as thine from gulfs of sin,—
His death-groan mournful echo gave:
"Myself I cannot save."

Words breathed in scorn, yet understood
By him to bear a sense of good;
The secret of the glorious strife
Between the powers of death and life,—
Love's deepest truth, self-sacrifice,
Hid in that mockery lie.

And he must understand it so
Who would relieve a brother's woe;
He cannot shun his own distress,—
He hastes with Christ-like earnestness,
Although the way be through his grave:
Himself he cannot save.

Some happy souls may pass along
The heavenward road with smile and song,
Through guileless infancy and youth,
Linked in with followers of the truth;
And their unconsciousness of ill
But makes them lovelier still.

Their peaceful path is not for all:
Each must obey his separate call;
And he is of himself abhorred
Who flies the summons of the Lord:
Sailing from danger unto ease,
He sinks in unknown seas.

None longs so for yon vales of peace
 As he whom war gives no release.
 But ah ! the captive souls not there !
 He knows no rest they may not share ;
 For them all hardships he must brave :
 Himself he cannot save.

Ay, through all pain and loneliness,
 Where men are perilled, he must press
 To rescue, crying, " Woe is me,
 Resisting not the wrong I see !
 If none uphold me, I must go
 Single against the foe !"

And not the warrior-heart alone
 The scoffer's word for truth has known.
 The mourner, weeping out the night
 For aliens from the one true Light ;
 The watcher by the bed of pain,
 Who knows her watch in vain ;

He who has felt his heaviest cross
 Far lighter than another's loss ;
 He who can ask and bear the blow
 That shelters any soul from woe,
 Sees why that death on Calvary
 Life's beacon-light must be.

Ring, mournful echo, through the world !
 Float, banner of the cross, unfurled
 To show the servant who would prove
 His Master's joy of suffering love,
 That, while thy folds above him wave,
 Himself he cannot save !

DEAD OR WOUNDED?

THE late Dr. Miller, of Princeton—as all his students will remember—abounded in anecdotes, which he related to his classes from year to year, to illustrate the points made in his lectures. One of them occurs to us just now as specially applicable to the new converts who have recently come into the churches within the bounds of our circulation ?

A celebrated southern judge was in his earlier years sceptical as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favourite servant, who accompanied him in his travels round his circuit. As they passed from court-house to court-house, they frequently conversed on the subject of religion, the servant, Harry, venturing at times to remonstrate with his master against his infidelity. As the judge had confidence in Harry's honesty and sincerity, he asked him a great many questions, as to how he felt, and what he thought on various points. Amongst other things, Harry told his master that he was often very sorely tempted and tried by the devil. The judge asked Harry to explain to him how it happened that

the devil attacked him (Harry) who was so pious a man, so sorely, whilst he allowed himself—who was an infidel and a sinner—to pass unnoticed and untempted.

Harry asked, "Are you right sure, master, that he does let you pass without troubling you ?"

"Certainly I am," replied the judge ; "I have no dealings with him at all. I do not even so much as know that there is any such being in existence as the devil. If there is any such being, he never troubles me."

"Well," said Harry, "I know that there is a devil, and that he tries me sorely at times."

A day or two afterwards, when the judge had gotten through his docket, he concluded to go on a hunt for wild ducks on one of the streams which lay across his road homeward. Harry accompanied him. As they approached the river, they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The judge stealthily crept up the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three, and wounding as many others. He at once threw down his gun, and made strenuous efforts—with the aid of clubs and stones—to secure the wounded ducks, whilst he permitted the dead ones to float on, for the time unnoticed by him. Harry—as he sat on the seat of the carriage—watched his master's movements with deep interest, and when he returned, said to him :—

"Massa, whilst you was a splashin' in de water after dem wounded ducks, and lettin' de dead ones float on, it jist come into my mind why it is dat de debil troubles me so much whilst he lets you alone. You are like de dead ducks ; he's sure he's got you safe. I'm like de wounded ones, tryin' to get away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it, so he makes all de fuss after me, and jist lets you float on down de stream. He knows he can git you any time ; but he knows it now or never wid me. If you were to begin to flutter a little and show signs like you were a goin' to git away from him, he would make jist as big a splashin' after you as he does after me."

The illustration struck the learned judge with great force, and led him to re-investigate the grounds of his scepticism ; and, through Harry's instrumentality, he was finally brought to sit with him at the feet of Jesus, to learn of him.

The illustration is a homely one, but it sets forth a great truth in the experience of those who set out in the Christian course. They must expect to be assailed by Satan as they never were before. If he fails of success in causing their fall by the use of one form of temptation, he will try another. He has tried so long, and had so much to do with men, that he is now an adept in devising means to ruin them, and make them as miserable and degraded as himself. Young Christians, therefore, should not think it strange concerning the fiery trials which are to try them, as though some strange thing had happened to them, when they are assailed in new, and to them, hitherto unknown methods of assault. As long as the devil feels that sin-

ners are safe, and that he is sure to get them at last, he allows them to float on quietly upon an unruffled current; but the moment they attempt to throw off his yoke, and to assert their independence of him, they must expect his wrath to wax exceeding hot, and his assaults to fall thick and fast upon their heads. Let them not be ignorant of his devices. He goes about "as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."—*Presbyterian Herald*.

AN EVENING WITH CHRIST.

It was about the time of the Passover. The soft airs of the vernal equinox began to breathe from the plains of Sharon, laden with the aroma of the young vines, and of the opening roses. On the silent city falls the moonlight, making Moriah's templed top to tower like a mountain of silver above the green vale of the Kedron. A few lone women are grinding their evening meal in the doorways here and there; a Pharisee that has lingered long at his vespers (a papist before the Papacy), is hastening homewards; a belated fisherman from the Jordan is driving his beast toward the city gates to get outside them, ere they are bolted for the night. The Roman sentinel on the Temple wall calls the watch-word, *All's well*. The evening glides on. Through the silent street—gathering his robe up close about him to conceal his face, and keeping out of the moonlight, a ruler of the Jews passes stealthily along. Into a retired court—out of the aristocratic quarter—and hard by where God's poor are crowded close together, the ruler knocks at a lowly door. A plain, serene personage puts forth his hand to take the ruler's jewelled fingers, and a rich turban bows low to the floor in reverence. "Rabbi!" says the Pharisee to the meek Nazarene in his coarse raiment,—“Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.”

Without waiting for any further preliminaries, without wasting time in idle talk, the omniscient teacher proves his divine wisdom by the solemn declaration, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man *be born again*, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Surprise steals over the ruler's face, as he fixes his keen Jewish eyes on the Master. "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" The poor pitiful idea of a second bodily birth enters into the mind of Nicodemus. He cannot get hold of the spiritual new birth. It is an enigma. Christ patiently explains it to his anxious inquirer. He reveals to the listening ruler that in order to be saved a man must be radically changed; that he must get a new heart, or in other words, a new controlling disposition in his soul. There must be not only a change of conduct, but a change of that which lies behind, and controls all daily conduct. A new *heart* was the one essential. Not a new organism, not a new mental faculty thrust in; but a new principle *laid as a founda-*

tion in the moral nature of the soul, to produce godly acts and godly exercises. Nicodemus was enjoined to do something more than to reform his life—more than to substitute sweet charities for loud liturgies in the market place—more than to bestow his goods to feed the pauper at his gate. A new *habit* was to be implanted within him by the Holy Ghost—a habit of loving God and keeping his commandments. This change of the will and the affections the theologian would call REGENERATION. Jesus describes it as being "born of water and of the Spirit."

Here is another puzzle to the Pharisee. He does not seize the idea of the Spirit's agency. But Christ explains to him that many other powerful agencies are mysterious and invisible. There, for example, is the night-wind. As it sweeps on its viewless path, the old olives on the ridge of Olivet bend to its fury, and the "sound thereof" wakes the startled sleepers in their beds; but no man can tell "whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." So is it with the hidden power of the Spirit. It is a mighty agency, all unseen, but felt. In this too it is like the wind, that it sweeps away the evil vapours of sin, and purifies the soul. Of such a change—so deep, so thorough, so vital, so beneficent—God is the author. His Spirit works on the awakened and the inquiring heart. The heart thus awakened, however active it may be in uttering its cry of penitence or its call for pardon, however active in renouncing favourite sins, or in mortifying self-righteousness, can never be renewed until God does the blessed work. For lest Judea's ruler should feed his proud heart with the supposition that he could regenerate himself, Jesus cautions him against the fatal mistake by telling him that the new-born are not "born of the will of the flesh, nor of the *will of man*, but of God."

Into the ruler's mind the impression must have been carried that in this new birth the sinner is both active and passive too. He is a living, breathing, choosing, free agent. As such he comes to Christ. But he never would have come "unless the Father drew him." As a free agent he prays the prayer of faith. Yet that faith is the "gift of God." As a free agent he asks for pardon. It is the province of God only to forgive sin. As a free agent he approaches the cross of Calvary. When there, the Holy Spirit confers the gift of regeneration, and the man is renewed. The heart thus wrought upon by the divine power turns to God. And this self-conscious turning of the renewed heart to the service and the love of Christ is true conversion. The combined operation—by which God makes a man willing to repent and believe, and the man thus made willing does actually turn to him—is what our Saviour taught to Nicodemus as the being "born again."

The Pharisee listens to it all. We may imagine that the turban was laid aside, and the eager face bent to catch the words of life from the lips of the Nazarene. Evening wears on toward midnight, ere Nicodemus puts on his sandals to depart. He rises to go away, a wiser

man. He goes away to remember the solemn and weighty teachings—not to forget. He goes away convinced, but not yet converted. He goes away saved out of Pharisaism, though not yet saved into Christianity. Already is the hand of Christ upon his heart; and when we afterwards see him rising up in the Sanhedrim to demand a fair treatment of the persecuted Saviour, and at last bringing sweet spices to embalm the mangled form just rescued from the cross, we only see the glorious outcome of that evening with Jesus Christ.

Perhaps some reader of this sketch is now sitting where Nicodemus sat that night—on the seat of honest inquiry. He has sat there long already, but delay has not improved his guilty heart. He knows the theory of salvation, but the *practical steps* he does not get hold of. My friend! you may perish in that very seat. You may sink to the pit from the place of the inquirer, if you make it too the place of the palterer, and the trifier with the Holy Spirit. What you want is—*action*. You have waited long enough. Go straightway to Christ. Lay hold of the first duty to which conscience calls, and do it. Begin at once to serve God. If your will rebels, pray God to subdue your stubborn will. If Satan hinder, “resist the devil; he will flee from you.” If business beguile you, set your face like a flint to the one great business of securing the salvation of your soul. The very attempt to serve God will bring out the wickedness and the weakness of your heart, as no other process possibly can. But try it. Every attempt will bring you nearer to Christ. Persevere! Like Bunyan’s pilgrim, you will find that the way to heaven “lies through this very valley.” Struggle on! And when you can perform one solitary act, however humble, from no other motive than the glory of God—when you can renounce a single sin from no other motive than honouring the Saviour, then have you experienced the new birth; then will your feet be safely planted in that straight path that leads to life eternal.—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

WALKING IN LIGHT.

WHEN we seek with loving heart,
Each to act a child-like part,
Daily duty, daily care,
For our Lord to do or bear;—

All his pleasure to fulfil,
Do or suffer all his will,—
Serve him here with earnest love,
Till we dwell with him above,—

When the ransomed look before,
View by faith the heavenly shore,
Catch the echoes of the song
They shall join in there, ere long,—

Then, of small account appear
All our mortal toils or tears;

Homeward hasting day by day,
What are trials by the way?

He—the great High Priest—draws nigh,
Brings for every want, supply;
Healing oil, and cheering wine—
Living water, bread divine.

Then together all rejoice,
Singing praise with heart and voice,
Finding ere our work be done,
Present heaven on earth begun.

Often by our Saviour blest
With a sweet Sabbath rest,
Every burden we can bear
To his heart, and leave it there.

And arising, onward haste,
When that blessed hour is past
Ready, with uplifted hands,
For the Master’s next commands.

Ready, at his midnight call,
Joyfully to part from all—
Then, with him, the festal door
Enter, to go out no more.

H. L. L.
(*Moravian. From the German.*)

THE DUTY FOR US.

WEARILY the Christian pilgrim surveys the Church about him. As he looks on his own heart, he sees there so much that is sinful, that he wonders how he can himself be saved. As he looks upon others, harder influences come into play. Each heresy—each inconsistency—assumes to him exaggerated proportions. “Lord, can he who holds this or that doctrine—who yields to this or that sin—can *he* be saved?”

Nor is this inquiry always unamiable. We see an error, and, often from love to our fellow men, we hasten to denounce it as soul-destroying. From the error we come to the errorist. We draw the pall of death over all Rome, until at last it covers Fenelon and Pascal. These sentences we pronounce punitively, until at last it would seem as if it were our duty to utter a gospel, not of salvation, but of condemnation.

That this is right as to doctrine, there can be no doubt. But our Lord has told us when we go to apply these tests to *individuals*, to apply them first to *ourselves*. “Enter *ye* at the strait gate.” Two ways does this come home to us. The first is in applying to ourselves the doctrine—art thou in Christ? for there is no other way by which man can be saved. The second is by applying this test to those to whom we are appointed to speak. It is not—is A. in the way of salvation? or is B. but ART THOU?

THE SAVING WIFE.

BY J. DE LIEFDE, OF AMSTERDAM.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE SHOEMAKER'S WIFE SUCCEEDED IN CHANGING HER HUSBAND'S HEART, AND HOW THEREUPON HIS LIBRARY CHANGED ALSO.

THE state of things in Mr. R——'s household now became most alarming. It was next to an open war. He began systematically shunning his wife's presence; would often order his breakfast to be served up in his counting-house, apart from the family; took his dinner at the club, and came home late at night. Matters thus went on for some weeks, during which Mrs. R—— spent many a sleepless night, wetting her pillow with her tears. Her only consolation was prayer and her Bible. Her state of mind, however, was often such as to refuse to be consoled. It was in those days that my predecessor, the Rev. Mr. W——, received and accepted a call to the Hague, as a minister. Of course he did not know Mrs. R——; but she soon heard of him, and became one of his constant hearers. Every Sunday she was sitting under the word of the gospel he was preaching; but he did not know that there was one among his audience who bore such a heavy cross.

One day Mrs. R—— received a lesson from a very strange preacher. It was a poor, wretched Jew, who certainly was not aware that he was imparting a precious treasure to a poor suffering soul. She was returning from a visit to a neighbouring village, when, at half a mile's distance from the city, she saw the poor Israelite driving a young heifer towards the town. He was leading the animal by a rope attached to its horns, but the beast seemed rather indisposed to follow him. Every now and then it would bound backward, and turning round, canter away in the opposite direction. The Jew firmly kept hold of the rope, and allowed himself to be drawn along with the stubborn animal, scampering backward till it kept standing. Then he would tap it on its back, speak a few kind words to it, and prevail upon it gently to turn again and to follow him a few steps. Suddenly again the obstinate beast began roaring and jumping about, and its patient leader again saw himself compelled to follow its irregular caprices. Whatever happened, however, he never allowed the rope to slip out of his hands. He seemed to have made up his mind to keep hold of the animal, even if it would run away with him to the other end of the world. It was a most ridiculous sight, and Mrs. R—— could not help laughing heartily at the queer, out-of-the-way capers which the poor fellow was compelled to cut every now and then. Ten, fifteen times successively he was dragged back and for-

ward, sometimes galloping in full speed, sometimes standing still, while the beast stared at him with such stupid, malicious looks, as only stubborn heifers can cast at wretched cattle-drivers. Still, she observed that after all, what with indulging the animal's caprices, and tapping it on its neck, and pulling it gently along, he got the better of it, and at length succeeded in leading it into the city, where the stupid beast seemed to feel that now it was among fashionable people, and ought to behave politely.

Now, when the ludicrous impression had subsided, Mrs. R——, having returned to her usual mood of earnestness, could not forbear reflecting upon what she had witnessed. "Indeed," she said to herself, "my unbelieving husband is very much like that stubborn heifer. Rightly Asaph asserts that man in his natural ignorance is as a beast before God (Ps. lxxiii. 22); and David compares him to a horse or a mule, which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held in with bit and bridle. As that heifer resisted its leader in going into the town, so my husband stubbornly refuses to enter the city of salvation. But that Jew put me to shame. However preposterous the animal was, he did not lose his patience. He did not pull or jerk it with angry violence, nor throw away the rope in wrathful despair. No; he kept the rope, and yielded to the animal's bad temper, and spoke gently to it, and kept faithfully by it, till he had overcome the evil with good. Ah! and am I not bound to my husband with the strings of love, with the ties of marriage? Alas, how impatiently have I thrown away the rope, and allowed him to stray about, far from me and his children! God has placed me as a helpmeet by his side; and if he has opened my eyes to see the right way, surely it was not that I should leave him to himself, blind and ignorant as he is, to run unguided into the bottomless abyss. Oh, if I had yielded a little more, and patiently borne his follies, and spoken gently to him, how much, perhaps, of the misery that now is turning our house into a hell, might have been prevented!"

Thus Mrs. R—— spoke to herself, and a feeling of deep shame filled her mind. She remembered how she herself had been wildly straying about in her opposition to God, and how her merciful Saviour constantly had kept the leading-strings of love in his hand, gently to draw her into his sheepfold. She returned home deeply distressed, and locked herself up in her closet, to humble herself before her God.

The next day it was advertised that an evangelist

was to hold a Scripture-reading meeting in a large school-room in a neighbouring street. He was one of those preachers who, by birth belonging to the lower class, but through faith imparted with higher light, are possessed of the talent of explaining the simple truths of the gospel, in a style perhaps less fit for the pulpit, but all the more adapted to the conception of the common people. The images which he would use to illustrate spiritual things were sometimes a little singular, but seldom failed to bring the truths they exemplified home to the hearts of the hearers. Mrs. R—, of course, was among his audience that evening. He spoke from the miraculous draught of fishes, in Luke v., and having arrived at that significant saying of the Lord to Peter, "*Henceforth thou shalt catch men*," he drew the attention of his hearers to the requisites of a faithful and able fishing. Among other things he said: "Now mark, my dear friends, that fishing is essentially connected with deception. The fisher's object is nothing short of trying to lay hold of the fish by deceiving it. Take angling, for instance. A skilful angler never holds out the bare hook under the fish's nose, saying, Bite. He knows quite well that the fish would take him for a fool. The animal, if possessed with the gift of speech, which, as you know, fishes are least of all possessed of, would reply, 'No, by no means; the hook is sharp, and would hurt me; and besides, you would pull me up and draw me out of my element into another world in which I am a perfect stranger, and for which I have got no organs to live and to breathe.' Now, what is the angler to do? He wants the fish, and cordially desires to get it out. He takes a piece of bread or a little worm, and puts it round the hook, so as to conceal it entirely, and then gently sinking it into the water, gets the fish thinking that it is a real dainty. Yet the hook is within, mark ye; but the fish does not know it till it has bitten. Up he pulls, and the animal is at once transplanted from one world into another. Now, observe what the angler teaches you. Of course there is a great disparity between *his* fishing and *yours*. His object is the destruction of the fish; yours is salvation. He likes the fish from a principle of selfishness; your principle is love. He transplants the fish from life into death; your desire is to transplant the lost sinner from eternal death into eternal life, through the medium of the gospel tackle. But there is, on the other hand, a great similarity between the skilful natural and the able spiritual fisher, as to the *way* and *manner* of fishing. There are many truths in the gospel which are hard and sharp, like an angler's hook, to the feeling and understanding of the unconverted. There are other truths, too, which, being of a softer and tenderer kind, are more congenial to the taste and wants of the natural man. They are just like a soft piece of dough, or a supple worm. Now, when dealing with unconverted people, pray the Lord to give you wisdom adroitly to put the truth before them. Observe that there are two chances of losing the fish. You may put the bare hook before

him, without any dough or worm. Or you may put a piece of dough and a worm before him, without a hook. In both cases you'll be sure to catch no fish. Some Christians, when dealing with unconverted people, only tell them that they are lost and wicked, and that they go to hell if they don't repent. Now, this is sinking the hook without the dough. Others only speak of the goodness of God and the mercifulness of the Saviour, avoiding any allusion whatever to God's justice and man's condemnable state. This is sinking the dough without the hook. Put both together, and you will do your work well. But then, mark ye, put them *so* together as to hold the dough foremost, and the hook behind. Lead the unconverted man to a loving, merciful Saviour, and get him to understand from the wounds of the crucified One, and from the blood which flows for the remission of sins, what a wicked, lost, and damnable sinner he must be. Above all, keep in mind that you yourselves—that is to say, your own conduct and behaviour—are the bait which ought to entice the fish to bite. If you constantly meet the unconverted one with a frown, how can you expect him to believe that your Master can smile with the smile of love? If you always look at him as a lost and condemned one, how can you expect him to believe that he is saveable? If you, from a stern sort of home-made sanctity, refuse to eat and to drink in his presence, can you wonder that he thinks your master is John the Baptist and not Christ? Observe that the sharpness of the hook is in the *gospel*, but that it ought not to be in *you*. Be kindly affectioned to your fellow-sinner, though not yet your fellow-believer, even though he should commit great follies in your presence. Rebuke his sins; show him that you suffer while witnessing them, but show him at the same time that you hope for him still, because you love him as Christ loved you when you were yet a sinner."

Thus spoke the evangelist in his simplicity, and it was quite sufficient for Mrs. R—. She went home in tears. She now perfectly understood her fault. And she did not close the day without fervently imploring the Lord to make her a bait unto salvation for her unhappy husband.

The next morning after breakfast, while her husband was away to his business, the first piece of work she took up was going into his counting-house and cleaning it from the ceiling down to the floor. His library too got a share of the purifying process. She brushed the books, and put them in tidy order on the shelves. It was almost an Augean stable, for she had not put a hand to it for months. The appearance of the place was quite changed from that of a lumber-room into a comfortable little parlour. Mr. R— came home in the afternoon. He was much astonished. "Who has done this?" asked he.

"I have done it," answered she kindly. "I thought it was time to prevent you from being buried alive in the dust."

For the first time Mrs. R—— observed a smile of contentedness on her husband's face.

The next morning, while Mr. R—— was yet in his bedroom, she sent up her boy to tell him that breakfast was ready, and that mother hoped he would come down to unite them. He came quite surprised. Everything was most comfortably arranged, and with a smile on her face she said, "Come now, sit down and let us have a cheerful hour together."

So she put his arm-chair before him, and he sat down like a happy king on his throne. Silent prayer was offered up as formerly, to which he made no objection. The conversation then went over topics of business, customers, and other indifferent subjects, in which Mrs. R—— took part with as much liveliness as himself. He was so pleased that he kissed her and their daughter before he went to his shop.

The next day he sat in his counting-house playing his flute. She happened to pass by, and kept standing to listen to his performance. He saw her through the window and stopped playing, thinking that she wanted to speak to him.

"Go on," said she with a smile while opening the door. "That's a beautiful tune indeed. I like it very much. Please play it to me again."

She seated herself on a chair, and he, not a little satisfied with this unexpected audience, put his best foot foremost, and blew his highest tune.

"Now," said she, when he had finished his *debut* and she had applauded accordingly, "now, could you not give us a treat to-night after tea, my dear. Jane will accompany you with the piano. That would be delightful."

He gladly consented, and the first time since long she had the pleasure of having him in their family circle all the evening. By such and sundry means Mrs. R—— at length succeeded in regaining her husband to herself and his family. She was so inventive in making his home comfortable that he far preferred it to the club and the theatre. Only on Sunday evening he continued to frequent the opera. "Let us both worship in our own way," he would say. "You go to your church in the morning, and I to mine in the evening."

"But, my dear," she once said, "do you really mean to say that the theatre is a kind of church?"

"Yes, surely I do," answered he. "There is very little difference between the one and the other. Both in the pulpit and on the stage the persons who speak are *actors*. Preaching is but playing a comedy in a serious kind of performance. Your parsons ascend their pulpits, and try, by the means of intonation and gesticulation, to make some pleasing or frightening impressions upon the people. As to the *matter* they treat, I am sure most of them don't believe a bit of it, and those who do believe it are either fools or silly fellows. Their chief object is creating *effect* through eloquence, in order to draw crowded audiences and to be admired. You only need observe how beautifully they choose their

words, and how elegantly they move their eyes and hands. It is all perfectly conformable to art. But *art* it is and not nature. Now, the same is the case on the stage. Only the matter is different, and, to my taste, more worthy. If stage-playing is to be performed at all, I think it is more seemly to apply it to subjects which everybody knows to be fictitious, than to things which the people suppose to be true and holy. Most people go to church to be edified, and to the theatre to amuse themselves. I do the reverse. I sometimes go to church to amuse myself with the skilful eloquence of the orator, but I go to the theatre to be edified. Great moral truths are taught on the stage which have a bearing on practical life."

Mrs. R—— was silent. She could not help acknowledging that there was some truth in his reasoning. She was fully convinced that the great bulk of the neologian and rationalistic preachers denied the greater portion of that same Bible they were preaching from, and that their paramount care was not about *what* to say, but *how* to say it. You know, madam, that now-a-days the pulpit is too much degraded into a platform for exhibiting rhetorical and oratorical talent. It cannot be otherwise where neology takes the place of the gospel. A neologian preacher cannot but preach himself instead of Christ, for the Christ he believes in is too poor to make his mouth run over from the fulness of his heart. Consequently art must be resorted to to make up for what is wanting of truth. Mrs. R—— was fully aware of this sad condition of our pulpit eloquence. She herself refused to hear the great bulk of the ministers for that same reason. She knew, however, that there were a few preachers who formed an exception to that distressing rule, and of these she liked my predecessor, the late Mr. W——, most. He was a man who with all his heart believed the word of God from its first page to its last. Though not an orator in the scientific sense of the word, yet he was a fine speaker. His was the natural eloquence of a warm, loving heart, which sometimes sacrifices a little of the *form* to get more room for the *contents*, and exhibits less *flowers*, because they have ripened into *fruits*. This made him particularly attractive to the unlearned and simple people who flocked round his pulpit in crowded audiences. But few of the higher and wealthy class were to be found among them. It was not deemed fashionable to be a regular attendant at his services. And this accounted for Mr. R——'s never having heard him, though he sometimes would take a fancy to spending a Sunday morning in walking to the different churches, and stopping a few minutes in each of them.

"You are right," said Mrs. R——; "there is, alas! too much of stage-playing in the pulpit. But there are also some faithful preachers of the truth, about whom I am sure you would not pronounce such a verdict if hearing them. I wish you would go with me some Sunday to hear Mr. W——. I assure you you would at least esteem that good man."

"Mr. W——!" exclaimed the shoemaker. "That Methodist preacher! Never! I would rather go to the market-place to look at the polichinel of the puppet show."

"Dear, dear!" answered Mrs. R—— with a mixed expression of sadness and kindness in her face, "don't speak so. You don't know the man, but if you knew him I'm sure you would love him. But," added she, gently stroking his hair from his forehead, "I hope you will go and hear him some time. Won't you?"

"Well, we'll see," answered he, taking up his flute; and while Mrs. R—— returned to her parlour he said to himself, "At any rate he must be a clever fellow if it is he who has turned you round so admirably well."

You perceive, madam, that now the domestic intercourse in Mr. R——'s house was restored, the conversation between him and his wife sometimes must touch religious topics. She avoided it as much as she could, but often she could not; when, for instance, he would utter dangerous opinions before his children, which she, for conscience' sake, could not allow to pass without protest on her part. These were very painful moments for her, in which she would fervently ejaculate to her Saviour for proper direction. She then contented herself with stating in a meek but earnest way that she could not believe that his views of the matter were correct, since the Bible told the contrary; but that she hoped that papa would some time soon acknowledge his mistake, and come to an agreement with the word of the Lord. He sometimes would allow the discussion to be settled there, but sometimes too he would get animated and attack the Bible in his usual way. She then, however, kept silent, avoiding anything like controversy, but showing by an expression of patient distress how much she suffered in her heart because of the blindness of his. Now, there is something irresistible in the passive resistance of love. Mr. R—— could not long continue his animosity when he observed the dignity of her solemn silence. He could not help feeling that she was nobler than he, and, to extricate himself out of his humiliating position, would quickly retreat by turning the conversation to some topic of less controversial kind.

One day, when being alone with him in his counting-house—(a little unpleasant controversy had taken place that morning at breakfast)—she gently laid her hand on his shoulder while he was smoking a cigar in a *dolce far niente*, and looking into his eyes with a supplicating smile, she said—

"Pray, my dear, don't you agree with me we had better avoid discussions of that sort in the presence of our children? They are so young. Their tender hearts are so liable to receive wrong impressions when witnessing differences between their parents. There is a serious difference of opinion between you and me, but I hope and trust the Lord will bring us to unity again. I am willing to converse with you about your opinions as often as you desire, but pray let it be in private between ourselves. It is such a painful position

for our dear children to stand between their father and mother, not knowing which to choose."

"Well, I think you are right," answered he; "I don't like it either; but we have not always our thoughts and words at our command, and often I am in the midst of the controversy before I am aware of it. Still, I will try to keep aloof from such matters when they are present. But as to the unity you referred to, I am afraid we shall never come to that unless you turn round to my side. But you will not, for you even refuse to listen to my reading the most striking passages from my books to you."

"Well, my dear," answered she, "I will listen to them, but then will you also read my Bible with me?"

"Yes, I will. In fact, I thought the other day I must read it; for I must acknowledge there are some very beautiful, poetical, sublime passages among the quotations you favour us with every now and then."

The first evening Mrs. R—— was sitting down with her husband to listen to his reading a passage from one of the French encyclopædists, she remembered the Jew allowing himself to be drawn backward from the town by the stubborn heifer. "I'll go along with my husband a little now," thought she, "but, Lord, grant that he may come to a stand still, that I may speak gently to him, and lead him on again to thy gates!"

"Now what do you say to that?" asked Mr. R——, when he had finished his reading.

"I must say," answered she, "that it is a clever piece of human dialectic, and written in very beautiful language. I can perceive how you can admire it. But what a pity it is that such excellent talents should be in the service of a spirit which denies the most incontestable truths of history and religion. There are many reasonings in it, though, which surpass my brains. I am but a simple woman, and not learned enough to follow all those subtle deductions. But thus much I understand, that if that writer's theory is true, we are without God and without hope in the world. He leaves us no other prospect but to be resolved in some infinite power, as a drop melts away in the ocean. But such a prospect is most horrible to me. Every member of my body, and every throb of my heart tells me that I am wonderfully framed by a wise and mighty Creator, who must have destined me for something better than to be absorbed by a fog, or to disappear like a vapour. God's word, on the contrary, and my own daily experience of the kindness and tender mercies of his love, tell me that I, his reconciled child in Christ, am on the way towards a new, glorious world, which will appear on that great day of the resurrection, when a loving Father and Saviour will receive me with unspeakable joy. And this joyful hope of mine rests not on human reasonings merely, or subtle deductions, but on *facts*, which have taken place on this very earth of ours, by the light of that same sun, which is shining upon us now. Now can you expect me to give up all that for the objections of a mortal man, who tries to persuade me that I am born as

a living and loving person in order to end as a dead lifeless thing? I am assured, my dear, you yourself will not be able to console your heart with this hopeless doctrine, when lying on your deathbed, and about to part with all you loved and cherished in your life. But let us not enter into controversies about this matter now. The next time we shall have a bit of my Bible,—shan't we? And so after having read your and my books for some time, let us see what the effect will be upon our minds."

In this way Mrs. R—— spoke to her husband, and he willingly agreed to her proposal. She expected everything from her heart's prayers for his conversion and from God's word. "I am sure," she said to herself, that some day soon "that single Book will sweep away his whole shelf."

And that so fervently-longed for day came sooner even than she had expected. Mr. R—— had already for some time been deeply struck by the lovely change in his wife's conduct. He could not help experiencing its beneficial and softening effect upon his own mind. The constant spirit of love, humility, meekness, and dignity she manifested during the day, involuntarily compelled his esteem and admiration. He saw her always happy, quiet, calm, and contented, tracing all the good she did to her Saviour's love, and all that was amiss to her own deficiency. He could not help secretly acknowledging that she was happier than he, and he would sometimes wish that he were like her. He thought there must be something worth inquiring about at least in a doctrine which produced such wonderful results. This all the more led him to agree with her upon reading the Bible. Of course, his objections to many of its stories were numerous, but he found that many of her explanations were more satisfactory than he had expected they would be. At least the more she read to him, the more frequently the thought would rise in his heart, "If all this were true indeed, it would be a very beautiful and satisfactory doctrine." There were many passages, however, which she acknowledged she was not able to explain, though she confessed her strongest conviction that they must be fully explicable. "I wish," she then used to say, "you would hear Mr. W——. He puts it all so clear before us. I am sure, if he were here, he would answer all your questions to your perfect satisfaction. Indeed, I wish you would go and hear him."

Now while Mrs. R—— in this way was preaching to her husband, another preacher turned up, certainly sent by the Lord, in order to bring more forcibly home to his heart what his wife could not carry further than to his ears and understanding. That preacher's name was *Death*. One day he showed himself to Mr. R—— at a distance, and the poor man shivered under the thrilling sermon he preached to him. A serious attack of low fever carried him to the brink of the grave. As a heroine his faithful wife, with a prayer in her heart, and the medicine in her hand, day and night wrestled for his recovery. The Lord heard her prayers, and blessed the

medicine. He was restored to health, but never to his former strength. A weakness of the lungs remained, which kept the solemn sermon he had been hearing from death's pulpit, in remembrance.

Still he again took up his usual infidel opinions, but he took them up now with a restless heart. His wife was exceedingly sad to find that he continued the same as he ever was, but she knew not that inwardly he had already broken with all he had been before. She knew not that every Sunday morning ten minutes after she had left the house to go to Mr. W——'s church, he likewise walked out, and taking the same direction, would put himself among the standing crowd, next to the entrance. Yes, there he stood, attentively listening to the same gospel word which she was enjoying seated on her chair not far from the pulpit. As he was a tall man, he could, peeping over the heads of the crowd, sometimes see her bonnet, but she never saw him, not surmising that he was standing far behind her, uniting with her in prayer and psalm. Being near to the door, he of course always could leave the church before she could come out, and so she always found him at home when she came in. This state of things continued for several weeks. The fish had bitten the hook, but his pride and false shame still kept him refusing to be pulled out. Mrs. R——, however, sometimes seemed to discover a little of it. It was obvious that some unaccountable change had taken place with him. His spirit of controversy seemed to have entirely left him. He sometimes would cast in some feeble doubts or objections, but he would allow them to be removed as quickly as he had introduced them. He also ceased to insist upon her reading his books with him; in fact, it seemed that he did not read them any more himself, for she never found any of them on his table; they seemed immovably to keep their place on the shelf. On the other hand, he gladly continued reading the Bible with her, and he took one for himself into his counting-house, which she often found open on his table. All this struck Mrs. R—— with joyful surprise. She could not make out how it came, but her loving and praying soul exultantly indulged the secret hope that something from the Lord was going on in her husband's heart.

Soon the day came when the riddle was to be solved. It was a cold Sunday morning. Mrs. R—— went to church as usual, and her husband followed her at a distance. She seated herself on her chair, and the pew-keeper, as usual, put a fire-stove under her feet, in which a large glowing peat-coal was contained. No sooner, however, had the minister commenced his sermon than she took ill. It was a bad sulphuric peat-coal she had got, the vapour of which threatened to make her faint away. She felt that she was sick; and to prevent disturbance, she rose quickly, and, pale as a corpse, made her way to the door, staggering through the receding crowd. Picture to yourself her surprise when, on reaching the door, she saw her husband, who,

on noticing her, at once took her arm and led her out. The fresh open air immediately caused her blood to flow briskly again, and when entering their house she felt, a little headache excepted, quite recovered,—

"But *you* at Mr. W——'s!" exclaimed she in a voice of joyful surprise.

"Yes," answered he with a smile, while a slight blush flushed up his face. "He is an admirable preacher, a worthy man; indeed, one can see that all he says comes from the heart. He himself is as true as the truth he proclaims."

"But then, my dear, have you heard him before?"

"Surely I have. I have heard him regularly every Sunday for upwards of six months."

You perceive that Mr. R—— could not keep his secret any longer now. He told his wife all that had been going on within him during the last time. "And now," he concluded, "I feel as if I must give myself to a living Jesus. I believe he liveth. He is the living Son of the living God. He is the only Saviour of lost sinners, whose sins he has borne, whose penalty he has suffered, and whom he will raise from the dead on his great glorious day. Oh, I am fully assured there is no salvation for me but in him alone. But my poor, disobedient, rebellious heart would ever tell me that I am too great a sinner to be permitted to go to him. You know, and who knows it better than you, my poor beloved wife, who have suffered so much from my wickedness,—you know how shamefully and stubbornly I have dishonoured and reviled Him. Oh, I scarcely have the courage to hope that there is room in his grace, even for such a wicked malefactor as I am."

Tears came into Mr. R——'s eyes, and covering his face with his hands, he sat down in the full distress of a contrite spirit. His wife was speechless, both from joy and affection.

"Oh, praised be God," she burst out, "praised be my dear beloved Saviour, who has opened your eyes to see the truth, and your heart to crave his love. Let him come in now, my beloved husband, and open your heart as widely as you can, for he desires to fill it with all the fulness of his grace. Throw away those doubts; you distress him by them. He *is* your Saviour, and he loved you even at the moment you were his greatest enemy. He knew all about you, and he had mercy upon you. So he has led you by the cords of his unspeakable love; and here you are now at his feet, vanquished by the power of his almighty word. You were strong in your strength, but his love is stronger still. Come, it is all forgotten and forgiven now. Come, he longeth for you. He standeth with outstretched arms to receive you to his bosom."

In this way Mrs. R—— spoke to her husband, and her words were like the balm of Gilead in a sore wound. What a Sunday it was they now were spending! It was a feast in Mr. R——'s house, and a feast it was in heaven. That same evening a couple, who for a long time had been severed by the devices of the evil one, were found side by side kneeling at the footstool of Him who is the only source of salvation, and of true imperishable love.

Mr. R——'s house henceforth was turned from a wilderness into a paradise. Peace, and joy, and godliness filled it with their sweet fragrance. The next day, after the above mentioned Sunday, Mr. R—— called his wife into his counting-house. The window which showed into a backyard, was raised. The shelf containing his library was lying with one end upon the window-frame, and with the other upon the back of a chair. Outside, on the floor of the yard just under the window, stood a large empty box.

"Come away," said he, beckoning his wife. "Now, do your work. Take this end of the shelf, and shove that wicked stuff out of the window; and," added he, kissing her, while a tear mingled with a smile on his face, "don't be afraid; you'll not go after them now."

Mrs. R—— lifted up the shelf, and down rushed the books into the box.

"We'll get a poor fellow to tear them to pieces," said he, "and what he can get for the waste-paper let him buy a Bible for it."

The next day the shelf again was filled with books, but of a very different kind. The first was a Bible, and the last a neatly bound copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. An additional shelf was put on, filled with parcels of tracts, of which Mr. R—— often slipped a copy into the hand of a customer, who, in the course of conversation, showed no disinclination to read something that might perhaps "do him good."

And now, madam,—thus finished the Rev. Mr. D—— his conversation with Mrs. P——, I have told you how a pious, godly woman was instrumental in saving her unbelieving husband. I shall be happy if this story has imparted to you some instruction and consolation. Nobody can tell what true love is able to effect, if combined with a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. There is great power often in speaking when everybody is silent. But there is often greater power still in being silent when everybody would have spoken. The great secret how to bring sinners to Christ, lies not always in speaking of the Saviour, but in manifesting in our own persons what it is to be saved by him indeed.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

WAITING FOR JESUS.

FROM heavy sleep little Paul Clifford suddenly awoke, and staring with great wondering eyes upon unfamiliar walls, started impetuously up in bed, but sank back with a quick, sharp cry of pain. A gentle face bent over him.

"What is it, dear?"

"Where am I?" said Paul, faintly, "and what is the matter?"

"Ah, you can't remember, poor little child! You have had a terrible fall, and it hurt you very much, but we hope to make you all well in a little while. Don't think any more about it now, but try to go to sleep again."

Paul shuddered. "Oh, I remember *now*—those cruel, cruel doctors—how they screwed my leg, and put fire on my back. *Father* wouldn't have let them do it if he had been here," and the child's breast heaved painfully.

"They *tried* to be kind," said the nurse, with a tear in her eye, "but I know it was very hard to bear. But now see, darling, the worst is over; they have set your leg, and tried to do something for your poor little back, and now you have only to lie very still, and get well as fast as you can. Come," said she, as his face grew calmer, "we will have a very nice time together. Shall I read till you go to sleep?"

"I can't sleep any more now, please," said little Paul, wearily.

"Then I will shake up your pillows so you can look around and see all the pleasant little children."

Very tenderly she raised his head, but not so carefully but that he felt that strange sensation of fire on his back, and groaned, although he bit his proud, young lips, and tried to smile his thanks to the sweet-faced lady. Very languidly at first did he raise his heavy lids; but he soon became more interested, for this is what he saw: A long, cheerful room, lined on two sides with little cots with snowy coverlids, and soft white pillows, and in a pretty *sacque* of pink or blue, like a bird in each fair little nest, was sitting or lying a patient little child. They were all so very young. One was not more than two years old, and the greatest veteran in the company had not counted more than eight or nine birthdays. But every one already knew what it was to suffer pain, and around some of the small mouths there were sweet, patient lines, very touching to see in such baby faces.

Paul looked earnestly from one to the other. He noticed the little girl opposite, singing softly and contentedly to her wooden doll, pressed close to her white,

thin cheek—he saw the clear-eyed little boy next to her, peering eagerly into the mechanism of a toy steam-engine, entirely unmindful of the helpless arm tied up in a sling,—and another child, a little further on, turning over a picture book, and almost forgetting his poor paralyzed feet, upon which he would never walk again.

"Yes," sighed Paul to himself, "*they* seem happy enough, but they must have been here a great while, and forgotten how splendid everything is out in the sunshine, but *I*,—only yesterday I could run faster than any boy on the street, and *now*—" the tears gathered in his eyes.

"I am very sorry for you, little boy," said a sweet voice, and turning, he found it came from his next neighbour, whose cot was only a few feet from his own.

The speaker was a little girl, with very fair hair, and a skin so transparent that he could trace the delicate blue veins on her temples, and as he looked at her innocent face he wondered to find himself thinking of the fair white lilies he had once seen when he peered through the fence of some rare city garden.

Paul felt himself greatly comforted, he scarcely knew why, by the look and words of sympathy, and a quick, impulsive friendship sprang up between the little fellow-sufferers. It was not long before Paul was telling her all his story—how "mother died, and father and he went to live with Aunt Margaret, who was poor, and had ever so many children, and was sometimes very cross. Then father, *dear* father went off to the wars, and told him that as soon as he was old enough he should be a soldier too. Ever since father sailed he had been longing for him, and whenever any of the soldiers went away he always wanted to see them, because they were going where father was, and so one day when he climbed a tree, to see a procession go past, poor Ben Butler, who was half foolish, *would* creep on to the same limb. It began to crack, and he thought poor Benny wouldn't know enough to save himself, so *he* tried to jump to another branch, but missed, and fell down,—down, on the hard pavement, and didn't know any more till the doctors—" his voice quivered.

"Never mind," said Susy, "don't tell any more," and they mingled their tears.

Then Susy, in her turn, told him "she had already been there two years, and never expected to be well, but knew that she should live in that little cot till she died."

"But you don't seem to care at all," said Paul, looking wonderingly at her smiling face.

"No," said Susy, "I am very happy. Very few sick children have such nice clean beds, and such pleasant nurses to take care of them. Do you know this is S—hospital, and the nurses are ladies—some of them very rich—who come here just because they love God, and want to do something to please him."

"And do they stay here all their lives to take care of sick children?"

"That's just as they please," said Susy. "Some of them stay a few months, and some of them a good many years, and besides taking care of us they have a great many sick men and women in the other rooms."

"I should think God would love them very much," said Paul, looking affectionately after the nurse flitting noiselessly, in her soft, dark dress, from one little cot to another. "But, Susy," he began, after a long pause, "I suppose girls can keep *still* easier than boys, but I'm sure I could never smile again if I thought I must stay here all my life. O Susy, have you forgotten how splendid it is to run and jump? It would just break my heart if I didn't think I should get well very soon, and go to be a *soldier* with father. How *can* you smile so, Susy?"

"I'm waiting for Jesus," said Susy, softly.

"What *can* you mean?"

"Why," said Susy, "the nurse reads to us every day from the Bible, and once she told us about Jesus passing amidst all the sick people, and making them well, and I said, 'O nurse, if he only *would* pass by here, and touch every little cot,' and then she told me that Jesus *would* come to every little child that asked for him, and if it was best he would make us well, and leave us on earth, or perhaps, if he loved us very much, he would take us with him to heaven. So," said Susy, with a strange, sweet smile, "I'm waiting for him every day."

"And you really think he'll come?"

"I know it," said Susy, simply.

Paul looked doubtful, and sinking back upon his pillow wearily closed his great sad eyes.

The days passed on, and little Paul grew no better, although he had learned from Susy to be very *patient* for Christ's sake. One bright May morning he woke hearing the doctors talking around his bed. They had decided that perhaps one more operation might save his life. "Will you bear it like a hero, my dear little fellow?" said one kindly.

"I'll try, sir," said Paul, steadily, "for you know I'm to be a *soldier* one of these days."

"To be sure," said the doctor, kindly. "To-morrow, then," and they passed on.

Susy, with her violet eyes full of tears, said again and again: "Dear Paul, *poor dear Paul*," but he wanted to be brave, and was afraid he should cry if he looked at her. So he lay very still, with closed eyes, while the sweet Sabbath music stole in from the chapel, where some of the poor sick men and women were worshipping God. With all his bravery he could not help

shuddering to think of the cruel suffering on the morrow, and thinking how sweet it would be for Jesus to come, as Susy had said. With a piteous little prayer trembling on his lips, he fell into a half slumber, and dreamed that he did indeed see the beautiful Saviour coming down between the long lines of little cots, straight towards his own bed. Paul hid his face from the brightness, but he knew when Jesus touched him, for the pain slipped away softly, and with a glad cry he opened his eyes. Alas! the old pain came leaping back—ran over his poor back, and shivered down his tired little limbs. With a heavy sigh he looked around the room. It was flooded with glad sunshine, and one bright beam rested on the sweet picture of Jesus blessing little children, and saying, "Suffer them to come unto me." Paul grew calmer while he looked at it. He wanted to tell Susy that he was almost sure Jesus would come some time, but he was so very tired, his eyes again closed wearily, nor did they open till in the twilight he heard the children singing,—

"I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus can forgive."

"Oh, yes," said Paul, starting anxiously, as he caught the name. "I almost forgot, *Jesus* is coming," and he tried to bolster up his little thin hand so it would stay up in the air.

"What *are* you doing?" said Susy.

"You see," said Paul, in a drowsy, wandering voice. "I'm afraid Jesus might pass by in the night, when I was asleep, and I want to keep my hand up so he can find me, and know I'm the boy who has been waiting —" his voice died away.

"Dear Paul, he is gone to sleep," said Susy.

Paul slept late the next morning. "I cannot bear to wake him," said one kind nurse to another. "Poor little fellow! he must suffer so much to-day, and it will break his heart when he finds he can never be a soldier, for they say he will always be lame." But Susy, looking eagerly to the bed, and seeing the little hand lying quietly by his side, said, with a glad hopeful smile,

"I shouldn't wonder if Jesus put it there."

And Susy was right, for Jesus had indeed passed by, and finding little Paul waiting for him, and loving him *very much*, had lifted the tired lamb to his bosom.

CHILDREN'S WORK.

BY THE REV. JAMES BOLTON, KILBURN.

"And said unto him, Heardest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"—MATT. XXI. 16.

IN this chapter we have children doing honour to Jesus, and Jesus doing honour to children. The example of these children is a bright one for all children to follow. And the words of Jesus are a great encouragement to them to try and follow it.

Let us ponder the story.

The Lord was entering Jerusalem for the last time; for now the day of his sorrow and suffering for us was at hand. "A little while" now, and he would be hanging on the cross, bleeding, dying, crying out for the anguish of our sins. He knew it, and spoke about it to his disciples. Perhaps, if he might have chosen, he would have gone into the city in the quietest way possible, for when we have a burthen on our spirits, we don't care to be stared at and surrounded with throngs. But there was a prophecy in Zechariah (ix. 9), which declared that he would come unto her as a "king," so he must put his own feelings aside. In the same prophecy it was said that he should be seen sitting on an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. This, too, must be fulfilled; so when he was at the Mount of Olives, he sent two of his disciples to a certain village, where they should find "an ass tied, and a colt with her." They were to loose them, and bring them. He could see them standing there, though miles of distance or a solid hill was between him and them;—just as, no matter how far off heaven is from earth, and no matter within what thick walls we hide ourselves, his eye is on us every moment.

If the owner of the animals made any objection to their removing them, they were simply to say, "The Lord hath need of them," and they would at once surrender them. Mark that! "The Lord hath need of them." What! need of an ass and its colt? need of two dumb creatures? Yes, it was even so. They could do something for him, and something which nothing else could do. And so with children like yourselves, the Lord has need of you. You can do something for him which grown-up people cannot,—“out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.”

The disciples returned with the ass and her colt; then they laid their clothes on the colt's back for a saddle, and mounted Jesus on him; and though he had never before had a man across him, and would naturally have been restless or obstinate, yet he appears to have been as gentle and docile as if he had been broken in for years. Did he then know that he was carrying his Creator?

And now a vast multitude of those who had heard his matchless teaching, and witnessed his miracles, assembled to escort Jesus to the capital. They hardly knew why, but they felt as if they must give him this public welcome; so they spread their garments for the colt to tread upon—as I recollect we spread our gowns for the queen to tread upon from her carriage to the Senate House, when we were under-graduates in Cambridge. Others plucked branches off the green trees, and strewed them on the dusty road. And whether they marched in front, or behind, or close around him, they all rent the air with the shout, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest."

Who ever saw a crowd in London or elsewhere, and there were no children in it? And there were children in this crowd—children are excellent judges of kind

hearts. Quicker than their elders, they can glance into a face and discover whether it is the window of a kind heart. And could they glance into Jesus' face, and fail to trace there tenderness, and whatever children delight in? And when they did this, *they* also joined in the ringing acclamations. Though they were "babes and sucklings," they could add their mite of praise to the general anthem; and it was sweeter in Jesus' ears for those children's notes in it.

As your favourite hymn says,—

"When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosannas to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He bade them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song."

Nor was this all. It seems that when Jesus had passed into the Temple, and was healing the blind and the lame there, these dear children could not be silent there. If their parents were, they could not be; if their ministers were, they could not be; they had not learned their "Hosannah" to forget it so soon. As they beheld him doing "these wonderful things there," they filled the Temple with a sound which its old roofs had never echoed before. Again and again, and yet again, they sang "Hosannah to the Son of David!"

Now, what should the chief priests and scribes have done? Ought they not to have applauded these children, and said, "Tune your tongues to your loudest, warmest halleluiahs! He is worthy of them, and we will unite with you." But when persons are failing to do what is right themselves, especially if they are envious, they cannot bear to have others doing better,—it is a reproof to them—it worries them; and so we are not surprised to read that these precious chief priests and scribes approached Jesus with the demand that he should rebuke the children band. "It was so improper, so out of place, so disturbing, so uncalled for. They were *sore* displeased, and said unto him, Hearest thou what these say?" And how did Jesus answer them? He opened the Bible; he instantly fetched an arrow from that divine quiver; he unsheathed the glittering sword with which he had fought Satan in the wilderness. "Yea, have ye never read" (ye whose professed business it is to study the Scriptures), "have ye never read, 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'" He shut their mouths. He stilled the enemy and the avenger with that short text.

But what does it mean? what was there in it which applied to these children's conduct? This is the point. If we look at the psalm itself, where Jesus had "read" it, we find that the text is a part of a magnificent description of God's glory. The earth is eloquent of it; and "thou hast set it above the heavens." And this is a ray of it, that "he ordains strength out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," "to still the enemy and the avenger."

Now, to "ordain strength" out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, is to order that what is feeble shall do God *good service*, shall perfect his praise. As St. Paul has it, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no *flesh* should boast in his presence." Is it not so? Does he not employ drops of rain to do what Niagara could not do; the warblings of robins and nightingales to do what claps of thunder cannot do; the pebbles on the shore to do what a rampart of granite cannot do? Does he not use the bee to do what no chemist could do; the coral insect to do what no architect could do; the worms to do what no gardener could do? Could Jacob have done in Egypt what his boy Joseph did; or Saul have done what the stripling David did? In each of these cases God "ordains strength" out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. Or if you dwell on that second form of it, as our Lord quoted it, "*Thou hast perfected praise* out of the mouth of babes and sucklings." Then you would observe how frequently small things are those which perfect anything. For instance, it is the bloom on the plum which perfects it; the scent in a flower; the cut of the nostril, or the dimples in a countenance; the short strings in a harp; the delicate finishing touches in a picture. What perfects a fireside circle but the children links; what perfects a cathedral choir but the children's notes; and what *perfects* God's praise but the praises of babes and sucklings?

But surely this is a most comforting and cheering truth for children. They are apt to fancy that they can do nothing for God; that they must leave it to the "chief priests and scribes," or till they are of age; and it was the fashion for "their tutors and governors" to foster this idea in them. But what says God; "your praises *perfect* my praise." Without them, it would lack something which completes its harmony, and power, and acceptableness. When I listen to it, I listen to the children's share in it; when I smell it, I smell the children's breath in it; when I gaze upon it, I gaze upon the children's buds in it.

So that settles it. God sanctions your youthful efforts, and rejoices in them, and requires them. This was what Jesus meant. "These children's praises are not to be rebuked; on the contrary, God predicted them, authorizes them, expects them, and so do I."

And if this is so, my young friends, then it is evident that *you* have a work to do for God and Jesus. That they bid you set about it will justify you in it, and receive it at your hands, as your mother or father would a nosegay which you had gathered in the fields for them, or a present on their birthdays, which you had bought them with your own earnings. This work of yours, however you may undervalue it, will contribute to perfect God's praise.

First, you have such a work *within yourselves*. Your own soul is an Eden which you are to dress and to keep for God, and the serpent is creeping about in it. What watchfulness and industry you need to exercise!—for, unlike Eden, there are more weeds, and thorns, and briars in it, than lilies, and roses, and honeysuckles; tares spring of themselves in it. Wheat has to be sown and watered. The fences have to be repaired; the gates have to be guarded. No cherubim will do that for you.

And yet, it may be, that you are idle in this work! You are imagining that we have to do it for you. God indeed, will help you, but you must perfect his help by helping yourself. You must embrace Jesus; pray for the Holy Ghost; obey God's commandments; refuse to yield to temptation; "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

Secondly, you have a work for God and Jesus in your *own families*.

There is she who bore you, and nursed you, and hovered over your cradle with such love; there is he who is toiling daily for your support;—these are to be loved, and venerated, and waited on. There are your brothers and sisters to be amused, and helped, and enlivened; there are the servants to be cared for; there are visitors to be entertained. A Christian child may be an angel in a family, or a tree like that spoken of in the Book of Revelation, "which produces twelve manner of fruits"—something to suit everybody.

Then, thirdly, you have a work for God and Jesus in your *school*. When will children remember that they have more to do at school than increase their own stock of English and French, of geography and arithmetic. These are but the ears which they glean for themselves. Their business is to assist the reapers in tying the sheaves, and to allure their companions to glean too. The master or mistress have half their load lifted if their pupils are considerate; and the wildest elephant is pretty sure to be tamed when two steady elephants take him between them.

Then, fourthly, you have a work for God and Jesus in your *neighbourhood*.

I have a vine which was planted against an ornamental arch, to run up it, and cover it, and hang its clusters here and there, and then it had accomplished its purpose; but it was not content with this. Having done it, and having vigour to spare, it has thrown out two branches of thirty feet in length, so as to reach into the adjacent yards, and now they are trained there, and afford a plentiful supply of autumn grapes to my neighbours. I don't grudge them this bountifulness of my vine; I admire it; I feed it with a double stock of manure on purpose that it may be able to furnish these, its outlying clusters, with golden juice.

And, my dear young friends, does not God intend that we shall be blessings to our neighbours; to the poor in the winter pinches; to the grey-headed cottager, when he or she cannot hobble to church any more; to the bedridden girl, whose cheek flushes at the sight of a

plate of strawberries, or a bunch of spring violets, to the delicate infant who crows at a change of arms, or a penny toy—to every one to whom we can speak a word of Jesus. “I was *naked*, and ye *clothed* me,”—when, Lord?—“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Finally, you have a work for God and Jesus amongst the *heathen*.

They do not worship God; they do not know Jesus; they bow down to blocks of wood and stone; they are cruel, vicious, miserable. Oh, the dreadful scenes which the veil of space conceals from us! We have occasional peeps at them through the missionaries in Africa, India, China, and they stir our pity to its depths. Now, nothing will benefit them but the gospel—“the lamp of life” which is lightening us.

And our societies are labouring to supply them with that lamp. But they must have money to support the missionaries who carry it to the heathen. And children's contributions may go to *perfect* the contributions of our congregations. God won't refuse them any more than he would not refuse these children's hosannahs. “Suffer them to cast their pence into my treasury,” he will say, “and forbid them not.”

Our annual children's contributions, when combined together, pay the salaries of a dozen missionaries, and educate nearly a hundred Negro and Hindu boys and girls. They have been instrumental in *perfecting* God's praise in many a savage village; God has ordained strength out of them.

“By many an ancient river,
By many a palmy plain.”

And the freed captives, now walking and leaping, and magnifying God, are a proof of it. And will not you associate yourself with such a noble enterprise as this? If you will, then provide yourself with a missionary magazine and a missionary box; the magazine to cause the missionary fountain to rise in you, and the box to catch its shining showers as they fall. None of you, who would do what you can to hasten Christ's kingdom, should be without those.

And now, I beseech you, be *stronger* than you have been in all your work. Realize that you have God's express commission to be about it; that it is not a trifle with him whether you, a child, are about it or not. He has consigned the perfecting of his praise to the mouth of babes and sucklings. And another life lesson for you is, *that children have a work for God which only children can do.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.

“I'll come! I'll come!” A little girl of eight years was speaking,—not to us, but to some one we could not see.

We were sitting by her bedside, gazing upon a scene which only parents can appreciate. We knew, though we could not see him, that an angel was there, waiting

till the silver cord should be loosed, which bound the precious treasure to our hearts and our home on earth.

Perhaps he had whispered to her that he was commissioned to take her back to Him who had lent her to us, and this might have been her reply.

“Where will you come?” asked her mother.

She opened her eyes, gazed around, but made no answer.

“Will you come to Jesus?”

“Where is he?”

“In heaven.”

“Oh, yes, I've *prayed* to him;” and so she had.

A few minutes before, she had crossed her little hands on her breast, and looking up to heaven, her countenance radiant with the light which seemed to be streaming on it from thence, she said, “O Lord Jesus Christ, make me like thee, and take me to dwell with thee when I die.”

With the same confiding love with which she had often made requests to her father, which she knew he would delight to grant, she gave this holy desire wings, and sent it up to her Father in heaven, and quietly her soul rested in the belief that this great matter was all settled. And this was true. Before she lay on that bed of sickness, she had mourned over her sins, and sought forgiveness through Christ, and now, with faith and confidence, she had committed her soul to him and she knew he would keep it.

She turned gently on her side, placed one little hand under her head, clasped a little handkerchief with the other, and laid it on her breast, gazed for an instant fondly on those she had so dearly loved on earth, whispered their names,—then closed her eyes, and the angel took her in his bosom; and as he bore away from us one of the fairest flowers of earth, we could almost hear her sweet voice singing, as she vanished from our sight, the song which had been on her lips for months,—

“Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing!
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.”

SKIPPING AND SKIMMING.

Two bad habits increasing among the young folks,—some of them, at least. “Why, is it bad to skip or to skim?” you ask, perhaps. That depends upon how and what you skip and skim.

I find there is a great deal of skipping and skimming in the way the children read their books in these days, and that is bad. It is a loose, careless, hasty way of reading, which snatches up only the story, and hardly that, leaving out all the instruction, thought, purpose of the book, and making pretty much all of it a confused jumble.

“We have so *many* books.” Yes, some of you have, and it is almost a pity, I sometimes think, for you do not value them as the few I used to have in my child-

hood. These few were not only read with great attention the first time, but they were read and re-read, put away, brought back and read again, and the consequence was, they made an impression. I feel their power to this day. The true way to read is first to select, or to have selected for you, a book that is *worth reading*; then read it carefully, thoughtfully, attentively. Read it to remember it, and read it accurately.

Let me tell you about a little boy. His auntie gave him some cards with the kings and queens of England pictured on them. Then, as he was inquisitive to know who they all were, she used to tell him the history of their different reigns, and the good and the bad things they did. Her stories interested the little boy, and he listened very attentively. As he was playing with his cards one day, his papa took one up and asked him whose face that was on the card. The little boy told him, and moreover gave a good account of that king's reign. His papa was much surprised, and asked him about another; and so he went on, and gave a correct little story of them all. Papa was very much pleased, and the next day gave his little son three large volumes of English history. The child could not read yet,—he was only three years old; but he was *so attentive*.

When he was eight years old, this same little boy read a book, which, forty years after, he quoted accurately from by memory, when writing a lecture to be delivered before a body of learned men; nor had he ever seen the book since. How carefully he must have read it! How clear it must have been in his mind! No skipping or skimming there, I reckon; no confused jumble. That little boy became a distinguished teacher, the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby school. This is the kind of reading and hearing which makes good memories and stores up useful information.

THE OLD MILLER'S LESSON.

It was noon recess at the little "Brookside school," and the boys had taken their dinner-baskets down to "the old mill," according to custom. It was the pleasantest spot they could find those hot summer noons. The cool splash of the water was refreshing to hear as it flowed over the milldam stones, while a little down the stream was a broad gray rock, overhung by the bank, and shaded by trees, which was their favourite resort, as it was always a comfortable spot, even on August days. The old miller stopped the rumble of his huge wheels at the noon-time hour, and was always ready to take his lunch when the boys came down. He loved their bright, young faces, and they in turn revered his grey hairs. He settled all their little disputes, helped them in their little troubles, and many were the words of earthly and heavenly wisdom they learned from his lips.

"Uncle Roger," said Benny that summer day, "how I wish I could find a mine of gold about this old creek. I read, the other day, of a mine somebody found, by

pulling up a little bush he caught hold of to help him up a bank. There was the shining yellow ore sticking to the bottom, among the dirt and pebbles."

"That shrub had a rich soil to grow from, hadn't it, Benny?"

"I should think it had," said Mark; "I would like to find a shrub growing in such soil."

"And yet, I'll warrant," said Uncle Roger, it was a poor dwarfed shrub, for gold isn't the right soil for trees to grow in, any more than for boys. Did you ever know, lads, that it is the poor, hard-working boys of our country, that make the most of our great men! They haven't money to waste in dissipation, and they are obliged to exercise most of the day in the pure, fresh air. So they grow up strong in body and in mind. In our favoured country any one can get an education who has a mind to, and the harder he works for it, the more good it will do him. Mind-power is better than money-power, any day, boys. Don't fret because you can't fill your pockets with yellow earth, when you have such a good chance to fill your heads with true gold.

"There is another kind of riches, more important still, which we can all have, if we will only choose it. It is the love of God and the forgiveness of all our sins, which Jesus Christ died to procure for us. Without this, we shall be very poor in this life, even with millions of money, and in the next life, most wretched beggars. You know the rich man the Bible tells us of, begged even for a drop of water to cool his tongue, and could not get it.

"Now, boys, say over this little text, each one, and then run along to school, for the master's first bell has rung.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."—*Child at Home*.

AUNT KATIE'S BREAKFAST PARTY.

THE wind was blowing furiously, one stormy April morning, and the snow flying in all directions, playing "hide and go seek" about the corners of the fences and between the great drifts; the last time you would think of expecting company, to be sure, and yet,—such a merry breakfast party as Aunt Katie had! How did it happen, and who, do you think, came first?

Little Mr. Sparrow (not the sparrow who killed dear Cock Robin), with his mate! They had come to their summer home, expecting pleasant weather, and being caught in the severe storm, were right glad to accept the unexpected invitation to breakfast. Then came aunts and cousins and other friends; the chick-a-dee, and a few robins, until there were thirty-seven in all!

Such a twittering as they made to each other as they ate, talking over family affairs, I suppose, and telling each other how nice their breakfast tasted, but I did not hear one cross word, nor one unkind remark of any absent one! And then they sang so sweetly, although the wind ruffled their feathers and sometimes

blew them over in the snow ; and their little feet were so cold, with no shoes or stockings. Not one word of complaining, though they had to stand much of the time on one foot, while the other was snuggled up under their warm feathers ; but just as happy they seemed, and just as thankful, as if the June sun was shining, and the June roses and dandelions blooming about them.

A beautiful sight it was to see them on the feathery snow ; a cheery sound were the sweet notes of that bird concert, and a pleasant lesson did Aunt Katie learn, which she hopes never to forget ;—to be grateful for the common blessings, for even crumbs of comfort which fall to us in life, and to be cheerful when things seem dark and unpleasant. Will not my little friends try to remember the lesson too ?—*Ibid.*

THE SQUIRREL'S LETTER.

"Oh, dear ! I am so tired of this study, study, study, all the time," said a little boy as he leaned lazily on a desk by the window, and looked out on the ground covered with snow ; "if I only had not this lesson to learn now, I might be out with my sled, having such fun ; but papa will expect me to say it to him when he comes home, and so I must study. I wonder what's the use of learning, any way," and then he drummed on his chair with his feet, and played with the leaves of his book, and looked listlessly around the room, while all the time the clock on the mantel-piece was ticking, ticking away the seconds, and the hands were moving around towards the hour when his father would be at home to hear his lesson.

Caspar, for that was the little boy's name, did not go to school, and so he had more time to play than most little boys, but still he thought it very hard that every morning, when nine o'clock came, he was obliged to leave his play, and go to his father's study to learn his lessons. He had a nice little desk there, placed by the window, so that he had plenty of light, and there was a bright fire always burning in the room, which shone on the book-cases filled with books, and made everything look very cheerful indeed. But yet Caspar would not be happy—he wanted to play all the time.

His father was generally in the room with him, engaged in preparing his sermon for the week, for he was a clergyman, but this morning he had been called away to visit a sick parishioner, and so Caspar had felt at liberty to fret aloud as much as he pleased, for he thought no one would hear him. He was mistaken, however, for his cousin Sarah, who was spending a few weeks with his mother, was reading by the other window, hid from him by the curtain, and heard all he said. She was sorry to hear Caspar talk so about his lessons, but she thought it would do no good to reason with him then about it, for he would only talk to her, and perhaps lose more time from his studies than if she said nothing.

Presently a little squirrel ran along the garden fence, and stopped quite near the window.

"There," exclaimed Caspar, "that little squirrel is not tormented with any lessons, and he is as happy as he can be. Oh dear ! I wish I was a squirrel ; no, I don't wish that either, but I wish I could play as much as a squirrel can."

Caspar might have gone on with a great many more such silly speeches, but just then he heard the front gate open, and saw his father walking up the path. He caught up his book in great haste, and began to study in good earnest, but he could not recall the time he had wasted. When his father came in, he was not ready to say his lessons, and the consequence was that he had to stay in all the afternoon to learn them, so he had no time to play that day.

The next morning when he took his seat at his desk, he saw laid on his books a neatly folded piece of paper directed to him. He opened it, and read as follows :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

"You will be surprised, I know, to find that this is written by the little squirrel whom you saw on the fence yesterday, and if it is not written as well as you can write, I hope you will excuse it, for you know squirrels are not very well used to handling a pen, and it has taken me a long time to write this. I heard your complaints yesterday, as you sat at your desk in the morning, and again when it was almost dark I went by the window, and saw you still sitting there, and I knew that you had gained nothing by idleness, as indeed who ever did, and I thought perhaps you would learn a lesson from the story of my misfortunes, which have all been caused by idleness. This is the first winter of my life, and oh, it might have been such a comfortable one, if I had only taken my mother's advice, and prepared for it ! But now, instead of being able to stay quietly in my nest, where it is warm and comfortable, I have to go out every day in the cold to seek for something to eat. Last summer the trees were loaded with nuts, and my mother and a great many other wise squirrels said very often, that they were so glad, for there would be so many for them to store away for the winter. And when the frost came and the nuts were ripe and began to fall, how industriously they all worked to fill their holes in the trees where they lived. My mother chose a nice place for me to live, close by her in the old chestnut tree in the grove near your house. And she taught me how to carry the nuts in my teeth to store away, for she told me that soon the snow would come and cover up all the nuts which were lying on the ground, and I could get nothing to eat if I did not fill my nest with nuts then. I did carry a few nuts as she advised me to do, but I found it very hard work, and I soon got tired. I thought it would be a long time before the snow would come, so every day, after I had eaten all that I wanted, I used to play, jumping from branch to branch of the trees in the grove, and running along the fences and through the holes in the stone wall.

Those were very merry days, and I was happy then, though I am so miserable now. But I should be happy now, if I had not been so idle. My brothers followed my mother's advice, and worked hard every day to lay in their winter's store, but I only laughed at them, and never gathered a single nut more than I wanted to eat.

"One day you came to the grove with a little girl, and you had a long pole with which you knocked down the nuts. Oh, how they rattled on the ground, and you both seemed very happy, for I heard you laughing as you filled your baskets with the nuts which you had knocked to the ground. My brothers were afraid that you would take all that were on the tree, and then we would have none. But my mother told them not to fear, for you would not find nearly all that you knocked from the tree, and then we could get all you left, and it would be much easier than picking them from the tree. And sure enough, after you had gone, there were nuts enough left on the ground to fill our nests. My mother and brothers went to work to gather them, but I said, 'What's the use of putting them in my nest; I can always find them here.' 'Not when the snow comes,' said my mother. But I did not believe anything about the snow, so I let the nuts remain under the tree, and every day I ate as many of them as I wanted. A few mornings after your visit to the woods, there was a slight snow-storm, but the snow soon melted, and I was able to get my nuts. So then I thought I knew more than my mother, and I said: 'There, you see I can still get all I want.' But now the snow has come, and it is very deep, so that I cannot dig through it to the ground, it almost freezes my feet to try, and I have nothing to eat. Oh, if I had only worked at the right time! My mother and brothers are now curled up in their nests, fast asleep, and I might be too, only I am too hungry to sleep. I cannot find a nut, and what shall I do? I thought that you might be just as sorry by-and-by as I am, if you should play all the time, so I have written my story for you. One day last summer, when the window was open, I heard your father say something to you about laying up a store of knowledge, and I thought that might be like laying up a store of nuts, and if it is, you had better be about it now, for may be the time will come when you will want it quite as badly as I do my nuts. But I am very tired and cold, and so I must stop. If you want to do me a kindness, put something on the fence for me to eat, for I am your starved friend,

"THE SQUIRREL."

Caspar was very much amused at this letter, and he could not imagine where it came from. "Papa," he exclaimed, as his father entered the room, "see what a funny letter I have got; from a squirrel too; who can have written it?"

"Why, don't it say," said his father, as he glanced over the letter, "from your starved friend, the squirrel?"

"Oh, yes! but papa, you know squirrels cannot write; it is not your hand-writing, or I should think you had

written it; besides, you were not here yesterday morning. Oh, I know now, cousin Sarah is the squirrel, for the copy which she set me one day is written just like this. May I go and ask her?" And getting his father's permission, off he ran. In a few moments he came back looking rather disappointed. "Cousin Sarah will not tell me whether she wrote it or not," said he; "she only laughs, and says, 'Do I look like a squirrel?'" At any rate I believe she wrote it."

"Well, my boy, it is a very good letter," replied his father; "and I hope you will profit by it. He is a pretty wise squirrel, and he can give very good advice, and I hope you will never be as idle as you were yesterday. But remember that the more knowledge you get, the more useful you can be to others; and that God has given you a mind to improve for him, and if you let it run to waste, you sin against him and dishonour him.

Caspar looked very serious while his father talked so solemnly to him, and that morning at least his lessons were quickly learned and well said.—*Kitty's Victory and other stories.*

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

THERE had been a very solemn preacher in Tommy's family for a long time. For four years, his little sister, only one year older than himself, had been lying in the box bed in the kitchen pining away of an incurable disease, and in sore and constant pain.

Sometimes in the evening, her little skeleton form wrapped in a blanket and laid on her mother's knee—she joined for a short time the circle round the cheerful fire. But soon weary of the family chat, and sick with pain, she had to be carried back to her corner again.

She dearly loved Tommy, and it was wonderful how much she contrived to help him in many ways.

He came to her in all his difficulties, and with his most troublesome lessons; and she was always ready to supply him, out of her treasury, with pencils, and scraps of paper, and bits of string.

When he came at night from the Sabbath school, he brought her the first reading of his new library book, and she was eager to know what the verse and hymn were for the next evening. In these and in many similar little kindly ways, this brother and sister were closely knit together in love. It was no wonder then, when the hard frost of winter came and suddenly extinguished poor Jeanie's frail and flickering life, that Tommy was deeply impressed.

When he took his last look of the poor, worn out body of his loving little sister, and thought of her long sufferings and touching last words, "Oh, what would I have done now without the Lord Jesus?" Tommy must have remembered that he too, would die, and that there was no reason why the summons should not come for him as early as for Jeanie.

Was the Lord Jesus *his* friend?

Were *his* sins washed away in the blood of Christ?

Had he given *him* the new nature without which none can enter the kingdom of heaven?

Solemn questions which rose up in the little boy's mind, greatly disturbing and agitating it. Questions the *right* answering of which may fix a person's eternal state. *Not* answered, but handed over to a more convenient season, and so, perhaps, *never* answered on this side the grave. *Wrongly* answered, and so wrapping the soul in a false peace and deeper sleep, not again to be broken till the sleep of death overtakes it. *Truly* answered, and so stirring up the soul to ask *till* it receives, to seek *till* it finds, to knock *till* the door is opened to it.

Tommy was not alone in his anxiety about his soul, for many in the neighbourhood at that time were awakened by the Spirit of God to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and amongst the rest a number of boys, his companions. These gathered together and held meetings for prayer and reading the Bible. Tommy was a regular attendant at these meetings, and when he came home from them he always sought a place for secret prayer. The family was large and the two rooms small enough for so many, so that retirement was not easy to get, as it seldom is in similar dwellings. But there was a little closet off the inner room, into which Tommy crept, and there he poured out his heart unto God.

His parents and brothers used to overhear the little boy's earnest pleadings with God for himself and for them, and they could not but observe his anxiety of mind and his eagerness to read the word of God. But whilst his mother's heart, still sore with the recent loss of her little girl, was much touched by her son's earnest desire to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and she helped him so far as was in her power, his brother Ned, a few years older than himself, began to persecute and oppose the little seeker in every way he could think of.

Mark the characteristic of Ned which was given by his mother, as the reason why he scoffed and laughed at poor Tommy's troubles. "He was a great hand for *novels*—early and late, when he had a minute's time, he was aye at *them*." The great realities of a present life and coming eternity make little impression on the minds of those who feed continually on fiction and dwell in an unreal world. Tommy's desires for pardon of his sins and a new heart, were idle things in Ned's eyes. He laughed them to scorn. But no doubt they touched his conscience, and *there* was the secret of his bitter enmity. He must have felt in his heart that his brother was right and he was wrong, and his pleasure in his favourite occupation was thereby marred. At all events he took much pains on Satan's side to hinder the good work in his brother's soul. He listened to his prayers behind the closet door and then made a mock of them. He seemed to make it his business to turn Tommy into ridicule, and to lay stumbling blocks in the way of his seeking after God—and for the present he seems to have succeeded. Like many others, over whom a feeble fellow-creature's laugh has had more

power than the awful thoughts of coming death, judgment, and eternity, Tommy was not able to stand his brother's scoffs and jeers. He "has gone back." He stopped his praying and reading the Bible, and in the meantime seems to have lost his anxieties. But he is not happy. He was far happier when Ned was doing his worst. He has fallen into that snare which the fear of man brings. I hope God will mercifully break the snare and bring him out again, but I cannot tell. It's a terrible thing for a soul to lose its convictions, to stop short before coming to Christ, to whom the Holy Spirit by these convictions is seeking to bring it. I am very anxious about Tommy, but hopeful too.

But what has Ned done? All that he could to murder his brother's soul. If any one should read these lines, who is ever tempted to laugh at or hinder another who is in soul concern and seeking salvation, remember Christ's words, "Whoso shall offend or stumble one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." "It must needs be that offences come, but *woe* unto him by whom they come." And let those who are in danger, from the fear of man, of being frightened or laughed out of the way of life, remember Christ's words to them: "Fear not them who can kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do, but rather fear Him, who is able to cast both soul and body into hell, yea I say unto you, *Fear Him*." Let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread, and you need have no other fear. c.

THE DREAM OF "GOLDEN HAIR."

SHE was weeping, 'neath the apple trees—the little Golden Hair,
"Oh, what is it?" chirped the wondering birds, afloat in crimson air.
"For she will not heed the clover, yearning red-mouthed to be kissed,
Nor the sunset folding round her loving arms of tender mist."
Then the courtier wind came whispering, "Oh, fairest of the fair,
Can it be that sorrow dares to touch the heart of Golden Hair!"
"Oh, I'm tired, very tired," sobbed the grieving little child,
"And I wish I were an angel, in whose sweet eyes God has smiled;
For whene'er he does God's bidding, in his harp grow golden strings,
And the angels on the crystal sea, make room for his bright wings.
But *my* playmates laugh to see me try to be so meek and mild,
And they call me bitter, mocking names; I'm *tired*!" sobbed the child.

Then the evening wind was sorrowful, and sighing went
his way;
And the robins chirped "Dear Golden Hair," but knew
no more to say.
But the maiden lifting tearful eyes to heaven's glowing
floor,
Caught a gleam of white wings drifting through the sun-
set's half-shut door,
And as still she gazed, a happy cloud brimmed o'er with
golden spray,
And two angel-forms came floating down the tender,
shining way.

And one called unto the other, though she lost the
heavenly name,
And he said, "Oh, fairest brother, with thy shining
wings aflame,
It is sweet to pass from glory unto glory ever higher,
And to reach the seraphs throbbing hearts athrill with
holy fire,
But I yearn but *once*, for Jesus' sake, to suffer grief
and shame,
Ah! what joy to show my glorious King how *much* I
love his name!"

Then with streaming eyes, upon her knees fell little
Golden Hair,
While the lovely vision floated down the waves of twi-
light air;
All that passed in that sweet hour, only God and angels
heard,
But thereafter with a loving heart, she bore each
mocking word;
Suff'ring joyfully for Jesus, till the child-soul grew so fair,
That the angels on the crystal sea *made room* for Golden
Hair.

BOASTING.

THOMAS WALES liked nothing better than a sharp jack-knife and a piece of soft pine wood. He was often seen perched upon the fence near his father's barn, whittling away, apparently at the height of enjoyment. It would seem a foolish manner of spending time, if all he had done had been to sharpen sticks and make shavings for the wind to blow away, but he was always contriving some little machine—a wind-mill, water-wheel, or the like, or making a kite-frame, box-trap, or something else, and this was very well.

But Thomas had one great fault. He was far from perfect in other respects, it is true, but his greatest failing was *boasting*, or, as the boys sometimes call it, *bragging*, and it frequently led him to say what was

false. Everything that *he* did or said was beyond what anybody else could do or say, and everything he had was better than anybody else owned. So he used to tell great stories about his jack-knife—where it came from—what it cost—what he could do with it—"No boy ever had so sharp a knife. It will cut off twice as big a pine stick at one stroke as any of you can cut with your knives," he said.

One day a boy came to school with a new knife. As usual, Thomas sneered at "the dull thing," and challenged the owner to "try knives." The boys gathered around to pass judgment. The new knife was tried first and it worked finely; it went through the wood as they said, "like a razor." Now it was Thomas's turn. He caught up a large stick with a look that seemed to say, "See me!" and with a strong, quick stroke, drove the blade into it, when it broke short off close to the handle. The boys shouted, and Thomas got out of sight as soon as possible. The snapping of that blade humbled his pride. He cared little for the loss of the knife, but to be *brought down* so before the boys was hard indeed.

This proved one of the best lessons of his life. His father had noticed his fault, and had told him that it was owing to wicked pride in his heart, and that it would often lead him into the sin of lying, when he wished to make up a story. When Thomas came home that night he related what had happened, and his father spoke to him so kindly and wisely of this sin, and of the danger into which an unbridled tongue would surely lead its owner, that he never forgot it. He laid the handle and broken blade away, and whenever afterward he was tempted to tell *great stories*, he would think of the broken knife, and of a verse which his father gave him to learn: "Even so the tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth" (James iii. 5).

Did you ever think that a boasting, untruthful tongue, is always the servant of a proud, wicked heart? And is that the kind of tongue which will speak words pleasing to Jesus?

"YOU PROMISED."

A LITTLE boy, after having performed his allotted task, comes to his father for the promised reward. His father is busy, and puts him off first with this excuse and then with that, and finally speaks in a way that almost silences his loved child. The little fellow looking up to his father, the tears starting in his eyes, replies, "But father, you *promised*."

The father cannot refuse that plea.

So our heavenly Father will hear his children, if they will *do his work and plead his promises*.

TREASURY PULPIT.

"THY CALF, O SAMARIA, HATH CAST THEE OFF."

HOSEA VIII. 8.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"HE walked in the ways of Jeroboam, son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin.—Howbeit, from the ways of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, he departed not.—He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." So, ringing changes on "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin," runs the guilty history of successive kings in Israel. Some men live in their good deeds; and like a beautiful insect, or a delicate moss preserved in a mass of golden, aromatic amber, they seem to lie embalmed in the memory of their worth. Others live in their sins. So did this Jeroboam, the son of Nebat; his sins were the salt wherewith he was salted. His history is most instructive. It teaches us the folly of those who count it a matter of indifference what is the religious character of a ruler, whether supreme or subordinate. It shows us how one master mind can tell on the minds of others; and how a man's soul leaves its impress, like a thing stamped in wax or struck in iron, on the soul of a nation, long years after the body that it animated is mouldered into dust. The truth is, that no man or woman, however poor their circumstances or mean their lot, are without their influence; like an electric spark passing from link to link, that runs down the chain of successive generations. It is well to remember that a man's life is as immortal as his soul. For example: have you family worship? I congratulate you if you have. Why have you it? Your father had it; his father had it before him; and so in a sense, and in part, at least, you owe the best ornament and the palladium of a household to some remote ancestor of whom you know nothing at all. Men thus live after they are dead. Your example, outliving your memory, and more enduring than your monument, may prove like the circle that rises round the sinking stone, and, growing wider and wider, embraces a larger and larger sphere, till it dies in gentle wavelets on the distant beach. It reaches a distant shore; your example a distant time.

Take care, then, how you live,—warned by the story of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, to whose case my text alludes. Other things are hereditary besides consumption, and lunacy, and various maladies our flesh is heir to. As an example of that, Jeroboam's sin descended to his children. It was transmitted like an heirloom from

father to son; it stuck like the malaria of an infectious malady to the walls of his palace; and from these spread by infection to the most distant cottages of the land. His sin is set before us in the text, and before I apply these words to ourselves, let me

I. More fully explain the expression, "Thy calf, O Samaria," or, O Israel, "hath cast thee off."

Jeroboam was a servant of Solomon. One day—for what purpose and on what errand I don't know—he left Jerusalem; and when he had reached a lonely part of the road, was met by Ahijah the Shilonite. Suddenly the prophet seized him, laying hold of a garment that he happened to wear that day for the first time. While Jeroboam's surprise, and reverence for the man of God perhaps prevented him offering any resistance, Ahijah rent it in twelve pieces. Of these he gave Jeroboam ten, saying to the astonished warrior, "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee; because that they have forsaken me, and have worshipped Ashtoreth, and Chemosh, and Milcom, and have not walked in the ways of my servant David—and I will take thee, and thou shalt reign according to all that thy soul desireth, and shalt be king over Israel; and it shall be if thou wilt obey and hearken unto all that I command thee, and keep my statutes, and my commandments, I will be with thee and make thee a sure house." Having said so, the prophet vanished. Well, time rolled on, bringing many changes with it; and among others, Solomon died, and Rehoboam, his son, occupied—not filled—Solomon's throne. He had a wise man for his father; but was himself a fool. To support the splendour of his father's reign, the people had been ground down by heavy taxes; and, tired of paying them, they now went, on a change of government, to Rehoboam to say, "Your father made our yoke heavy; make it lighter." They desired, and indeed demanded a reform. Disaffection was abroad; a storm was brewing in the political atmosphere; and now the crisis had come that required a calm head, and a clear eye, and an iron hand at the helm of the state. But a blind pilot is at the wheel. Rehoboam is not the man for such a time. Turning his back on his father's grey-haired counsellors, he surrounds himself with rash, inexperienced youths; and listening to their imperious advice, returns the people this insolent

answer, "My father made your yoke heavy, I will make it heavier; my little finger shall be heavier than my father's loins. He chastised you with whips, I will chastise you with scorpions." Madman! he flung a flaming torch into a magazine of combustibles. No wonder at the result! Lashed into fury by this insolent refusal of their most reasonable desires, the nation rose in rebellion, crying, "To your tents, O Israel; David, see to thy house!" They burst asunder the bands of authority; and leaving only two tribes to stand by the house of David, the other ten broke away; and bore Jeroboam to the throne of Israel on the grand resistless wave of a popular revolution. The hour, and the man had come; Ahijah's prophecy was fulfilled.

The great English dramatist says,—

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

So Jeroboam found—soon found. He was hardly seated on his throne, when a political difficulty arose,—and that a serious one. The Mosaic law required every male to go up three times each year to Jerusalem. An astute and sagacious politician, Jeroboam foresaw how this custom might be attended with very dangerous results. He thus reasoned, If the people go up three times a-year to Jerusalem,—the place, not only of the temple, but of Rehoboam's palace and family,—when the blush of my popularity is over, and the fervour of their zeal abates, then, as a river returns to its ancient bed, this fickle multitude may return to their first love; they will desert me, and once more attach themselves to a house and dynasty around which so many noble and patriotic associations are clustered.

This was a serious difficulty; and Jeroboam was not the man to meet it aright. A stranger to the faith which is the best anchor by which either Church or State can ride out a storm, he yielded to that "fear of man which bringeth a snare." He did what, no doubt, the world would think a clever thing. Setting up one calf in Bethel, and another in Dan, in opposition to, and in imitation of the cherubim, he issued this edict: "Let him that sacrificeth, kiss the calves." He hoped thus to succeed in arresting the tide of worshippers that would otherwise have set towards Jerusalem. He did succeed. Fatal success! The ruin of his house and government, it was followed by results which should teach our statesmen—whether they manage affairs at home or abroad—that no policy in the end shall thrive which traverses the word of God; and that that never can be politically right, which is morally and religiously wrong. Jeroboam learned this to his cost. The clever policy by which he was to escape a difficulty which he could and ought to have met in faith on the providence of God, not only failed, but ruined his house; and brought down God's heaviest judgments on an unhappy land. Hardly had his son taken his father's place when Baasha rose, and hurled him from the throne; and with that thirst of blood which to this day marks the oriental spirit, slew every man, woman, and child

belonging to the royal family. There was not a living creature spared that had a drop of Jeroboam's blood in his veins. And then, amid the silence that reigned over this scene of ruthless massacre, the voice of Providence was heard, saying, "Thy calf, O Jeroboam, hath cast thee off."

What the "calf" did to the monarch, it did to the people—here called Samaria—who, following the steps of their king, apostatized from God, and turned their backs on his temple. Judgment succeeded judgment. One trouble breaking on the back of another—the land had no rest. The commonwealth sank beneath the weight of its idolatry; and, as I have seen a rock so rent and scattered by some vehement explosion, that not a fragment of it could be found, so was the kingdom of Israel rent asunder; and though they have been sought east, west, north, and south, all the wide world over, there is no proved remnant of the ten tribes now to be found on the earth. A broken, bleeding band, they left the land of Israel to go into banishment,—to be lost for ages, or for ever; and over the two idols that they left behind without a solitary worshipper at their shrine, God in providence might be heard saying, "Thy calf, O Samaria, hath cast thee off."

II. Let us now make a practical use of the words we have explained; and by way of warning and instruction I observe,—

1. That the sentiments and spirit of my text are illustrated by the case of those who put riches in the place of God.

You have seen a piece of iron drawn to a magnet; now what the magnet is to iron, gold is to many men. It seems to exert an omnipotent, at least an irresistible attraction over them. Let the news go forth of the discovery of a country where the veins of the mountains are filled with gold, and the streams dance over golden sands—the glad tidings of salvation never made such a stir. The land is distant, its soil poor, its climate inhospitable, its inhabitants a race of savages—it does not matter. Sudden farewells are spoken, families are broken up, and the tenderest ties are rudely rent asunder; the roads are crowded with eager emigrants; and under press of sail ships race on the high seas, striving which first shall touch the golden strand. Men that would have pronounced the hardships they are to suffer intolerable at home, pour themselves in crowds upon the scene; they toil, and scheme, and dream of gold; and in the lust, the thirst, the appetite for gold, humanity, virtue, and piety are drowned—as in a roaring vortex. But why go to the gold-fields of California and Australia to seek in such distant regions an illustration of my remark? It may be found nearer home. Are there none of us,—none in this city,—are there not many in this as in every other city, whose ambition is to be rich, who are hasting to be rich? theirs the old cry, the complaint of the greedy grave that, though often gorged with the banquets of battle-field and pes-

silence, still opens its great black jaws to cry, Give, give, give.

The thirst for gold, like the drunkard's, is insatiable, —the more it is indulged, the more the flame is fed, the fiercer it burns. Determined to be rich, men have no time for prayer-meetings; they have hardly time for closet-prayer; and as to money, they have none to spare; or but a mite, as they call it, for the poor heathen abroad, or poorer heathen at home. No doubt they pity the lone widow, this ragged child, that orphan boy, and touched by the hunger that looks out of their hollow eyes, they would give; but ah! they must save money, —grow wealthy; die as rich as that man, or accumulate a fortune as great as this. Year by year they must save a certain sum—come what may, and go without bread or education who may, they must hoard up wealth. The bigger the stream that runs into yonder lake, lying so beautiful and peaceful in the bosom of the shaggy mountains, the bigger the stream that runs out of it to water the plains, and, like the path of a Christian, wend its bright and blissful way on to its parent sea; but in sad contrast with that, the more money they get, the less they give; in proportion as their wealth increases their charities diminish. Have we not met it; mourned over it; and seen how a man, setting his heart on gold, and hasting to be rich, resembles a vessel with a narrow, contracted neck, out of which water flows less freely when it is full than when it is half empty? As there is a law in physics that can explain that fact, there is a law in morals to explain this. So long as a man has no hope of becoming rich; so long as in enough of bread to eat, of raiment to put on, of health and strength to do his work and fight his honest way on in the world, he has all man really needs, he does not set his heart on riches; he is a noble, unselfish, generous, large-hearted, and, for his circumstances, open-handed man. But by success in business, or otherwise, let a fortune come within his reach, and he clutches at it—grasps it; his eye and ear close; his heart contracts, and petrifies. Strange to say, plenty in such cases but feeds penuriousness; and the ambition of riches opens a door to the meanest avarice.

To what good all this? How often do we see riches, like a covey of wild fowl, take wing and fly away! Have not I seen a man who hasted to be rich and made gold his god live to become a bankrupt, and die a beggar! —buried among the ruins of his grandest schemes. "I have put a nail into the wheel of fortune," was the boastful exclamation of one such man. God in heaven heard it; put his hand upon the wheel; and, flying round, it hurled the boaster in the dust. But grant that some seem to have got the secret how to put a nail into the wheel of fortune; what then? Money is a good thing. But I respect no man merely because he has wealth. I keep my respect for him who uses it for a noble purpose; and heartily subscribe to the saying, "A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver or gold."

Money, no doubt, is power; but power that has a

well defined limit. Money will buy you plenty, but not peace; money will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; money will surround your sick-bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly frame; it will encompass you with a cloud of flatterers, but never procure you one true friend; it will bribe into silence the tongues of accusing men, but not an accusing conscience; it will pay some debts, but not one, the least of your debts to the law of God; it will relieve many fears, but not those of guilt—the terrors that crown the brows of Death. He stands as grim and terrible by the dying bed of wealth as by the pallet of the poorest beggar whom the rich man drives from his door. And when death, seizing him by the throat, has flung the worldling on his back, and lying on the edge of the grave, he finds all that he has toiled and sinned for is nothing, as his grasp relaxes and the world slips away, and he falls back, shrieking, into a lost eternity, this voice seems to come sounding from the throne of God, "Thy calf hath cast thee off."

2. The spirit and sentiment of my text are illustrated by those who live for fame—for the favour not of God but of men.

The fragrant rose and the stinging nettle, though very different plants, grow in the same soil. Even so, though love of money and the love of fame are very different passions, both are "of the earth, earthy;" the latter, parent as it has been of many a brave and noble deed, being not less than the former a thing of earth. And how does all history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, show on what a precarious footing he stands who is a popular idol; what a capricious divinity he worships who courts the applause of men!

Look, for example, at our Saviour, who had his day of popularity, and was crowned with unsought honours. Yesterday the streets were thronged with thousands who, as they attend Jesus' steps, rend the air with shouts of, Hosannah! hosannah to the Son of David! To-day the wind has shifted. Through the streets of Jerusalem rolls the same crowd; the voices are the same; the object of their cry the same; but while yesterday it was Hosannah! to-day it is Crucify him! crucify him! Away with that fellow to the cross! The stage and actors are the same; but how different the scene! Yesterday it was a brilliant triumph; to-day it is a bloody tragedy.

From David's Son turn now to David. Look at that gallant, modest youth—his cheek flushed with the fight, and blushing a deeper crimson under the gaze of so many admiring eyes. Old men load him with praises; the youth of Israel regard him with a generous admiration; while a fair crowd of blooming maidens, with harps in hand and flowery garlands on their heads, sing, as they dance around him, "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." Look now at yon old man—time has silvered his noble head; tears fill his eyes, and roll down his cheeks; an exile from Jerusalem, he is attended only by a small

band, who go to share the misfortunes of their dis-crowned and dishonoured master. It is the same man who, years before, had a popularity that roused the envy of a king. Why do they drive David from his throne, and home, and capital? What evil has he done? Evil! He has done none. He is the same man; but they are not the same people. He has done nothing to forfeit the favour of that giddy throng, or blot out the memory of the glorious day when, meeting his giant foe in single fight, he slew the Philistine, and saved the State. Well was it for David, that dark and cloudy day, that he had never made fame and the public favour his ruling passion; and had steered his course through life, not by the shifting lights of earth, but by the pole-star of God's holy word! Well was it that no bearded prophet came out on the fugitive, to stand in his path, and point to a people who had flung him out, to say, David, thy calf hath cast thee off!

I have known a patriot who had done good service to the State, hissed by those who once cheered him to the echo. I have seen a preacher, once followed by admiring crowds who hung upon his lips, stand up amid cold and empty benches; and, when his locks were grey, and his hands palsied, address himself to a scattered few. It was well for such men that they sought their people's profit—not their praise! Well, when the laurels man had bound around their young brows were dropping into dust and decay, that their eye had been fixed on a crown immortal in the heavens—well that an ungodly world could not reproach them, asking, Where is now thy God? and, above all, well that God himself, pointing to the empty benches, or the hissing crowd, did not say, Thy calf hath cast thee off! Calm, serene amid the vicissitudes of this changing world, is the soul that has its centre, and finds its rest in God.

3. The sentiment and spirit of my text are illustrated also by the case of those who seek their happiness in the pleasures of sin. Look at yon unhappy, more than unhappy—guilty drunkard; though, to the shame of a country and government that surrounds him with manifold temptations, he is sometimes as much sinned against as sinning. With beggary hung upon his back, palsy in his shaking hand, and in his downcast head and averted looks a sense of shame and degradation—how unlike what once he was! Where is now the merry song? where the clever jest? where the bright and ready wit that, flashing over the festive scene, was followed by thunders of applause? Gone! Despised by those who, for the sake of his dangerous accomplishments, once courted his society, and driven forth of his drunken haunts by men who had been building up their accursed fortunes out of the wreck of that poor wretch's body, soul, peace, character, home, or all that is dear and precious upon earth, his calf hath cast him off. Or look at yon fallen woman drinking the dregs of her bitter, damning cup! Flattered, betrayed, seduced, and cast away as a loathsome thing by the villain-hand that plucked the flower—plucked the rose and left the

thorn,—see her not left even a place to die in! driven forth lest her moans should disturb their hellish orgies—list to the groans of a body racked with pain, of a soul tortured with dreadful memories, and already suffering the torments of hell. I never stood in a cold, unfurnished garret where some such poor wretch, like a dying dog, had dragged herself quietly to die; I never saw the bloated, degraded, ragged drunkard driven from the door where he had wasted the wages that should have gone to bless wife, and children, and make a happy home, but the voice of God seemed to sound out these words, "Thy calf hath cast thee off." May such cases teach us, may the Holy Spirit teach us that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel;" that "the way of transgressors is hard!"

Turn from these scenes, and let me now introduce you to a chamber where we have been summoned to see a youth that lies a-dying, after having run a course of vice; early, fiercely, madly run it. He has gone down the dance of pleasure; and danced it out. The lights quenched, the music ceased, the actors gone, he is left alone upon the stage. Another fire than that of guilty passions is burning in his veins; his heart is beating a quick march to the grave. Laughed at in the distance, death with grim and ghastly aspect is now standing by his side; and his infidelity, a rotten plank, bends under the weight of that hour—is breaking beneath his feet! To my dying day I never can forget either how he flung out his arms to get a hold of Christ, or the cries of that ghastly man as he was swept off into eternity. Lost or saved, I cannot tell; but the silence of the poor sceptic's chamber seemed to be broken by a voice that said, "Thy calf hath cast thee off."

I have shown how riches will cast you off; how the world will cast you off; how pleasure will fling you from her polluted arms over into the pit; let me now tell you of One who will not—will never cast you off. May I prevail on one and another to come; and cast themselves into his arms; and close this hour with his offered mercy. A great statesman, abandoned in his old age by his sovereign, lay dying one day in England; and it is recorded of him that he said, If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, he had not cast me off now. How true, blessed God! Thou wilt never abandon any who put their trust in thee. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, that cannot be moved." I have seen an earthly master cast off an old, faithful servant. When his hair was grey, and his back was bent, and his arm was withered, and his once stalwart, iron frame was worn out in service, he has been thrown on the parish, or the cold charity of the world. Blessed Jesus! thou never didst cast off any old servant, or old soldier of thine! Not masters only, but mothers even may cast it off! She can "forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb." But this mother—true, loving mother, who fondles her infant, presses him to her bosom, teaches the laughing boy to walk, kisses

away his tears, hastes to raise him when he falls, sings him to sleep, watches by his cradle-couch, is ready to dash into the burning house, or leap into the boiling flood to save him, is but thy dim, imperfect image! On thee how justly may we bestow the chaplet that David wove to the memory of Jonathan, saying, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

Let sinners, then, come to Jesus! Come here; come now. He will never cast you off—no, though you were the greatest sinner that ever sinned on earth, he will heal your backslidings and love you freely. Be it that you are grown grey in sin, that there is robbery, even blood upon your hand, that there is not a crime man can commit you have not done, it matters not! Come to Jesus—lay your sins on Jesus. You shall be forgiven; and your welcome will be that of the returning prodigal who, ere he had time to say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight," was folded in his father's arms; and felt the tears from a father's eyes dropping on his haggard cheek. Hear what Jesus says to the penitent who weeps out his sorrows on his loving bosom, "I will never leave thee." Your mother may leave you, the wife of your bosom may leave you, wealth, health, earthly friends, these all may leave you, the whole world may leave you, but "I will never leave you, nor forsake you." Leave us! He is never nearer than when all others leave us. Hear him, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Let dying chambers witness how true to such promises is the believers' God. "He is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent—hath he said, and shall he not do it—hath he spoken, and shall it not come to pass?" Look here—a Christian is dying; striking the last blows of a long, hard-fought battle; the sword is about to drop from his hand—the crown is descending on his head. Stand aside and give him air! Lay your hand on his heart; it is fluttering like a dying bird! Hush! he speaks; bend over him and lay your ear to his lips. The voice is weak, but in that dread hour how strong the faith that with life's failing breath thus whispers, "My heart and my flesh faint and fail, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for evermore."

"A GOOD MAN—A VERY GOOD MAN INDEED."

BY J. DE LIEFDE, OF AMSTERDAM.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH MAKES THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH A BAKER, WHO DID NOT KNOW THAT THERE WAS BETTER BREAD STILL THAN HE SOLD IN HIS SHOP.

"So you are going to take a trip to the village of —?" said my friend. "Don't neglect, then, to pay a visit to the church-yard. It lies about a quarter of an hour's walk to the east, but you will find your trouble more

than repaid. It is the finest spot in the whole district."

As I was going to — merely for a holiday, no business engagement prevented me from acting on my friend's advice. And good advice it proved. I was quite surprised when I found myself in a little paradise. The place was tastefully laid out—as a garden, but as a garden for the dead, who rest from their labour, and slumber till the morning of the resurrection. The poetry of death was most aptly combined here with the poetry of life. Grave simplicity reminded me of the one; cheerful variety of the other. The cold grey slabs, here and there interchanged with an elegant tomb or a mossy mound, constrained a feeling of deep earnestness, which, however, was cheered into quiet, joyful hope by the impression of the bright green shrubs and the lovely flower beds.

I walked up the main path, which led to a little grove of brown beeches, stopping every now and then to read the inscriptions on the slabs, till I arrived at a grave at which a well-dressed gentleman was standing, apparently absorbed in serious thought. It was a fresh grave; no grass covered its surface, and the colour of the earth, slopingly heaped up in the form of a roof, indicated that the sun had not long been shining on this resting-place of death. I stood by the side of the stranger, who slightly raised his eyes, as if to ascertain whether any special motive had led me to the spot. My countenance, of course, indicated nothing of the kind. So he resumed his former attitude, and looking down at the grave, continued his silent meditation. He appeared to be a man of middle age. The high colour of his cheeks for a moment made me suspect that he might be a fast liver; but the expression of composure and manly calmness that adorned his features, as speedily dispelled this suspicion. Indeed, there was something in the man's countenance that attracted me so much, as to make me desirous of forming his acquaintance, and ere I could help it, I broke the silence.

"It seems, sir, that you feel a deep concern about this grave."

"Yes, I do," he answered, with emotion. "A good man lies buried here, sir; a *very* good man indeed."

The particular stress which he laid upon the word *very*, and the tone of pious reverence in which he pronounced it, made me surmise that he understood the word *good* in a deeper sense than it uses to be taken in the phraseology of common life.

"That's an important epitaph you give him," said I. "I am afraid there are comparatively but few lying here about, upon whose tombs it can be written in truth. And has he *always* been a good man?" asked I, with the express intention of eliciting a further explanation of what he meant by "goodness."

"*Always* good?" repeated he in a voice of wonder, and fixing his clear blue eyes upon me, as if to inquire whether I was serious. "Who is *always* good? Yes, who is good, but God?"

"You are right," answered I quickly, to remove the slight frown that darkened his brow. "We all of us are evil by nature; but if God through his Spirit takes possession of our heart, he turns our evil to good."

"Just so," replied he, relaxing his features. "We now understand each other. But, at the same time, you know the answer to your question. A time was when this man was not good, because the Spirit of God did not dwell in him. But it pleased the Lord to open his heart, and to enter it with all the riches of his divine love, and then a change took place with him, the more wonderful the less it had been expected. He was a striking evidence of the almighty power of Christ over man's natural perversity and stubborn rebellion."

"Indeed!" quoth I. "May I ask you how the happy change was brought about?"

"Let us sit down on this bench," said he, "and I will tell you the story, which perhaps will contribute something towards confirming your belief that God's word is a hammer mighty to break a rock, and, at the same time, a lovely dew, that can turn a barren wilderness into a paradise."

"This man," thus he continued, pointing to the grave, after we had seated ourselves; "this man was a baker, residing in yonder village. As to his daily conduct and social qualities, he was an ornament to the place. His company was as much desired as his bread was liked, by all the inhabitants. Gifted by nature with an uncommonly clear intellect, and an extraordinary talent of judging on matters of daily concern, he had, by much reading, acquired a large stock of general information, so that he not only was taken into counsel in every matter of importance, but also entrusted with the care of the chief interests of the village. He was the burgo-master's right hand, and the first elder of the church. But with all these excellences, he was one of those 'wise and prudent,' from whom the Lord says that the things of the heavenly kingdom are hid. Elate upon his own understanding, he boldly refused to believe anything but what he could comprehend with his human reason. He professed an unlimited reverence for the Bible, whose contents he was fully acquainted with; but he understood the art of reasoning in such a way about it, as to persuade every one that its miracles had been the simple productions of the most intelligible processes of nature; that Christ was merely the most perfect genius amongst the geniuses of our race; that his sufferings and death were only the proof of his perfect self-control in the most difficult circumstances of life; and that the salvation he had brought about, consisted only in his having left us a pure doctrine and a spotless example, by the copying of which in our life, we are to fit ourselves for our heavenly destination. You perceive that to such a philosopher no doctrine was more absurd than that of the divinity of our Saviour, of the atoning power of his blood, and of salvation by grace. The clergyman of the village being a weak man, who cared much more for the flowers in the garden behind

his manse than for the plants that were growing on his spiritual field, our baker ruled the whole church; and the effect of his influence was sadly manifest in the spirit of coldness and indifference to religion that prevailed throughout the community. Outwardly the strictest morality was observed, for the baker was a notoriously known antagonist to every disorderly and immoral person; but in the houses there was no fear of God, and in the hearts there was no peace. The villagers spent their leisure hours chiefly at the card-table in their houses, or in the tap-room of the 'Golden Plough,' or in rambling about, if the weather did not shut them up in their parlours. Our baker himself was often to be found at the 'Golden Plough,' the landlord of which was his special friend. He never, however, indulged himself so much as to be the worse of liquor. He visited the place even from principle, in order to show the people how to enjoy the liquor cheerfully, without drinking too much. He specially went there regularly every Sunday evening; and you may easily conceive that the landlord was not a little pleased with this habit of his friend, for our baker's cheerful company and lively conversation filled his tap-room with customers, and his purse with cash. So matters continued for years. The whole population, together with the baker, were asleep in a deep slumber, and nobody was conscious that he was sleeping on the brink of a bottomless abyss. There was everything in the village man could desire for this world. There was prosperity, pleasure, order, knowledge; but there was no God, no Christ, no true peace, no hope for eternity.

"Thus the murderer of men from the beginning had bound this unhappy population under his fearful spell. But the merciful Saviour of sinners had, in his grace, resolved to break its hallucination, and by the sharp edge of his sword to cut asunder the fetters which tied so many souls to the dust of death.

"Our baker had a cousin, who was a student of divinity at the university of Utrecht. He was very fond of that young man, for Mr. G—— was learned, clever, eloquent, and a scholar. He used to spend his holidays with the baker, who always looked forward to his visit as to a festival; for the student quite agreed with him on points of doctrine, and, from his richer knowledge, every year imparted so many new thoughts and theories to him, as to enable him to enrapture the whole village for a twelvemonth with the treasures of his wisdom. He had such an unlimited respect for our young divine, that he often frankly acknowledged—and the acknowledgment said a great deal—that he only knew one person under heaven who was his master in reasoning and arguing, and this wonderful person was Mr. G——. 'But, then, of course,' he would add, 'Mr. G—— is a scholar; he understands Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and I am but a simple baker!'

"The Lord, however, knowing that the baker exercised great influence upon the villagers, and that Mr. G—— exercised great influence upon the baker, began his

saving work with this young man. He opened the student's eyes and heart for his divine glory; and shortly after having taken orders, Mr. G—— was found at the feet of Jesus, rejoicing in his redemption, as a sinner saved by grace. Now, one of the first effects of the Lord's rescuing love in a lost sinner's heart is the desire to rescue others, and especially those with whom we are united by ties of natural affection, and whom we know to be on the same dangerous way which we, by grace, have abandoned. Mr. G——, now the Rev. Mr. G——, as usual, spent his first holidays after his conversion with his cousin the baker; but matters now took a course quite different from what the baker hitherto had been accustomed to. Instead of approbation on the part of Mr. G——, there was disapproval. Instead of admiration on the part of the baker, there was contempt. They found that they now differed upon *every* point they had formerly most agreed upon. Mr. G—— began with *God*; the baker with *man*. Mr. G—— required *faith*; the baker *intellect* and *reason*. Mr. G—— appealed to the *Bible*; the baker to *common sense*. In short, it was a constant dispute; and, for the first time in his life, the baker was glad when Mr. G—— packed his portmanteau and drove off on the stage coach.

"Mr. G—— returned to his residence with a sad heart. He had met with a more stubborn resistance on the part of his cousin than he had hoped or even expected. He hoped, however, that the conversation they now had had, though more combative than he had wished, might leave some serious impression upon his cousin's mind. One thing seemed to him a favourable symptom in his cousin's spiritual disease, the animosity with which he defended his own opinions, and the anger with which he rejected those of the young minister. He was not lukewarm; he was frigidly cold towards the truth, and red-hot for error; but he was both sincerely. 'His master is bad,' thought Mr. G——; 'but *he* is a good servant, and if ever he turns to Christ, he will be a good soldier in his army.'

"A year elapsed, in which Mr. G—— had often remembered the baker's soul at a throne of grace. Often, too, had he written to him, reminding him of the great truths of salvation, but had never received an answer. His usual holidays turned up again, and he again resolved to spend a portion of them with his cousin. He was kindly received, but soon found, to his great distress, that matters were still worse than last year. Already on the first evening, the baker, in the heat of the controversy, got so angry that he left the room, boiling over with indignation. In vain Mr. G——, avoiding the angry spirit of debate, tried to get his cousin to discuss the points in question with calmness, and in the spirit of meekness. His very composure seemed all the more to stimulate his cousin's passion. The baker's wife, who was a meek, kind-hearted woman, would often gently rebuke her husband for this want of self-control, when alone.

"'Well, you are right,' he would reply; 'I should

keep my temper better. But I find it impossible. I *know* I am right, and he is wrong; but I cannot argue it. He, of course, has the better of me as to language, for he is a scholar and a preacher, and I am but a simple baker. Nevertheless he pleads a foolish cause,—I am sure of that; and his whole power merely consists in his talent of reasoning,—for he is a clever fellow, and able to argue that black is white. But I *shall* silence him one day, for I have got my five senses as well as he, and I am not such a fool as to agree that a crooked line is straight.'

"'But, my dear,' his wife would then rejoin, 'if the matter is so simple, I wonder you don't just calmly and deliberately put it before him. I cannot see how you can bend his crooked line a bit straighter by stamping with your foot on the floor, or by knocking the table with your fist.'

"'Ah, well,' he would reply, 'that's all very true, but then, you see, he suddenly throws in a question which at once puts me out, as I am not always able quickly to find the exact answer, and then, finding that he tries to bring me into a scrape by sophistical tricks, I lose patience, and anger gets the better of me. Only take our discussion of last night. Is there a more simple truth than this, that we shall be judged according to our deeds, and that, consequently, we are to be saved by our works, and not by grace? But what did he say to that? He at once put the question to me, by what works the thief was saved who was hanging on the cross by Christ's side. Now, wasn't that a palpably sophistical turn? Of course, I was not at once prepared to give the exact answer, and I replied by asking him, in an angry voice, whether he took me for such a wretch as that thief was? And what was his answer? "I will not decide whether you are better or not," he said, "but I cordially wish you to arrive at the same place where that wretched thief is now, and I believe there is no other way for you to go there than the way he took."

"'Well,' replied the baker's wife, 'but that was not such a bad wish after all. I really could not see why you answered that kind word of his by cuffing the table in bad temper.'

"'Well, don't you see?' rejoined the baker, 'he put me on one line with the greatest scoundrels and biggest rascals in the world; and I said to him, that, thank God, matters had not yet gone so badly with me, as to make me deserving to be hanged. But then, mark ye what question he again put to me. He asked me why the thief had deserved to be hanged? Of course I answered because he had broken the law, and had thereby become liable to the punishment of death. "Quite so," he replied, "but have *you* not likewise broken the law of God, and has not the eternal Judge pronounced the verdict of death over that breach?" Now, there I found myself again in a trap, which he so cunningly had laid down to catch me. I tell you, there is no use reasoning with those refined scholars. They always have ten words ready to start before you

have found one. They are just like smooth serpents. The moment you think you have caught hold of their tail, they slip through your fingers, and, ere you are aware of it, they wind themselves round your neck, and squeeze your throat that you pant for breath like a fish for water.'

"If I'm not mistaken," the baker's wife replied, 'our cousin did not deny the value of good works, but he said that, in order to be able to perform works which are truly good, man must be saved by grace first.'

"Yes, so he said," rejoined the baker; 'but that's altogether absurd to my understanding. For salvation is the end we all aim at, and it is salvation I have been working for all my life long. But if, after all, it is to be obtained by grace, and if a thief may get it as easily as an honest man like me, or an honest woman like you, then I have been a fool all my life, and I have laboured in vain; and, in fact, good works are of no value at all. I'll never believe that. But those cunning scholars, by their subtle reasoning, would at last make you believe that you must go to the fire to take a bath, and to the water to warm yourself. For I must confess, that when hearing our cousin speak, it all sounds in my ears as pure logic, against which nothing reasonable can be said. But then, when I look at the results it leads to, and find that the conclusion of the whole is, that I and you and all of us are walking in a foolish way, leading to a place where none of us wants to be, I cannot suppress my anger because of the absurd idea, and the arrogant pretension of that young fellow, that the whole population of this village are wrong and that he alone is right.'

"In this way the baker would give vent to his resentment, when speaking with his wife about their cousin, Mr. G—. The young minister found that this year he was still less successful in his evangelizing efforts than the year before. Not to exasperate his cousin too much he soon stopped conversing with him about religious topics altogether, and shortening his stay as much as he could without giving offence, he soon again packed his portmanteau, and returned home, even sadder in his heart than when he came, and fervently praying the Lord that he might bring about by his divine power what evidently was far beyond the power of the love and eloquence of man.

CHAPTER II.

THE BAKER FINDS THE BEST BREAD, AND BEGINS TO SELL IT FREELY TO EVERYBODY.

"MR. G— now had recourse to tracts, religious pamphlets, and printed sermons, of which he from time to time sent copies by post to his cousin. Soon, however, to his great distress, he found that these were returned by the same channel, uncut. So every opportunity of approaching his cousin's heart seemed lost, and he gave up all hope of becoming an instrument for the good of that man's soul. Now it was in those days that

John Angell James' excellent little book, 'The Anxious Inquirer,' was published in our language. You remember its first edition was bound in a green paper cover, which gave it, among the common people, the name of 'The little green book.' Mr. G— read this clear, simple, and popular exposition of the fundamental principles of salvation with exceeding delight—and who of the Lord's people in this country did not?—and no sooner had he finished its perusal than the wish rose in his heart, 'Oh, could I get my cousin to read it!' He mused about the best way to get the book put into his hand. He saw, however, no other way but the post. He once more resolved to try this channel of communication. 'At any rate,' he thought, 'if he sends it back, only the postage will be lost.' He wrapped the little book in paper, put the address upon it, and, lifting up his soul to Him who only can open the iron door of man's heart, sent the little messenger of peace, like a green olive branch, to the rebellious captive—his cousin.

"Now, when the little herald of salvation entered the baker's house, he himself was out for a walk. His wife took the little book from the postman's hand, and unthinkingly tore off the wrapping. The title struck her. She looked into the book and felt so interested by what she was reading that she almost unconsciously took a knife and cut it up at several places. She was then called into the shop by a customer, and, laying the book open upon the table, left the parlour. It so happened that the customer who had disturbed her in her perusal was one of the most talkative gossips in the village, who kept her chatting so long, that meanwhile her husband returned, and, passing through the shop, entered the parlour, and seated himself at the table, to rest from the fatigue of his walk on that sultry afternoon. It had been most exquisite weather all the day, and he had greatly enjoyed his walk in the country, which was clad like a bride, in the splendid spring garment which its wonderful Creator, with one beckoning of his almighty finger, had woven round its frame. Our baker had not been insensible to the sublime eloquence with which nature around him preached the glories of its Maker. But the effect which it produced upon him this time was rather different from the impression which beautiful scenery had used to make upon his mind. He felt that there was a great and sad contrast between the world *within* and that *without*. Ever since his last conversation with the young minister he had felt unhappy, and sometimes wretched. He was ashamed of the weakness he had betrayed by his want of self-control, yet he would not confess to himself that it *was* a weakness, for he secretly perceived that this confession would at the same time imply an acknowledgment of the weakness of the *cause* he had been pleading. What made him most miserable in his own feeling was the discovery which he could not conceal from himself, that he had been beaten by his cousin at every point of discussion, and that however frequently he might think their conversation over and over again, he

could not discover any flaw in his cousin's reasoning. For, as to the charge of sophistry and subtlety he had cast at his adversary, he was too honest not to confess to himself that this was but a poor pretext to cover his own defeat. Now, had he been an unprincipled man, not caring for truth and character at all, he would have continued to enjoy his prosperity in business, the respect paid him in society, and his pleasure in the comforts of life as contentedly as ever. But he was naturally averse to anything like deception, and to self-deception above all. He could not brook the idea of *perhaps* being in a false position, of walking in a way which, *perhaps*, might lead him to the reverse of what he aimed at. And that this, *perhaps*, was his case now, he was disturbed to suspect. 'If my way were the true one, indeed,' he would often say to himself, 'I *could* have silenced him; at least I *should* have done so. There *must* be something wrong about me. But *what* is it? I wish I knew *what* it is.' Thus his life's harmony was broken and his soul's rest was gone. This made him quite miserable, and being too proud and too blind yet to throw himself at the feet of a merciful Saviour, he would give vent to his inward strife by indulging a spirit of crossness and moroseness, which often surprised his wife and friends, and of which his cousin the minister experienced the effect every time he saw a tract or a pamphlet returned by post.

"Now, on the afternoon referred to, our baker was sitting at the table in his parlour, recollecting the beauties of nature he had been witnessing, and trying to dispel the feeling of his inward contrast with this scenery of love and peace, by whistling a tune. Unawares his eye fell upon the little book that was lying open before him, and mechanically he took it up and began reading. He read—and he read—and he could not stop reading. The sun set, and he had not yet finished his perusal. He called for a light. A light! His wife and his servants were quite surprised, for he never used to require a light, as the setting of the sun always used to be to him the signal for going to the 'Golden Plough.' A light was brought, and he continued his reading. He had just finished the book when supper was served up. He parted as usual, but he was silent. He went to bed, but, in the middle of the night, he rose and walked up and down the room. His wife, awakened by his movements, asked him what was the matter. He told her that he could not sleep, and besought her to get up and to speak to him.

"What do you want me to speak about?" asked she, springing from her bed in alarm.

"Speak to me about Jesus," said he, in a voice of despair. "Oh, I am miserable, I am wretched. Tell me what our cousin spoke about Jesus and salvation."

"The poor woman did not know what he was about, but, obeying his desire, repeated some of Mr. G——'s sayings in as far as she could recollect them. She found that this had a surprisingly soothing effect upon his mind.

"Oh," he exclaimed, 'that's it! That's the truth! That's beautiful! That's bread to my soul. Only by that we can live.'

"At length it seemed he came to peace for a while. He requested her to kneel down with him, and he uttered a few incoherent sentences of prayer. It was a short series of abrupt ejaculations rather, in which he threw himself down into the dust, and cried for mercy.

"Meanwhile Mr. G——'s holidays again came on. He seriously hesitated whether he should follow his usual custom this time, and pay his cousin a visit. Love, however, prevailed over inclination. 'For my *pleasure*,' he thought, 'I need not go to the baker, but perhaps I still may be useful to him. Our last conversation was anything but a holiday's recreation to me; but still he continued hospitable to the end, and did not forbid me to come back.'

"So Mr. G—— took a ticket for the stage coach, and one afternoon found himself on his way to this village again. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when the coach reached the village of B——, which was the last stage, nine miles from the baker's residence. The last passenger there went out, and Mr. G—— found himself alone in the jolting conveyance. He now could give free course to his thoughts. 'How will I be received?' asked he. 'Will my cousin be frightened at seeing me? At any rate, I shall try to approach him as kindly as I can. I shall not begin talking about religious matters unless he compels me to do so. Oh, I feel I am in great need of the Lord's guidance now.'

"He folded his hands, and speaking to his God, imploring his Spirit for himself and for the baker, he drove into the village which was the end of his journey.

"His carpet-bag in his hand, he proceeded to the baker's house, and gently knocked at the door. His cousin opened it in person.

"Ah, my dear cousin! Is it you? Step in, sir. Be welcome. I thought you must turn up soon. Now I hope you'll make a long stay.'

"With these words the baker led him into his parlour. His wife was just preparing supper, and, as usual, received her cousin with a hearty kiss. During the meal only family concerns were questioned and answered. Hitherto all went on in peace. But Mr. G——'s heart throbbed agitatingly every moment the conversation seemed to take a more important turn.

"At length the supper was finished, and the family matters exhausted.

"And how are matters going on in your Church?" asked the baker. 'Have you to encounter much opposition still?'

"Now, Lord, stand by me!" ejaculated Mr. G—— mentally. 'Give me thy words to speak!'

"Alas!" answered he, 'I still find that there are many amongst my hearers whose eyes are closed against the light of the blessed gospel; but I hope the hidden work of the Spirit will gradually lead their hearts to

the truth as it is in Jesus. We are by nature such strangers to the things of God, that it is no wonder if we require some time to understand their first and most simple rudiments.'

"The baker was silent, but there was something in his countenance that encouraged Mr. G—— to go on in this way.

"'It is a hard thing for man,' he continued, 'to admit that he is a lost sinner before God.'

"He stopped. The baker continued silent. Mr. G—— felt uneasy. He was accustomed *here* to receive a refractory reply. Was his cousin, perhaps, resolved not to say a word if he should begin to touch religious topics, and thus to compel him to turn to other subjects from want of reply! 'In that case,' he thought, 'I'll put the fire so near to you that you *must* jump out of your fortress.'

"'Man is too proud of his own righteousness,' he continued, 'to admit that he, in spite of all his so called virtues, has deserved the eternal condemnation. This causes him to deny that the Lord Jesus Christ hung on the cross in his stead, for by acknowledging that he would be compelled to admit that he ought to have hung there everlastingly. But we know that the Son of God took upon himself our nature, in order to be able to bear our sins in his precious body, and to be slain for our iniquities; and whatever man's aversion to this fact may be, a *fact* it is nevertheless, and so it will stand unto eternity. Not by our, but by His work only can we enter the heavenly gates. Not our righteousness, but His blood only can take away our sins and condemnation.'

"Here Mr. G—— stopped again. 'It is a hopeless case this,' he thought; 'my cousin has completely stopped his ears, and I am not such a fool as to allow myself to talk on till dawn, as if singing a tune in a deaf and dumb institution.'

"Had he been able to observe the expression of sympathy and delight that was beaming from the baker's face, he certainly would have continued his exposition of the way of salvation with increasing ardour. But the candle which was standing on the table and formed the only light, shone so dimly, that the countenances both of the hearers and of the speaker were only imperfectly discernible.

"'Go on,' said the baker in a tone that indicated the cordial pleasure he took in the minister's words,—'go on, my dear cousin, I pray you.'

"'Why, do you really want me to continue?' asked Mr. G—— in a voice of joyful amazement.

"'Surely I do,' answered the baker, 'for all you have said is sheer truth, and as precious to my soul as bread is to the hungry.'

"'Is it possible!' exclaimed Mr. G——, springing from his seat, and with folded hands placing himself before his cousin. 'Is it possible, my dear cousin! and has such a great thing from the Lord happened here in your house and heart?'

"'Yes, oh yes,' replied the baker, while tears started from his eyes. 'I have found Jesus as my Saviour from sin, death, and condemnation. I now know in whom I believe, my dear friend and brother. I now know that I was blind, but God in his infinite mercy has opened my eyes.'

"Mr. G—— sank down upon his seat again, and alternately looking at the baker and his wife, whose eyes beamed love and joy, allowed free course to the feelings of his heart. The baker, of course, now must become the speaker, and tell him how, since that remarkable night after his perusal of the 'little green book,' he had found no rest and peace till he had through faith found the remission of his sins at the cross of an all-sufficient Saviour; and how since then he had commenced a new life, of which Christ's righteousness was the foundation and his glory the end. I need not tell you that that evening in the baker's house closed amid joyful praises and thanksgivings to God, and that the early morning sun found the two friends, now brothers in the Lord, still engaged in relating to each other the unspeakable riches of peace, strength, and joy, which they had found in Him who was their God, their hope, and their perfect consolation.

"That Christ, however, who said to his disciples, 'Peace I leave with you,' was the same who said, 'I am not come to bring peace on earth, but a sword.' The baker's change soon became known all over the village, for the Lord gave him grace to confess his faith without disguise, and immediately a separation ensued, just as if a sword had cut the population into two unequal parts. The Lord had some children among the people of the village, who now came out more boldly, since the power of his arm had become so wonderfully manifest by the conversion of such a notoriously known enemy. They, of course, exultantly joined him; but their number was very small in comparison with the great bulk of their neighbours, who either turned away from them in dead indifference, or turned against them in fierce opposition. Amongst the latter was the landlord of the 'Golden Plough.' He now became as obstinate an enemy to the baker as formerly he had been his intimate friend; and no wonder, for not only did he miss the baker henceforth amongst his customers, but he found also that the Sunday evening company in his tap-room began gradually to decrease. The baker, though now considered by many as a fanatical Methodist, yet continued a person of influence in the village. It was evident on many occasions that his ability and sagacity in all matters of daily concern had lost nothing by the change of his religious opinions. On the contrary, it was found that his care for the true welfare of the people was still more intent than before. His counsels were as judicious as ever, but given in a tone of greater kindness and humility. And where formerly he sometimes would have refused to afford his personal assistance, there he was now always found ready to help, except in matters which were leading to unseemly practices, such as the

desecration of the Lord's day, or the filling of the tap-room of the 'Golden Plough.'

"All this gained to our friend the enhanced respect and confidence of the great bulk of the villagers, and his influence even extended itself over many who disapproved of his theological principles. His respectable position in society as a well-to-do citizen may also have aided in gaining for him the esteem of the people. However that may be, the Sunday school which he opened—it was the first ever seen in the village—was soon attended by a large number of children. A Bible reading meeting, which he instituted on Sunday evening, attracted many a one who formerly used to frequent the 'Golden Plough.' Indeed, it became more and more unfashionable to visit that tavern on Sunday, the conscience of the people giving testimony to the baker's conduct as being better than that of those who used to interchange the church with the tap-room. Even on week-days this effect of the baker's example was visible, from the thinness of the company at the 'Golden Plough' Inn, when the baker was holding his prayer meeting in the barn behind his house. Thus, during a course of two or three years, the moral aspect of the place had entirely altered. Many a sinner was brought to repentance and faith in Christ, and in many a house the sound of a psalm was heard, in which formerly the dice used to rattle on the table, or the gin-bottle to go round from hand to hand.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST ASSYRIAN MISSION.

THE Jewish Church was not, in the modern sense of the expression, a missionary Church. It would, indeed, be a great mistake to say that all its lights were turned inward, and its gates shut continually against proselytes. The reverse was the case. The Hebrew system was as a torch lifted up amid thick darkness, for the guidance of the neighbouring nations, and the stranger would not have been kept out of the sacred enclosure if he had sought admission into it in the right way. But while this is true, there was certainly no "Society" in ancient Jerusalem for the propagation of the faith in the lands of the Gentiles; and we read of no such scenes in the Old Testament as were witnessed in Paul's days in the Christian Church at Antioch, when the foreign missionary went out on his evangelistic tours through the Roman empire, or returned to cheer the hearts of his brethren with the tidings of his success. On at least one occasion, however, we have under the old economy a something which looks very like one of our own missionary enterprises, and which was doubtless meant, in several important respects, to be typical of what was afterwards to be.

Many years after the united tribes of Israel had been broken up into two independent States, and after the northernmost of the two had been reduced to an ex-

remely low condition through the wickedness of its people, a prophet of the Lord was employed to promote, if possible, a revival of religion. Probably some success followed his efforts, for the king, stirred up by his preaching, made a desperate effort to drive back his enemies, and succeeded so far as to recover the ancient frontier of his now contracted dominion. This must have given the man of God a vantage-ground in Israel; and as no country more needed at that moment a divine teacher, we might fairly have expected that he would have been allowed to continue in this desirable and necessary home missionary work. But as Philip was snatched away suddenly from his revival labours in Samaria to waylay the Ethiopian eunuch, so the prophet of Gath-hepher was moved with equal suddenness to an entirely different part of the great field. He was called unexpectedly to enter on a *foreign mission*, and that in a sphere most thoroughly unlooked for: "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." The call in the circumstances was an extraordinary one. 1. It was a call to preach in a land which not only lay beyond the bounds of Palestine, but which was inhabited by Gentiles, by heathen. 2. It was to a city that is called, and well deserved the epithet of *great*—great in extent, being sixty miles in circuit—great in strength, its walls being 100 feet high, and so broad that three chariots could drive abreast upon them—great in population, containing, it is supposed, two millions of souls—great in wealth, "there was no end of its stores"—great in influence, being the capital of Assyria, the then mistress of the world. 3. The call, further, was to preach in a city which was not less remarkable for its *wickedness*. It was a bloody city, all full of lies and robbery, and its idolatry was pre-eminently wild and extravagant. 4. To crown all, the proposed mission was to a place which was in extremest peril; for its wickedness *had gone up before God*, and we well know what that means.

When the Lord indicated to his servant, who had hitherto laboured only among the Galilean hills, that it was his will that he should proceed upon such an expedition, we can scarcely wonder that he hesitated to undertake it. It was self-denying work; for it required him to leave home and country. It was dangerous work; for if his message was regarded as insulting, his life would pay the penalty. It would probably be fruitless work; for all the chances were against such a people being subdued by his simple preaching. And, at the very best, it was certain to be a work in which he—the prophet—would gain no credit. But, on the other hand, if he had had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, and been possessed by such a spirit as animated Paul, he would have reasoned in a very different way. Is not this how he might have looked at the matter? "The dangers and difficulties in the enterprise cannot be disguised; but, First, It is a most *blessed Catholic* service this to which I am called. The God of all the families of the earth is not to confine his regard to but one

people. He desires to bless other nations as well. Secondly, It is an *honourable* service. Hitherto my sphere has been but narrow. I have been ministering to a small and unimportant people. Now I am called to what is the largest and most influential sphere in the world. Thirdly, It is an unspeakably *important* service; for if my mission is successful, and the king of Nineveh and his people repent and turn to Jehovah, who can tell what consequences will follow, both to the world at large and to the Church. And fourthly, In any case, it is a *necessary* service. Here is a great city in imminent danger. It is living in wickedness, and the cry of it has gone up to heaven. The sword of vengeance is hanging over it, as by a single hair. I must go to warn them of their peril, and point out to them the only way of escape."

This last would have been the breathing of the missionary spirit, which, however, Jonah did not feel till he had gone through a terrible experience,—till he had been, as it seemed to him, in the very belly of hell. When he was thus prepared for the work, we follow him into the city with wondering interest and admiration. He is the first God-sent missionary to the heathen—the type and forerunner of the Apostle to the Gentiles. Both wielded the same weapon,—the almighty word. Both had before them a mountain, apparently insuperable to overcome. But the success in each case is a standing illustration of the fact, that however disproportionate may seem the means to the end, the Church has within it an influence before which all the powers of the world will in the long run be laid prostrate.

"What cannot God do? Think not that he needs to wait for us. He can accomplish the greatest deeds by the meanest instrumentality. One man, if God willed it, might be the means of the conversion of a nation; nay, a continent should shake beneath the tramping of one man. There is no palace so high that this one man's voice should not reach it, and there is no den of infamy so deep that his cry should not be heard therein. All we need is that God should 'make bare his arm;' and who can withstand his might?"

N. L. W.

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

MAJOR-GENERAL PROLE.

THE name at the head of this paper has no recognised niche in the temple of Christian Biography, and we must therefore bespeak the reader's interest, by beginning with a few words of explanation. In the library of an old Indian officer,* we had come more than once upon a book which seemed greatly valued. It often lay on the reading table, its pages were profusely pencil marked, and the fly leaves at the beginning were written

* Lieutenant Colonel Vetch.

over with notes and illustrations. Although, then, the title was not particularly arresting—the volume was called "*Memoirs of a Deist*,"—we could scarcely help, under these circumstances, being attracted to it; and, assisted by the comments and explanations of our friend, who had himself served under General Prole in the east, we have had little difficulty in coming to the conclusion, that, if this venerable name is wholly unknown among us, it well merits a better fate.

"Bengal," writes the Christian soldier to whom we are indebted for an introduction to the subject of this sketch, "Bengal, from the prologue battle of Plassy in 1757, till the consummating conquest of Delhi in 1803, was—to the shame of its conquerors be it said—a kingdom of disgrace and darkness. The servants of the honourable Company were left to wander in the heathen wilderness, without either priest or temple of the true God. An entrance was denied to the eager, devoted missionary band. The obscene temples of the Hindus were patronized by the Christian Government, and its revenues enriched with their spoils. It was during this awful eclipse of the Sun of righteousness that General Prole entered on the scene, an ardent, gifted, self-reliant, infidel young soldier; and the conflict through which he passed, and his conversion, may perhaps be considered as a prefiguration of the contest between light and darkness which has since been taking place in our Indian dominions, and of the bright and glorious future which, we humbly hope, is yet to dawn upon that benighted land.

The account given by him of the experience through which he came, is in itself exceedingly remarkable, so much so, that John Newton, to whom it was submitted before publication, writes thus regarding it: "I think your book will be one of the most important, and, if the Lord pleases to give his blessing, may be one of the most useful publications of the age (1800). I know no book that displays such an exhibition of the heart of man, or (scarcely excepting my own Narrative), such an instance of the wonderful rich grace of the mercy of God to a chief sinner."

General Prole was born about the year 1756 or 1757, apparently in London. His father had been an officer in the navy, but his parents both died while he was very young, and he was left under the care of an uncle, who had spent the best part of his life in China, in the Civil Service of the East India Company. He himself, also, was destined by his guardian for the same service, but his predilections were so strong in favour of the military profession, that his uncle at length gave up his own plans, and procured for him a cadetship. India—the goal of his hopes, the El-Dorado of his visions—was reached on the 12th of September 1776, and he expected at once to enter on a life such as he fancied the stern Romans led when they advanced on their upward course to imperial supremacy. "I remembered with pleasure," says he, "what I had read at school concerning the supper conversations of the ancients; of the

Grecian and Roman generals who amused and improved themselves and their officers by the discussion of military topics, by analyzing different orders of battle, and considering the conduct of other great commanders before them. I hoped to find something of this kind, but I soon discovered that I was looking for what had no actual existence. I was astonished and disappointed beyond measure to find the manners of Indian society approach nearer to those of my school-days, than to anything else I had ever experienced. I found, in short, that the manners of a gentleman were quite different things in England and in India; and that in the latter, nothing could pass for such, which was not blasphemous, or lewd, or vicious, or predatory; that is to say, the public being the common object of plunder." For a time he had not even the opportunities he longed for, of learning practically the art of war, but in 1778, a detachment of troops was sent from Bombay to the Malabar coast for some military purpose, and with considerable difficulty, he got himself transferred into it, that he might take a part in the expected fighting; and this was but one of several instances in which he showed, after a similar manner, his enthusiastic interest in the profession of his choice. But we have not the means of following him throughout his long career in India. All that we know further of his exterior life is this, that he fought through the war of the Carnatic, and was concerned in many other affairs of less importance, that he returned to this country a colonel about the year 1813, and that he died in England in 1834 or 1835. "I was under his command," says the friend already quoted, "during the last year or two of his Indian career. He was a most zealous and conscientious commanding officer in every respect. Indeed, I may say he carried it almost to an extreme; for, according to his principles, no allowance was to be made, in matters of duty, for human frailties; and he was himself so well aware of his uncompromising spirit, that he used to say that whenever he had to publish a reprimand in orders, he was sure to find it had been too severe, unless he had prayed for direction before penning it. He used himself to act as chaplain to the European soldiers at the out station where we were, assembling them in a vacant hospital on the Sabbath, and reading to them the Church of England service, and a sermon. Let me only add, that he was not in any respect a fanciful visionary. That formed no part of his character. His was strictly a *mathematical* mind."

With regard to the spiritual experience of General Proie, of which his narrative takes chief account, there was something singular about it almost from the first. His uncle paid an outward respect to the Bible and the ordinances of religion, but his spirit and behaviour in common life struck his young ward as being exceedingly inconsistent, and he was not, accordingly, very favourably impressed as a child with a Christian profession. But what little religion he had in his boyhood was banished when he went to school—the impiety, lewdness, and

blasphemy, which were almost universal there, soon producing the same things from his heart, and driving all religious thoughts from his mind. At the same time, through the study of the classics, he became an enthusiastic admirer of the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome. In this spirit he read Pope's "Homer" so often, and with so much pleasure, that he could repeat whole books from memory; and it became his ambition to realize, in a manner, those glorious scenes which afforded him such pleasure in the mere contemplation. In a word, he grew to be a complete heathen, being a speculative admirer of all the virtues except humility, or the consciousness of unworthiness, and despising it for no other reason than that it was little accounted of by the heroes whom he worshipped. On leaving school he went to reside with a pious family whose example was influential enough to bring him back for a moment to a better state of mind. The grace of God, he even says, expanded his heart then to receive delight in religious sentiments; but the glow was all from the heart and the imagination, his head or judgment had little or no share in it, and although it had a good effect for the time in purifying his heart and conduct, it was soon driven away by more engrossing thoughts and occupations. The first thing that brought him down from the elevation that he seemed to reach was a romantic fit of love; that was succeeded by a plunge into the dissipations of fast life in London; and when the time arrived for his departure for India, he had got back very nearly to his old level, "Pope's *Essay on Man*" being adopted as his rule of faith in matters of religion. "Already," says he, "it (the *Essay*) appeared to me more rational and manly than the Bible. The two following lines convinced me that this great poet and philosopher was a staunch deist:—

'Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

This appeared to me to be the perfection of right reason and sound philosophy, and therefore I concluded that the few closing lines, in which he slightly mentions faith, were nothing more than an unwilling tribute, paid from necessity, to the prejudices and superstitions of the vulgar." With principles like these, the young cadet embarked for the East. He had, we may well say, not much to lose. But he tells us that if he had had any religious sense left, it could not but have been extinguished by the conversation and manners of the ship. There was no chaplain on board, and, consequently, no public worship. He himself was now too philosophical to pray in private, for he had come to the conclusion that as God knew much better than we do what is necessary for us, prayer to him is a kind of presumption and impiety, as well as absurdity. The result was, therefore, that, as he expresses it, he began "in good earnest to live as if there was no God in the world," and when the shores of Hindostan were reached, there was landed upon them one who bade fair to maintain to its fullest extent the character of the Company, as it then existed, for open

unbelief and enmity to the gospel. He was not prepared to run a course of drunkenness and sensuality. There still remained with him, as we have seen, so much of the old Roman spirit as made him desire above all things distinction as a soldier, and repeating often to himself a favourite text from his Bible :—

"Who noble ends by noble means attains,
Or, falling, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like great Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed."

Repeating often to himself this favourite text, he had pictured to himself a life in which virtue would be loved for virtue's sake, and the times of the stoics or the times of chivalry be again restored. But with all that, he was at one with his brethren in both services in his relations to Christianity—and he was soon to learn that without it his fine fancies were just so many webs of gossamer, utterly unfit to preserve him from falling into the slough in which most of them were content to wallow. "By degrees," is his melancholy confession, "I lost much of my dislike to the manners of this new world, and as our common centre of gravity lay much nearer to them than to me, I became by degrees drawn into close contact with them. . . . I often lamented the dreadful necessity (as I called it) which drove me to do what, in my cooler moments I much condemned and despised, though not from religious motives. I often reflected with inexpressible regret upon my romantic love in England, which, wild as it had been, was honourable and beautiful when compared with these degrading connections. I wished that it was in my power to marry or to subdue my corrupt propensities altogether, which, if I could effect it, would be a noble effort and triumph of philosophy. But my increasing knowledge of the world soon drove away this notion. . . . Souls which are restrained from vice merely by pride and shame, resemble lakes which are contained and kept up to a certain height by banks of earth only. For pride and shame, that is to say, the hope and fear of the world's applause and censure can only act as a bank to the natural corruption of the human soul through ignorance of the depravity of the world around us; and therefore a little experience,—that is, a little communication through some weak part, soon brings down the waters of the lake of the mind to the common level! But religion is a reservoir in a solid rock, which lasts for ever, in spite of rats, and winds, and waters!" This last reflection was made as the fruit of painful experience. General Prole had landed in India a deist, but proud in his morality. He had not been many years a resident in it, when his life became as vile as his doctrine; and one consequence of this was, that his hatred of the truth as revealed in the Bible grew to be more intense and extravagant than it had ever been. Among various whims (as he calls them) which entered his mind in the depths to which he had sunk, was to reperuse the Scriptures, expecting much amusement in doing so, from the shrewd remarks and ingenious discoveries which he conceived he should

certainly make in analyzing such a "mountain of superstition." He did accordingly begin the task, but after reading a very small portion of the sacred volume, it appeared to him so contrary to reason, justice, humanity, and even to common sense, that he did not hesitate to pronounce it a gross imposture, a palpable and impious forgery! and his righteous indignation being roused by this conviction being brought home to him, he seized the Book in a rage, threw it on the ground, and kicked it ignominiously out of the house!

All the while, however, God had his eye upon this man, and used at last his very vices to scourge him back to Himself. As has happened with others, in like circumstances, when his bodily powers became exhausted by abuse, his imagination only grew the more active and exuberant, and the Nemesis of remorse first appeared to him in dreams. These, he tells us, became so unspeakably dreadful that he one morning sprang out of bed, and from downright terror attempted (for the first time during several years) to pray for protection. "I was burning in the fires of hell, and possessed and tormented by a legion of evil spirits. In vain I called upon my former speculative love of glory, honour, and romantic virtue to my aid. These vain idols were gone; they were weak as water; they were distant as stars; they were as chaff carried before the wind. . . . From such misery as I experienced, I could find no remedy but death in some form; and as, in spite of my supposed philosophy, I was still too much of a coward in infidelity to venture to commit an action which seemed so final and irretrievable as suicide, I therefore resolved from that day to contend with double diligence and perseverance against my corruptions, and rather to die a thousand times in any other way, or by inches through my incessant and cruel torments, than ever again admit, or entertain for a moment, imaginations which I found by terrible experience to be so dangerous, so subtle, so penetrating, and so difficult to be effaced from the memory. In consequence of this incessant and fiery warfare within me, my existence was become a dream of horror, a dreadful burden, a curse as it were full of bitterness and wrath." Unspeakably miserable, however, as was his life at this time, he was able afterwards most clearly to see the grace of God in it. "How infinitely merciful," he reflects, "were all these chastisements! Had they not been inflicted, and in such an exquisite manner and degree, I should certainly have been lost for ever."

There now began a fierce and prolonged struggle,—the nature and varying fortunes of which very many will be well able to understand. Conscience, whose voice had been drowned, was at length speaking out with a force and importunity which could not be disregarded, and its victim (as we may well call him) made super-human efforts to correct what was amiss in his conduct, and thus satisfy its demands. But he found it a Herculean task. Though he tried every means he could think of—business, study, incessant watchfulness, and

the virtue he had formerly despised, great humility—he was far from succeeding as he wished in cleansing his heart and hands.

"Habits are soon acquired; but if we strive
To leave them off, 'tis being flayed alive."

So he found it; and so will every man find it who thinks to make himself holy by his own strength,—to work out his salvation by his own efforts,—to lift himself out of the fearful pit without the aid of God's almighty grace. The invisible hand of the Spirit, however, was now insensibly leading him towards the light. His endeavours after personal purity gave a wholesome direction to his thoughts and speculations. He began to examine, in a singular enough way certainly, the foundations of morality and religion; and by a process which we should find it somewhat difficult to render intelligible to our readers, he reasoned out to his own entire satisfaction the truth of evangelical Christianity. It was in the Fort of Dussore, which had been taken from Tippoo Sultan during the war in the Carnatic, that those studies were seriously begun which issued in such an unexpected result. First he framed what he conceived to be a perfect code of morals; next he rose to the conviction that there must be rewards and punishments, and consequently a judgment; then from an examination of the character of Jesus Christ in the light of his discoveries, he rose one step in his creed from pure deism to a kind of unitarianism; and thus he passed on from one point to another, until he not only became convinced of the truth of the gospel as an abstract fact, but, taught, as he was all through these investigations, of the Spirit, he became, in the highest sense, a believer in the light and a new man. The description which he gives of his feelings and conduct when he had been brought to see that the religion he had despised was the very truth of God, and that it had a vital personal interest for him, is one of the most remarkable of its kind we have ever read.

"When bed-time came," he writes, "I desired to pray for pardon, peace, and protection; but when I attempted to kneel, I was opposed by I know-not-what spirit of dismal sullen pride, mixed with horror and despair, which painted me to myself in such colours that I feared to present myself, a wretch fit only for hell, before the Divine Presence. Yet feeling that it was absolutely necessary, and that there was no time to be lost, I, as it were by main force, bent my stubborn knees to the earth, not free from a wicked shame lest I should be detected in that humble posture, and raising my hands, remained for some time in that state, without daring to raise my eyes or thoughts to heaven, which appeared to me a presumptuous and vain effort. But at length a fresh agony of horror and terror forced open my mouth in broken ejaculations for mercy! Yet when I attempted to utter the words, *Saviour! Jesus Christ!* I could not produce them. I was again opposed by a suggestion that I did not believe in Him; that He

knew this; that it was all mere pretence, extorted by fear; and that He would reject my impious hypocrisy! At last I exclaimed to this effect, 'I do desire to believe in thee, O Lord; I see the glory of this belief; I feel the beauty of thy redemption,—the necessity of it! Oh, make me to believe; have mercy upon me, miserable sinner! Oh, save my soul from the powers of darkness!' After some time passed in this manner struggling against the desperate assaults of infidelity, guilt, and despair, I became more composed and calm, and resigned myself into the hands of my God and Saviour with some degree of faith and hope. Yet I could not sleep; for a continual succession of gloomy ideas, heightened by the solitude and romantic wildness of the place, kept me waking. *A tiger also that infested the hill, and broke the silence of the night with his hoarse voice (which resembled the action of a large saw on a bar of iron), appeared to my perturbed mind the messenger of the Prince of darkness, whose vengeance he seemed to denounce against me (as he stopped at the foot of the wall under my window) as a traitor and deserter!*"

The place where these soul exercises, so interesting in their relation to the history of spiritual religion in India, occurred, was a small hill fort, taken from Tippoo Sultan, called Ram-Ghurry; and the time, ever memorable it ought to be held, was the 2d or 3d of March, 1792. While all Europe was being convulsed by the events which succeeded the first French Revolution, there thus happened, among the mountains of distant Hindostan, a revolution of another kind, which, while it was of immediate and incalculable importance to the subject of it, we rejoice to regard as pointing also to future times, when the same influences by which it was brought about shall change the whole face and aspect of the Eastern world.

Up till this point in his spiritual history, General Prole had had no Bible. The copy he had once cast out of his house in a rage would now have been esteemed by him as more precious than rubies; but it had fallen into better hands, or rotted on the dunghill; and when he became anxious to possess the treasure it was not to be had. Immediately after his conversion he was moved to Bangalore, and there he made diligent inquiry after the word of life,—but it seemed nowhere to be found. Other books there may have been in plenty, but no one was known to possess a copy of the book of books. At last, however, God mercifully, and he says, almost *miraculously* provided him with what he sought; and this gift then became his great and almost his only study; and the more he read, the more he was comforted, encouraged, and instructed by its precious truths.

Of course there soon appeared in General Prole another instinct of the new nature,—the desire to bring others to that Saviour whom he had himself learned to value. He therefore gave up, so far, his recluse habits, and began to dine abroad sometimes, "always taking care

to return thanks aloud before all the company." This novel proceeding, we are told, excited great surprise and amusement; and "No wonder," says Prole, "for neither they nor I had ever seen such a thing done before, at least, since the period of my arrival in India." His conduct, however, as he expected, provoked inquiry; and he was always ready to answer for himself, and give a reason of the hope that was in him. But he soon found that the prejudices of his companions against the gospel were, humanly speaking, insurmountable. "I only found," says he, "that some pitied me and advised me to abandon these follies, or I should be lost and ruined; that others despised and laughed at me as a crazy, weak-minded creature; and that others thought me likely to be a more serious disturber of the peace of society,—in short, a proud, presumptuous, conceited enthusiast." We may very well assure ourselves, however, that the labours of such a man were not lost. He was a handful of leaven; and the fact that, in our own day, so much of the mass is leavened, must be due, in part at least, to the influence and example of such as he was.

We must draw this sketch to a close; and we cannot do so in a better way than by quoting the description which he himself gives of his joy, when, for the first time after his great change, he was permitted to enter into the sanctuary of the Lord.

"When the march of the Carnatic detachment from Madras back to Bengal was concluded, and we arrived in Calcutta, I embraced with unfeigned joy the opportunity thus afforded me of joining in the public worship of my God and Saviour. When I entered the Church, to me indeed the temple of the living God, and compared my actual blessed state, with that in which I quitted Calcutta, my emotions of joy, faith, gratitude, and humble love to our Lord and Saviour, were indescribable. But when the organ broke on my ear, which I had not particularly expected, neither was thinking of, the solemn and heavenly tones of the instrument were so perfectly in unison with the sentiments awakened in the harp of my heart that I was quite overpowered; and in spite of all my efforts to restrain myself before so many spectators, I burst into a flood of joyful rapturous tears. . . . I made a point of receiving the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which was to me 'meat indeed, and drink indeed.' In performing these duties I felt an inexpressible pleasure, because I did them from my heart. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, was there as well as gratitude, which, blended with the sense of my own unworthiness and weakness, penetrated my heart in an indescribable manner."

May the last experience of this devout soldier—who, if not positively the first fruits of India to Christ, must have been one of the earliest sheaves of the harvest—be that of many now living in that still benighted land.

N. L. W.

WEARINESS.

O PAIN perpetual! wearing strength away
While spirits flag and fail,
And all the many-coloured hues of life
Have faded, and grown pale.

Oh, thoughts unwedded to the deeds ye seek!
Life that all fruitless seems—
Long dull inaction, yet without repose;
All feeling, fear, and dreams!

'Tis thine infirmity, impatient soul:
Remember now the years
That are at God's right hand, and cast away
Thy grievances and fears.

Think of the infinite abyss of peace
In which thy lot shall be,
Where ages are but ripples that run o'er
Eternity's deep sea.

Give thou God leisure to prepare thee for
That destiny sublime,
When e'en with lifeless things his hand works on,
Unheeding space and time.

Listen! borne inland from the rocky coast,
Comes the wild voice of waves,
Which for uncounted centuries have toiled,
Among the deep sea-caves.

This ray from yon fair star serenely bright
Now broken in thy tears,
Had travelled onwards, ere it reached thine eyes,
For sixty thousand years!

When times and spaces of such vast extent,
Before thy thoughts combine,
Into a momentary pang shrinks up,
This long, long pain, of thine.

Then, if thy weary heart recoils and faints
At such high wondrous ways,
Turn where the great Creator bears a life
Which thou canst count by days.

A few hours' agony, the bloody sweat
From that sunk form has wrung;
And a few more have brought him to the cross,
To die when he was young.

Strive thou in soul to sympathize with him.
The infinitely great:
For he has stooped to understand, and share
The weakness of thy state.

Give thanks; the Lord is patient; he will work
A perfect work in thee:
And grudge no time to make thee fit to bear,
Joy for eternity.

—*"The Name of Jesus, and other Verses."*

THE FIRST PASSOVER.

IN an obscure village among the hills of Galilee, and to a few peasants gathered at a festival, our Lord had first manifested his glory. It was now time that He should display it on a more open theatre, and on a grander scale. From Cana in its mountain seclusion, he "went down" to Capernaum, the most populous and thriving of the towns which, in those days, skirted the shores of the Lake to which so many events of his after life were to give a sacred and undying renown. The single association that glorifies Genesareth is His name. Amid all changes, and for all time, the sea of the Gospels preserves unbroken and unruffled in its glassy mirror the image of the Son of man. It was but a brief sojourn that he now made by the shores of the Lake of Galilee, though his mother, his brethren, and his disciples accompanied him. The great feast was approaching, and he was anxious to keep the first passover of his public life at Jerusalem. This is the first time that Capernaum comes into notice in connection with his history,—a city that was to be signally honoured as the place of his familiar abode during the intervals of his laborious career; the only spot in all the borders of Israel where the Son of man might be said to have a home. By the singular grace thus conferred upon it, Capernaum, by his own witness, was exalted to heaven. In its synagogue, many of His discourses were uttered; on its streets, most of his mighty works were done; in its houses, his was a familiar and welcome name. Yet Capernaum has vanished, and none can tell where it stood. Its site, its memory, its very name have been swept into oblivion; and as one wanders along the solitary shore where the small waves ripple and murmur on the white shells His sandals trod on, and here looks wistfully on some ruins by a fountain, or there on some mouldering fragments scattered over a sterile mound, no voice breaks the silence and reveals the secret. He who once dwelt on this shore has left no footprint. Capernaum is only the shadow of a great name. Its doom was written in the hour when Jesus upbraided it and its neighbour cities, because they repented not; and it has passed away as if it had never been, because it knew not the time of its visitation.

In those days Capernaum was a rendezvous for travellers going up from northern Galilee to keep the passover at Jerusalem. It was probably with a view to join the pilgrim-caravan now assembling there, that our Lord proceeded directly thither from Cana. Unknown, save to the few believing souls he had called to follow him, He journeyed on with the company, as they kept their course down the sultry valley of the Jordan, and thence over the vine-clad slopes of Ephraim to the

metropolis; or, avoiding the unfriendly villages of Samaria, took their route along the other side of Jordan, crossing at the fords of Jericho, and up the wild and perilous ravine to Jerusalem. Many a time, we may believe, He had made this journey during the years of his abode at Nazareth; but with the first glimpse from Olivet of the Holy City and the Temple on this occasion, new and strangely mingled emotions must have been awakened within him. In the few eventful weeks that had preceded, he has entered on a new era of life, and girt up his loins for a longer and harder pilgrimage than this. He has heard the voice that calls him to his special vocation, and to follow it has dashed down the barriers which the Tempter threw across his path. Anointed by the Spirit, filled with zeal for God's glory as the elect servant of the Highest, and with love to man as man's Redeemer, it is in a profounder sense he now feels that he must be "about his Father's business." The hour is come; and as His calm, thoughtful eye beheld the fair city, gleaming far on its terraced heights, and towering over it in solemn stateliness and immaculate beauty, the mystic Sanctuary, the sacred Tabernacle, whose recess had shrined the visible glory; as He saw the smoke wreath rising into the blue air from the high altar of sacrifice, and heard the murmur of the paschal throng ascending from the streets and courts, there must have been an intense and thrilling consciousness of the work that awaited Him within these walls, and of the fiery ordeal of suffering through which He was to pass ere the work could be done. Heretofore He has come and gone unnoticed in the crowd of worshippers; now His presence must be signalized by an exercise of power that is a self-revelation,—an act that has distinctly stamped upon it the Divine authority with which He is invested,—one in which the inmost spirit of His earthly life vividly shines out. The voice from the excellent glory has proclaimed Him God's beloved Son, and with the halo of this celestial baptism on His lowly brow, the Son of God now crosses the threshold of His Father's house.

The scenes of coarse and vulgar traffic that met His eye as He entered the sacred precinct must have been painfully familiar. As often as He came up from Galilee to the feast, the sight of this unseemly desecration, the clamour, the wrangling, and confusion of a market-place invading the peaceful cloisters that should have been sacred to devotion, must have jarred most rudely on a nature like his. Hitherto He had restrained himself,—possessed His soul in severe and sorrowful patience, for His time was not yet come. Now it is time to purge the holy place from this flagrant scandal; to

expel the rabble of sordid and low-minded traffickers from its gates. It was the outer enclosure, the court of the Gentiles, to which strangers were freely admitted, fenced off from the three inner courts by a palisade of lattice work, which bore an inscription in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, forbidding all aliens to pass within, that was profaned by these abuses. The noise of the traffic that was carried on might not penetrate into the altar-court, but it must have disturbed many a devout proselyte of the Gate, who could only worship in the outer porches. The practice of allowing animals to be sold for sacrifice in the Temple colonnades had been at first tolerated by the Sanhedrim for the convenience of worshippers from a distance, but it had grown into an inveterate evil, which, there is reason to believe, the priests connived at for a share of the unholy profits. The money changers plied a lucrative and usurious trade, by receiving the foreign coin which pilgrims from remoter countries brought with them in exchange for the half shekel, which every Israelite was required to pay as a capitation tax into the sacred treasury. The whole system, in its gross and unblushing secularity, was a lamentable index of the decline of spiritual life in the Jewish priesthood, the proper guardians of the purity of worship. Such an unsightly excrescence, or fungous growth, adhering to the walls of the national sanctuary, could only have sprung up and thriven on the corruption of its ancient faith.

Priest and Levite, fresh from the service of the Holy Place, were mingling with the motley groups, or idly looking on, as the busy crowd of buyers and sellers thronged the great bazaar. In their souls the "zeal of God's house" had long been quenched by utter worldliness. Profoundly unconscious must they have been of words they had often repeated at the altar, ere they could have allowed the dwellers in the tents of wickedness to be door-keepers of the house of God. How great must have been the wonder and the commotion when this Man in the peasant garb of Galilee, with the dust of pilgrimage on his coarse raiment, stood forth with the fire of an old prophet kindling in his eye,—when with a scourge hurriedly twisted from the cords that tied the victims to the pillars, or the rushes that strewed the pavement, He, with imperious voice and indignant gestures, drove the terrified crowd of dealers, vile and brutish as the beasts they owned, from the precincts they polluted,—scattered the heaps of coin that were piled on the usurers' tables on the pavement, and commanded the sellers of doves to remove them forthwith, saying, "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandize." In the treatment of this last class of vendors we may discern a trace of greater mildness, as if He would deal more leniently with those who sold the offerings of the poor.

It might seem strange that a solitary and unknown stranger should have been able to expel these intruders without opposition,—without even a murmur. But in His look and bearing there must have been something

undefinable that overawed them. His voice must have pierced, quick and powerful, to the conscience, carrying with it an impression of more than human authority. They must have seen in Him the grave and solemn majesty with which Elijah, or the Prophet of the Desert, would have rebuked the desecration, so that they could not resist the power by which He spake, and quailed in silence before the irresistible influence that went forth from Him.

Such was the first public manifestation of His glory, made in a form for which even his disciples, with their remembrance of the miracle of Cana so quietly and secretly performed, could not have been prepared. To the Virgin, with her recollections of the simple home-life of Nazareth, where, in meek and gentle obedience, He had been subject to his earthly parents, it must have come like an abrupt revelation of character,—a sudden and startling disclosure of that higher life, whose mystery a mother's love could not fathom,—into whose inner secrets the natural ties that united them gave her no right to enter. These words, "My Father's house," must have struck to her heart, as the echo of those premonitory words uttered in the Temple-court so long ago, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

This assertion of righteous authority is the first step in the career of devoted and self-sacrificing service of which He had then vaguely spoken. He has come to Jerusalem to enter on his Father's business in the sight of men; and as a visible pledge of His mission, as well as a grave preparation for work so solemn, His initial act is to purify His Father's house. It was evident to the disciples that a holy passion for the honour of God and the sacredness of the ordinances He had appointed was burning in His soul, and breathing into his words and actions a supernatural inspiration. They remembered the words of one of the Messianic psalms, "The zeal of Thine house hath consumed me," and applied them to Him in whose person and work so many other sayings of ancient Scripture were to find complete fulfilment. But there was in this manifestation more than zeal. It was an act of judicial severity that could only have been performed by one who was in himself divine,—one who was not like Moses, a servant in the house of God, or like one of the sacred Levitical caste, a minister of the sanctuary, for He did not spring from Levi, being of another tribe, Judah, of which "no man gave attendance at the altar,"—but who was a Son over the house,—the Lord of the Temple, invested with full power to control its discipline and economy. The disciples might have remembered other words as signally verified,—all the more that they had heard so recently the voice of the Forerunner, which was to be the immediate prelude to their accomplishment,—

"Behold, I will send my messenger,
And he shall prepare the way before me;
And the Lord whom ye seek
Shall suddenly come to His temple,
Even the Angel of the covenant whom ye delight in."

Behold He cometh, saith the Lord of hosts.
 But who may abide the day of His coming? !
 And who shall stand when He appeareth?
 For He is like the fire of a refiner,
 And like the soap of fullers; [the lye of the washers.]
 And He sitteth as a Refiner and Purifier of silver;
 And He purifieth the sons of Levi,
 And refineth them as gold and as silver,
 And they bring near to the Lord an offering in righteousness."

The Lord has come suddenly to his Temple,—the Son to His Father's house,—to sift, to winnow, to cleanse, to separate the chaff from the wheat, to discern between the precious and the vile. This act is the sovereign, judicial procedure of Him who comes with the fan in His hand thoroughly to purge His floor,—the sign that He is to baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire,—the solemn beginning of the work which from age to age He, as King and Head of the Church, the great Melchizedek reigning in righteousness, is to carry on in the earth,—purging the pollution from the midst thereof by the spirit of judgment and the spirit of burning, and whose consummation is to be when, on the throne of his glory, He presides over the last ordeal which is to try every man's work of what sort it is, and in the rigid, unerring, unalterable discernment, judgment shall be brought forth to victory.

These things were for an allegory. To every heart to which he comes as the Saviour He must come as the Purifier,—throwing a searching illumination into its inmost recesses,—revealing the hidden evil that lurks within it,—the pride, the selfishness, the impurity, the ungodliness, that taint its multitude of thoughts, so that it has become the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird;—and then by the Spirit of light and truth cleansing its dark and desecrated chambers, casting out the usurping passions, the vanities, the low and carnal aims, that have long ruled over it,—making it again the Father's house, an habitation into which He can enter, and in which He delights to dwell.

The purification of the Temple was, as we have seen, accomplished without an effort at resistance, as if great fear had fallen for the moment on all who witnessed it. To the first impression, as was natural, feelings of jealousy and rage quickly succeeded. The contrast between His appearance and His pretensions was too violent. What right had a peasant of Galilee to stand forth brandishing the prophet's menacing scourge under the eyes of stoled and mitred rabbins, the venerable custodiers of the holy place? Something like the taunt to Moses,—“Who made thee a judge and a ruler over us?”—comes out in the inquiry of the Jews, probably priests and scribes, members of the Sanhedrim, who had gathered round him, veiled, however, under a desire for fuller information, “What sign shovest Thou us, seeing that Thou doest these things?” They have allowed Him, unchallenged, to take his own course,—what evidence can He now give to satisfy them that He had a right to assume these sacred and awful functions in the house of God?

To this question a prompt answer was returned,—one of those characteristic utterances of His purposely mysterious, and to those who first heard it, unintelligible, but one which in its infinite significance, a later day was to interpret,—the dark and occult ciphers of the oracle starting forth in spiritual clearness, as if inscribed on these Temple walls by the finger of God.

“Jesus answered and said unto them, DESTROY THIS TEMPLE AND IN THREE DAYS I WILL RAISE IT UP.” Most memorable to us is this first allusion to His death,—this sign, on the very threshold of His mission, of His divine insight into the future,—His intuitive knowledge that by the hands of these very men, the ministers of the material temple, the true tabernacle, in which the brightness of the excellent glory was enshrined, was to be laid in ruins. Into minds like theirs, so crusted with formalism, the profounder meaning of these words could not penetrate. Their nature was so hardened in its earthy mould that it could take no impress of spiritual truth. They could only attach to them some gross materialistic sense, debasing and perverting them into the utterance of a safe and vapid boast, as if He challenged them to put His power to the proof on conditions that were simply impracticable. They looked round them, on the edifice of which they were so proud as one of their national glories, the centre point of their symbolic worship, now complete in more than its primal magnificence,—colonnades, terraces, sumptuous porticos, and golden gates, glowing in the fresh and snow-white beauty of Herod's restoration, and said in bitter scorn, “Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt Thou rear it up in three days?” Sufficient rebuke, as they deemed it, to a foolish and flippant assertion, passed over in contemptuous silence at the time, but never to be forgotten. As an insult to their holy place, the Palladium of the Theocracy, it rankled in their hearts, to be often quoted against the hated Teacher of Galilee in their secret conclaves; to come forth in strangely distorted shape as a formal charge against Him when he stood arraigned for blasphemy at their bar; to be hurled in cruel sarcasm against Him to embitter His dying agonies, when “they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads and saying, Thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself.”

HE SPAKE OF THE TEMPLE OF HIS BODY. They had asked for a sign and a sign was given, which, though neither they nor his chosen disciples could understand it at the time, was, ere long, to be literally verified. That temple of His humanity, pure and undefiled, the earthly tabernacle wherein the Word made flesh screened His essential glory from human eyes, was to be defaced and broken, and laid in the dust. Its framework was to be dissolved, its sanctity violated in so far as earthly malice, inspired and aided by the powers of darkness, could execute its wicked will. And then in three days, in the darksome secrecy of the sepulchre, of His own will and by His own power, was He to build it up entire, and unblemished, incorruptible, and im-

mortal, raising it up out of mortal weakness and abasement as a trophy of His almighty power, for its seeming dishonour refining and transfiguring it with spiritual beauty, and then exalting the glorified form of His and our humanity to the throne of heaven for evermore.

Not till the Resurrection was past, under the teaching of the promised Spirit of Truth, the Comforter, were these words, in their vital significance, brought to the remembrance of His followers. The dark enigma was then fully solved, the faded colours of the impression were suddenly revived, and in the light of that earliest testimony to His death and resurrection, "they believed the Scripture and the word that Jesus had said."

Forty and six years was this temple in building. Little thought those who thus boasted of its splendour that in less than forty years it would be overthrown. They little deemed that in their plotting to do violence to "the temple of His body," they were only hastening a ruin and desolation from the thought of which they would have recoiled with horror. By the hands of its builders that Temple fell; it was their sin in crucifying the Lord of glory that laid it even with the ground, and left not one stone of it upon another.

Through His decease, accomplished at Jerusalem, the Son of man was to lay the foundations of a spiritual temple which was to supersede that earthly building so soon to pass away,—that Church which, in another sense, is "His body," an house not made with hands, in which each believing soul is a living stone,—a temple, which is the glory of no one chosen people, but of all lands and nations, silently growing up from day to day to harmonious completeness and eternal beauty. In the place of the temple made with hands stands the temple made without hands, consecrated by the indwelling of the living God, wherein the holy priesthood of faithful and loving souls offer up the sacrifice of praise.

This passover was further signalized by the first miracles our Lord had wrought in the public view. The Jews had asked for a sign, and at the moment, He had not granted the kind of sign they sought. Now, wonders are performed before their eyes which might have convinced them of His Messiahship, and which, in fact, led many to believe on his name. Yet, as if to show that the belief produced by miracles was in but few cases saving faith, we are told that "Jesus did not commit Himself unto them,"—did not associate them with Himself, because He knew all men.

That Omniscience which pierced the secrets of the heart could discern that the signs which constrained the mind to acknowledge Him as a prophet, did not necessarily persuade the soul to accept Him as a Saviour. Of the many who believed in Him as a divinely-commissioned teacher, few were led to inquire further and follow out their convictions to honest and effectual results.

It is this that gives a peculiar interest to the case of Nicodemus, and, no doubt, with this view it has been placed on lasting record. The mighty works that com-

pelled the ruler of the Jews to acknowledge that Jesus was a teacher come from God, could not of themselves impart to him any saving enlightenment. They left him standing outside the region of spiritual truth. All the mysteries of the kingdom of God—grace, redemption, and divine renewal—were hidden from the master of Israel in profoundest obscurity, until he sought the Saviour for himself, stood face to face with Him, and heard His living voice disclose the momentous truth that held the secret of salvation.

J. D. R.

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

GALILEE.

ON Monday, June the 30th, our sojourn at Tiberias was to close. Once more, before mounting our horses, we walked over the places in the immediate neighbourhood of the baths, which had grown so familiar to us. The hot springs, steaming with their sulphurous odour, as they poured into the lake, over the shingly beach; the black stones and rocks scattered round; the little waves curving round our creek; the steep cliffs behind, their slopes tufted here and there with dry, thin vegetation. We gathered a few pebbles and shells, sat a few moments on the rocks, and listened to the ripple of the quiet waves; drew the sweet, fresh water from the lake in the hollow of our hands, and drank, and bathed our faces in it; and brought every sense into contact with the sacred scene, as if instinctively to stamp its reality on our hearts, and to associate a recollection with every sense, when memory and pictures would be all we had left of it.

We had seen the lake in so many aspects. At midnight we had looked out from our tent door, quite close to the water's edge, over the clear sky, full of brilliant stars and countless nebulae, with one planet shining over the dim hills on the other side, and casting a long silvery reflection like moonlight on the rippling lake. At early morning we had watched the glorious golden dawn spread over the sky above the eastern hills, till the sun rose behind them; in the haze of noonday heat we had seen it with the reflection of the opposite mountains warm and rich, and every crevice and cove distinct in the reality and the reflection; with the breeze rippling the waters, and crisping the little waves into foam; and so still that the fish could be seen swimming through it in multitudes, their leaping up the only sound which broke the silence. We had been by its deserted cities, its gardens or wildernesses of oleanders in full rosy bloom; its quiet sands and pebbly beaches; its black, volcanic, craggy hills, and "desert places near the cities;" and now we were to travel for a few days through Galilee or the Gentiles.

We soon climbed the shoulder of the height above Tiberias, and reached the hill with two summits or horns on the edge of the table-land, from which we had our last near, yet comprehensive view of the lake. This hill

is called Kurun Hattin, and is entitled by tradition the Mount of Beatitudes,—those who have studied the subject seem to think with every probability of truth. It is a mountain,—a distinct and elevated summit,—and yet not wild and craggy, but containing platforms and slopes on which multitudes might have gathered and listened. Its situation is central; great multitudes from the towns and villages among the wooded hills of Galilee on the north, from Decapolis, even from Jerusalem, and from beyond Jordan, might easily congregate here; whilst Capernaum, into which our Lord entered so shortly after the sermon on the mount, and healed the centurion's servant, is (if the site be near Khan Minyeh) quite close at hand on the shores below.

There is something in the commanding situation of Kurun Hattin peculiarly suitable for a discourse spoken "with authority." The sermon on the mount is so different in character from most of our Lord's teaching. It is not so much the Oriental teacher, the Rabbi, impressing truths on disciples with endless variety of parable and illustration. Still less is it the friend conversing with friend, as on the quiet beaches of Genesareth. It is the Lawgiver, the royal Lawgiver, proclaiming from the throne the laws of the kingdom of God—the laws by which he will judge when he sits on the judgment-seat. And this hill, commanding the wide plain of Hattin, and, far below, the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee in their deep, oval hollow (then reflecting in its bosom the white walls of busy cities, and the marble façades of Roman villas, and the sunlit or tawny sails of countless boats), seems a fit throne for such a proclamation.

It began not judicially, but divinely; not with denunciations, but with benedictions; and then through all its searching and humbling, yet homely precepts, sealed by the majestic "I say unto you," it proceeds to the announcement of that day when the most appalling words that can be heard will be those from his lips, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." The benedictions were unheeded, the promises were disregarded, the warnings were despised; and now on that house of prosperity and splendour, "built on the sand," the "rain" has indeed "descended," and the winds have blown, and it has fallen, and "great was the fall of it."

The gracious title, Mount of Beatitudes, echoes with a reproachful tenderness, sadder than any curse from that height on the deserted shores of the forsaken, lonely Sea of Galilee.

With the recommencing of our journey, recommenced one of the most continually interesting features of our sojourn in the Holy Land,—the realizing in some measure, by our own toil and fatigue, what the toil and weariness of our Lord must have been during the ceaseless journeys on foot of the years of his ministry, so much of which was spent in Galilee. Galilee is not an easy country to travel over in this hot climate. It is very hilly; and it is impossible to pass from one village to another on these hill-sides, or among these narrow

valleys, without climbing many a steep and rugged path.

After leaving Kurun Hattin we crossed a ridge of hills, partly wooded with evergreen trees and shrubs, with prickly or glossy leaves, into another plain, or low broad valley, parched and waterless. Here, we had been told, was one of the supposed sites of Cana of Galilee; but our guide, through some misunderstanding, had been left behind, and therefore we had to trust to our own researches.

The soil of the valley seemed fertile, and in some places cultivated; but the crops had all been gathered in, and we had to plough our way through the dry clods of brown, sun-baked earth, among which from time to time were scattered round stones like potatoes, which, when broken, we found contained crystals of spar in the centre.

Hills more or less wooded swept down into the valley, and on the sides of these we often saw ruins, which we thought might be those of Cana, and were sure must be those of towns and villages where our Lord taught and healed the sick on his many journeys to teach and preach in their cities. We rode up the hill-sides to two of these heaps of ruins. Their extent, and the size of the carefully hewn stones, gave them more claim to the title of cities than to that of mere villages. In both there were a number of ruined walls, not merely scattered stones, as in the poor ruins of Southern Palestine, but fragments of well-built, massive walls, with extensive water-tanks and deep wells, now, indeed, all dry. At the second there was a very fine deep well, with a large carved trough beside it, all now dry and empty, and full of snakes crawling up its sides. We should have examined this more closely, but for a skirmish among our horses, one of which was vicious, and in his efforts to bite another, nearly wounded one of us, but happily only tore the clothes instead. Nevertheless, we had time to speculate whether this well, now so significantly haunted by serpents and noisome reptiles, was not once the pure and abundant fountain from which were filled the six water-pots of stone at the marriage-feast. No vineyards now on these slopes, no water in these fountains to be turned into wine by miracle, or by the wondrous chemistry of nature, meekly ministering always at the command of the same voice; no festive homes now in the village, where Jesus, and his mother, and his disciples once were guests!

On descending the hill we had to ride still a long way through the hot valley, without shade, or water, or refreshment of any kind (our muleteer with the provision saddle-bags having failed us), until we came to a village. It was a dreary, oppressive ride along that burning plain or valley, where the hills kept off all the air, but gave no shade. From sunrise when we started, till past noon, throughout that valley we saw not one human being, and tasted not one drop of water but the cupful we had brought in our little flasks. This is perhaps partly the reason why the village we reached on that

noon (the name of which we do not know) stands out as such a cool, refreshing picture, a green type of shade, and refreshment, and rest. It was situated on a slope at the further edge of the plain. The oxen were treading out the corn on the thrashing-floor levelled in the rocky side of the hill, and near it was a spring of good, cool, sweet water, an abundance of which was poured into the troughs for our thirsty horses. It was always one of the especial pleasures of our journey to see and hear the eager delight with which those tired, patient creatures sucked in the water when we came to a well.

The people of this village were very friendly and open-hearted. When we dismounted they brought us bread and water, and what was a rare luxury, an abundant supply of good sweet milk.

Our horses were fastened to the outer branches of a gigantic oak, whilst we rested under the shade of the same tree; and the villagers assembled in various groups around us, the men gravely sitting on the ground in little parties, discussing the strangers, and the women timidly approaching in the background, wondering especially at the Frank "sit" (lady).

In many of the villages through which we passed it would neither have been pleasant nor safe thus to dismount and repose without guard or arms of any kind in the midst of the people. More than once angry and contemptuous glances and gestures had been directed against us, which made us glad to escape; but in this Galilean village all seemed simple, and friendly, and hospitable, reminding one of the tales of Arab simplicity and hospitality scattered through French "*Recueils choisis*," and juvenile literature of that kind.

Thus we had a delicious hour of repose and refreshment under the shade of that magnificent oak, with the hum of the villagers' conversation lulling us to sleep, like the noon-day murmur of bees. But there was one little incident in connection with that friendly village which more than all its shade, and rest, and hospitality, has stamped it with a kind of tender, sacred interest on our memories.

Among many of these simple peasants there is a prevalent belief that every Frank is a Hakim, a wise man, a doctor, a physician. Before we left, therefore, two or three of the women who had been timidly hovering near, ventured close, and taking me as the mediator, anxiously pointed to the sick children in their arms. The little creatures were evidently drooping and suffering. One poor mother I especially remember who brought us two sick little ones, and seemed to forget all her timidity in her longing to have them cured, and her confidence that we could do them good. We can never forget her imploring looks and gestures, and the beseeching tones of her voice, as she looked at us and then pointed to the little sufferers. And we could only stroke the little drooping head that leaned languidly on her bosom, and take the little feverish hands in ours, and give her kind looks, and hoping she would understand the pity in our

tones as well as we could not fail to comprehend the distress in hers.

She little knew the mingled emotions her entreaties called up in our hearts, or the scenes they recalled of the days of the Son of man on earth, when in this Galilee, perhaps in this very village, they "brought unto Him all that were diseased, and he healed them." "For in Him was life," and in us was nothing, to help those poor, distressed, confiding people! It touched us very deeply to be appealed to in this way as superior beings, and feel so powerless to do or even to say anything to help them. How we longed to be able to tell those poor mothers of Him!

But kind looks and a little money were all we had to give these friendly villagers; and with many a lingering look we mounted our horses, and took leave of our hosts.

From this village the scenery became less monotonous and dreary. We left the burning narrow plain along which we had been riding so many hours, and crossed some beautiful breezy hills, wooded with green shrubs, dwarf trees, like a coppice lately felled, with some of the taller trees left standing. On the other side of the hills we came to a large village called Shef Arma, where the women crowded round me with eager childish curiosity, wanting to examine the contents of my carriage-bag, and the meaning of my note-book, which I took out and wrote in to amuse them. We had to wait here some little time to gain information as to our tents, which we found had been pitched at the further end of the town. We were not sorry to escape from the curious crowds who were rapidly gathering around us. They were by no means so respectful and courteous in their demeanour as the friendly peasants in the village of our midday halt, and we were glad to find our encampment removed some little way from the houses in an olive-garden at the outskirts of the town. Near our tents was a large draw-well, at which the women of the village seemed incessantly to be filling their pitchers. The veiled figures were constantly passing with pitchers on their heads or shoulders, and the noise of eager talking, broken every now and then by angry disputing, did not cease till sunset, and recommenced before sunrise the next morning.

On Tuesday, July the 1st, we set off soon after sunrise for Caipha, on the sea-coast, and Carmel. Our route, after descending from the hills, lay over sand-heaps covered with dry, long-stalked plants, varied with flowering shrubs, one with a crimson bell-shaped flower, and another with blue spike of blossom like the *Veronica* in our gardens. It reminded me of the sands swept in for miles by the Atlantic, on some parts of the western coast of Cornwall, tossed by waves, and drifted by winds into countless hillocks, bound together by coarse grass and various seaside plants.

On our left rose the range of Carmel, which we were approaching, and which forms the point at the southern extremity of the bay. Some of our party diverged

from the plain, and rode a little way along its wooded sides. Carmel is not an isolated height like Tabor, or even a distinct mountain like Hermon, but a long range of fertile hills, broken by wooded dells, yet sufficiently united to constitute one ridge, terminating in the steep cliffs of the promontory, from which the white walls of the great mother-convent of the Carmelites look far over the Mediterranean. Among that long wooded range was the rocky height in the forest, commanding sea and plain, with its spring near it, which is supposed to be the scene of Elijah's sacrifice. But of this we did not hear until too late to visit it.

Before reaching Caïpha, at the foot of the promontory, we forded a wide but shallow stream, close to the sea. We were told to follow carefully and closely in the steps of our guide, because, above and below, the current was stronger and deeper, and might cause us some difficulty. Where we crossed it did not wet our feet, and just served to cool the legs of our horses. Yet this was "that ancient river—the river Kishon," which forces its way through a pass of Carmel some few miles above. Its whole course in summer is not more than a few miles, and its depth, I believe, in no part sufficient to navigate the smallest boats. But it is perennial, a quality which gives any stream, of a few miles' course, a claim to be called "ancient," in the land of shortlived summer torrents; and after the rains, no doubt it would sweep a fugitive army, attempting to cross it without knowing the fords, with irresistible force into the sea. More than this the song of Deborah does not imply, although to northern imaginations the words certainly suggest a very different river, from the small stream quietly pursuing its way over the sands which we forded on that summer noon.

In Caïpha we watered our horses. It was more like a town than any place we had entered since leaving Jerusalem, but not one Bible association detained us among its narrow streets, and after a short delay, we commenced the ascent to the promontory of Carmel. The road was good and wound up the face of the hill, overlooking the sea, and in some places shaded by fine trees.

In the convent we were most kindly and hospitably entertained by Frère Charles, who had just returned from a tour on the business of his order in France. He showed us his album, to which all visitors, if they wish it, are desired to contribute either with pen or pencil. The air of the whole place was rather French than Oriental, from our polite and lively entertainer himself, to the suite of rooms with French furniture provided for those who wish to stay any time at the convent. There was certainly little in what we saw there to recall either Elijah, according to Carmelite tradition, the founder of the order, or St. Louis, the founder of this convent; but into the interior of the monastery, of course, feminine feet dare not intrude. From the windows, and from the garden below, we looked down on the Mediterranean, breaking on the sands at the foot of

Carmel far below. The steep sides of the cliff were dotted with olives, and with the breezes on this height, this broad sweep of sea in front, and the fruitful wooded range of Mount Carmel, with its glades and shady dells stretching inland behind, one can well fancy a heart weary with the hollow conventionalities of the European world turning to the monastic seclusion of this mountain, swept clear of conventionalities (it might be fancied) by the grand recollections of its solitary prospect, as its atmosphere is swept pure of malaria by the sea-breezes. There are, moreover, means of exercising benevolence in the Pharmacie, now presided over by an Italian monk. We understood Frère Charles to say that many of the neighbouring peasants apply for medical advice and remedies here, but that little gratitude is manifested by them, and no missionary work making progress among them. Have any of the monks who reside here, and say mass over "Elijah's cave," indeed come here with such thoughts, and if so, what have they found? Rest for those heavy-laden with earth's cares—reality and truth for those weary with the world's falsehood—are to be found in no *place* or *thing*, but in One Person, as near us in Paris as on Carmel. It would be interesting to know something of the interior life of these Syrian convents, whose outer courts make such hospitable resting-places for travellers,—unless, indeed, the monastery is only a reproduction of the hollow outside world in miniature, the larger ambitions of the court and camp exchanged for the petty ambitions of the monk.

With a grateful feeling towards Frère Charles for his cheerful courtesy, we left the convent in the afternoon, and wound our way again down the face of the cliff to Caïpha.

From Cuïpha, after re-crossing the Kishon, we had a beautiful cool ride of fifteen miles, over the sands along the curve of the bay to Akka (Acre). Here our encampment was in a garden, or orchard of palms, figs, and olives. Our Maltese cook had established his crocks and pans under the romantic shade of those trees. A little stream or river crept quietly along beside our garden, and found its way into the sea over the sands, not five minutes' walk off. The murmur of the Mediterranean made music for us all day and night. In sight rose the walls and towers of Acre, with all its crusading memories. Altogether it was a kind of "pleasant harbour" in the midst of the "Hill Difficulty" of our material pilgrimage, and the spirit of dreaminess and slumber came over us, so that between that and a discussion as to our future route, we did not leave our garden until rather late on the next day, Wednesday, July the 22d.

In the afternoon we rode through the poor streets and bazaars of Acre, and then leaving it, along the undulating sand-heaps drifted in by the sea to El-Bussah. The views on this reach of the Mediterranean were very fine. A noble amphitheatre enclosed the plain of Acre, from Carmel to the range south of Tyre, an arc of which the blue sea was the chord. At El-Bussah we found an

abundant clear spring, rising pure and fresh as many springs do along the coast from this to Tyre, within a few yards of the sea. Cattle were being watered there; not sheep and goats, "lesser cattle" merely. We did not encamp near the spring, on account of the mosquitoes, but a little further inland, and higher up, beneath the hills which form the great barrier between the Holy Land and the shores of Tyre and Sidon, dividing the maritime plain of the south from that of the north.

No sandy beach lies between the sea and this promontory, as at Carmel. To cross from the land of Israel to that of the Phœnicians, you must scale the cliff by the rugged path called the Tyrian ladder.

We used the little light left in wandering about the rocky shore, so different from the smooth sands which all along the ancient Philistine coast border the almost tideless Mediterranean. Here, on each side of the strip of sand through which the fresh waters of our spring found their way into the sea, stretched a rugged platform of rocks, broken by little salt-water pools, reminding us of those on the coast of Cornwall. Some of our party found shells on the rocks. This is the commencement of the bold high promontory which forms the boundary of Palestine.

The next day (Thursday, July the 3d), was a day of adventures, of some danger and great fatigue; but we cannot regret it, as it gave us a far more extensive acquaintance with the hills and valleys of Galilee, than we should have gained by the ordinary route.

By a misunderstanding, our party was broken into three divisions, one of us wandering off alone, the muleteers, guides, and dragoman taking the ordinary route, whilst four of us, including a German servant, whose stock of Arabic was only a few words richer than our own, set off together expecting to be soon rejoined by the dragoman who had gone in search of our lost companion.

The original goal of the day's march had been Banias, but the muleteers positively pronounced this unattainable; and the point finally fixed on to be reached was Bint-y-Jebail (the daughter of the mountains), a village deep among the wild hills of Galilee. The name of this village, and its direction by the compass, was all we had to direct us, except that we wished to see, on our way, the ruined castle of Tirschiha, which we had been particularly desired at Jerusalem not to miss.

We first ascended a hill on the right of the plain by El-Bussah, from which we had a beautiful view of the whole plain of Acre, bounded on the south by Carmel stretching its hilly range far into the sea. On this hill we found a village. It was very silent; it seemed as if the inhabitants had deserted it to work in the fields. But two men appeared in answer to our call, and of them we asked the way to Tirschiha. They pointed across the plain to the opposite hills, but as they spoke they drew so suspiciously near, laying hold on our bridles and looking so dangerous, that we were glad to break from

them and descend the hill as rapidly as we could. We had been told that the villagers among these Galilean hills are often very unfriendly and thievish, indeed, little better than bandits, to defenceless travellers, and we had no arms amongst us.

On reaching the plain we rode fast over it, and made a most difficult cross-country ascent of the hills on the other side, over rocks and through thickets of prickly bushes, only guided by cattle tracks, and often losing even these. Once in a glade of the forest we caught sight of a herdsman with a drove of cattle, and called to him to show us the way. But the more we called him the more he wouldn't come. He probably mistook us for Bedouins or Bashi Bazeuks, and prudently made all haste out of our reach, hiding himself among the brushwood. With this exception we saw or heard no human being for hours, and after wandering from sunrise till noon over this ridge of wooded hill, we found ourselves on the edge of a dark, narrow ravine. From the bottom of this ravine, far, far below, came to us the sound of a stream eddying and falling among stones, like a Devonshire river. It was like the voice of a friend; and after debating some minutes whether we should attempt to skirt the valley or cross it, we could not resist the voice of the river, but dismounted from our horses, and throwing the bridles over their necks, began the perilously steep and rugged descent, guided partly by a track, made probably by wild cattle, to the stream. We reached the border of the river in safety, and resolved to make our midday halt there.

For half an hour after we gave ourselves up to rest. More we dared not allow ourselves, not knowing how many hours of difficult riding might be before us in this wild country. We took the cold chicken and Arab bread out of Wilhelm's saddlebags, and drank of the pure, cold stream. For our poor horses there was nothing but such herbage or leaves as they could crop from the rocks and bushes; but the powers of endurance of these little Syrian horses are wonderful.

The scene around us was quite different from any of our previous experiences of the Holy Land. We could have imagined ourselves in any wooded mountain district in Europe. The ravine was very deep and narrow, and its sides were clothed with tangled wood. At our feet the cold, pure stream or river tumbled over rocks, or eddied in pools with sandy bottoms. Close beside it opposite us rose the ruins of a Gothic church, with arched doors and windows, a relic, no doubt, of crusading times. Crowning the opposite height far above us rose the ruins of a massive ancient castle. But what this church and castle are called, to this day we know not. It was enough to give interest to that day's wanderings that we were among the hills of Galilee.

After our brief rest our next anxiety was to find a path out of the ravine on the opposite side. When our German servant believed he had discovered one, we followed him across the river, dismounting on the other side to lead our horses through the prickly thickets,

under the branches of the trees, which grew too low to admit of our riding under them. But the path became more and more impracticable, and at last disappeared altogether, blocked up by masses of rock. Two of us went forward, leaving the four horses in charge of the rest, and scrambled with much difficulty up the precipitous rocks, to see if we could anywhere descry a practicable path. By climbing over rocks, rubbish, and ruins, we reached the foot of the castle, and there found again traces of the path the fallen rocks had blocked up. The frightened horses had to be dragged round by the same way, as no other appeared. One of them all but lost his balance on the precipitous rocks, and the others reared and struggled, but at length they were all brought safely through into the clearer space, and we remounted. The castle was very extensive and massive, with ruined walls fallen into the moats. It appeared to us, from the brief investigation we had time to bestow, a fortress of the Crusaders, reared on the gigantic foundations of ancient Phœnician or Hebrew builders. Anything more impressive to the imagination could hardly be seen than these solitary (and to us nameless) ruins of a castle and church rising by this unknown river in the wild woods of Galilee, and yet leading the mind back so plainly to era beyond era of past human history. It was strange to think of the strains of the *Te Deum* and the old Church hymns rising from that lowly church in the Galilean valley, and of the old Phœnician fortress echoing back the praises of the Nazarene—the Galilean.

We were thankful to get over this difficulty, which our entire ignorance of the country made really a danger; but this difficulty surmounted left us still in great perplexity. Of the distance to Bint-y-Jebail we had no idea, and the compass, which with the map gave us our only knowledge of the direction in which it lay, was a very imperfect guide in a country seamed with precipitous ravines covered with tangled wood. Soon after leaving the castle our path was crossed by another. I believe prayer for protection and guidance was indeed answered that day, for the danger in that thinly peopled country, where the few villages were inhabited by people we could not safely trust, was not small. Our great anxiety was lest darkness should overtake us in this wilderness, although it would have been safer to bivouac in the forest than to seek the shelter of an unknown village. Meantime the scenery was the finest we had seen in Palestine; ranges of lofty wooded hills, folding over each other, distance beyond distance, as far as the eye could reach from the heights;—not sprinkled with trees in park-like groups like Tabor, but thickly clothed with forest, tangled in many places with an undergrowth of luxuriant brushwood; deep wild ravines, and beautiful woodland paths through forests of evergreen oak and other trees, sweet clematis and wild convolvulus garlanding the trees, and countless other wild flowers springing in every brake and glade. And this was Galilee.

For miles after leaving the castle we did not meet or

see one human being, nor even any cattle, or trace of man. When we lost sight of that watered valley, we scrambled over several high ridges, and crossed another magnificent wooded ravine, with a dry watercourse, and spanned by a bridge, near which was an abandoned well. There was something very weird and solemn in those traces of long-past human labour and life amongst these solitudes. At length, however, we came in sight of something like cultivation, and then of an Arab village. Wilhelm asked the way. They said Bint-y-Jebail was five hours off. We inquired again of some people we met in the path, and received contrary information and directions. At the next village a very unfriendly-looking peasant, working in the fields, of whom we asked directions, laid hold of one of our bridles, and wanted us to wait until some neighbours, to whom he called, came up, but we thought it imprudent to encounter an assembly of the villagers, and galloped off from him as rapidly as we could across ploughed fields and through low stone walls like Dartmoor hedges, until we came to what seemed more like a beaten track, where a peaceable looking man on a donkey met us, and told us the way. Across more hills to another village. Here the men were away in the fields, but two or three women at a well were friendly, gave us water from their pitchers, and said (as we understood) that Bint-y-Jebail was only an hour off. This revived our failing hopes, and we rode off again as rapidly as we could, up and down wooded hills and along valleys for nearly two hours, our agile but tired horses clambering over slabs of rock on the steep hillsides with wonderful perseverance. At length we reached another village in a valley, which, we trusted, must be our destination, but to our dismay here we were told Bint-y-Jebail was three hours further on. The sun, by this time, was not an hour above the horizon; in the valleys twilight began already to creep over the forest, and a wolf had daringly crossed the path in front of us, at a distance of a few yards. One of our party advocated waiting and trying the hospitality of the villagers, but this was concluded too great a risk. Accordingly, by means of entreaties and a dollar, we persuaded a peasant to guide us across the hills to Bint-y-Jebail. It was a wild ride, and our horses stumbled in the darkness before we reached the village; and when we reached it we looked in vain for our tents; but to our great joy a man met us at the large reservoir—into which our tired horses pressed—at the entrance of the village, and mentioned the name of our dragoman.

Soon after the lost member of our party came to us, and welcomed us cordially. He had been robbed by two men on his solitary ride, and had just induced the Bey of the village to send some soldiers in search of us. Our mules had rolled in a river, soaking our bedding, so that it could not be used that night, and losing our wine. But such minor difficulties were only matters of amusement after our day of toils and perils. The Bey very courteously sent us a dinner from his own table, borne

on trays on the heads of his servants, who waited on us in our tents, standing behind us, and making extempore spoons of the flat Arab bread, for us to dip in the dish, instead of civilized forks.

We had been in the saddle for thirteen hours. The alternate baying of shepherds' dogs and howling of wolves near our tents, could not prevent us sleeping soundly that night on our bare camp beds, wrapped up in shawls. The excitement of the day, however, did not wear off immediately, and it was some time before the pictures of Galilean scenery, rocky hills, wild wooded ravines, and shady forest-paths festooned with fragrant flowers, which that day's fatigues had so deeply imprinted on our minds, faded into dreams. We could not regret the mistake which had led us from the beaten track so deep into the heart of Galilee.

"A GOOD MAN—A VERY GOOD MAN INDEED."

BY J. DE LIEFDE, OF AMSTERDAM.

CHAPTER III.

AN OPPOSITION BAKER'S SHOP IS GOT UP.

"THE landlord of the 'Golden Plough' was quite alarmed by this state of things. He was a man of considerable property, most of which he had earned by his ability at the bar. Having no family to support, he might easily have retired from business without danger of coming short for the future, but money making had become such a cherished employment with him, that he felt quite miserable at the discovery, that he could not turn gin and beer into silver and gold as quickly as he used to do. His conscience, however, would sometimes tell him that he ought to rejoice at this fact, if he truly loved his neighbours. But the love of money silenced this faithful inward voice, and he hardened his heart against the warnings of a better feeling. His friends, of course, would greatly confirm him in his indignation at the Methodistical baker, whose person and conduct usually formed the chief topic of their slanderous and scornful tap-toom talk. The question was often broached, whether nothing could be done to put a stop to the influence of the fanatic, and at length it came to a firm resolution in the landlord's heart, not to rest until he had removed the baker from the village.

"Now, just opposite the baker's there was a house which belonged to the landlord, and was inhabited by a widow, whose eldest son was the baker's foreman. He was a fine young man of six and twenty, who scarcely found his match in the art of baking bread. It was well known that the baker used to call him his 'right hand,' and young Frederic felt that his master loved him as a man loves his right hand. Nor had the master's word and example altogether failed to influence the servant. It could not be said that Frederic was a converted Christian, but he appeared to be under serious impressions, and the baker had good hope that ere long

the young man would yield to the power of God's word and Spirit. The baker's mind was even fraught with the secret plan of raising Frederic to the rank of his partner, and of giving him a share in the business, as soon as he might have given sufficient proof of a settled Christian character. The young man then would be able to marry the worthy girl he was engaged to, for his income would be sufficient to support both his mother and his family.

"Of this plan Frederic, however, knew nothing. The baker wisely kept it hid from him, not to mar the tender process of his spiritual change by the stimulus of earthly calculations. Still less guessed Frederic's mother anything of this purpose of the baker's. On the contrary, she was not at all contented with the way in which the baker was dealing with her son. She was a selfish, greedy woman, who often, when alone with her son, would wag her tongue against his master, abusing him as a miser and ungrateful 'Turk,' because he kept such a clever, able, and zealous servant as Frederic at so low wages. Frederic would always defend his master, and show that his wages were higher than those of any servant in the village; but the old widow called him a fool, who did not understand his own interest, and could have married long since, if he only would speak out more boldly and require higher remuneration. This Frederic refused most decidedly, however, and the old woman knew no better way of giving vent to her indignation than by occasionally complaining to her neighbours of the baker's stinginess and her son's want of spirit. I need not tell you that the neighbours did not keep these confidential communications to themselves. They were soon a matter of conversation in the tap-room of the 'Golden Plough.'

"One day the landlord paid a visit to Frederic's mother. She had requested him to come to look after some repairs which were urgently required. After having examined the indicated places, he turned to the front parlour, and looking up to the ceiling as if to measure its height, and across to the walls as if to calculate their length and breadth, he said in a soft voice, as if speaking to himself, 'Why, this would do very well for a baker's shop.'

"'For a baker's shop!' repeated the widow in a tone of amazement and alarm. 'I hope, sir, you don't think of turning me out. Is the baker thinking of removing to this house?'

"'No, not at all!' replied the landlord. 'Even if he offered me double the rent I should not let it to him.'

"'Ah, very well,' said the widow, drawing her breath as if a heavy burden had fallen from her shoulders. 'I only asked so, sir, because you were speaking of a baker's shop.'

"'Yes, I did. I thought the other day that getting up a baker's business in this house would not be a bad speculation. The population has considerably increased during the last year or two. There would be plenty of work for an additional baker. If I had a son who was a

baker I should not for a moment hesitate settling him here. I think I shall some day engage a baker to take the house for the purpose. But of course I'll let you know in time, that you may pack your things at your convenience. Our contract is with a half year's notice at any rate.'

"With these words the landlord left the house, but their impression remained with the widow.

"Frederic,' said she, when her son came in, 'the landlord will turn our house into a baker's shop, and engage a baker to carry on the business. What do you say to that?'

"Impossible!' exclaimed Frederic, gazing at his mother as at a ghost.

"Yes, to be sure,' rejoined she; 'he told me so just now.'

"And whom is he to engage?' asked Frederic uneasily.

"Well, nobody particular as yet. But, I say, if you don't go to him at once and apply for the situation, you are the biggest fool that ever kneaded the dough in a baker's trough.'

"I/' exclaimed Frederic. 'I to set up a business opposite my master? No, never, mother.'

"O you stupid boy,' cried the widow, 'trampling your own fortune under foot! If you don't take it, another dog will run off with the fat bone, you fool. And,' added she, covering her face with her apron, and lowering her voice to a plaintive tone, 'your old mother will be turned out of this house, in which your dear father, now in heaven, died, and in which I have been living for upwards of thirty-six years; and *you* will be the cause of it. Yes, you will knock the first nail into my coffin.'

"Frederic could not sleep that night. Not until daybreak a slight slumber stole over his eyes, and in his dream he saw himself as his own master, settled in the new baker's business, his wife happy by his side, his shop crammed with customers, and his mother blessing him as the comforter of her widowhood.

"The next day he went to the landlord and settled the matter. A sufficient capital was allowed him, at an interest of only two per cent., to begin business with. The house was to be rebuilt into a baker's shop, and no increase of rent would be required.

"The next week he gave notice to his master; and before three months had elapsed, a splendid baker's shop arose opposite that of our friend.

"A series of most painful experiences now commenced for that child of God. It pleased his heavenly Father to give him a bitter cup to drink, to make him all the more crave the sweet fruits of the heavenly paradise; and Christ, while giving him a portion of his cross to bear, drew him by it on and upward to the mountain of his holiness. The sharpest thorn which at the outset pierced his soul, was the unfaithfulness and treacherous demeanour of Frederic. For an honest, tenderly-feeling mind, no experience is more bitter than that of

the apostasy of a servant whom we confided in as a friend, loved as a son, and benefited as a brother. All other trials strike the flesh; this wounds the very heart. It was a hard struggle for our baker in patient silence to bear the sight of that splendid shop opposite his, obviously got up to damage him, and kept by a person whom he had taken into service as a poor, ignorant lad, and who was indebted to him for all the knowledge and business ability he was possessed of.

"My dear,' he said to his wife, on the day when the new shop was opened, 'we must pray now twice as urgently as we have prayed hitherto, lest the devil catch us in his snares. We are in great danger now of hating our neighbour because he hates us.'

"But *isn't* it hateful indeed!' replied his wife, looking through the window at the new shop, and shaking her head indignantly at it.

"Yes, the shop is,' rejoined the baker; 'and so is the whole plan of which that shop is the issue.'

"And so is Frederic, that ungrateful, treacherous fellow,' interrupted she; 'he is a hateful scoundrel, whom—'

"Hush!' said the baker, laying his hands upon her lips. 'It is written, "*Bless them that curse you; and pray for them that despitefully use you.*" The time has come for us now to carry that commandment of our Lord into practice; but I feel it is a heavy one indeed. We ought never to mind that shop, nor to take thought questioning what damage it may do us. We should only consider the great damage which poor Frederic has suffered.'

"He!' exclaimed the bakeress in a voice of surprise. 'What damage do you mean? Just look at him, standing this moment in his doorway, his young wife by his side. He appears as little aware of any damage as a conqueror who is returning from the field of battle.'

"Alas! that's the worst of it,' replied the baker. 'He seems not to feel that his soul has suffered greater damage than the income of all the bakers' shops in the world can make up to him. The Evil One has caught him in the snare of covetousness, and seduced him by the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, so that he is trying now to build his house upon the ruins of that of his friend and master; for he knows as well as I that two bakers cannot well find bread for their wives and families in this small village of ours. Now, such a disposition of heart may be the very thing required to succeed in the kingdom of this world, but it is equally certain that it shuts one out from the kingdom of God. The damage which he may do us can only consist in the loss of some temporal property; but the damage which he has done to himself, I have every ground to fear, consists in the loss of his soul. I think, my dear, we should consider this, and pity our poor neighbour. I think we should pray for him, that the Lord may open his eyes, to make him see that he allowed himself to be a tool of that spirit which caused Cain to kill his brother, and Judas to betray his Master.'

"In this way the baker spoke to his wife, and in this way he found he had every day to speak to himself, to keep down his flesh which every now and then tried to rouse him into hatred and hostility. Having continually every day that malicious shop before his eyes, he felt that it was given to him as a thorn in the flesh, and that his former servant and friend now had become a messenger of Satan to buffet him. And sometimes his flesh would get the better of him, and cause him to speak words which he afterwards would heartily repent. This, however, brought him all the deeper down upon his knees at the feet of that Saviour who said to him, *My grace is sufficient for thee*. And thus struggling and wrestling in many prayers and supplications he at length succeeded in arriving at peace with himself and his Master's dealings. He now could see Frederic's shop without the slightest frown on his brow. He now could cordially pray for poor Frederic. He perceived that the shop was nothing, and that Frederic was nothing, but that there was an invisible enemy behind, who used both Frederic and his shop as a means to cause him to sin and to charge God foolishly. He perceived that he, as it were, was running a holy race, compassed about with a great cloud of invisible witnesses who were anxious to know whether he would stand the trial and gain the prize.

"All we have to suffer is permitted by the Lord," he would often say to his wife, "in order that we should show that we are richer with Christ in a desert than with the devil in a paradise."

"And, indeed, the day came at last on which our good baker found himself in a desert. Frederic, powerfully backed by the landlord of the Golden Plough, succeeded in drawing the greater portion of the population to his shop. The landlord, who used to purchase for his brewery large quantities of grain, supplied him with corn at a price below what the baker could obtain it for. Thus Frederic could sell his bread cheaper than his former master. In short, after some years our friend was compelled to quit his business, and, reduced to poverty, to enter service with the miller of the village, who engaged him at a weekly salary scarcely sufficient for the support of himself and his family.

"Dark clouds now gathered above the head of this good man, while there was feasting in the houses of the wicked, and especially in the tap-room of the 'Golden Plough.' Indeed, it seemed as if the Evil One had gained the victory, and, with one blow, swept away all the good which this servant of God had established during a succession of years. Our friend, obliged to live in a small cottage near the mill, was, from want of a suitable locality, compelled to stop his meetings for Bible-reading and prayer, and to give up his Sabbath-school. The small company of seriously minded people who used to consider him as their leader, were scattered like sheep which have no shepherd, and many a one who already had commenced to open his ears to the sounds of the gospel, fell asleep again from want of further exhortation. This apparent

destruction of his labour in the Lord's vineyard struck our friend even more painfully than the ruin of his temporal concerns. He often would lie down quite prostrate in tears and groanings at the feet of his Saviour, and cry with the prophet of old, *O God, hast thou cast us off for ever! Wilt thou be favourable no more! How long shall the adversary reproach? Shall the enemy blaspheme thy name for ever?* And, indeed, the reproaches and blasphemies of the adversaries now increased with every day, and the place where they resounded most audibly was the landlord's tap-room, now filled with customers as numerous and merry as before.

"The Lord, however, did not forsake his faithful servant, nor leave him without his consolation. I need not tell you that Mr. G—, especially in these circumstances, often would come down, to strengthen his poor afflicted friend and brother by his prayerful sympathy, and to administer to him all the comfort his loving heart could derive from the word of God. His visits now were like refreshing fruits reached down from the heavenly paradise. He even succeeded in restoring his downcast brother to his former energy and cheerfulness in Christ.

"My dear cousin," he would say to him, "remember what the Lord has commanded us. *When ye fast, he said, anoint your head and wash your face*. You are in a time of fasting now; you are deprived of nearly every comfort of life; your former glory before men is turned into scorn, and your good work among them, at least it seems so, is burnt to ashes. This is a sad state of things indeed, and we have full reason for humbling ourselves in our closets before our God in tears and supplication, for all this mischief and misery is the effect of sin, and if the Lord does not come between with his heart-renewing and guilt-pardoning grace, this whole village will be lost like Sodom and Gomorrah. But while we are in secret pleading for Christ's righteousness in behalf of these people, we must, at the same time, in public defend the cause and honour of our God before men. We must show them that his grace is sufficient for us indeed; and that men, under the agency of the arch fiend, may rob us of everything dear and desirable in this life, but that they cannot deprive us of our peace and happiness in Christ. Remember how the prophet Habakkuk honoured his God in the day of great affliction, *Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, he exclaimed, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet—and mark ye what a glorious yet this is—I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation*. Now I think the prophet of the old covenant ought not to put to shame the children of the new. If the wicked, while in prosperity, rejoice in their god, we ought to show that our God causes us to rejoice even in tribulation. So, my dear cousin and brother, anoint your head and wash your face, conscious

that Christ, who was crucified by men, but raised from the dead by God, stands by your side. Awake cheerfully, and put your hand to the plough again. If anything is lost, it is on the part of your adversaries. You have lost nothing. On the contrary, you have gained a great deal. For it is not a small matter, indeed, to be counted worthy to suffer shame for the Lord's name's sake. Remember what the Lord says to such cross-bearers, *Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE BAKER SELLS HIS BETTER BREAD IN THE OPPOSITION SHOP.

"THUS Mr. G—— would speak to his cousin, and his words were to our afflicted friend like golden apples on silver dishes. As the corn, knocked down by a succession of heavy rains, rises from its prostration under the fostering beams of the summer sun, thus the baker again lifted up his head under the consoling and quickening power of God's word. Soon he again opened his Sabbath school. True love is quick in invention and inexhaustible in its resources. For one hour every Sunday all the moveable furniture of the little parlour was transferred into the bedroom, and by putting some boards across a few chairs, accommodation was made for about thirty children. To the baker's great joy nearly all his former young friends made their appearance, so that soon his school was crowded. The same process was for an hour or two gone through every Tuesday evening to accommodate a small Scripture-reading meeting. It is true, the little parlour was rather close, when containing upwards of twenty individuals sitting on the benches under the low ceiling, and nearly as many standing in the corners and in the doorway, and in the narrow passage outside; but the open windows, while letting in fresh air, at the same time caused the psalms and hymns to proclaim the praise of God all over the village. The landlord and his companions were compelled to feel, that while they could deprive the Lord's people of their house and field, they could not deprive them of their joy in the God of their salvation.

"Thus matters continued for a considerable time, during which, from our friend's parlour, many a fervent prayer was offered up to God for the conversion of his adversaries. The time was at hand when he was to experience that this prayer too was one of those of which we are assured that they "prevail much." The Evil One had succeeded in damaging the good work of the baker through the instrumentality of his servant. It was to be measured to him again now by the same measure with which he had been meting. Diseases are creatures of the devil; he brought them into the world through sin; they are his servants, whom he employs in order to plague mankind, and to dig the graves of the children of Adam. But God, who is sovereign over all, also controls the evil which Satan creates. He now re-

solved to employ one of Satan's servants to destroy Satan's work. One day that terrible angel of destruction called cholera, entered this village. Already hundreds of victims had fallen before him in the surrounding country. A general panic seized the population. The shouts and songs of the Golden Plough were silenced at once. But from the baker's little parlour the psalms of David sounded all the louder.

"Amongst the individuals whom that swift and terrific messenger of perdition visited was Frederic. On a sudden, in the midst of his business, he was attacked and cast down on his bed. The next day his servant sank down and was carried off to his bedroom. Frederic's wife and mother were in utter despair. Assistance was not to be obtained at any price. Every one shunned their house. Frederic's wife, leaving her four children to her mother-in-law's care, spent day and night in attending the sick ones. The business, of course, was brought to a stand still. Soon great inconvenience ensued, for the villagers' bread became scarce as in times of war or famine. A quantity was supplied from neighbouring villages, but not nearly sufficient to meet the wants of the population.

"One evening the front door of Frederic's shop was softly opened, and a person entered, who found himself in an Egyptian darkness.

"'Is there nobody here in the house?' he called out.

"'Yes, I am here!' shouted a voice from a back parlour; 'but I cannot go to you; I am alone with the children. Please step in here.'

"The individual groping his way through the dark in the direction of the sound he had heard, soon found himself in the room where Frederic's mother was sitting, a sick baby on her lap, while at the same time she was trying to undress one of three children standing at her knee. A small piece of candle, nearly burning in the socket, was the only light that illumined this dismal scene.

"'Good evening,' said the person who entered the room. 'Tell me, ma'am, how is your son?'

"The old woman contracted her brow to sharpen her sight, and looking keenly through the glitterings of the candle, discovered that our friend the baker was standing before her.

"'What! is it you, sir?' exclaimed she, in a voice of surprise mixed with fear.

"'Don't be put out, ma'am,' said the baker in a kind tone. 'I understand that you could expect me least of all. But I am told that circumstances are very distressing in your family at present, and I am come to ask if I can be of any service to you?'

"'Yes, my good sir,' said the old woman, while a stream of tears gushed down her cheeks. 'Very distressing. God alone knows how we are to get through it, and what the end of all this will be. My son happily has got over the attack of the cholera, but he is so thoroughly exhausted, that the doctor says it will at

least take four weeks ere he will be able to leave his bed. John, the servant, is in a worse condition, poor fellow. We expect his death every hour. My daughter-in-law has attended both of them day and night, till she sank down from exhaustion. She is laid up now and confined to her bed by fever. So I am alone with Mary our servant. She is attending the three sick ones, while I take care of the children. But, oh! my good sir! my good sir! what a position we are in; we have not tasted a bit of warm food since yesterday week. To complete our misfortune, this baby here on my lap took ill last night. The doctor cannot tell yet what ails her; but she will not lie still, poor thing, unless I keep her on my lap. You see in what a condition I am even just now. I scarcely can move my hands with this child continually on my knees. I see the candle is about to go out. I hardly know how to get down into the cellar to cut a fresh one off the bunch.'

"Where is the cellar?" asked the baker; "I'll go and cut one."

"You are too kind, indeed," rejoined the woman. "Our good Lord has sent you, I'm sure."

"She directed our friend how to go to the cellar door. He took the light, hurried to the indicated spot as quickly as the lingering flame would allow him, and returned with a fresh candle, which soon diffused its bright light through this abode of misery."

"But, my dear ma'am," asked the baker, resuming his seat, "can you not obtain any assistance? You cannot possibly continue any longer in this position. Your son has so many friends,—is there not one amongst all of them who proves a friend in need?"

"Not one, sir. They are all of them afraid of the disease. Many of them, too, have invalids in their own house. We have tried everything, but all in vain. We are abandoned by God and man. I wish we were dead, all of us, for such a life is worse than death itself."

"The old woman sank backward in her chair, and covering her face with both her hands, gave vent to her grief in a loud excess of weeping and sobbing. The baker was silent. The history of the last years flashed through his recollection. The saying of the woman, 'We are abandoned by God and man,' cut him to the heart. 'How terrible,' ejaculated he looking upward, 'how terrible art Thou in thy doings towards the children of men!'

"No, ma'am," he said, rising from his seat and gently laying his hand upon her shoulder; "you are not yet abandoned by God. Your sins may be many, but God is not yet dealing with you according to your sins. Nor are you forsaken by men either. If you cannot find any help amongst your friends, God will procure it you now from those whom you hitherto have considered as your enemies. Where is your son lying? Do you think he would be able to see me for a moment? I must needs speak to him."

"I think he will," replied the woman. "God knows but that you must go to him to help him as you have

helped me now. I'm sure he is quite alone, for Mary is certainly with John, to wet his dying lips."

"The baker proceeded towards the room which the woman indicated, and soon found himself at the sickbed of his former servant."

"Frederic!" he whispered.

"Who is there?" asked the invalid, turning his face towards the speaker. It was rather dark in the room, as the night-light shone dimly.

"Do you want anything? shall I give you some water?"

"Oh, yes; water, water!" cried Frederic. "I am perishing from thirst!"

"The baker soon found a jug filled with water and a tumbler. Putting his left hand under Frederic's pillow he lifted up his head so much as to enable him to quench his burning thirst."

"Oh, that's dew from heaven!" whispered the sick one, reclining backward on his pillow.

"A pause ensued. He appeared quite exhausted by this exertion. Then turning his face again towards his benefactor, he whispered: 'Is it you, master?'

"Yes, it is I," replied the baker. "The Lord has sent me to help you."

"O God! O God!" cried Frederic, lifting up his hands towards heaven.

"Don't speak now," said the baker quickly; "you are too weak for it. Only answer one question. Will you permit me to take care of your business till you are recovered?"

"God bless you!" whispered Frederic.

"Very well. My daughter will be up soon to attend to you, and my wife will attend yours. Take rest now. The Lord be with you."

"Our friend went home as quick as his feet would carry him. He had already spoken with his master, the miller, who had no objection to leaving him free for a couple of weeks, especially now that he was to take up the baking business, the stopping of which drained somewhat the miller's purse. One of the baker's Christian friends, who had been apprenticed with a baker in his boyhood, but had turned a day-labourer, gladly agreed to join our friend as his assistant in the bakehouse. Thus all was fully prepared; and that same evening four persons at one time entered Frederic's house, each of them to take their own place; the baker and his temporary servant in the bakehouse, his daughter in Frederic's bedroom, and his wife in that of Frederic's partner. The next day the population of the village was not a little surprised at learning that bread was to be had at Frederic's as usual, and before the sun went down the shop was emptied, so that not one loaf was left, and the counter-drawer was filled with a quantity of cash, such as had not been seen in it for many a day."

"The baker's noble conduct, of course, became the topic of conversation in every house from the burgo-master's down to the poorest cottage in the community. The simple people were quite astonished, and praised

our friend as if he were an angel from heaven. Those who boasted a profound knowledge of the human heart, called the baker's deed a cunning trick for making his fortune. The minister, and the burgomaster, and the notary deemed themselves still better informed. They described the baker's conduct as a clever *coup de main* to produce *effect*, and thus to render his party more popular than ever. Our friend, however, knew nothing of all these judgments pronounced about him. He kneaded the dough, and baked the bread, and sang his psalm happy in the God of his salvation.

"Six weeks elapsed in this state of things till Frederic was fully recovered. This was the period the landlord of the 'Golden Plough' had with great anxiety looked forward to. He had heard the different judgments of the people about the baker's conduct, and he did not know what to make out of them. This much was certain to his opinion, that the baker either was an angel or a subtle *intrigant*. Which was the case time was to reveal. The landlord of the 'Golden Plough' with great anxiety looked forward to the day when Frederic would resume business and discharge his substitute. It would then be shown what remuneration the baker would require.

"That day soon arrived. With cordial joy the baker welcomed Frederic in his shop. He showed him all, that he might be sure that everything was in its place, handed him the book that had been kept, and the money that had been gained. There was such a surplus that Frederic could send a considerable sum to the landlord, to clear off a portion of the capital he was due to him.

"And what shall I return to you, my noble master?" said Frederic with tears in his eyes, while he looked at the book with its amazing result.

"You will find my remuneration in your book," answered the baker. "You will find that I every week took the salary which I used to receive from my master, the miller. Indeed," added he with a smile, "it is not so much to me as to him that you are indebted, for if he had refused to give me leave I should not have been able to serve you. So you may consider it in this way, that my master has lent me to you for a month, and I am glad that this loan has been of some service to you. And now, farewell. May God speed you and preserve your house from further calamities."

"Frederic could not answer a word. He burst into tears, and ere he was able to control his emotions, the baker had withdrawn, leaving the open shop-book and the piles of silver behind as the silent and yet eloquent witnesses of his disinterested faithfulness and self-denying love."

(To be continued)

: READY.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"WHEN Death calls the roll, always be ready to answer, 'Yere!'" was the everyday motto of the famous trapper

of the Prairie. It was the shrewd backwoodsman's paraphrase of a still wiser and holier maxim, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." This is one of our Saviour's aphorisms that will be always timely to the end of time. Every one admits its truth. Every one will admit the necessity of preparation for death. And yet there may be many a reader of these pages, who is within a few months, or even a few weeks of the eternal world, and yet has a very indistinct idea of what constitutes a fit preparation for death. Perhaps the following brief questions may aid those who are sincerely desirous not to be found wanting when the grim messenger—in the trapper's expressive phrase—"calls the roll."

1. Is your business in the right state to be left? We do not mean, is every honest debt paid? for it is hardly possible for even the most careful merchant or mechanic to so manage his affairs as to be entirely free from even the smallest obligations. But we do mean that every man should endeavour, as a matter of conscience, to keep his affairs in such a well-ordered state, that if death should meet him in the rail-car, or smite him from the summer-cloud, his creditors should not suffer the *unjust* loss of a single farthing. Nor should his executors be obliged to wade through a quagmire of confusion in order to arrive at an accurate knowledge of his estate, and its indebtedness. It is no more honest to cheat our fellow-men from our coffins than to cheat them while alive. The debt I bequeath to my family or my executors is just as binding as the note that to-day lies in the bank with my signature on its face. It is hardly worthy of a Christian manhood to "take the benefit of the act" by creeping into one's sepulchre. Let us see to it that no reproaches of the wronged and the defrauded are ever heard above our sleeping dust.

2. Have you made your will? Some men are absolutely afraid to make their wills, lest death should overhear the scratch of the pen, and be the sooner in his summons to them to lay down the pen for ever. This is a strange and yet a very common superstition. Many a man dreads to draw up a will as if it were the signing of his own death-warrant. We will waste no words on such preposterous folly. Make a will, my friend! if you have no more property to devise than had that poor minister of Christ who sat down and wrote, "I bequeath to my darling wife my Bible and my sermons and my few books; to my dear children I bequeath these words, *I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread.*" The first provision in a good man's will should be for those whom God has made fairly *dependent* on him. Healthy and well-educated children do not always, of necessity, belong to this class. But infirm parents and bedridden kinsfolk commonly do. When we have provided for all who have an honest claim on our posthumous support, then it is wisest to make Christ our largest

legatees. Christians—ay, and impenitent worldlings too—ought to remember that their wills are not only to be recorded in the surrogate's office, but in those books which will be opened on the day of judgment. Give everything you can spare to the Lord while you live; and leave him the rest when you die. It will be a blessed thing to have some well-trained orphan, or liberated slave, or Christianized outcast, come and plant roses on our tomb, and say with grateful tears, "Here lies one who cared for my soul."

3. Are you forgiven?

We do not refer now to such unhappy griefs or injuries as you may have thoughtlessly or intentionally inflicted on your fellow-men. Let not the sun of life go down on such wrongs unatoned. Let no injuries or harsh words unrepaired be buried with you in your coffin. It will be enough to make the nettles grow out of the greensward that covers your ashes.

But we refer especially at present to that forgiveness that you are to seek through the mediation of the Saviour. Friend! you *need forgiveness*. That long hideous catalogue of sins; not mere mistakes, not mere slips of the hand and tongue, not mere infirmities, but sins black as midnight in God's view, they must be forgiven or you are lost. Those evil words that ought to have blistered the mouth that uttered them—those ungrateful deeds flung back into the face of heavenly love—those breakings of God's holy law—those profaned Sabbaths, and lost opportunities for saving souls—those woundings of Christ and grievings of the Spirit—those sins so exceeding sinful, have they been blotted out? The path of pardon you probably know. It leads to the cross of Christ. "Through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." In the pages of my Bible I read, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Have you made honest confession of your offences against God? Have you clenched the sincerity of your confession by abandoning all discovered sin, and by refusing any quarter to your dearest lusts? Have you earnestly and believingly sought pardon through the atoning Saviour? Then do not distress yourself about any "*unpardonable sin*." There will be none such standing against you on God's book. For he has pledged himself to forgive every sin that you repent of in the name of Christ, and which you abandon to please your Redeemer. Blessed is the man whose transgressions are covered! Blessed is the man to whom God imputeth not sin!

Many other important questions might be started. But if you can give a prompt unhesitating *Yes* to the above named interrogations, then fear not to hear your own name in the fatal roll-call. You are ready to answer, "Here!" You need not to be either ashamed or afraid to make your appearance at the door of your Father's house. That door will open to you with an

"abundant entrance." You will need to shed no tears on your dying bed. In view of parting with life you may say, with one of England's sweet singers:—

"Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not *good-night*; but in that happier clime,
Bid me *good-morning*!"

FRAGMENTS.

ESPECIALLY secret prayer—secret prayer especially; *next to praise*, this is the most spiritual employment.

MANY are complaining of their weakness who ought to be complaining of their *worldliness*!

THERE is something unutterably sweet in the consideration of the jealousy of God—that *He* should regard the affections of his child as to be jealous of occupying the second place!

As the Head hath travelled the flinty path, so must his suffering members do the same. It were not meet that he should find the world a wilderness, and they only a garden of flowers.

OH, let there be no offence in any dark providence! *Trust him, He shed his blood*, behold his hands and his feet! The God of providence is the God of grace, and *He* who laid down his life is he "*by whom all things consist*."

OH, let not the ingratitude you meet with chill your love: *He hath not met with such abundant gratitude from you*!

WOULD you like to give your brother a look of unkindness, a word of unkindness, and *meet him the next moment in heaven*?

WHAT are all the doctrines of the gospel but an unfolding of God?

HIS poor body the worldling wears out in the service of an empty, dying world; as for his soul, *he throws it away*.

"EVEN so, Father"—what a quieter! Is there a trouble this cannot meet?

To have the smiles of that world that frowned upon Jesus, is a sort of treason.

THAT which we learn profitably, for the most part, we learn slowly.

IF we were better acquainted with the depth of His sufferings, we should think less of the ripples of our sorrows, amidst the tempest of his anguish.

FROM whence can *filial tears* flow but from *filial eyes*?

THE OMNIBUS.

[This Paper forms the first of a New Series of Tracts, twelve of which have just been issued, in connection with the Stirling Tract Enterprise.]

LIKE the steamboat, the railway, and the telegraph, the omnibus has sprung up in our own day. Our fathers knew it not. It is a kind of moving parable, a true picture of human life, especially life in modern times. Its passengers are, in many aspects, like the population of the world. Some are old and feeble, needing help both in sitting down and in rising up; while others, with the spring of youth within them, leap lightly in and out. Some have soft white hands and costly garments; others are poorly clad and toil-worn. Some have sparkling eyes and laughing lips; others hide falling tears under widows' weeds. This one sits silent in a corner; those two chat cheerfully all the way. Here a new passenger joins the company, and there an old one drops off, as deaths diminish the mass of humanity on the one side, and births on the other side still keep the number up. An omnibus is the world in miniature, except that its passengers know right well where they are going, while many of the world's inhabitants know not what their course is, and seem not to care what their end may be. Now that the thing has sprung into general use, it is interesting to notice the uncouth but appropriate name that has sprung along with it. *Omnibus* is a Latin word meaning FOR ALL.

On a dreary day of December, when the fog was so thick that carriages were not visible until they came within fifty yards of the observer's eye, and even then were so dimly outlined that they seemed to be half a mile away, I was standing at the corner of a street in Glasgow, looking for an omnibus that I knew to be due at that time. After I had waited a while, a large lofty vehicle began to loom through the mist, nodding heavily as it rumbled over the irregularities of the causeway, jolting on its springs. This must be the omnibus, and I instinctively began to gird myself in preparation for leaping on; another moment and the huge dim bulk emerged distinctly into view—it was a hearse!

Somewhat depressed in spirit already by the state of the weather, I felt a cold shudder creeping through my frame.

It passed, and as I looked silently after it, a second thought seized me; I was not mistaken, this is the omnibus, this and this alone is truly the carriage for all. We must all take a passage for the grave. "It is appointed unto men once to die." Willing or unwilling, ready or unready, every one of us must some day take a place in this carriage. The secret knowledge of this necessity troubles life in its deepest spring. Many men

are "through fear of death all their life-time subject to bondage." The dread of dying is a dark spot on the sun of the brightest life. If there were any way of getting that spot blotted out, not only would our departure from this world be safe at last, but also our sojourn on this world now would be cheerful. "Blessed is he that overcometh;" but the chance of a victory to be gained in the hour of my departure is not enough for me. I want the victory now. I would like to enjoy the portion of my life-path that lies between the present moment and my latest breath; and I cannot enjoy it as long as death with his sting in him is ever lying like a serpent coiled up at my feet threatening to make the fatal spring.

There is a victory, and a way of making it mine. A man of flesh and blood like me—a man defiled by sin like me, was able in this life to defy that enemy to his face; was able to turn the terror into an anthem of joyful praise,—“O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” A happy man was he; when death is no longer dreadful, life becomes tenfold more sweet. Nor let the reader suppose that this was Paul's experience, and that he was a great apostle, and that common people need not expect to be on a level with him. The way by which he entered into peace is open still; and we are as welcome as he. It would be contrary to the Scripture, and dishonouring to Christ, to suppose that it was in any respect easier for Saul of Tarsus to get into peace with God than it is for you and me. The gate is open, and the inscription over it is, "*Whosoever will.*" If any reader of this page is kept out from pardon and peace with God through the blood of Christ, it is because he will not close with the free offer now held out to all. "Seek, and ye shall find." Lay your mind to it as you have laid your mind to your education, your craft, your shop, or your farm, and you will not fail. Reader, as long as you keep God out of all your thoughts, his terrors will force their way in upon your pleasures. It is vain to fight against God; be reconciled to him through the death of his Son, and then enjoy the friendship of Him who has life and death in his own power. My friend, it is a great mistake to hang back, and make up your mind to stand trembling all your days at a distance from God, on the ground that great attainments are for great saints, and that it would be presumptuous in you to expect the same. This might be true if God's favour went by the merits of the man; but it goes by the worth of Christ; and the worth of

Christ is as great for you as it was for Paul or John. The blood of Christ cleanses you and me from all sin, as it cleansed them; there is no more condemnation to us, when we are "in Christ Jesus," than there was to them. The way is as open to us as it was to them, and we are as welcome when we come. In Christ we are as safe, and we should be as happy as they were. There are no step-children in the family of God; he does not make favourites of the cleverest, whose names have filled the world, and neglect those who were "never heard of half a mile from home." The poorest, least talented, least known, are as dear to the Redeemer now as the greatest, and will be as happy in his presence for ever.

James Renwick, the Covenanter, and the last of Scotland's great cloud of Christian martyrs, says, in a letter written on the morning of his execution, "Death to me is as a bed to the weary." A young woman whom the writer knew, and who was subject to fainting fits in the latter stages of a fatal disease, said, in a tone of disappointment as she opened her eyes after a swoon, and saw her mother still bending over the bed, "Am I here yet?" She had hoped when she felt the fainting coming over her heart, that this time the Lord would lead her out on the other side. A young mother, also to the writer well known, had so completely gained the victory during her life, that when death was evidently drawing near, she threw back with a playful smile the sympathizing expressions of her friends, saying, "I have the best of it,—I have the advantage of you all, in getting over first." In that particular case, the soul in departing left its joy so distinctly imprinted on the body, that the countenance of the dead, instead of being repulsive, attracted by its angel-like loveliness even a little child. "Mother," said an infant of six years, after gazing on the face of the dead still radiant with joy,—"mother, will there be room for a little girl in Aunt W——'s grave?" "Why do you ask, child?" "Because I would like to be laid beside her when I die."

God has provided for us, and now offers to us greater things than either the converted or unconverted fully realize. Disciples of Christ, why are you content to sit down in that low place? He calls you to come up higher. How great are his designs, and how low are our attainments! "Hear ye him" on this very point: "These words have I spoken unto you, that my joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full." Your Redeemer's desire is, that your joy may be full. Open your mouth wide and he will fill it. Forget, in this matter, the things that are behind, and reach forward. The kingdom of God—if any one ask where it is, the Bible answers, It is within you; if any one ask what it is, the Bible answers, Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. But beware; there is no such thing as true peace and courage in view of death and the judgment, along with a vain, worldly, prayerless life. There are not two ways of it. Confidence

and victory consist in a walk with God. A "triumph" is attainable even now, but it is "in Christ" (2 Cor. ii. 14).

A word now for those readers who have no part yet in Christ. Your secret thought is that religion, though very necessary to die with, is very gloomy to live in. You are entirely mistaken. You are allowing the old serpent to cheat you out of your soul by a lie. Turn now; go to Christ in simple honesty and tell him all; throw yourself frankly upon his mercy, as a man deals with a brother man; let go all your righteousness and all your sin. Come true, open, single-eyed, and cast your whole sinful self on Christ. He will receive you; he will give you pardon, and peace, and joyful hope. He is true and real; be true and real to him, and you are saved. Don't deal falsely, and don't put off.

A hearse is an omnibus carrying all to the grave. But, brother, another chariot, bright and beautiful, is coming up before it. This also is *for all*. It is the gospel. See in lines of light written by God's own Spirit aloft upon its front, "*Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.*" This chariot is passing the spot where you stand—it is passing; leap in; it will carry you through the wilderness and home to heaven. But oh! if you let it pass, although it came for all it will leave you lost behind.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

ONE name alone in all this death-struck earth,
One name alone come down from highest heaven,
Whence healing and salvation we receive,
To sinful man is given.

Name brought by Gabriel from the heart of God,
And laid like flower seed in the adoring breast
Of her in whom the mystery was wrought,
And God made manifest:

O name of Jesus! of that lowly babe
That on the sunny slopes of Nazareth strayed,
Or on the cottage floor beside the lake,
With wild flowers played:

Name of the wondrous child that in the temple stood
With brow all meekness, and with eye all light,
Who to the blinded teachers of the law
Would have given sight:

Name of the prophet, healer, master, friend,
Sorrow's chief mourner, and death's perfect cure,
The fountain of new innocence for man,
That ever shall endure;

The secret, the unutterable name,
From the world's earlier ages hid so long,
Now in time's fulness given at length to be
The new creation's song:

And yet it was the scorn of Jewish lips,
And written by unholy heathen pen,
Then nailed aloft upon the awful cross,
Signal to God and men ;

But never written in the dust of death,
Nor cut upon the portals of the grave,
So quickly He that threshold has recrossed,
Triumphantly to save.

It dropped from heaven like gently falling plume,
Just when the shadow of the white cloud fell
Upon the apostles' upward turned brows ;
"O wherefore dwell

Ye Galileans, gazing up so long
Into the clear blue depths ye search in vain ?
Lo ! this same Jesus rising to his throne,
Shall so return again."

Once more Heaven sent it down upon the earth,
When from love's central fount the recents came,
And on the persecuting Saul poured down,
In glory and in flame.

O name of value infinite ! and yet
Thou mov'st our spirits with a deeper thrill,
For the dear lips that have thy music breathed,
And then grown still.

For thou the last gift art our lost ones leave,
To be our comfort on our onward way ;
"Love Jesus," "Jesus is our only hope,"
Adoringly they say.

As shipwrecked sailors clasp a plank, an ! launch
Upon the billows of a midnight sea,
These fearless souls, embracing "Jesus," plunge
Into eternity :

Then safely floated to the home of peace,
Where the bright plumed angels throng the shore,
Still, still the name of Jesus those glad hosts
In anthems pour.

Name ! that the ransomed souls for ever wear,
Gemmed with pure lustre on each perfect brow,
Be thou the radiance of our earthly lives ;
Transform us even now.

O name above all names the most beloved !
Fullest of memories, and of untold peace,
Earnest of all unutterable joys !—
Yet, fond heart, cease,

For Jesus is the name of the high God :
Hushed be thy thoughts, and silently adore !
When thou shalt come to see him as he is,
Thou shalt know more.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

GOD'S PURPOSE AND MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.*

"His name shall be continued as long as the sun, and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call him blessed." The purpose of God to achieve this grand result is clearly recorded in many parts of his revealed will. Indeed, it runs like a golden thread through the whole of it. Expressed or implied, we find it in every book ; it types itself in the kingly history ; it gleams in the prophet's vision ; it breathes in the holy Psalm ; speaks out in the *Acts* of the Apostles ; runs through all the Epistles, and sighs up to heaven in that last apocalyptic cry, "Even so come, Lord Jesus!"

Now, brethren, the knowledge of this purpose, which we possess by our faith in revelation, is of inexpressible value to us in our missionary endeavours. We are taken up as to the top of a high mountain, not by Satan, but by Christ ; we are shown all the kingdoms of the world, and the *true* glory of them, and we see them all as belonging to him. All, all ! comprehended in his kingdom, ruled by his laws, filled with his Spirit, brought for ever under the spell and sway of his cross. When men cry to us from beneath, "Watchmen, what of the night?" we can answer, "The morning cometh!" The vision tarries, but we wait for it. The end is not yet, but we work for it ; and connecting, as we are taught, what we do and what we think with the resplendent issues of that bright millennial day, we feel that nothing can be in vain. Our tears will soften the soil into which we cast the precious seed ; our failures are worked into the texture of the plan which cannot fail and never falters ; our labours, the little as well as the great, and our prayers, the feeble in *their* measure as much as the fervent in theirs, will all coalesce with the Saviour's loving thoughts, and with the eternal purpose of our God.

And if we descend from this height we are in darkness, or, at least, in shadow again. You know it has long been a question, held in earnest debate among men, whether we have in our nature any principle, and, along with the principle, any *power* of progress ; and whether our united humanity will ever rise through the operation of natural laws? Are there any germs of development within, which the slowly-rolling centuries will call out into bud and blossom? Is there any natural hope that the face of this world will be filled with fruit at last? It is an interesting, an awful question. It would be a shame for us, brethren, to throw scorn on any, who with straining thought and serious heart, are seeking its solution. But ah ! see how little human thought can do in the management of a question so vast and complicated. One says, "*Yea*," another, "*Nay*." One sings a triumph, as he points to the advancing wave ;

* From a noble sermon preached by the Rev. Alexander Raleigh before the London Missionary Society, and since published under the above title.

another a dirge as he watches an ebbing tide. One deifies the spirit of intelligence, as if mere knowing would accomplish all the purposes of being; another is timorous and trembling before the inevitable laws of change and death. To one of hopeful mood, the light of freedom beaming on the face of a regenerated people is a foreshowing of the universal glory; a decaying empire is to another a sad commentary on the old sentence, that "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass."

At this present time, with all the wonders of modern progress around us—steam propelling our merchandise over land and sea, electricity carrying our thought round the earth, and a distribution of daily literature thick as the fall of snow-flakes—some of our most thoughtful writers, who still feel the sorrow and the solitude of human souls, know not what to think, and, in a kind of intellectual despair, they still write over all human achievements, their own systems included, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." "The world by wisdom knew not God." It is equally true that the world by wisdom knows not man,—can neither gauge his nature, nor forecast his destiny. And are we, as men and as thinkers, better than they? No, in no wise. If we refuse the ruling of divine revealed thought, and try to thread our way through life's mysteries by the light of our own, we shall stumble as they do, and be at our wit's end. We shall be worse than they, as Samson shorn of his locks was worse than the feeblest of the Philistines who led him. "Who is blind as he that is perfect," if he will not use his perfection? "Who is blind as the Lord's servant," if he will not walk in the Lord's light? Never on the low plain of human thought can we settle such a question as this. "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up to the high mountain!" On that high mountain we *have* prophetic vision; we penetrate the mysteries of God; we can see afar off; we are lifted above the very future; we look down on earth's plains, and see nothing but Israel's tents. As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, and as cedar trees beside all waters. We look along the line of the coming years, and lo! heaven is baptizing earth with its brightness, and drawing it up as a bride adorned for the glad espousals of eternity. We listen; and the last groans of creation are sinking on the breeze. Sorrow and sighing are fleeing away from all human homes, and from every land and every sea are rising up like the music and incense of the early morn, the songs and celebrations of delivered man. All this, you say, is in the future, and perhaps it may be *far away*. Yes, but perhaps also it may *not* be far away. And be it far or near, this is our point—that underneath the providence of the present hour, in every country and in every place, that grand purpose of God is working, by which these gracious and happy results will be achieved at last—working in manifold ways, and to the production of diverse visible effects, but everywhere in divine force and continuance. Travel through all the earth,

and everywhere you have that purpose beneath and around you. It is the gravitation of the moral world; it holds all things in check; it will bring all things to harmony. Ascend to the mountain-top, it is there. Go down to the deepest valley, behold it is there. Take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there the God of salvation will lead you, and his right hand shall hold you.

We can see this purpose working manifestly in some places of the earth, and in connection with the providence of some countries. In England, for example, by our just laws, our Christian habits, and our missionary efforts at home and abroad; in America, while the revival sheds itself through her cities, and over her vast plains and prairies, like a spreading fire; in Italy, by the resurrection of liberty, despite the harmless rage of a broken despotism and a baffled superstition. But it is not so easy to see—in fact, we cannot see, we must *believe*—that the same law is working underneath all that is black and horrible. But, brethren, it is! It is beneath the tyrant's throne; beneath the prison, where patriots are dying; beneath the idol's temple; beneath the fields where slaves are toiling; beneath the habitations of cruelty; beneath the ground where myriads of living men meet like fiends in the shock of battle, and thousands soon lie moaning and bleeding in death;—in all these places this purpose of our God lies silent, but not sleeping. With a mighty sanative force it is casting these things in succession from the heart and bosom of humanity; with a force not less it will soon draw into that bosom all the healing and sweetness of the cross. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given. And the government is upon his shoulder; his name is called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Father of Eternity, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

But God's zeal admits and requires ours. We pass, therefore, now from divine purpose to human opportunity. There is no need to expound the general doctrine of opportunity. "Our time is always ready"—far more ready than we are to meet it. "We are workers together with God" in this very thing; he calls us to the honour; he loads us with the responsibility. And if any man will *not* work, neither shall he eat of the living bread. No work abroad, no fulness at home. We must spend the gospel, or lose it. The more we give it, the more we have it. God makes all its grace abound towards us, that we, having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." And if we do not, we shall grow poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked again. Yes, this is the law: we work and grow strong; we give and grow rich; we speak because we believe, and then believe more firmly because we have spoken.

* * * *

Such are our moral opportunities, our *seasonable times*

for action and usefulness ; they are very precious, they are very brief, and when they are gone they cannot be renewed. God's great purpose will travel on, but our co-operation there is impossible for ever. There is a brand in the burning ! to-day I can pluck it out, to-morrow it will be consumed. I see one whom I know standing at the *wide gate*, gazing and growing giddy with the rising fever of wild delight. *Now* I can lay the arresting hand of affection upon his shoulder, and say, "Not there ; the strait gate, the narrow way for you !" But let me wait and draw back, and when I look for him again he will be away with the delirious throng along the broad way to destruction ! This maiden, bright as the flower with the dew of morning on it, I can say to her what, perhaps, no one else will dare whisper to one so sprightly and so happy, that one thing is supremely needful, the good part which Mary chose as she sat in meekness at the Master's feet,—

"That love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb ;
There's nothing fair but heaven."

But all that constitutes these opportunities will be over soon. The time—the place—the circumstances—the states of feeling—the very persons will soon be away, some of them beyond the sea, some "beyond that bourne whence no traveller returns."

So, too, it is at times with Churches, with societies, and with nations. A Church grows and prospers for a while, and then comes to a point of spiritual potentiality, where her state is tested and her history determined. She *must*, at that point, either become the city on the hill, or sink back into the shades of obscurity. A nation struggles, and suffers, and grows, and then comes a time—it may be a time of war or a time of peace, but it is a crucial time to her, and in a few years, perhaps, the scale of the great balance in which she is being held and weighed, *rises*, and she is too light to be further used for God's purposes ; or *falls*, and she is settled in her place as one of his great kingdoms on the earth.

It has often been a question with historians and thoughtful men, "What *will* England's history and destiny be ?" Will her glory *also* pass away ? Will the rod of her power be broken ? Will the course of empire flow to the west or to the east, or north or south, anywhere away from her shores ? Different answers have been ventured, according to the views or the predilections of the individual. Some, with a blind and thoughtless partiality, have rejected the very idea of waning glory and decaying power for her. Others have thought that it is of the substance of God's plan for the *whole world* to change his instruments in successive parts of the progress, in order that no race or people should glory in his presence. But this, too, is a problem far too vast and complicated for our handling. God will answer the question in his providence when the time shall come. He will answer it actually by the conflicts of the nations, and by the voices of the ages. Mean-

time, however, there *is* an answer sufficiently definite and sufficiently solemn in the prophetic menace and combination of this text. If we fail in our generation work, in the high and holy task which God evidently assigns to us for this world's good, nothing can save us for very long, "We and our father's house shall be destroyed." And *then* the very things which now constitute our security and our boast will become the instruments and the illustrations of our fall and shame. Our knowledge will gleam like lightning among ruins. Our art-refinements will be like the decorations of a sepulchre. Our failing commerce will summon all the nations with which it has been carried on to behold the fate of the most gigantic selfishness the world has ever seen. Our broken fleets and armies will be like the floating wreck of ocean after a storm. While the very gales which pass over our desolated land will then seem to wail and shudder with the pathos of the divine lament : "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace ! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

It is quite conceivable that, even in the event of our faithfulness, we shall still lose what we call our national supremacy. For high and wise reasons—for the good of the whole world it may be best—for example, that there should be more equality among the nations—no one standing in enviable pre-eminence, all looking up to the throne of the heavenly King. But in that case there would be no "*destruction*," no national perdition or disgrace ; the transition, whatever it might be, would be natural and easy—a development, not a disruption—a free and honourable change for the great King's glory and for the great kingdom's good.

But if we do not use our opportunities for the service of God in this very thing about which he is so intensely concerned, and so constantly engaged, it is the merest presumption and folly to suppose that he will show any partiality to us, or turn aside from his high and inflexible pathway of government for this world, to show undeserved favour to an ungrateful and disobedient people. "*We and our father's house shall be destroyed.*" This is a very humbling, but a very salutary thought. Meety may we take it with us through the streets of this great London ! Looking at the Exchange, at the Bank, at the massive and capacious warehouses, at the boundless display of various merchandise along the busy streets, at the gatherings of richest and rarest things, at the parks and the princely palaces, at the towers of our Houses of Parliament, at our cathedral piles with all the precious dust and all the sculptured and trophied glories which they contain, at the shipping on the river, at the Crystal Palace shining on the hill, and at the myriad masses of our countrymen mingled with natives of every country and faces of every race of mankind—as we look at all this with new wonder every day, we may meetly and profitably say, "If we altogether hold our peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the world from another place ; but we and our

father's house shall be destroyed!" And as some of us pass from the city to our homes in the country, and behold on the way some of its most beautiful scenes and most interesting objects, we may take up the same moral refrain. That castle would soon moulder! That mansion would soon crumble down, and be no fairer to the sight than the smoke-stained walls of the dismantled cottage! That park, so rich and green, would soon fall beneath the old curse and bring forth thorns and thistles again! Those garden bowers into which the roses shed their fragrance, and in which are heard the soft whisperings of love, might soon be dark with the nightshade, rank with the hemlock, and sounding only with the serpent's hiss. For "the hand of the Lord will be on everything high and lifted up," *unless* on the same elevation his glory shines.

He has no antipathy to things high and lifted up in themselves. 'Tis He who makes all height, all strength, all beauty! He lifts the peaks of the mountains into clearest air, and gives them baptism of the purest snow. He watches the cedars of Lebanon during their thousand years of growth, and loves them for their hoary age and their shaggy strength. He feeds the wide-spreading oaks of Bashan with sap of the earth and dew of the heaven. He dwells in the high tower if it is built for him. He wafts the ships of Tarshish across all seas with favouring gales. He rejoices in the beauty of all pleasant pictures. But if these things are used as means of elevation for godless, daring, or selfish ease, or any form of human vanity or pride, then, according to the law, swiftly they must fall. He will uproot the old cedars of Lebanon. He will rend the strong oaks of Bashan. He will rift with his lightning the high towers. He will breach the fenced walls. He will rot the ships of Tarshish. He will stain the pleasant pictures. He will bow down the loftiness of man, and make low his haughtiness that he himself may be exalted in that day. "And the idols he shall utterly abolish," the idol of national glory among the rest, and "we and our father's house shall be destroyed."

A more solid fact is not to be found than this—that the spiritual kingdom of Jesus Christ is *the* grand power of this world to-day. There is nothing to match it—nothing to compare with it. Among ourselves especially, it is the force of forces—the fullest, strongest fountain of our country's life. It suggests legislation. It constitutes crime, defines virtue, fashions manners, describes rights. It rules thought, outreaches philosophy, anticipates science, quickens and refines the arts. There is nothing it doesn't touch, and it touches nothing but with the royal hand of a spiritual supremacy. Men may deny this; they may argue or declaim, fret or fume against it; but—still it is true. The great mountain is a mountain still, not losing one grain from its substance, although the angry child is beating it with a straw. Thus far the kingdom of God has come; and *we* have come to the kingdom. We have come weary and heavy

laden, with heart-fears and life-burdens, seeking for our own souls its refreshing and its rest—seeking to be happy in the Saviour's peace, and pure in the purity of God. But not for these things *only*. We have come to the kingdom "*for such a time as this*"—soldiers for conflict, living witnesses for the testimony of God, workers ready for his blessed work—ready to press through the opening gates, ready to reap the ripening fields, ready to speak the living word to dying men—"Ready, *aye* ready." If we have not *this* motto upon our escutcheon, we are *not* come to the kingdom for such a time as this. Opportunity is so quick, possibilities are so great, forces are so strong, and the prospects of the opening future are so enrapturing, but *yet* so dependent on faithfulness in the present hour, that we must be "*ready* for every good work," or lose our function and our peculiar place in the great time on which we have fallen.

There is no need that we should all rush out to the formal defence of the system at every cry of alarm that may arise. We are not all needed on the battlements. Salvation has been appointed for walls and bulwarks long ago. The city is safe. The mountain which is to fill the whole earth will *not* be cast into the midst of the sea. This day calls us anew to our work—and in that work, quickened by a higher energy, refreshed with more earnest prayers, carried on beneath the Master's eye, we shall give the best reply we can to all suggested doubts; we shall most effectually scatter all difficulties, whether speculative or practical. More doubts in Oxford! how must *we* resolve them? by sending more missionaries to China. Are we told again (as if we had never been told before) that the canonicity of particular books of the Bible cannot be proved, and that the inspiration of the whole cannot be defined? What is our reply? That the questions thus raised are far too stupendous to be settled in their cloisters, or in our pulpits either. This is a question in which the whole race is interested. To humanity we make the appeal. We must translate the book into every language, and let it speak for itself in every land. Are we told again that miracles are impossible if "the order of nature" is to be maintained? What is our reply? It is this: That we are willing, as Christian workers, to put the whole question to this proof—we will go out with the gospel message as we have been told, and as we have been wont; and if *moral* miracles are not wrought, if there are no "signs following," as in the ancient days, we will come back and confess that man can be lighted best by reason, ruled but by inexorable law, and comforted when his sorrow comes only on the dark, cold bosom of fate. Is it whispered, or boldly declared, that what we have always regarded as the very heart and core of the gospel is, after all, but an error of our interpretation—a creation of our own imagination, while disturbed by consciousness of guilt, and not yet pacified by sufficiency of self-sacrifice! What shall we say? only this, "Let us tell the tale as our fathers told it, for so in the main we

believe it to be! Let us try if the balm of Gilead will not still heal the wounds of suffering men—if the blood of sprinkling will not still pacify the troubled, guilty conscience. "Hinder us not, seeing the Lord hath prospered our way!" We tell a tale of love which has melted many a cold and sluggish heart, and which if untold can have no substitute, either in the facts of history, or in the fancy of man. Oh, hinder us not! Bid us "God-speed," if you can, even amid your doubts; for we go to preach Christ crucified, a stumbling-block, alas, to some, to others foolishness, but to all who believe, in whatever nation, of whatever class, Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God for ever.

THE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

PART II.

THE first basis of union among the Bohemian Brethren appears to have been of a simple and general kind. Their great fundamental principle was the doctrine of Hus, that "The New Testament supplied the only infallible rule for the guidance of Christians in all things, and that all regulations not enjoined by the word of God, or fairly deducible from it, were to be viewed as mere matters of expediency, and might be altered according to circumstances." Another unanimous resolution was "To suffer all things for conscience' sake," and seek protection in the exercise of their religion, not from worldly weapons, but by prayer to God, and patient, calm remonstrance with their enemies. They elected, by a majority of votes, three "elders" to exercise a general superintendence over their concerns, the most remarkable of whom was Gregory, nephew to Rokyzan. Matthias Bradacius, a pious, venerable Calixtine priest, was their first minister, and other ministers from the same body soon joined them. Strict Church discipline was introduced and adhered to; they called themselves brothers and sisters, and everything was done to maintain and promote a spirit of brotherly love and harmony.

Their numbers, as we have already seen, rapidly increased, by Christians from all parts of the country joining the Union; and congregations were formed in various places throughout Bohemia and Moravia. Three years had hardly elapsed when their faith and endurance were most severely tried. Rokyzan, in whom they hoped to find a friend, proved in the end an enemy and persecutor. The reigning sovereign durst not protect them, having sworn, on ascending the throne, to extirpate all heretics. So, when the jealous vigilance of Rome was again awakened, a storm of persecution broke upon these peaceful, humble followers of Christ, such as divine power and faithfulness alone could have enabled them to endure and survive. It is dreadful to read of the tortures inflicted by men calling themselves Christians, but whose actions resemble those of the old Pagan persecutors.

Gregory, now the leading minister, paid a visit to Prague to comfort and encourage the suffering brethren

there. He assembled them in an "upper chamber," to celebrate together the memorials of the Saviour's dying love. A message came to him from a kind magistrate that their proceedings were known and danger was at hand. Gregory, on receiving it, advised the little company to separate at once, and seek safety in flight. There was a variety of opinions among them on the subject. Some said, "He that believeth shall not make haste" (Bohemian translation: "does not flee"); some young men even boasted how lightly they thought of torture and death. While they hesitated the time for escape was lost, and an officer of justice, entering, addressed them thus: "It is written, 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.' Follow me, therefore, to prison, by order of government." Under pretence of discovering some seditious designs, they were then threatened with torture. The faith of most of those so confident beforehand now gave way, while the more timid ones remained firm. Gregory was placed on the rack, and fainting from excess of suffering, was supposed to be dead. His uncle, on hearing of this, hastened to the prison, and showed that neither natural affection nor conscience were totally silenced in his heart, exclaiming with tears, "O my dear Gregory, would God that my soul were in thy soul's stead!" But Gregory, like Paul in somewhat similar circumstances, recovered from his swoon, and was then, at his uncle's intercession, set at liberty. He is said to have told of a vision, during his unconscious state, in which he beheld the three men chosen some years afterwards as the first bishops of the Brethren's Church, under the figure of three watchers over the fruit of a beautiful and richly-laden tree.

The sensibility shown by Rokyzan on this occasion encouraged the Brethren to hope that he might still befriend them. They wrote, entreating him, as the highest ecclesiastic in the kingdom (Archbishop of Prague), to undertake a general reformation of religion, or, at all events, to grant his countenance and counsels in the direction of *their* affairs, representing that in the first formation of their Union they had very much followed his advice. But all their applications proved in vain, and they took farewell of him at last, with words of solemn warning, which still further irritated his proud spirit and uneasy conscience. "Thou art of the world, and shalt perish with the world." He became a more decided enemy, and obtained a royal edict, ordering that "these dangerous people should no longer be suffered to remain in Bohemia and Moravia."

Then, as in days of old, those "of whom the world was not worthy, wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." In the thickest forests, in the wildest mountain solitudes, they sought for places of refuge. They could only dare to light fires during the night, lest the smoke should betray their retreat. And when the snows of winter lay around, they only ventured out in single file, the last dragging some brushwood to erase their footprints. How, in any considerable numbers, they survived such trials, can only be

attributed to the special providence of Him in whom they trusted, and for whose truth they suffered the loss of all things.

Much of their time was spent in exercises of worship, and in anxious deliberation as to the best means of preserving and continuing a faithful ministry among them in future days. Their present ministers, who had been ordained by the Calixtines, might soon die; and should no others from that body join them, how were their places to be filled? To decide this important matter a Conference or Synod was called in 1467, to meet at the small frontier village of Lhota, in the house of a friend. Seventy persons of all ranks attended as deputies. Gregory appears to have been the chief speaker, and after much prayer and consultation, they came to a unanimous resolution to elect their pastors from among themselves; and following the example of the apostles in the choice of Matthias (Acts i. 15, 26), that this should now be done by lot, solemnly referring the decision to the Lord himself. Nine men of most approved life and piety were then chosen, any of whom were considered well qualified for the ministry, and it was determined that three out of this number should be appointed by lot. They prepared twelve slips of paper, writing on three of these the word "Est" (this is he), and leaving the others blank. Gregory now addressed the meeting, exhorting them to refer the whole matter with perfect confidence and resignation to the Lord's disposal, beseeching him by earnest prayer so to overrule and order their proceedings, that only such men as he appointed should receive the written papers, or, if none of the nine candidates were acceptable in his sight, that all should draw blanks. The papers were then mixed together in an urn, and after a time of solemn prayer, a boy was called in, who drew out and handed a slip to each of the nine brethren. The written ones were received by Matthias of Kunewalde, Thomas of Preschelaus, and Elias of Kreschenow. These three were joyfully hailed by the assembly as their appointed teachers, chosen of God. If the story of Gregory's vision be correct, it must have appeared a most striking and encouraging confirmation of the whole matter.

A second Synod was called, during the same year as the former one, to discuss the question of how to secure for themselves Episcopal ordination. Having been always accustomed to this form of Church government, they did not feel satisfied without it, and also feared that any departure from regular order in that respect might afford a new pretext for the accusations of their enemies. In this difficulty they turned for assistance to their old friends the Waldenses, by whom they were gladly welcomed. There were at this time several Waldensian congregations in Austria, and to the Austrian bishop, Stephen, the Bohemian Brethren sent a deputation of three of their ministers, selected for the purpose. He received them with the greatest joy, and ordained them as bishops, with authority to ordain others, as has been done accordingly in succession to the present time.

The question was now entertained, whether they ought not to unite with the Waldenses, so as to form one Church of Christ. But this was prevented by the fresh violence of persecution against both parties. Stephen, with many of his people, died at the stake, and the Austrian congregations were dispersed. The brethren had to endure indescribable hardships and sufferings until 1471, when the king and Rokyzan died, within a few days of each other, the latter in such mental anguish as might have been expected for one who had so greatly sinned against light and knowledge. The king who succeeded Podiebrad was a benevolent man, and under him the persecuted Church enjoyed a brief season of respite and repose.

This interval was employed to the best advantage, in seeking to strengthen their own foundations of doctrine and discipline, and to promote among themselves the graces of brotherly love and self-denial. Although incessantly accused of schism, which was considered a great sin in those days, the brethren were in fact most truly desirous to unite with other Christians, and now resolved to send a deputation to various parts of Christendom, to discover, if possible, some congregations free from Popish errors, living in conformity to the precepts of Christ and his apostles, with whom they might join in communion. Four deputies, furnished with money by some of the nobility, and a safeguard from the king, set out for this purpose in 1474, each one in a separate direction. They travelled through Greece, Dalmatia, part of Russia and Sclavonia, visited Constantinople and Thrace, penetrated into Egypt and Palestine, but returned with the melancholy intelligence that nominal Christians everywhere appeared sunk in superstition, error, and sin. Three years afterwards two messengers went on the same errand to France and Italy, in hopes especially of finding out the remnant of the Waldenses. But they also returned, saying that although they had discovered some of the Lord's "hidden ones" cleaving to him through much tribulation, and had seen some faithful witnesses suffer martyrdom for the truth of the gospel, they had found nothing like a living Church with whom they could unite. So it appeared as if all that remained for them was to hold fast the truth themselves, and pray earnestly for apostate Christendom. At a Synod in 1489 this resolution was unanimously adopted,—That whenever it should please God to raise up sincere teachers and reformers in the Church in any part of the world, the Brethren would gladly join and make common cause with them.

They had been engaged for some time in preparing a translation of the Bible in Bohemian, the first known translation into any European language. This was printed at Venice in 1470, and so rapidly sold that two new editions were soon called for. So the Church of the Brethren, before any other in Europe, enjoyed the blessing of having the word of God, for the use of the people, in their own mother tongue.

They sent their Confession of Faith to the celebrated

Erasmus at Rotterdam, requesting him to examine it, and point out any errors, or, if satisfied, to give them the benefit of his testimony in their favour. In reply, he assured them in general terms of his approval, but declined giving any public testimony, saying that this would not free them of the charge of heresy, while it might make his own writings suspected, and hinder his usefulness. However, in his preface afterwards to the New Testament, he spoke more decidedly, and defended the Brethren from the aspersions of their enemies.

These enemies meanwhile were not idle, but using every means, by calumny and artifice, to stir up persecution again. In 1481 a new edict of banishment dispersed multitudes of believers from Bohemia over great part of Europe, yet, instead of lessening, served rather to increase their numbers; and some troubles in Moravia diverting public attention, many of them returned home, and a writer of that period observes that "the poor miserable Brethren were left to themselves."

In 1506, the Popish party having gained over to their side the queen of Bohemia, who was then expecting an heir, excited her fears of personal danger and divine judgment to such a degree, that she used all her influence in persuading her husband to sign an edict against the "Picards" (a common term of reproach then for both the Brethren and Waldenses). The king, with strange inconsistency, when he signed the edict, is said to have fallen on his knees and besought God to pardon him for what he was compelled to do, and to bring this counsel against his people to nought. His prayer was heard, and answered "by terrible things in righteousness." The poor queen soon after died in child-birth, and death in such remarkable forms overtook the leaders of the persecution, that men could not but see in their fate the judgments of God, and it became a proverb, "If any one is tired of life, let him quarrel with the Picards, and he will not live another year." In this way the violence of persecution was restrained, while the suffering Church was recruited by many new converts, including men of wealth and rank, who gladly gave of their substance for the support of the ministry, and built places of worship in their towns and villages; and also many Waldenses, who had sought refuge in Bohemia.

Let us take a brief glance at the general constitution of the Church, in doctrine and government, as described by the historian Holmes.

The Bohemian Confession of Faith was in substance the same as that of the Waldenses and the succeeding protesting Churches. Holding Scripture as the only infallible rule of faith and practice, they taught from it the great doctrines of the Trinity in unity; man's original depravity since the fall, and inability to save himself; the "one full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world" made by God the Son upon the cross; justification by faith alone; and regeneration through the work of the Spirit. Baptism and the Lord's supper they ob-

served as the only sacraments. External forms and ceremonies in worship were not strictly prescribed, but left as things which "might be regulated differently, according to the diversity of national character and local circumstances."

Their form of Church government may be called a modified Episcopacy. At a very early period it was resolved that the chief ecclesiastical government should never be in the hands of one man, but that there should always be at least four bishops, or seniors, equal in rank and authority. "They were not distinguished from other ministers, either by temporal rank or greater revenue, but by an increase of labour and care." Each had charge of a certain number of congregations. One was chosen as president over the ecclesiastical councils, another as secretary to report the proceedings. The office of a bishop was for life, unless—which never once occurred—it should be forfeited by misconduct; and each bishop had several conseniors, or assistants, to aid him in his labours, and supply his place when necessary. The bishops and conseniors constituted the Ecclesiastical Council, "the first ruling power in the Church, subject only to the General Synod."

The presbyters, or ministers, resembled in position and duties our own parish clergymen. Their appointment or occasional translations belonged to the bishops.

The deacons, next in office, were like our own curates or home missionaries. They were considered as candidates for the ministry, and assisted the presbyters by district teaching and preaching, under their superintendence and instructions.

There was yet a third congregational office. The acolyths were young men like our divinity students, under training for the ministry. Each minister had one or more of these youths as part of his family, under his peculiar care and teaching.

Each congregation, according to its number of members, elected by a majority of votes from three to eight men of known piety and good report as elders. Their duties answered very much to those of the same office among ourselves, but were far more strictly enforced and performed than in most Churches now-a-days; and they were expected to exercise a degree of surveillance which could hardly be submitted to in our congregations. There were also female elders—matrons of approved Christian experience, chosen by the votes of the women, and having special charge over them.

The highest ecclesiastical authority was that of the General Synods, which met every three or four years, the place and time being decided by the bishops. From this tribunal there was no appeal, but, as in our own Presbyterian Churches, every member was equally entitled to state his opinions. All elections for office and ordinations were made at this court. No resolution was adopted till every member declared himself satisfied with it.

The Ecclesiastical Council, as we have already said, consisted of all the bishops and conseniors. They re-

ceived their authority from the Synod, and were bound to see its resolutions executed by ministers and people. From their decisions in any case an appeal to the Synod might be made.

The separate affairs of each congregation were managed by its own "Presbytery," or Board of Elders, presided over by the pastor.

Their views of discipline were very strict, and were then exercised without any respect of persons. It was considered part of Christian duty to "admonish one another" for any evident fault; and if no expressions of repentance followed, to mention the circumstance to an elder, who took a private opportunity of dealing with the offender, and endeavouring to bring him to a sense of his errors. In cases of serious and continued delinquency, the party was openly reprov'd, and suspended from the communion—during which time he was constantly prayed for by the congregation, and gladly welcomed again on giving tokens of repentance. Exclusion from the Church, in extreme cases, was reluctantly resorted to, and executed in the most solemn and public manner.

From this outline, some idea may be formed of the old Moravian constitution, which, as to its leading features, remains to the present day. And now the glorious morning of the Reformation was about to shine on Europe, and the Sun of Righteousness to arise on the nations with healing in his wings. But let us not forget that during the darkest hours of night preceding the dawn, this first of the Protestant Churches, whose history we are now reviewing, had been shining as a light in the darkness, bravely and openly maintaining a testimony for the truth as it is in Jesus, in the face of every possible danger and suffering. At this period, in Bohemia and Moravia, the Brethren already held two hundred places of worship, with regular congregations, where the word of God in their own language was read, and the truth of God faithfully preached. When we think of their feeble beginning, only sixty years before, and the almost unrelenting persecutions to which they had constantly been exposed, we can only say, Had this work and counsel been of man, it must have come to nought. But "the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand. This is his doing: it is marvellous in our eyes!"

c. c.

SCATTERED SEED.

THE autumnal wind was sweeping over the wood, carrying away the seared leaves, and bringing down acorns and beech mast with a pattering sound, like heavy rain, when a grand old beech, whose spirits were probably depressed by the season, broke forth into a mournful soliloquy.

"I wonder," murmured he, "what is the use of year after year bringing so much seed to perfection. I have no opportunity of scattering it abroad, or casting it into soil where there is any chance of its taking root and

springing up. It's well known that scarcely even grass or moss can thrive under *our* shadow; and so, summer after summer, the tiny beechlings that spring at my foot struggle in vain for life, and after putting forth a pair or two of leaves, they invariably give up and die. If I could only cast some of my nuts beyond the verge of the wood, where there is space and sunshine; but it is so far off, how can I? Sometimes, when the wind blows, I toss them as far as I can, and pray the breeze to carry them further. But they never go very far, that I can see. They have not wings for flying, like the keys of the ash and sycamore; nor down and feathers, like the seed of the alder and impudent thistle-down, that floats wherever it fancies. To be sure, the squirrel and his wife, who bring up their young families in the hole in my side, use my nuts very freely, and would be rather at a loss without them. The nut-hatch, too, is always busy cracking them; and now and then, when they come this way, the forest pigs get a good meal round my roots. I don't grudge them, I'm sure, all they get. I'm glad to have it in my power to do any good I can, but I *would* like to know that some of my seed was living and growing, and likely, after I am gone, to bring forth and perfect fruit in its turn.

"It's only natural," sighed the poor beech-tree, as he slightly swayed to and fro in the wind, and rustled his leaves in a discontented tone. Meantime, often when the squirrels had eaten as much beech mast as was good for them at a time, they amused themselves burying little hoards of nuts for winter use, and then forgot the exact spot; and the nut-hatch, a kind of miser in her way, and fond of laying up stores in tree-hollows, often dropped clusters from her beak as she flew from place to place. Some of these fell in suitable localities, where everything was favourable for the germination of the seed and the growth of the young plant; and so it came to pass that here and there, from the squirrels' forgotten hoards and the careless nut-hatch's lost treasures, young thriving descendants of the beech-tree were springing up, though he knew nothing about them, and was not likely to know, as the hiding squirrel and scattering nut-hatch were quite ignorant of the good turn they had unconsciously done their benefactor. It would certainly have comforted the beech could he have known; but happily his discontent did not last long, and he came to the wise conclusion, that it was his duty to do all he could, and obey the law of his being, and bring forth plentifully and perfect his seed, and then leave it in his Creator's hand to use as seemed good to him.

It is possible that you, my reader, may be in circumstances to sympathize with the old beech's natural longings. You are seeking to bring forth fruit unto God, not only in your daily life, but by scattering abroad, as you have opportunity, the good seed of the kingdom. You long to see that this your labour is not in vain. You would fain behold some seed taking root downward, and bearing fruit upward in some precious im-

mortal soul. But by providential limitations, you are unable to trace the effects of your efforts for good, and your heart is often sick with the longings of hope deferred. Perhaps your hard-working week-day life, prevents you from looking after your Sabbath scholars in their own homes, and meeting them only from week to week on your one leisure evening, you can scarcely tell if any permanent impression is produced by your loving words and earnest exhortations.

Or you are an invalid, confined to your chamber, and unable to go about doing good. Yet, in the Master's spirit, you watch for and use every little opportunity of ministering to the spiritual welfare of those who are ministering to you, and through them also by book or message, you seek to reach those without who are beyond the reach of your personal ministry. You hear of others whose blessed life-labour it is to watch, and tend, and cultivate the up-springing of seed which their own hands have sown, and you feel that even to *hear* of one such vital growth resulting from your efforts, would be reward unspeakable for all your pains.

Or you may be one, through the pressure of many causes, limited very much to your pen in your direct efforts to benefit your fellows. Your heart here gets a vent in pleading with and exhorting sinners, which a timid nature or a stammering tongue would otherwise have denied it. But you cast your writings forth on the wide waters, and hear of them no more. You may know of those within the sphere of your own personal observation pleased or interested by them, but that does not satisfy you. The truths you scatter, contain the words of eternal life, and *living* souls, born of the incorruptible seed, to be in their turn seed-sowing centres, alone can meet your heart's desire.

Now this desire of *seeing* fruit is quite natural and quite proper, but it may or it may not be granted here. It is well to bear in mind, that it is one thing to *expect* fruit, and another thing to be permitted to *see* it.

It is our duty to sow in faith, *expecting* a blessing on the seed sown, but it is by no means necessary that we should see it. God may graciously permit us to see great results from our feeble efforts, to encourage our hearts and strengthen our faith, but he may also choose to purify our motives and simplify our faith, by hiding success from our eyes. Moreover, it often happens that a seed of prayerful effort cast forth in his name, takes no root in the spot directly aimed at, but, glancing aside, springs up in some unthought of corner, where the Spirit of God has guided it. Of such cases the original sower may never hear, but the Lord knows, and that is enough. It is no uncommon thing, in the case of a Sabbath-school teacher, to find that the truth carried home by a heedless child has lodged in the heart of a parent or friend, and here sprung up, and brought forth fruit an hundred-fold. The hospital visitor's earnest words and written *erese*, retailed in jest by the careless soldier to whom they were addressed, have sunk deep into the heart of

his invalid comrade, and there wrought the work, they had failed in the first instance to effect.

The powerful influence for good emanating from a Christian sufferer's sick-chamber may—as in the case of Fanny Bickersteth—spread far beyond the circle of home or friends, and leaven with blessing the character and home of many a life-long invalid; and the book or tract, with its testimony for God and his truth, may be carried away to regions which your personal presence may never reach, and when you have rested from your labours altogether, and received at heaven's gate the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant," your words may be still dropping seed into prepared hearts, and trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, be springing up here and there, where messengers—like birds of the air—have carried them.

Be encouraged, then, to go on sowing seed according to your opportunities, limited or narrowed though these may be. Be careful only, that it be first fruit brought forth *unto God*, faith working by love in your own heart, and then love working by faith and prayer, as it casts it forth into the hearts of others. God will then take care of it, and use it as seems good to him. It will, by no means, be lost, and hereafter, if not here, you will enter into the joy of your Lord, and in your measure be gladdened and satisfied with *seeing* of the travail of your soul, and *recognising* the unknown offspring which God has given you. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good." "But we know that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." c.

THE BLESSINGS OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"BLEASSED be disappointment!" said we to ourselves one evening as we sat at the table of a distinguished civilian. He was one of the honoured of the land. A goodly group of "olive branches" were gathered around him. The sweet-voiced wife at the head of the table had in her early days been affianced to an aristocratic youth of great wealth and promise, but on the appointed day of their marriage he had eloped under circumstances of peculiar baseness. What a disappointment to expectant friends and ambitious kinsfolk! But the true-hearted girl swallowed her tears of mortification, and in fitting time gave her hand to a sturdy youth, who has since carried her as his wife to the American Capitol. She has lived to see her renegade lover reel into the grave of the profligate. How little did she know what an escape God had opened to her through the dark door of disappointment.

We might multiply instances of a like character from daily observation. A man hurries breathless to the wharf in order to reach a departing steamer. He is one moment too late! The plank is drawn; and as he

watches the stately vessel plough her way off through the blue waters, she seems to be ploughing through his very heart. "How provoking," he exclaims to the half-smiling, half-pitying bystanders. He goes home sulky; he retires sulky to his bed, and wakes up to read in the morning paper that "a few hours after leaving port, that steamer took fire, and when last seen was floating on the water a flaming wreck!" He fancies *himself* clinging in despair to a sinking billet of wood, and his very blood runs cold when he thinks how near he came to being on board that death-freighted vessel. And yet the very next time that man is thrown out by Providence from some favourite plan, he is slow to apply the lesson of the past, and to thank his heavenly Father for a disappointment.

We do not pretend to be a very apt learner, but many of our best lessons through life have been taught us by that same stern old schoolmaster, *disappointment*. And one lesson we learned was that *this world was not made only for us*. If it had been, the sun would have shone just when our hay needed curing, and the rain would have fallen only when our gardens needed to be watered. But we found that God went right on and ordered things as pleased him best, without consulting us. And when our schemes were thwarted, the stern schoolmaster said, "The world was not made for you alone. Don't be selfish. Your loss perhaps is another's gain. The rain that spoils your new-mown hay makes the blade of corn to grow faster in your neighbour's field. The fall in grain that cuts down your profits will help the poor widow in yonder cottage to buy bread cheaper for her orphan babes. So don't be selfish."

On a grand scale we sometimes see this lesson taught. When a certain greedy self-seeker once clutched at the empire of the civilized world, stern disappointment met him in his ambitious path, flung a Russian snow-storm in his face, and out of the tiny snow-flakes wove a white shroud to wrap the flower of French chivalry! "Go back! go back!" he cried, "all Europe was not made for you." The lesson the proud usurper would not learn at Aspern was taught him in blood and agony at Borodino, and on the frozen banks of the Dnieper. So, too, have we been taught in the defeat of our humbler schemes and in the failure of our humbler plans—"Don't be selfish; God did not make this world all for you." This lesson is worth all it costs us.

A second lesson which disappointment has taught us is that our losses are not only gains to others, but very often the richest gain to ourselves. In our short-sighted ignorance we had "devised a way," and set our hearts upon it. Had we been allowed to pursue it, we must have been led by it to ruin. God could not have sent a greater judgment on us than simply to have let us have our own way. In a thousand instances we have seen this made true, both in things temporal and in things spiritual. A merchant is thwarted in some enterprise in such a manner as to excite his bitterest mortification. But the far-seeing God knows full well that he

has been saved from a much sorer sorrow. The pecuniary failures of 1857 made many a man of business rich in the priceless treasure of a Christian's hope. It was a dark door which disappointment opened during that calamitous year, but it led tens of thousands into the pathway of heaven.

Mayhap these lines may reach some one who can recall the remembrance of some earthly idol which once held too high a place in the temple of her affections. Her life was bound up in the life of the boy. She worshipped him more than she worshipped her Saviour. At length the trial came. In terror and dismay she saw the colour fading out from that cheek of roses. Fainter and fainter fell each sweet "good-night" from his faltering tongue. In her agony she oft cried out, "O God, let me not see the death of the child!" And when the chestnut curl at last lay motionless on the silent lip, her grief burst out in David's passionate wail, "Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son!"

At length the first agony has wept itself out. She has come to herself. Above all, she has come to her Saviour; and as she beholds how ungrateful was her idolatry—how her best affections had been stolen from Christ—and how frail a reed she was leaning on, her trembling soul looks back with wonder to see from what a posture of guilt and peril she has been delivered. It is not, therefore, only the melancholy pleasure of knowing that her fair hope—plucked away by the angel-reapers—is now blooming in the fields of light which alone sustain her, but the sense of *rescue* from a state of fearful forgetfulness of Christ and of duty. She is done with idols. She never again will let any earthly object have that central place in her heart which a crucified Saviour earned for himself, and himself alone.

The record-book of every Christian life has some such pages as these. Tears have blurred and blotted the page at the time. But as you turn over to that page now, and read it in the light of experience, you can write across it, Thank God for these losses—they were my eternal gain; thank God for bereavements—they have saved my soul from being bereaved of a hope of heaven! "There," said a young man once, as he pointed to a diseased limb that was destroying his life; "there it is, and a precious treasure it has been to me. It saved me from the follies of youth: it brought me to this room, and made me cleave to God; I think it has brought me now almost to my Father's house on high."

Good reader, if you and I ever reach that Father's house, we will look back and see that the sharp-tongued, rough-visaged teacher Disappointment, was one of our best guides to bring us thither. He often took us by thorny paths. He often stripped us of our over-load of worldly goods; but that was only to make us travel the freer and the faster on our heavenward way. He often led us into the valley of the death-shadow; but never did the promises read so sweetly to us as when read by the light of faith in that very valley. The cross of Christ was the point toward which he oftenest made us look,

and the favourite passage he gave us for our encouragement was, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Dear old rough, harsh-handed teacher! we will build a monument to him yet, and hang it with garlands. And on it we will write—*Blessed be the memory of DISAPPOINTMENT.*

HEAVEN'S LIGHT IN DARKSOME DWELLINGS.

[We have pleasure in inserting the following appeal, from the pen of an esteemed contributor, Mr. Arnot. It has been issued on behalf of the Edinburgh Institution for Imbecile Children, but it may lead readers in other parts of the country to interest themselves in similar institutions in their own immediate neighbourhood.]

"HAVE you given thanks to God to-day for the use of your reason?" said a stranger, as he planted himself suddenly in front of a passenger on the street. Taken aback, and somewhat overawed by the abrupt but solemn manner of the interrogator, the citizen answered in all simplicity, "I confess I have not." "Go then, and do so instantly," continued the maniac, "for I have lost mine." It was one of those glimpses of deeper than ordinary wisdom that burst at times from the insane, like flashes of sun-light through momentary rifts in the thick black covering of the sky, on a still, electrically disturbed, summer day, seeming all the more intensely bright and burning because of the darkness before and behind. Thus, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God ordains his own praise and our reproof.

Even among those who are generally well-disposed, there is a vast amount of sluggish forgetfulness and thanklessness in regard to the mercies which they enjoy every day and all the day. The proverb, "You will know the worth of it when you know the want of it," is a standing reproach to mankind. Why should we not know and acknowledge the worth of our mercies before they are taken away? They are no better than atheists who forget God as long as he blesses, and think and speak of him only when he smites them.

There is a class of persons, interfused throughout the community in every corner of the land, considerable in point of numbers, very interesting, but very helpless; much neglected in the past, yet capable of great improvement,—the imbecile or weak-minded. We have a machine fit for doing the needful work, and we are looking about for a stream to drive it. We must draw upon the same river that makes so many other useful mills go round, and that is LOVE. It is in the form of gratitude that it exerts its power. By gratitude we do not mean the ghost of a name; we mean gratitude for God's goodness, incarnate in actual beneficence to needy men. As thankfulness for the gospel embodies itself in efforts to diffuse its blessed light through the world; and thankfulness for freedom embodies itself in efforts to emancipate the slave; so those who really are thankful to God for the possession of their mental faculties, will experience a desire, amounting, when fully de-

veloped, to a craving like hunger, to alleviate by all available means the sad condition of the imbecile. Love to Him who makes our cup full will impel us to run to the rescue of those whose cup is almost empty.

Combined and systematic efforts to instruct and train children of weak mind is of recent origin. Scarcely any attempt was made before the beginning of the present century, and few of the existing institutions are more than ten years old. If we have been late in beginning this department of philanthropy, we should now work all the more vigorously to make up our lee-way. Former generations of the imbecile were permitted to grow up corrupt and corrupting, hurting themselves and shocking the passengers on the public highways. Of late years a veil has been drawn decently over that open sore by the removal of those children, graphically in our own Scottish vernacular styled *objects*, into workhouses or other places of shelter. This, though an improvement on the barbarous practice of the past, is only the half, and that the lower half of our duty.

In Switzerland, France, America, England, and also to some extent in Scotland, systematic efforts have of late years been made, with an encouraging measure of success, for the mental and moral training of imbecile children. In one state of America, whose case is not worse than that of other countries, but only more accurately known, there are 1087 idiots in a gross population of 1,225,000, which gives the proportion of about one in a thousand; and this is exclusive of 2632 persons who are, properly speaking, insane in the same community; so that there is one person of either unsound or feeble mind to every 302 of the general population. In Scotland, as nearly as can be ascertained, there are about 2236 imbeciles, and of these about 600 are of an age suitable for being admitted into educational institutions.

We cannot in this paper afford room for details of the methods employed in the education of idiots, or of the measure of success which has been attained. For these we must refer to documents, which are rapidly multiplying, in the shape of reports from institutions both in England and America; but on the faith of the experience already obtained, we are able to affirm that the success has been great as to the number of cases over which it is spread, and in some examples also great as to its amount in the individual. We scarcely know any greater luxury to a tender and pure mind than the history of some of these cases. If doing good in ordinary forms be to a Christian like meat and drink, the successful introduction of these helpless children to a measure of civilized habit, and intellectual light, and moral purity, and Christian hope, is like a cordial to the spirit, both sweet and restoring. Reader, have you ever, when somewhat weary, sat down to rest on a stone by the wayside in a warm summer day? And as you mused, happy and half-dreamy, have you observed a flower at your feet, much crushed by a stone that had accidentally fallen upon it while it was in bud, struggling ineffectually to escape from the pressure, twisting its body and

crushing its petals in the effort? You stretched out your hand, of course, and lifted off the stone, and saw the floweret spring up, and look into your face, as if it were glad and grateful. When you rose and resumed your journey, ruminating on what you had done, you felt happier because of doing it. Ah! the spirits of these imbeciles were sweet flowers in bud, and some fall in infancy, or some abnormal outgrowth about the brain, has lain there a dead weight, and crushed them, as the stone crushed the wild flower on the wayside. We are trying to lift the pressure off, and so enable these immortal flowerets, ere it be too late, to open their bosoms to the Light. Come and help us, that you may enjoy with us the peculiar delight of helping these helpless little ones. Jesus loved to relieve them; so should we.

A Society has been formed; men of high position and character have owned and befriended it. On a small scale, in the neighbourhood of Dundee and in Edinburgh, the work has begun. It is now time that a larger and more permanent institution should be erected, capable of dealing with the ailment effectually, and on an adequate scale. Treatment in an institution where medical aid is available, as well as experience in the training of the imbecile, is not only better than neglect, but better than any private efforts which can be made either by rich or poor; and, as the rich avail themselves of the benefit as well as the poor, the work, when once it is fairly established, can be made to a great extent self-supporting. It is, accordingly, for the building and first equipment only, and not for subsequent maintenance, that an appeal is made. A suitable site has been secured in the parish of Larbert, about half way between Edinburgh and Glasgow. The estimated cost is £10,000, of which £1600 have already been obtained. The balance, £8,400, we ask from those who love God and man, for this needful work. For all Scotland, and for once, the sum is small. We expect that it will be obtained, all and soon.

We appeal to the Young, who have grown to maturity in possession of all their faculties. While you wield these strong arms, and plant these wondrously-framed feet upon the ground; while you distinctly remember the past, and thoughtfully plan for the future; while you begin the race of life, and, like the sun in the east, begin to run that race rejoicing; while you write your thoughts to distant friends, and read off theirs from the record which reaches you in return; while you learn from the Scriptures God's revealed will, and raise, through the Mediator your prayer for mercy;—think of the children who, if left to accident, can do none of these things at all, but who, by God's blessing on skilful effort, may be taught to do them all in measure, and the highest of them, so as to become members of the whole family of God.

We appeal to Parents whose children bud and blossom like olive-plants around their table, unscathed by that dreary mildew that creeps over some infant minds. Look again on that familiar and much-loved circle—

gaze once more into those bright eyes, avenues out from bright minds within, and calculate as you gaze, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?" Trust to the logic of your heart at such a moment and in such a frame, for it is true. Do not permit the glow of gratitude to cool down, but "take thy bill and sit down quickly," and write for our Institute of Imbeciles, not an extravagant, but a well-considered, true, honest expression of your thankfulness to God for the Light of Reason, kindled and kept shining in yourselves and your little ones.

LARGE TYPE CHRISTIANS.

AMONG a crowd of placards, varying much in size, colour, and subject, which jostled and overlaid each other on a piece of neglected, half-ruined wall at the entrance of a great city, my eye was arrested by an intimation, at once conspicuous and laconic: **LARGE TYPE CHRISTIANS.** Doubtless, intermediate lines in smaller letters informed the reader, who might be near enough to see them, that some publisher had prepared a series of Tracts in large type for the use of aged Christians; but from my point of view, on the opposite side of a wide street, only the larger letters were legible. I passed on, but the thought suggested by the curt and apparently odd intimation, continued to stir within me. That placard, even as seen at a distance, and without the smaller lines, is laden with a mighty meaning to my reader and to me. Large type Christians!—that is the very thing which the world wants to-day. As young and struggling colonies advertise amid the teeming populations of the mother country for able-bodied farm-labourers and skilled artisans, covertly hinting that certain other classes would only be in the way, the Church of the living God, charged to colonize and cultivate this wilderness world for Christ, should deeply feel and faithfully proclaim her need of *Large Type Christians*.

We have many who are truly Christians,—more than the world knows,—but not so many who are visibly, clearly, largely, unmistakeably Christ-like in spirit and conduct. If the graces of the Spirit, though real, are small and stunted; and especially if they are overshadowed by a rank growth of vanity, worldliness, self-pleasing, and such like, they will never be seen by those who most need their evidence. The careless passenger will class you according to the earthliness which is large in your life, and will not be at pains to search for the heavenliness, which is so small that it must be searched for ere it be found. We address Christians, and our warning is, Although the light of life be within you, if it is choked and hidden by an abounding worldliness, you are in point of fact thwarting the purpose of the Lord, and hindering his kingdom in the world. "Let your light so shine, that men, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Think, Christians, of the Lord's design in redeeming you, and the work in which he desires now to employ you as instruments. To save the lost, so that they shall

not perish, is not the "end of the Lord;" it is a means toward a higher end. As the husbandman makes an evil tree good by engrafting, in order that he may enjoy its fruit, so our Father in heaven saves us that he may enjoy us as his children, and employ us in his work. "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever."

"What is in yonder vessel?" I inquire of a passing stranger. "Chaff," he replies, turning a hasty glance in the direction to which I point, and passes on. His answer is all that you could expect him to give, and yet it is not correct. The vessel was filled with wheat and chaff, mingled together as they were thrashed from the sheaf; but it has been shaken from side to side for some time, and the wheat has all sunk to the bottom, while the chaff has all risen to the top. In like manner many real, though not perfect Christians, are set down as hypocrites by careless observers, because the things of the Spirit gravitate downward, lie unseen, while the vanities that perish in the using occupy almost all the visible surface of the life.

That which is Christ-like in Christians should not be small, but large and full-grown; should not sink out of sight, but stand forth visible to all. If God has visited you sovereignly, and given you grace, then you must cherish and cultivate it, as a fruit-tree in a garden. Feed it by the word of life, plead that it may be abundantly watered by the Spirit, and give it fair, full exposure to the Sun of Righteousness.

That which is Christ-like in Christians should not be hidden under a thick shade of earthliness. If you would let your light shine, you must labour to cut down and root out the covetousness, the envy, the evil speaking, the pride, the anger,—all the bitter roots, whose branches weave themselves together into a thick veil, and turn your light into darkness.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistle of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skilful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world, as if they would stand still and study and discriminate and read our lives aright; we must labour, with the help of God, to make the meaning so large and transparent, that they shall be compelled to read it while they run,—run past in carelessness, or away in hate.

Reader, you have asked the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and the blood of sprinkling on your conscience is even now the answer of peace. Another question demands all the energy of your saved soul, from this time forth and for ever,—the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Be not a double-minded borderer between Christ and the world; follow no doubtful course. Be Christ's in strong, jealous, enduring love to him who bought you, and your Chris-

tianity will appear in large characters, both to friends and foes. A life so redeemed, devoted, and spent, is not a wearisome, but a joyful thing; it is not like a stagnant pool, but like a sparkling river,—bright is its course over time, glorious its issue in eternity.

THE BORER WORM.

My neighbour had two beautiful mountain-ash trees, that looked so nearly alike, you would have taken them for twins. Their roots were in a fine, deep soil, and their owner enriched them every year with a sub-soil of rotten leaves and top-dressings of lime or powdered charcoal. He watered them faithfully through every drought, carefully nipped off every dead or superfluous twig, and cleaned their bark of scabs, and moss, and mould. As might have been expected, the twin trees repaid his labour in their rapid growth, their beauty of form, and the richness of their scarlet clusters of berries—and often when people went by the yard and saw the good man at work, they would stop and say, "What a beautiful pair of trees you have there!"

After a while, however, from some mysterious cause, one of the trees *stopped growing*. The other continued to spread out its branches and leaves, and seemed to wax taller and handsomer every day, but this one resisted all the combined influences of the season, rich dressings, and careful attendance. In vain the proprietor loosened the soil around its roots, again and again. In vain the sweet rains watered it, and the kind sun shone. Even the birds acted as if they had an interest in the tree's prosperity, for they came and picked off the caterpillars, and every stray bug, and even ant, that could be supposed to do it any harm. In spite of all that could be done for it, the ungrateful tree remained to all appearance just as it was. It had come to a stand still.

At last the owner determined to make a thorough examination of its roots, and throwing up the earth, he carefully scraped them with his knife and washed them with water, whereupon, just at the bottom of the trunk, he discovered *three or four little holes*, and after some skilful probing, brought to light the rogue that had done all the mischief, in the shape of a borer-worm or teredo. Quickly crushing the ugly grub, my neighbour threw back the earth around the roots again, and hoped the best for his tree.

But it never grew any more. He was obliged to cut it down.

"One sinner destroyeth much good," and he is tenfold the more destructive if he can *conceal* his depravity until he has done all the harm he wishes. So we sometimes see the choicest advantages of education and religion lavished upon a boy or young man without any effect. He grows morally worse instead of better. Watch closely for a while, and it is but too likely you'll find a wicked associate in the secret of it. Thank God if that borer-worm has not sapped his virtue beyond recovery.

UNINVITED TRAIN OF THOUGHTS.

THE thoughts which come to us unasked, and the trains which float in the twilight of our careless hours, are often those which are most precious, longest remembered, and most deep in their influence on future life. They are sometimes the result of long studies pursued at irregular intervals during previous years, the distillation from many gathered flowers, and therefore they cannot be looked for as daily visitations. As they will not come for being called, so they will not stay for being courted; and when they give the first intimations of their approach, we should lay aside lesser employments and joys as we open our window when the fragrance of orchards is wafted on the breeze. Yet there is a posture of soul, better fitted than all others for the reception of these revelations; and there are pursuits and habits so alien to them as to be almost prohibitions.

We must not look for them in the crowd of mammon-mongers, or amidst the clangour of political array, or the mining drudgery of technical study. They steal over us rather when we close the eye at nightfall, listening to the drowsy music of the autumnal insect tribe; when we walk alone in the sight of mountains, or on the seashore; or when we kneel before the open Bible, and meditate on the oriental usages of inspiration. Enthusiasts of various sects have taken these goodly visions for direct revelations of new truths; and mystics have deemed themselves inspired. But they are, after all, only higher manifestations of the reason which is common to us all. We deny not that a Divine agent is sometimes at work, but the operation follows the laws of our rational humanity, and conforms itself to the conditions of all influence from above upon free creatures. The mind, though elevated, is not overborne. The free-thinking principle is the same as before, though raised to a loftier point of observation. God, who speaks in this silence, speaks by the word which was recorded hundreds of years ago; and though chapter, or verse, or textual phrase may not always be recognised, the truths which ring in the ear are echoes from Sinai or from Zion. That word of the Lord which abideth for ever, has an infinite variety in its combinations and suggestions. It is a well whose sources are hidden in infinite wisdom, and whose flow is fresh and abundant, and sparkling to everlasting periods.

We place ourselves in the way of such favoured contemplations, when we linger long and often over the holy pages, and imbue our thoughts with the lessons of apostles and prophets. To be inspired like them, we may not pray for, in this world, but we may catch a kindred glow from their heavenly rapture, sympathize with their affections, carry out the trains which they have begun, harmonize the scattered propositions which they have announced, and live over again in our experience the divine happiness of their sanctification. Though our circumstances may be unlike theirs, in the proportion in which the new world is unlike the old, our faith and love may be essentially the same, and may at

some favoured moment realize to us glories of religious awe or fruition, which, after many years of Scriptural study, shall still be new and unwonted. It is thus that Christian experience is a book, of which the page we are turning over to-day is unlike all that have filled the volume before.

To gain these results, a man must in some degree live apart. He must leave the beaten track, and converse less with earth than heaven. There are meditations which the common talk and worldly reading of our busy day do not prompt and cannot represent. They are beyond the scope of science, and unwhispered in the halls of letters, and the galleries of art. But as little should we seek them in the cell of the ascetic. True love and true humility, which are the nurses of such a progeny, are closely connected with familiar converse with our kind. Best thoughts are those which spring up under the tears that fall over the ills of distressed fellow-creatures. Jesus Christ is still present by his Spirit where broken hearts are to be bound up. The house of mourning and house of prayer are the places where the heart is made better. —*Dr. J. W. Alexander's Thoughts on Preaching.*

SOMETIME.

'Tis a wild, sweet song, a beautiful song,
With a low and rhythmical chime,
Rung out from the topmost boughs of a tree
The winds have christened "Sometime."

Its words are strung on a golden string,
In a long melodious rhyme,
Telling of germs, in each withered flower,
The rain shall bring out sometime :

Telling of hopes that are buried low,
'Neath the dust of deceit and crime,
That true repentance and true belief
May waken to life sometime—

Of folded hands or a pulseless heart,
Under some fragrant lime,
In the beautiful city with pearly gates—
Shall I clasp them again sometime ?

Of tiny ringlets of golden hair,
And eyes, with a look sublime
In their shadowy depths, as we said "good by,"
Hoping to meet sometime.

Ah, yes ; tis a beautiful song that I hear,
Afar in this changing clime,
Rung out from the topmost boughs of a tree
The winds have christened "Sometime."

And it lessens my heart of its weary load,
Renews all its olden prime,
For it tells of a mansion beyond the skies,
Where I hope to be happy sometime.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

LIFE LESSONS.

BY THE REV. JAMES BOLTON, KILBURN.

"Whoso walketh in a perfect way, he shall be my servant."

THIS is a gracious promise of God to his faithful children. He will condescend to employ them in his divine service. They shall not only be safe for eternity and happy in themselves, but he will honour them in making them *successful labourers in his vineyard*. They shall go forth weeping, indeed, bearing precious seed; but they shall come again with rejoicing, *bringing their sheaves with them*. That he will thus own and bless all their *direct* efforts, the word of God both asserts and illustrates in a hundred passages; and it is so notorious as a matter of every-day experience amongst Christians, that I do not propose to dwell on this aspect of the subject now. My object is to interest you in another and less obvious aspect of this truth, namely, how God owns and blesses his faithful children as instruments of good to their fellow-creatures *indirectly*, without their being at all aware of it—without their lifting a finger, so to say, to do it. I want to show you that he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall *serve* God when he is resting, as well as when he is fighting—when he is mending his net, as well as when he is casting his net.

But, first, I would remind you of how this principle runs through the current of our every-day lives.

We light a candle for our own convenience; but as we are carrying it about, it throws a ray across the landscape, which guides some weary wanderer to the road. We walk across a field for our pleasure, and as we do so, we tread in an acorn, which by-and-by is to grow into a glorious tree, which shall be a shelter to the panting flocks and herds, and in whose branches the birds will sit and sing. We take an airing in our garden before breakfast, and at every step we imperceptibly sweep away a spider's web, in which poor little flies would else have been entangled. Slam goes the gate behind us, as we return home late at night; and the report scatters a band of burglars who were on the eve of breaking into our neighbour's premises.

These are what we may call natural instances of unpremeditated benefit to others. But these, of course, are open to the worldly, no less than to those who walk in a perfect way.

If we turn to the Scriptures, we have similar instances. We have the soldier drawing his bow in battle at a ven-

ture, and the unaimed dart plunging through a joint of Ahab's harness into his loins—thus delivering Israel from that villanous tyrant and plague.

We have Joseph going down into Egypt as a slave, his heart wrung with anguish, imploring his brethren to spare him so cruel a fate; and yet, by and by, this very sale of him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver, eventuates in his providing right royally for his father in his old age, and his warding off threatened destruction from the whole land of the Pharaohs.

We have Ahasuerus sending for a roll of Babylonish history, to relieve the tedium of wakefulness—for somehow he could not sleep; and there he read of the valuable information which Mordecai had given when a conspiracy was getting up against him; and thus both Mordecai and his people were preserved from Haman's diabolical plot. We have our blessed Lord himself coming to the well of Sychar for refreshment, and there entering into conversation with her who from that hour believed on him to life everlasting. We have Peter journeying to Joppa with no particular purpose apparently, but thus being near and in readiness both to visit the centurion at Cesarea and to raise Dorcas from the dead at Lydda.

These are scriptural specimens of undesigned good to others.

But I now submit to you the following instances, which may come within the compass of *any one* who walks in a perfect way, and then I shall leave them, with the briefest possible application, to be rendered fruitful and effectual to you by the Holy Spirit.

The first I shall mention is that of an old shepherd in Essex. He was a fine man to look at. Full, fresh-coloured, and with snow-white hair. In his Sunday smock and yellow gaiters, staff in hand, you would have noticed him in a cathedral. Better than any of these, he was a child of God,—as pure, and meek, and gentle as one of his own lambs. In church his devout bearing was a sermon to all who sat near him. Then he seemed to forget everything earthly, and to realize the presence of God in a peculiar manner. Down on his knees, with his face bowed and buried in his palms, he would enter into the spirit as well as the form of our beautiful prayers. His voice in the responses was rich, and full, and pathetic; the chime of eight bells in the tower was

not more sonorous and sacred. Now a hardened blacksmith dated his conversion from sitting by that old shepherd at a club sermon. He had gone to it utterly careless, thinking only of the ribbons and flowers in his button-hole, and the dinner at the Inn afterwards. He *chanced* (as we say) to be put into the same pew with the old shepherd. His sorrowful repetition of the general confession, "Almighty and most merciful Father," rather shook the blacksmith; but when in the "Litany" the old shepherd poured forth his soul in those plaintive appeals to the "Son of God;" "the Lamb of God," the sturdy blacksmith was completely melted. He sunk on the hassock and wept as he had not done since his mother died. From that hour the Holy Ghost wrought an effectual work in him. He always declared—in his blacksmith phraseology—that the old shepherd's "way of praying, was God's hammer to shatter him."

Secondly, A clergyman was visiting a sick lady. She was a stranger to him, but her husband recognising him in the street, asked him to visit his dying wife. He took the address, and presented himself at the door of a stylish house. Inside, the furniture, pictures, and ornaments were in keeping. As he was admiring them, the maid returned and invited him up stairs.

The lady was sinking fast. Her flesh was like alabaster. She received him with an artificial smile, and at once began talking about her "luck" in being still alive, her kind servants, her capital doctors, her determination to be patient and courageous to the last. Miserable creature!—The clergyman perceived at a glance that she was without God and without hope. After an appropriate remark to introduce it, he inquired for her Bible, and simply enough turned about expecting to see it; but there was none!

She coloured, and said to the maid, "Fetch yours, Susan."

The maid coloured, and did not think that she could: (the clergyman guessed what that meant).

Then she said, "Bring my keys; you will find my wedding Bible locked up in the library."

"Stay," said the clergyman, "I have mine" (producing his own from his pocket), "where I can reach it in a moment; our Bibles should be as near our hearts as possible."

They retained their blushes (and he was glad of it), until he left.

When he paid his second visit, both of them were ready with nice new Bibles, even before he could unpocket his own; and now he notices that they are well thumbed and turned down, and referred to with ease; in other words, he trusts that they are "near their hearts now." But how innocently did he convict them of that sin; that awfully common sin, a neglected Bible!

Thirdly, A child, a Sunday scholar, was given a Testament by her teacher as a reward. When she reached home she set about spelling a part of the 23d of Luke,

—spelling it, for she was backward in her learning. Her father was in the window reading,—though it was Sunday, a *weekly newspaper*. The child *happened* (so we say) to stick fast at that touching passage where Jesus, being nailed to the cross by the barbarous executioners, says, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The child spelt F-a-t-h-e-r,—Father. "Why, father," she cried, in the most artless way, "here is you; here is your name.—Jesus is speaking about *you* here!"

"Nonsense," he said, "nonsense. Go on reading to yourself, child, and don't do it so loudly;" and he reverted to his newspaper, but his ear was caught, and he listened in spite of himself.

"Father, f-o-r-g-i-v-e,—forgive; Father, forgive him."

"No, child, that is wrong; it is not *me*,—I mean, it's not *him*,—it's 'forgive *them*.' There,—now don't you interrupt me again."

But the child persisted in repeating it; "Forgive,—Father,—forgive,—Father,—forgive,—Father," banking at the mispronounced word "them," until her father was quite in a tumult of mingled shame, and alarm, and anger. He folded up the newspaper hurriedly, and almost snatched the Testament from the child, told her peremptorily what the verse was, and then went into his yard with the arrow rankling in his bosom: "Father, forgive *him*, for he knows not what he does."

"It is *me*," he said; "I was ignorantly but wickedly provoking God: and yet Jesus intercedes for me! Forgive them! My God, I acknowledge my transgression." And, dragging the newspaper from his breast, he trampled it under foot, in token that he would desecrate the Sabbath no more!

Fourthly, After a severe illness, a university undergraduate was travelling in a train. Having recovered the long-lost privilege of eye-sight, he was employing it on a tract, printed in large type. The subject was, *The Blood of the Cross*. There were some exceedingly striking sentences in it, and he paused ever and anon to ponder them, dropping the tract on his lap. By his side in the carriage sat a young woman who had been annoying him by what he considered, and perhaps rightly considered, too interested glances. Certainly her whole demeanour suggested thorough worldliness of mind. As they proceeded, she caught sight of the title of the tract, then was drawn by curiosity to peep at its pages. Eventually she said very softly and solemnly, "Might I request the loan of that tract, when you have quite done with it?"

The under-graduate was so glad to observe the change in her that he entreated her to accept it, as he had another with him. As it pleaded her Saviour's cause with her, her handkerchief was applied beneath her veil to streaming cheeks. And when he quitted the carriage at his station, she bowed respectfully to him and said, "Thank you very much, sir." But it was with a broken utterance, which showed that the "blood

of the cross" had been stirring the depths of her frivolous nature.

Fifthly, A pastor was addressing a sufferer stretched on her sofa in a darkened chamber. Amidst her faint moans, he spoke to her of His sympathy, whose grace is all-sufficient for our direst extremities. Somehow or other the Saviour seemed particularly near then, smiling so tenderly, his everlasting arms underneath her, his bowels yearning over his agonized daughter. The pastor fancied that he had only to point her to him, and she must behold him and be comforted. So he did no more than this in the simplest language. He did not ascertain till afterwards that the nurse (hitherto a mere professor of religion) was suddenly overwhelmed with a realization of Christ's presence there. It was (she said) as if she had been unblindfolded, and stood in the dazzling lustre of the sun. That was the moment and the method of her awakening.

Sixthly, and lastly. I remember how a youth of my acquaintance was brought to extreme anxiety about his eternal state by overhearing a foreigner in an adjoining apartment of the hotel, at his closet supplications ere he slept. He could not interpret his language, but his fervent protestations to Jesus, his wrestling earnestness with him, sounded through the keyhole and the walls, and led another than himself to rise from his bed to an intenser application to the throne of grace, and to feel that his devotions had hitherto been undeserving of the name.

Now, it is scarcely necessary to add that none of these are to be imitated for mere imitation's sake; to affect them would be hypocrisy. May they encourage those of you who, having done your best, are apt to feel that you have done nothing, so far, for God. It may be that, unknown to yourselves, he has used you in this indirect way; and eternity will reveal it. Let our motto ever be, "*Lord, I am thine, what wilt thou have me to do?—let me glorify thee, in season and out of season!*"

To each of us who says that, this promise is an oracular response, "*Whoso walketh in a perfect way he shall serve me.*" "*Therefore in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good.*"

A THREEFOLD CORD.

Doctrine.—He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, . . . and by his stripes we are healed. Isa. liii. 5.

Promise.—This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. Matt. xxvi. 28.

Prayer.—Deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake. Ps. lxxix. 9.

We are all sinning every day, and therefore every day

we need to go to God for forgiveness. We must always ask this *for Jesus' sake*; asking the Father to pardon us, and save us from the punishment we deserve, because his dear Son has obeyed and suffered in our place, No prayer without this will be accepted by God. But let us also pray, like the Psalmist, to have sin purged away, that is, the love of it taken out of our hearts, so that its power to tempt us may become less and less.

TITLES AND OFFICES OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"We have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens.
Jesus the Son of God."—Heb. iv. 14.

THE ministers of God among the Jews were called *priests*, and one of them, the head over the rest, high priest. They were, like the prophets, teachers of holy things; but their chief office was to offer up the sacrifices which God had appointed, in the tabernacle and the temple. And in doing this, all of them, but especially the high priest, were what we call types, or emblems, of the Lord Jesus, the Messiah to come.

It would take too long time for me to explain all this to you. But we may consider a little this title of our Lord, our "great High Priest," and see how much *greater* he is than all who went before as types of himself.

They were all *mortal* men, one high priest dying after another. But Jesus, Emmanuel, God with us, lives for evermore, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "We need no other priest now that he has come" (Heb. vii. 23, 24).

The old priests were all *sinful* men, like ourselves, and needed to offer up sacrifices for their own sins, as well as those of the people (Heb. v. 3). But Jesus, although he gave himself for our sins, had no sins of his own, and therefore is just the High Priest we need (Heb. vii. 26, 27).

The old priests had to offer *many* sacrifices, day after day, year after year, the blood of bulls and goats, which could not in itself take away sins (Heb. x. 3, 4). But the one great sacrifice which Jesus offered upon Calvary, of his own body broken, and blood shed for sinners, is enough for the salvation of all who believe in him, to the end of the world (Heb. x. 14).

You will understand all this better in a few years than you can do now. But think often of Jesus as the great High Priest, who came to redeem us by the sacrifice of himself, and now intercedes for us in heaven. And ask him every day to take away your sins, and to make you his obedient and holy children.

Prayer.—O heavenly Father, we thy sinful children desire to confess our sins before thee. We do not feel them, and we do not grieve for them, nearly so much as we ought to do. May thy Holy Spirit come into our hearts, and give us true repentance, and true faith in Jesus, as our great High Priest, who has offered up himself on the cross for our sins. Oh, for his sake, do

thou look with compassion upon us, and let his blood cleanse us from all sin. And help us now to watch, and strive, and pray more every day, against all that is evil. We ask all in the name of Jesus. Amen.

"TO WHAT PURPOSE IS THIS WASTE!"

THE waste of MONEY, or *money's worth*. I am not going to speak of the halfpennies and pennies which young people often throw so thoughtlessly away on trifles—toys and sweetmeats, and other such things. I am not going to counsel you never to spend a penny, but to put every copper into the Savings' Bank, and hoard up your money there, and become little misers. As to this, there are two kinds of men, neither of whom I would wish you ever to be like—*misers* and *spendthrifts*. "Misers" are so called, as being miserable, wretched men, having no comfort or enjoyment in laying out their money, either for themselves or others; always afraid of losing what they have got; having the same painful craving for money that the drunkard has for drink, or that you have for water when you are very thirsty. "Spendthrifts," again, are those who soon run through all that they have, like the prodigal son, and come to beggary. Both are opposed to God's will and law. I would not have you to be either of these; but I do not mean just now to warn you either against hoarding up your money or spending it uselessly. I wish to speak against wasting that which *costs money*.

I sometimes notice on the street, or in other like places, a crust of bread, and sometimes more than a crust, trodden under foot of passers-by—a sight I never see without pain. How did that come there? A boy got it to his dinner, or *would* have it after his dinner, and having more than he could rightly manage, instead of putting it into his pocket till he should be hungry, or giving it to some one who would have been thankful enough to get it, he thoughtlessly tossed it away. When that boy goes to school and reads in the Bible lesson, or hears at family worship (if there be such a thing in his house), about some of the famines from which Israel suffered, how all sorts of animals were used for food, and the most repulsive things that were eatable were sold at an enormous price; or in the history lesson about the taking of Jerusalem, how bread was more precious than gold, and women were reduced to such straits as to eat their own infants;—I wonder if his conscience does not check him; if he never thinks of the bread he so lightly threw away. I wish I could take him to houses which I have seen, and show him that bed-ridden old woman, or these starving little children, crying for bread when there's none to give them—how they would prize and relish a morsel even like that! When he sees these, he will not wonder that I ask, "To what purpose is this waste?" In this, Jesus himself has set us an example, that in this, as in all things else, we should walk in his steps. You remember his feeding the multitude—five thousand men,

besides women and children, with five loaves and two fishes. When they had all eaten and were filled, Jesus told them to gather up what was left. Why? Not only that when they saw the twelve baskets full, they might see what a wonder-working Saviour he was,—but, as he himself says, "Gather up the fragments that remain, *that nothing be lost*." Think of that, dear children, when you would do what is not uncommon.

I sometimes see, in mischief or in thoughtlessness, the stop-cock of the water-pipe left unturned, and whole gallons of water allowed to run to waste. Some children were getting a drink, or amusing themselves, and forgot, or could not be at the trouble, to put things right, and hence the loss. "Nobody suffered by it," you say; "the only loss, if there was any, was to the Water Company." Well, I never like to see such things. How welcome that water would be to many! At that very moment, perhaps, there are travellers passing through the desert; their supply of water is exhausted; the very camels are beginning to fail; one rushes forward to what has been a well among the rocks, but oh, his look of despair—when he finds it dry! Another sees a jar, which those who have gone before, have somehow left; perhaps it may be water; "No," he says, bitterly disappointed,—"*it's only diamonds!*" At that very moment, perhaps, there is a boat at sea—those in it, all that remain of that emigrant ship that is now engulfed in the deep; as the warm sun breaks out, oh, what burning thirst! how priceless would be every drop of a passing shower!—

"Water! water! everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water! water! everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."

And how can I but grudge the waste of that which they would give anything to get? Might not such thoughts come into the minds even of children, and teach them a lesson; "To what purpose is this waste!"

I sometimes see children coming to school on a Monday morning, clean and tidy, with every rent in dress or jacket mended. I do not like to see them too much concerned about keeping all right, so that they cannot join with others in play, and would grumble ever so much, because they had rubbed against the dusty jacket of the passing baker's boy or miller. But when I see the opposite extreme, which I do far oftener—clothes and shoes rubbed and worn, needlessly dirtied and torn,—I do think of that father who has so far to go to his work, and has such a long day of it, and such difficulty in earning the money that provides clothing and food for himself and his family; and of that mother whose washing days are such a serious affair, with her young baby and her delicate health, who finds it no easy matter to eke out the week's wage so as to get ends to meet, and who had to be up so late and so early to get these very clothes made, or mended, or washed, which are so soon calling for the like at her hands again. Chil-

dren! I am serious in saying all this. I cannot look at what you are doing, without thinking of your fathers and mothers—all they have to do, and all they have to endure—and asking, “To what purpose is this waste?”

Think, then, of what I have said of *money* and *money's worth*, and be warned in this by the end of wasters. There are two young servants in a family: one of them is a *waster*. Crusts of bread, drops of milk, and similar things may often be seen about the kitchen and washing-house. “I often fancy,” says her neighbour to her, “that there is never a bit of food wasted in a wilful manner, which may not hereafter come to be wanted by the very person who threw it away. I should not wonder though you yourself may come to be glad of such a dish.” But it makes no impression, and out on the dunghill goes the plateful of bones, and meat, and crusts. Some years pass away. The careful servant is now a respectable and happy wife and mother. Giving a helping hand to her former mistress one day, she is in the old kitchen, when she hears the cry of a child; she opens the back window from which so much good food had been thrown out, and on the ash-heap lies a miserable woman all in rags, her head upon the ashes, her little child, as wretched-looking as herself, gathering up the scraps, and eating a black and mouldy crust, which a dog would almost have refused to eat. The woman can only answer the questions put to her with a groan, for she is dying. And who does she turn out to be? The wasteful girl of former years, furnishing a touching illustration of the proverb, “Wilful waste is woful want.”—*The Golden Fountain, by the Rev. J. H. Wilson.*

THE SIXPENNY CALICO.

One day a new scholar appeared in school, and as usual was the mark of public gaze. She was gentle and modest-looking, and never ventured to lift her eyes from her books. At recess, to the inquiries, “Who is she?” “What’s her name?” nobody could satisfactorily answer. None of us ever saw or heard of her before.

“I know she’s not much,” said one of the girls.

“Poorly off,” said I.

“Do you see her dress? Why, I believe it is nothing but a sixpenny calico.”

“Poor thing, she must be cold.”

“I can’t imagine how a person can wear calico in winter,” said another, whose rich plaid was the admiration of the school.

“I must say I like to see a person dressed according to the season,” remarked another; “that is, if people can afford it,” she added, in a manner plainly enough indicating that *her* father could.

Such was recess talk. None of us went to take the stranger by the hand and welcome her as the companion of our studies and our play. We stood aloof, and stared at her with cold and unfeeling curiosity. The teacher called her Abby. When she first came to her place for

recitation, she took a seat beside the rich plaid. The plaid drew haughtily away, as if the sixpenny calico might dim the beauty of its colours. A slight colour flushed Abby’s cheek, but her quiet remained the same. It was some time before she ventured on the playground, and then it was only to stand aside, and look on, for we were slow in asking her to join us.

On one occasion we had a harder arithmetic lesson than usual, completely baffling our small brains. Upon comparing notes at recess, none of us had mastered it.

“I’ll ask Abby of her success,” said one of my intimate associates.

“It is quite unlikely she has,” I replied; “do stay here; besides, what if she has?”

“I *will* go,” she answered.

Away she went, and as it appeared, Abby and she were the only members of the class ready for recitation. Abby had been more successful than the rest of us, and kindly helped my friend to scale the difficulties of the lesson.

“Shall we ask Abby to join the sleigh-ride?” asked one of the girls, who was getting a subscription for a famous New Year’s ride.

“Judging from her dress,” I said, “if she goes, we must *give* her the ride.”

“But how will it do to leave her out?” they asked.

“She does not of course expect to be asked to ride with us,” I said; “she is evidently of a poor family.”

As a sort of leader in school, my words were influential, and poor Abby was left out. How often did I compare my white hand and warm gloves with the purple fingers and cheap mittens of my neighbour Abby. How miserable I should be with such working hands and no gloves.

By-and-by I took to patronizing her. “She is really a very nice creature, and ought to join us more in our plays,” we said. So we used to make her “one of us” in the play-ground. In fact, I began to thaw towards her very considerably. There was something in Abby which called out our respect.

One Saturday afternoon, as I was looking out of the window, wishing for something to do, my mother asked me to join her in a little walk. On went my new cloak, warm furs, and pink hat, and in a trice I was ready. We went first to the stores, where I was very glad to be met by several acquaintances in my handsome winter dress. At last I found my mother turning off into less frequented thoroughfares.

“Where, mother,” I asked, “in this vulgar part of the town?”

“Not vulgar, my dear,” she said. “A very respectable and industrious part of our population live here.”

“Not fashionable, certainly,” I added.

“And not vulgar because not fashionable, by any means,” she said; for you may be sure my false and often foolish notions were not gained from her. She stopped before a humble-looking house, and entered the front door.

"Where are you going?" I asked with much curiosity.

She gently opened a side door, and hesitated a moment on the threshold.

"Caroline, come in," said a voice from within. "I am very happy to see you."

"Pray, don't rise, dear," said my mother, going forward and affectionately kissing a sick lady who sat in a rocking chair. "You look better than when I saw you before. Do not exert yourself."

I was introduced, and I fancied the invalid looked at me with a sort of admiring surprise as she took my hand and hoped I should prove worthy of such a mother. Then, while my mother and she were talking, I sat down and took notes with my eyes of everything in the room. It looked beautifully neat, and the furniture evidently had seen better days. By-and-by mother asked for her daughter.

"Gone out on some errands," said the sick lady. "The dear child is an inexpressible blessing to me," and tears filled her eyes.

"A mother might well be thankful for such a daughter. She is a pattern *my* child might safely imitate."

I thought I should be exceedingly glad to see the person my mother was so willing I should copy.

"She will return soon," said the invalid. "She has gone to carry some work which she has contrived to do in her leisure moments. The self-sacrifice of the child is wonderful. She seems to desire nothing that other girls of her age generally want. A little while ago, an early friend who had found me out and befriended me as you have done"—tears came into the speaker's eyes,—"sent her a handsome winter dress. 'O mother,' she said, 'this is too expensive for me, when you want some warm flannel so.' I told her it was just what she needed. A few days afterwards she went out and came home with a roll of flannel and a calico dress. 'See, mother,' she said, 'I shall enjoy this calico a hundred times more than the finest dress in the world, when you can have your flannel.' Excuse me for telling it, but you know a mother's heart. There is her step; she is coming."

The outer door opened. How I longed to see the comer! "A perfect angel," I thought, "so generous, so disinterested, so good; I should love her." The latch was lifted. A young girl entered, and my school-fellow Abby stood before me. I could have sunk into the earth for very shame. How wicked my pride! how false and foolish my judgments! Oh, how mean did my fine winter dress appear before the plain *sixpenny* calico!

I was almost sure my mother had managed all this, for she had a way of making me see my faults, and making me desire to cure them, without ever saying much directly herself. This, however, had not come about by her intervention; God taught me by his providence.

As we walked home, my mother gave me an account

of Mrs. G——, an early friend who made an imprudent marriage. But that story is no matter here. I will only add, my judgment of people was formed ever after according to a truer standard than the dress they wore, and that Abby and I became intimate friends.—*Child's Paper*.

THE GREAT COMMANDER.

Boys, do you want to enlist? Should you like to be a soldier? But first count the cost. Soldiers, at best, have hard times of it. They leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, wives and children. They are exposed to all sorts of weather, hot or cold, wet or dry. They can't choose their times or seasons. They have hard fare. Often they have short rations, sleep on the damp ground, or have no sleep at all. They are liable to be blown up by bomb-shells, or have their limbs shot off by cannon-balls, or fall by the bayonet. Thirty men once offered their services to a captain. "If you enlist under me, half of you will be dead men before thirty days," said he. "Ay, ay, sir," answered the men; for brave men never flinch at danger. War, with all its great evils, has called out shining virtues. Nothing demands greater sacrifice. The mother gives her boy, rich men part with their money, and thousands give themselves. Nor is it done for "the pay." A soldier's pay is poor pay, only a few shillings a month, not half the wages of a farm servant; but it is willingly, cheerfully met and undergone at the call of duty.

The *children* are called for. Will you not enlist? "Are we called to fight?" Yes. There is a commander who invites, nay, who is urgent for the children to join him in his march. He has a soldier's suit for you. It is not red and gold, like our regiment, or brass and iron, like the old Romans; but it is a glorious fit. And a sword too. You shall be fully armed and equipped, depend upon that. Come, come; duty calls you. You will have to fight; there is no escaping it; but it will be a "good fight." And perhaps I ought to say, to comfort you, that the captain *never lost a man who obeyed orders*. Washington could not say that. Much as he felt for his poor soldiers, he could not save them from a soldier's fate. Napoleon left his thousands on every battle-field. But the captain who would recruit his ranks from the children, can with strict truth say, "Of them which thou gavest me *I have lost none*." Think of that. What other commander could ever say it? Yet mind this, *you must obey orders*. But can he make his words good? Yes. "All his commandments are sure; they stand fast for ever and ever; they are done in truth."

Who is this great captain? What is his name? Jesus Christ. Satan is your bitter enemy, determined to seize you. He goes about like a "roaring lion." "The fiery darts of the wicked" are pointed at you, while the traitor sin is at the very door of your heart. God pitied you. He sent his Son, his well-beloved Son, to

save you. "Behold," says God, "I have given him for a leader and commander to the people." "Seek ye him while he may be found; call upon him while he is near."

Jesus Christ came. He suffered for us; he died for us on the cross; but he now lives and reigns, and has set up his standard, which is called the "Standard of the cross." Have you seen his proclamation? This is a part of it: "Ho, every one; incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper;" "ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." Will you not serve? Here is your soldier's suit: the "breastplate of righteousness, and the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Put this on and you are armed for the fight—a fight not with "flesh and blood," but against sin and Satan—a fight for Christ's glorious kingdom within and without you, worth braving and daring everything for. It is well called "the good fight."

Sometimes you find the soldiers of Christ looking quite poor, and proud people say they have poor pay. Ah, they don't know. Besides their daily rations from a treasury always full—for the silver, and the gold, and the cattle on a thousand hills, belong to Christ—every faithful soldier has a final reward. What? "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," says the commander to every one who enlists. Every little child, even, shall wear a crown. Nobody but kings and queens wear crowns upon earth. They are very costly and very splendid. Millions of money and millions of lives have been spent to win and wear a crown. Yet Christ promises one to every faithful soldier—a "crown of life,"—something very, very precious laid up in heaven. Come, dear child, come to Christ; come and enlist a soldier of the cross. The martial music of this host runs thus:—

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

—Mrs. H. C. Knight.

A LITTLE TALK.

THREE little girls were telling each other one evening what they wanted to be. One wanted to be a queen; another to write books. The third said she should be contented to be a lamb in Christ's fold. Ah, that was the *greatest* as well as the *best* wish of all. The *greatest*, and yet the *easiest* to be had; for Christ says, "Come," and what have we to do but to go?

"Suppose you stray away and get lost," said one of the others.

"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," replied she.

Oh yes, we should never find Christ if he did not find us. We should never seek him if he did not seek us first. Sometimes sheep and lambs get lost in the snow-storms, and the shepherd sets out and seeks them, and finds them in the deep ravines, huddled together under the snow. He digs the snow away, but they are afraid to stir. They won't take a single step to save their lives; so the Good Shepherd carries them out. Thus Jesus saves his lost sheep. He finds them in the deep pit of sin. They can't help themselves; so he reaches out his strong arm and takes them out.

Jesus provides for his sheep and lambs. "They go in and out, and find pasture." You may be sure of being fed if you are Christ's lamb. You shall have bread to eat and clothes to wear. "I have been young, and now am old," says king David, "yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Christ is always able to pasture his flock. His pastures never dry up or are burnt over. He also feeds their souls. Did you ever see the little flower fed by the morning dew? Just so will Christ feed you with the dews of his grace and love. The Bible is a table full—a rich feast to the hungry soul. You can feed on its leaves every day, three times a-day, all through the year, and all through the years of the longest life that ever was, and yet they never fail. There is enough and to spare; and what is better, you never get tired of it. It tastes better and better every day.

I know of nobody that would die for me. Do you? But "the Good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." All that are in Christ's flock were once condemned to die. Jesus pitied them. He left his Father's house, and came into this wicked world to die for them. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Therefore every sheep and every little lamb can say, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

Oh, how precious to be a lamb in Christ's fold! The greatest, the best, the easiest reached of all wishes is to be there.

"ONLY A BIBLE!"

It was Louisa Fulton's tenth birthday, and, as usual on such days, she received many kind wishes and little gifts of love.

"Louisa," said her brother Charles, when he came home from school, "have you got all the presents you expected yet?"

"All but one. I have got nothing from Aunt Jane."

"Will she have forgotten you?"

"Oh no; Aunt Jane never forgets. It will be coming to-night, or to-morrow perhaps. I wonder what it will be!"

"A book most likely; she can easily send that by post."

"I hope it will be a pretty one, with pictures, like what she gave us at Christmas."

The children then talked over various books which they had seen or heard of, and wished to possess.

They were interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

"Mamma, will that be the postman?"

"Yes; this is the English post-hour. I saw he had a parcel in his hand."

"Oh, how delightful!" Charles rushed down stairs, and presently returned, holding a parcel above his head.

"A book, a book, Louisa! addressed to Miss Fulton! Guess! guess! what will it be?"

"Charles, do not keep me waiting! Give it me! I see gilt edges!"

It was a minute or two before scissors could be found to cut the cord; and there were several wrappers of brown and white paper.

"It must be something very precious. Oh," exclaimed Louisa, with a tone of disappointment, "it is only a Bible!"

"Only a Bible, Louisa!" said her mother, in a low, sad voice.

Louisa blushed deeply. "Mamma, I did not think what I was saying. But you know I have one already."

Charles commented on the beauty of the binding and the kind words on the title page.

"See, here are maps, Louisa—better than pictures."

He was just then called away to his lessons. Louisa took the Bible, and sat down with it on a stool at the window. She did not speak; and her mother, who was writing, went on in silence. This lasted for nearly an hour, till the daylight had almost faded away. At last the little girl came softly up to her mother, and laid her head on her knee.

"Mamma, I am very, very sorry."

"For what, my child?"

"Because I said that about the Bible, and because I felt in my heart that I would have liked another book better."

"But you love the word of God, Louisa?"

"Yes, mamma; and I know that I will love this one, too, very much. Will God forgive me?"

"If you were obliged to part with every book but one, which would you choose to keep?"

"I would keep my Bible, mamma; indeed, indeed I would."

"I believe you, my dear. I do believe that my little girl loves Jesus, and loves his holy word."

"But it was very sinful, mamma, to feel as I did. Will God forgive me?"

"Surely he will, if you ask him for Jesus' sake. We will do so now together."

They knelt down, and the mother prayed that this sin, and every other, might be pardoned, and that both might be taught more and more to know the preciousness of the Scriptures, and to have them as a lamp to their feet and a light to their path; to find in them help for every duty and comfort in every sorrow.

"And now," she said, when they sat down again, "I shall tell you a story before you go to bed, which I read lately. We see the Bible so often in our happy land, we can get one so easily, that I am afraid this sometimes makes us think more lightly of it than we ought to do. It was because you had a copy of your own already that you were tempted to think another book would have been better just now. But oh, how different it was once even in this country, when a Bible was such a rare thing that it was chained to a table in one of the churches, and people came in to hear it read there, because they had none at home! And how many countries there are still, where it is hardly ever found, though the people are called Christians. Do you know what a *colporteur* means?"

"A man who goes through the country selling Bibles."

"Yes; the word is a French one, and we always use it now to mean a person who sells Bibles or religious books. Well, the *colporteur* I wish to tell you of was going about in France, which is a Roman Catholic country, where the Bible is very scarce in many places. He came to a very miserable-looking house; and when he opened the door, saw that there was hardly any furniture, and a woman and child, who were within, though clean and neat, looked so extremely poor, that he thought it would be quite useless to ask them to buy books, when they did not seem to have enough of daily bread. However, he felt that it would be wrong to go away without speaking; so he said that he was a seller of good books, and at a very low price. The woman asked what they were; and when he spoke of the Bible, her face lighted up with such a look of joy, that he says he cannot describe it. Then she told him that when a little girl she had attended a school where the New Testament had been used as a lesson book; and she found such pleasure in the stories there, that she never tired of reading it. When she left school, her parents bought a copy for her, and for many years it was her greatest comfort. But one day it disappeared, she never knew how,—only thought that her mistress, for she was a servant, must have seen it, and given it to the priest. She went to the booksellers in several towns near; but not one of them could give her a copy, the Bible was so rare then in France. After this she married, and went to Spain, where she remained fourteen years; and during all that time could never succeed in meeting with another New Testament. She repeated various passages which she had learned by heart, and had found her chief comfort in many trials. She took the book out of the *colporteur's* hand with looks and words of the greatest joy. But when she asked the price, and found it was fifty centimes—that is, about fivepence—she burst into tears. 'Alas!' she said, 'I have not a single centime in the world! I must let you go away, and lose once more this precious treasure. No, that is impossible: wait for a short time; God has put a thought into my head.' She ran out of the house, and left the good man with her child for nearly an hour. Then she re-

turned, her face beaming with delight. 'Here is the money,' she said. 'I have had difficulty in getting so much from my poor neighbours, for they know that I can hardly get a little bread and potatoes for myself and child, and that I may not soon be able to pay them back; but they have been kind to me, and God will provide.'

"The colporteur felt inclined to give back the money, and pay for the New Testament himself. But then he recollected that our Lord loves to see his people ready to make any sacrifice for his sake, and that he could repay this poor woman in heavenly blessings. 'I wish,' he says, 'you could have been there to have seen her delight when she found herself in possession of the gospel. She pressed the volume to her heart, and spoke to it as if it had been some living thing—promising that this time she would take great care that no one should separate her from it.'"

"O mamma, I am so glad she got it at last. Was it long ago?"

"No, only last year. What a lesson this poor French-woman may teach us all, of love and value for the word of God! And as by his goodness we have no difficulty in getting the Bible ourselves, surely we should be willing to give up some of our indulgences, that we may have money to spend in sending it to other countries, by the means of those good colporteurs who are found willing to employ their life in this way, for the sake of Christ and the good of their fellow-men."

"Mamma, shall I give some of the money I got to-day to the Bible Society?"

"You cannot make a better use of it, my dear."

J. L. B.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

"WHAT shall we do to-morrow?" asked Helen and Robert, whose few days of "no school" had already begun to hang heavy on their hands. At first the prospect of a whole week of play was fine; and though they had a nice play-room and an abundance of playthings, besides books, and little duties all about house, yet I am sorry to say, too ill-looking creatures sometimes crept into the play-room and spoiled all their enjoyment, setting the children snatching, and crying, and striking, in quite a terrible way. They always put a stop to everything pleasant wherever they go, and I wonder they should ever for a moment be harboured anywhere. Perhaps you have seen them. I hope not. Lest they ever should offer to keep company with you, I must mention their names, and warn you against them. You will know them by their sour faces. They are *Discontent* and *Disagreement*. Keep clear of them, children, for they will not let you have a minute's peace or enjoyment.

But I must go back to Helen and Robert when they asked their mother, "What shall we do to-morrow?" which they did, just after a brush with these two.

"You shall have a little party," said she. *That* was delightful.

"But I don't want a crowd," said Robert, "like George's birthday party; and I don't want Tom Bates to it, nor Harry Emery, nor—"

"And I don't want Maggie and Jane," added Helen.

"Oh, I shall choose who are to come," said their mother. "They have never all been here together, but they are a delightful set."

"Oh, yes," cried the children. "Do we know them all?"

"You are not so well acquainted as I wish you were, and as I desire you to be," said their mother. "You must be glad to see them, and be careful not to hurt their feelings, for if you do, I am afraid I shall not be able to persuade them to stay."

"Oh, we will, we will," cried the children heartily; "we'll do our very best."

"I hope none of them will be quarrelsome," said Robert.

"They are not," said their mother; "they *won't* quarrel, you may depend upon that; they aim to make everybody happy."

"I wish they'd come *real early*," said the children.

"One of them, where she is in the habit of going, often comes before people are up in the morning."

"How funny!" and the children laughed heartily.

"Yes," continued their mother, "and she would like nothing better than to come and creep into your beds to-morrow morning the minute your eyes are open."

"Capital," shouted Robert; "let's see her come. Company into bed with us!"

"No," said Helen, "let's be as smart as company, and get up to receive her."

Of course the children were anxious to know their names and who they were. Their mother thought they had best write them down. Robert drew a pencil from his pocket, and said one pencil would do for both. Mother thought not, but wished each to have paper and pencil, and carefully wrote a list of them. This set the children on a small business jaunt of much interest, and at length brought them back to two crickets by their mother's side.

"All ready," said Robert; "now for the names."

"Certainly," said their mother, "and you must not speak one word till you have finished."

"Now then," said their mother, "the first is from a large family, which we cannot stop to specify; so write down, *The Little Kindnesses*."

Robert and Helen stared at their mother, then at each other. Their faces flushed very red, but not a word was said, and they headed the list with the *Little Kindnesses*.

"*Sweet Temper*," said she. They wrote that. "*Thankful Heart*." They wrote that. "The two bears, *Bear and Forbear*," said she. "*Good Behaviour*. *True Politeness*; and last, though not least, *Brotherly Love*."

All were written. "That is enough to make a pretty good day of it," said mother. "Each read aloud your list, and let us see if it is all right."

The children read over their names, and then such a talk followed as I wish you could have heard. But I cannot write it; only the children determined to be as good as their word, and receive and treat their friends accordingly.

"Which is the one that comes so early?" asked Helen, looking over her list.

"I should think it was most likely to be *Thankful Heart*," said Robert, "coming just as quick as we wake, and making us thank God for,—

'The goodness and the grace
Which on our births have smiled.'"

To make a long story short, to-morrow came, bringing the company; and *Thankful Heart* just as early as the day, who helped to prepare the way for the rest. I wish I could stop to describe the day. It was a very interesting and happy day, however.

When Robert was trying to mend Helen's doll, *Miss-understanding* peeped in at the door, and winked at Helen; but *For-bear* was happily on the spot, and beckoned *Miss-understanding* off; so that what might have brought *Hard Words* ran into *Soft Smiles*, and the affair ended in a frolicsome somerset on the carpet.

This is a children's party I am sure no good mother could object to.

"SOMEBODY'S GRANDPA."

"Oh," cried Emma Rich, out of breath with running to catch up with Julia Kent, "there's an old man coming down Truman Street, and he walks so queer; the boys are pestering him, and it frightened me awfully."

Julia looked round, yet saw nobody but Emma at her side, pale and trembling. "How did he look?" asked Julia.

"Awfully," said Emma, who saw him through her fears,—and fears, you know, often give quite a wrong impression.

Julia looked again, and then caught sight of an old man staggering round the corner, with a pack of rude boys behind him.

"Let's run away," cried Emma.

Instead of that, Julia stopped. "I should think those boys would be ashamed to treat an old man so," she said, her cheeks glowing. He's *somebody's grandpa*."

"Oh, I am so frightened," cried Emma again.

"Frightened!" cried Julia, indignantly; "then run." Julia went back. "Boys," she said boldly, "I think you ought to be ashamed to treat a poor old man so. Should you like it, if 'twas your grandpa?"

"Who are you?" cried the rude boys, and they began to sneer at her.

"You may laugh as much as you please," said Julia, "I don't mind it."

"I hear a friendly voice," said the old man, "but I'm blind; I cannot see where it comes from."

"It is I," answered the child, going up to him, "and I will lead you home, if you'll like me to. Maybe you lost your way, sir. It must be so hard not to see."

"Yes, dear child," said the old blind man; "I'm a stranger here. I'm visiting my daughter, who lives in — Street. I just stepped out to sun and air myself, and somehow missed my way. The boys think I'm in liquor, for I can't walk with young legs. How came you to befriend me, dear child?"

"Oh, sir," said Julia, "I thought you must be somebody's grandpa, and I could not bear to see you treated so. I will lead you home, sir."

"God bless you, dear child," said the old man.

As soon as Julia took him in charge, the rude boys sneaked off, showing that the brave stand of even a little girl for the right, confounds and puts to flight the wicked. Kindly and carefully she helped him down unexpected steps, and round sharp corners, and by the dogs and the people in the streets, the old man thankful for a little child to lead him, and Julia very pleased to do it, for Julia had been taught to respect and care for the aged. Her grandpa had lived in her father's family, and she knew old feet needed young, active steps to go for them; old eyes wanted young, bright eyes to see for them; and old hands, which had done the hard work of other days, must now have young, strong hands to help them.

So in every old man, no matter how poor or how pitiful he was, she saw "Somebody's grandpa," who ought to have the respectful behaviour, the kind attentions, and the affectionate treatment which made her grandpa so happy while he lived, and which made grandpa's memory so sweet to his little grandchildren.

THE NEW COMPANION.

WHEN I was sixteen, said a gentleman, I was sent to — Academy. At the boarding-house I was put into a large room with accommodation for four boys. Two were already there. We spent the first evening in little study and much talk. They were droll fellows, and amused me highly.

At bed-time the habit of reading God's word before going to bed knocked at my memory. Did *they*? I saw nothing that looked like it. Should *I* then? Could *I*? I tried to outsit them, and unpack my Bible after they were asleep; but that was out of the question. I went to my trunk to take it out, and came back without it. I went again, fumbled over the things, then got up and looked out of the window. What would they say to see me reading the Bible? Would they not laugh? Should I not see ridicule twinkling in their eye, even if they said nothing?

On the other hand, could I forget my mother's words when she packed my Bible? Could I so easily abandon a habit formed from earliest boyhood? Forget! No, I

did not forget; but I was afraid—ashamed; ashamed of my God, my Saviour, and his word; afraid of the new public opinion around me. "I'm too sleepy to-night," I thought, and undressing quickly, tumbled into bed.

Morning found me in ill-humour. Dissatisfied with myself for the last night's omission, and angry at having to suffer the same fight with conscience over again, I wished the other lads would get up and be off. As soon as they awoke, the same joking began, and kept up all the time of dressing. "When you are among the Romans, do as the Romans do," I said, hoping that would quiet conscience. But conscience rejoined, "Peter tried that once, and you know what came of it."

So it passed on till the Sabbath, my Bible in my trunk, unopened, unread, and no family reading and family altar to supply the deficiency. Sabbath brought me no closer to the neglected duty. I once went to my trunk, determined to take my stand at all odds, but was so agitated, that one of the boys seeing it, cried out, "Hold! What's the matter? Your hand shakes." Tears started in my eyes. I made some light answer, and taking my cap, hastily left the room.

On Monday the fourth boy arrived, who was to sleep with me. We had speculated a good deal about him, and hoped he'd prove the "right sort." What a little fellow he was; yet he was but a year younger than myself. I, however, was overgrown. "Langdon." A good name. Easy, too, in his ways; not too free, or Nick Doty would have come down on him. After tea we went to swim, and a capital swimmer he was. We all studied pretty well that evening. At nine o'clock Langdon emptied his pockets of chestnuts, and we cracked some hard jokes over them.

At length Langdon went to his trunk, and taking out a book, he fetched it to the study-table. Nick eyed it curiously. "This is my Bible," said Langdon. "I always read in it before going to bed. My parents are Christians, and my father told me never for a single day to omit reading my Bible."

"I've got a Bible in my trunk," said Nick, starting for it. "So have I," said the other boy. "I have," echoed I, blushing. I would have given anything to have been in Langdon's shoes then. How I admired and respected his moral courage! We all brought our Bibles, and Nick, who never lost the chance of a story, began one about Noah, I forgot what, only we all laughed, all but Langdon.

"Well, boys," he said, with a quiet seriousness, "as this is God's word, let us read a chapter, and suppose we all read round." "I'm certain my folks would like it," said Nick; and so we began Bible reading in our room, which did not fail of producing marked effects. The room, from having had a doubtful reputation, became one of the best-ordered among the students. The habit of seriously reading God's word every day gradually bred a thoughtful, reverent spirit among us, checking overmuch levity, and strengthening the good habits which we brought from home.

As for me, it taught me a lesson of the folly of indecision never to be forgotten. Let every young person, on first leaving home, *promptly* discharge the first and most obvious duties enjoined by his Christian education, and a thousand young men would stand where now a thousand fall, and fall to rise no more. Many wonder that the children of pious parents often go so far astray. It is no wonder. A well-instructed and sensitive conscience needs careful handling. Like fine steel, its delicate edge is easily blunted. Disregard its warnings, deaden its convictions, and its voice is soon hushed. Restraint once removed, and one goes from better to worse, a down-hill path, with ever increasing speed. Safety alone lies in *prompt* and *faithful* obedience to its dictates.

KITTY AND THE EYE.

KITTY was left at home one Sabbath because she was not quite well and the weather was lowering. She had her hymn to learn, and a beautiful book, called "The Night of Toil," to read. One verse was nearly perfect, when an idle thought entered her head, and she followed it to the baby-house. That house was shut up on the Sabbath, and rarely visited, for in Kitty's home Sabbath was a holy day, loved and prized by all the family. It was not a stiff, disagreeable day, as some children regard it; but a day when father was at home from his work, with leisure to speak with his little ones. Kitty often thought how good it was in God to make a rest-day for her papa; else how could she see him enough?

Well, the idle thought carried Kitty to the play-room, only to look. But she saw a doll's pelisse left unfinished the afternoon before, and she took it up, pulled the needle through, sewed a good many stitches, and then tried it on Miss Dolly. The little girl had some misgivings; but she said to herself, "Aunt Mary can't lecture me for what she *don't know*, and there's nobody to see." Nobody to see! Presently it seemed as if there was an Eye looking right through the wall, watching her—not an angry Eye, not a fiery Eye, but a great *sorry* Eye. Kitty put her work down. Kitty trembled. Oh, she seemed to remember in a minute all she ever knew about the Sabbath-day; how God, when he made the world, put by *his* work; how he wrote it in his ten commandments *himself*; how the people in Jerusalem displeased him because they broke it. Did *God* set so much by his Sabbath, and *she* not mind it? She had no excuse to make. She did not try to. She only felt that her conduct had grieved and offended the great and blessed God, and she was sorely troubled. Kitty stayed not a moment longer in the baby-house.

That evening, when her father heard her hymn, and stroked her hair, and took her in his lap, she leaned her head on his shoulder, and a tear stole down her cheek. "Papa," she said, with a choking voice, "I don't deserve your love. I have been grieving God to-day," and

she told her papa everything. "If I'd only gone to church, it wouldn't have happened," she said.

"You have had a more faithful teacher than your minister to-day, my child," replied her father. "You have the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to *convince of sin*, and who has opened your eyes to see God and to feel what a grievous thing it is to break his holy and blessed law;" and, as he looked down on his little girl's face, that tear on her cheek was more precious in his eyes than silver or gold.

There are many kinds of tears—complaining tears, teasing tears, tears of disappointment, tears of joy; but this was a *tear of penitence*; and a tear of penitence is precious, because it softens, sobers, and humbles the heart. It waters some of the feeblest thoughts of God planted there by the Holy Spirit, which may prove to be the little seed-corn of eternal life. Kitty's prayer was, "O God, forgive a sinful child, for Christ's sake"—a prayer dear to the heart of God from every infant lip.

LITTLE CROSS BEARERS.

It was a rosy morning in June, and the sun, who had gone to bed very unwillingly the night before, clinging to the hill-tops with his long red fingers, some time after his honest face had disappeared—was back again bright and early, and seemed to be full of business. He pricked the eyelids of the young robins with fine golden needles, till they awoke, and chirped so shrilly for their breakfast, that the poor mother bird had to stop short in a beautiful little prayer she was just setting to music, and hurry down to see if there were any fresh worms in the bird market. Then he poured a shower bath of light on the heads of the sleepy flowers, not forgetting to creep under broad leaves, and touch the shy little violets, so that the most modest blossoms—Cinderellas among flowers—nodded their heads to each other in glad surprise at their new golden crowns, and whispered, "So we are to be princesses, after all."

Then creeping out again, he met two or three little girls in the road, and, kissing them right in the eyes, said:—

"So this is the day for your pic-nic. I was in the woods all day yesterday making ready for you. You'll find a path all emerald and gold, dry and soft as the parlour carpet, and I've hung the rocks with moss and flowers, and I looked so hard at the wild strawberries that the foolish little things turned red, but you won't like them any the less for that."

The little girls laughed merrily, and, hurrying home, packed their dinner baskets in such haste, that Carrie and Jenny Bell had hardly finished their breakfasts, when the whole eager party arrived at the garden gate.

"Why, girls," cried Susy Wright, "not ready yet? Do hurry, for it is a long walk, and we want to get into the woods before it grows much warmer."

"It won't take me two minutes," cried Carrie, but Jenny stood irresolute.

"I'm afraid we oughtn't to go."

"Why not, pray?" cried Carrie sharply.

"Why, you know mamma has one of her bad headaches coming on, and there's Walter and Fred to be taken care of."

"Well, and there's *Sally* to do it," said Carrie.

"But you know Sally's sister is very sick, and mamma has given her leave to go home to-day."

"How provoking," said Carrie, fretfully. Then she added, after a pause, "But I don't believe mamma's head is very bad, and I'm sure Fred will be good, and Walter would help to amuse him."

"Walter is almost a baby himself," said Jenny; "and Fred frets almost all the time since he's been getting his teeth, poor little fellow!"

"Fred will be good enough if you're not here to spoil him," cried Carrie, "and I'll just go and ask mamma if she can't get along without us. It would be too bad to keep us in such a lovely day."

Carrie was back in a few minutes with a radiant face. "Mamma says we may go. She can spare us if we are going to enjoy ourselves so much."

Jenny hesitated. The woods in the distance looked so misty and pleasant, and Fred's fretful little cry jarred upon her ear, while she thought how hard it would be to amuse him, and keep Walter quiet and happy through all that warm day. But would it be any easier for her mother, left all alone with her aching head? "No," thought Jenny, "I cannot be so selfish. I should not enjoy myself at all."

"What *are* you thinking about so long?" asked Carrie, impatiently. "Come, let's get our baskets ready."

"I believe I won't go," faltered Jenny.

"Why not?" cried two or three disappointed voices.

"I can't bear to leave mamma so sick."

"What a mean girl you are, Jenny Bell," whispered Carrie, angrily. "You want to make all the girls think you are *such* a saint, and I am *so* selfish. That's all you're doing it for—just to show off."

"No, indeed, Carrie," said Jenny, colouring deeply; and turning to the girls, she added,—

"One of us can go just as well as not, and, of course, as Carrie is the oldest, she has the best right, and, indeed, I do not believe I care half as much about it as *she* does, for she has been talking about it all the week."

No persuasions could move Jenny, who only shook her head cheerfully, and insisted that she did not feel badly at all, and at last the impatient little party moved on.

After watching them down the road with glistening eyes, for it was really a very great trial to be left behind, Jenny went back to the nursery, where her mother sat: bathing her head with camphor, and trying to amuse the little complaining Fred with some pictures. A look of glad surprise came over her flushed face, as she heard Jenny's step.

"I thought you were gone to the woods."

"No, mother," said Jenny, trying to speak carelessly. "I thought I would like to play housekeeper to-day, and first I am going to put you to bed with your dreadful headache, and then Walter, and Fred, and I, are going to have a nice time out in the arbour."

The happy tears came in Mrs. Bell's eyes as her kind daughter arranged the pillows under her throbbing head, and darkening the room, stole softly out with Fred and Walter.

But it was no small task that Jenny had undertaken. Poor baby Fred bit his fingers with his hot, swollen gums, but as that did not make matters any better, he threw away, one after another, flowers, books, and playthings which patient Jenny brought, and was quite determined to be a very unhappy little baby. Then Walter was full of mischief, and could only be kept still with stories, which poor Jenny told industriously, walking up and down the garden walk, carrying baby Fred till she thought her arms would drop off.

Once in a while a vision crossed her of the happy party seated in the shady woods, making crowns, and eating wild strawberries, but she pushed it bravely aside, and kept on her tiresome walk, only thinking to herself that if *mother* was having a nice rest, she could bear it a little longer.

The sun grew very hot, but little tyrant Fred would not be carried into the house, and as poor Jenny, turning in the path, was just beginning her seventh story, she saw a gentleman at the garden-gate.

"Could you give me a glass of water, little lady?" said he, pleasantly; and Jenny, encumbered by the clinging Fred, soon brought a cool, brimming supply.

"You looked tired," said the gentleman kindly, as he thanked her; and before she knew it—drawn on by his sympathizing questions—she had told him all the story of the morning's trials and disappointments, though, for some reason, she hardly understood herself, she never told him she had a sister Carrie, who had gone to the woods. They had quite a pleasant talk together, and at last, when the gentleman went his way, he said,—

"I like you so much, little Jenny, that I don't want you to forget me," and drawing from his pocket a small book, he begged her to keep it in memory of his visit, and with a bright, kind smile, he was gone.

The day wore on. At noon Jenny made a nice cup of tea for mother, and after feeding baby his bread and milk, and giving busy Walter his dinner, to her great joy, both children, overcome with heat and fatigue, fell fast asleep.

Now she had time to examine her little book, which she found very strange and interesting. It told about some pilgrims, going on a long journey, with heavy crosses on their backs. They had a great many trials, and often their way lay through hot, sandy deserts, so that some of them grew very tired and sad, and some tried to throw away their crosses, but others went on very patiently, always looking as if they saw something

so beautiful just a little way before them, that they forgot all present sorrow and trouble. So the story went on, till the pilgrims all came to a very dark valley, through which they all must pass. Then some of them trembled, and grew pale, but others went in singing, and some of the words of their song were, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for *thou* art with me," and suddenly, while they were singing, the heavy crosses fell from their backs, and in their stead, angels brought them shining crowns. And there came a voice, "Father, I will that these whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Then the whole valley was filled with light, the angels shouted, "They shall see the King in his beauty," and the happy pilgrims passed through the everlasting gates into the golden city.

Jenny's tears fell fast as she finished the strange little book, which she could not quite understand.

"My sweet little daughter," said a voice, and looking up, she saw her mother coming in at the door, and knew from her eyes that the bad headache was quite gone. "You have made me very happy," continued Mrs. Bell, kissing Jenny's round cheeks. "You have been so self-sacrificing and patient to-day, that I am sure my prayers have been heard, and that one of my little daughters is learning to take up her cross daily, and follow Christ."

"Mother," said Jenny eagerly, "do you mean that *I* am a cross-bearer?"

"You certainly have been to-day," said her mother, with an affectionate smile.

Jenny burst into happy tears, and held out her little book. They read it over together, and Jenny's mother explained it.

"And will all that ever happen to me?" said Jenny.

"Yes, if you take up your cross daily, and bear it *patiently for Christ's sake, you, too, shall see the King in his beauty.*"

Carrie came home very cross that night. She knew she had been selfish, and nothing had gone right all day, while there sat Jenny, looking so wonderfully happy. What could be the reason? Was she doing it just to be provoking?

The little party stopping at the gate were very voluble, telling Jenny of the pleasures of the day. "They never before had had such a *splendid* time, and had never seen the woods so beautiful, and so full of birds and flowers." But not one of the party was as happy as the patient little cross-bearer, for the angels were singing, "*She shall see the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off.*"

THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.

Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller?

One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying

to get its nose into the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel. "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore feet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what that camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. A young man is asked to drink. He takes one glass, only a glass. Then he takes two. Intemperance has got its fore-paws on him. He neglects to rouse up and shake them off. So, little by little, it gains ground, until it gets the mastery; and too late he finds he has lost place, power, character, everything.

Coveting puts its nose in the soul, breathing only wishes, little wishes. It is not thrust out. Desires for ill-gotten gain grow strong and stronger. They get a footing, they fill the mind, they take possession, and at last lead to stealing, robbery, or murder.

Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only *the nose* of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

A CHILD'S STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

2 KINGS V.

SHALL I tell you a true, true story,
Of times long ago gone by,
That will prove that e'en little children
Win praise for the Lord Most High?

How a brave little Hebrew maiden—
A slave in Syria's band—
Remembered the God of her people,
Whom he saved with outstretched hand.

Not a sullen and thankless captive
Was this godly Hebrew maid;
Though afar from her mother's bosom,
Yet her heart was not afraid.

She knew that God's love was about her,
As well by Abana's shore,
As when she had played by the Jordan,
In the freer days of yore;

So her pure, gladsome heart illumined
With God's light her captor's home,
As she warbled sweet strains of music
First heard 'neath the Temple's dome.

It may chance that her song was with David:
"I will lift my eyes to the hills,

For my help from the Lord is coming;
My foot will he keep from illa.

"He that dwells in the holy covert
Of the Lord our God Most High,
He shall brood 'neath his blessed shadow,
And close to his heart shall lie!"

Yet she paused in her happy singing,
For she read in her master's face,
Although highest lord in the kingdom,
The leprous curse of his race.

Her heart leaped with joy in a moment,
For she knew her power to bless!
So eager was she to be helpful
In making some burden less.

"Oh! would that my lord were in Canaan,
Where God's honour and glory dwell!"
She said to her Syrian mistress,
"His prophet would make him well!"

With a sad heart answered the lady,
"Child, you know not what you say;
The leper must bear on his burden
Till the close of his weary day."

Still the brave little girl repeated,
"Elisha can make him as pure
As the flesh of a little infant—
God teaches him how to cure!"

At last, one told to Naaman;
"Sire, that little Hebrew child
Declares that a leech in her country
Can heal the leper defiled!"

"Come hither, thou strange little maiden;
What story is this they tell!"
"God's hand is with Prophet Elisha!
He will surely make thee well."

So this haughty captain of valour
Went forth to the Hebrew's land,
But was wroth at the Prophet's message,
Which sent them to Jordan's strand.

But at last his spirit was humbled,
And the holy Jordan's wave
Washed away the leprous defilement,
As promised the little slave.

So praise for our God was perfected,
For him who in Israel reigned,
From the mouth of this babe in Israel,
And health for her lord ordained.

THE STONE THAT REBOUNDED.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

"O BOYS, boys, don't throw stones at that poor cat-bird," said an old, grey-headed man.

"Why, sir," said a little fellow, "she makes such a squalling that we can't bear her."

"Yes; but she uses such a voice as God gave her, and it is probable as pleasant to her friends as yours is to those who love you. And, besides, that hoarse, flat voice is not her only song. Early in the morning, on some bright day, you will hear her in some high tree, pouring out notes that are delightful. She is a species of mocking-bird, and often fills the air far and near with her varied and sweet melody. And, besides, I have another reason why I don't want to have you stone her. I am afraid the stone will rebound, and hurt you as long as you live!"

"Rebound! We don't understand you, sir!"

"Well, come, and I will tell you a story!"

"We shall like that, sir. Is it a *true* story?"

"Yes; every word is true. Fifty years ago I was a boy like you. I used to throw stones, and as I had no other boy very near me, I threw them till I became quite accurate. One day I went to work for an old man by the name of Hamilton. They seemed very old people then. They were very kind to everybody and everything. Nobody had so many swallows making their nests under the roof of their barn. Nobody had so many martin-birds in their red-box at the end of their little red-house as they. Nobody had so many little chattering, flitting, joyous wrens as they. Nobody so many pets that seemed to love them as they. Among other things was a very tame pheebe-bird. For seven years she had come after the long winter was over, and built her nest in the same place, and there reared and educated her young phebess. She had just returned on the day that I went there to work, and they welcomed her back. She had no note but to repeat her own name, and she cried 'pheebe,' 'pheebe,' as if glad to get back. In the course of the day I thought I would try my skill upon old pheebe. She stood upon a post near the spot where she was to build her nest, and looked at me with all confidence, as much as to say, 'You won't hurt me.' I found a nice stone, and, poisoning my arm, I threw it with my utmost skill. It struck poor pheebe on the head, and she dropped dead! I was sorry the moment I saw her fall. But it was all done. All day long her mate came round and called 'pheebe,' 'pheebe,' in tones so sad that it made my heart ache. Why had I taken a life so innocent, and made the poor mate grieve so? I said nothing to the Hamiltons about it. But through a grandchild they found it out; and, though they never said a word to me about it, I knew that they mourned for the bird, and were deeply grieved at my cruelty. I could never look them in the face afterwards as I did before. Oh, that I had told them how sorry I was! They have been dead many, many years, and so has the

poor bird; but don't you see how that stone rebounded and hit me! How deep a wound upon my memory! How deep upon my conscience! Why, my dear boys, I would make great sacrifices to-day if I could undo that one deed! For fifty years I have carried it in my memory, and though I have never spoken of it before, yet, if it shall prevent you from throwing a stone at the poor cat-bird, that may rebound, and make a wound in your conscience that will not be healed in all your life, I shall rejoice!"

The boys thanked the aged man, dropped their stones, and the cat-bird had no more trouble from them.

LOVE WINS LOVE.

"MOTHER, the birdies all love father," said a little boy of five summers, as he stood with his mother, watching the robins, who were highly enjoying their morning meal of cherries from the old tree that overhung the house.

"Does anybody else love father, Charlie?"

"Oh yes! I love him, and you love him, but we know more than the birds."

"What do you think is the reason the birdies love your father?"

Charlie did not seem to hear this question. He was absorbed in deep thought.

"Mother," at last he said, "*all* the creatures love father. My dog is almost as glad to see him as he is me. Pussy, you know, always comes to him, and seems to know exactly what he is saying. Even the old cow follows him all round the meadow, and the other day I saw her licking his hand, just as a dog would. What can be the reason, mother?"

"Think, Charlie,—try and find out a reason yourself."

"I think it is because father loves *them*, mother. You know he will often get up, when he is tired too, to give pussy something to eat if she is hungry, and he pulls carrots for the cow to eat from his hand, and pats her, and talks to her, and somehow I think his voice never sounds so pleasant as when he talks to the creatures."

"I think his voice sounds pleasant when he is talking to his little boy."

Charlie smiled. "Father loves me," he said, "and I love him dearly. He loves the birds, too, I am sure. He whistles to them every morning when they are eating cherries, and they are not a bit afraid of him, though he is almost near enough to catch them. They look at him with their funny little eyes, and chirp and eat away just as if they knew he liked to see them. I wish you could hear him whistle to the '*bogalinks*,' as little Mammy calls them. They come and sit on a twig, close by him, and sing so loud, and make such funny noises. It always makes me laugh to hear him try to do as they do. Mother, I wish everything loved me as well as they do father."

"Do as father does, Charlie, and they will. Love all living things, and be kind to them. Do not speak roughly to the dog. Don't pull pussy's tail, nor chase the hens, nor try to frighten the cow. Never throw

stones at the birds. Never hurt nor tease anything. Speak gently and lovingly to them. They know as well as you do who has a pleasant voice. Feed them and seek their comfort, and they will love you, and every body that knows you will love you too."

THE MOTHER HEN.

A FAT mother hen was one day strutting on the green, with her chickens running merrily about her, pecking and peeping, as happy as any happy family could well be. Suddenly she caught sight of a dark spot in the sky. What a cry of terror came from her little throat! How the frightened chicks rushed in an instant under her wings! How bristling and fierce the old hen looked! What was the matter? Ah, it was a hawk in the air, out getting his breakfast, and ready to dive at some unwary chicken. But every chick is safe and snug under its mother's wings. The hungry hawk was loath to go. "I will die before you shall seize one of my little ones," the old hen seemed to say in every feather of her body and every look of her eye. The hawk soon saw it was no use, and in a few moments flew away. She then gave a note of joy and triumph, and out hopped the chickens from their secure hiding-place; some hesitating, as if not quite over their fright; others, more bold, stepping confidently off. Ah, they knew those warm and friendly wings were ready at a moment's notice to shelter them again.

Do you remember what the Lord Jesus once said to Jerusalem in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew? He loved Jerusalem. He knew that enemies wanted to destroy it. He desired to save it. But no; the people would not mind his warning cries, and one morning, as he stood looking at the city, he said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

The blessed Saviour, you see, is a refuge from harm. He is a sure refuge, an instant refuge, a warm refuge, a loving refuge. He cares for the "little ones," for he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Under the refuge of Jesus we shall be safe from the attacks of sin and of Satan, that like hungry birds of prey, are always ready to pounce upon us, and we can be safe *nowhere else*.

FAIR ROSE.

FROM whence came thy mantle of green, bright rose—
From whence came thy mantle of green?
So deftly woven, so richly wrought!
At a costly price thou hast surely bought
That beautiful mantle of green.

God gave me this mantle of green, dear child—
God gave me this mantle of green;
By his skill 'twas wove, by his fingers wrought;
No earthly riches could e'er have bought
Such a beautiful mantle of green.

Who painted thy delicate blush, fair rose—
Who painted thy delicate blush?
Such skilful shading, such tender tone!
'Tis certain no hand but a master's own
Has tinted thy marvellous blush.

God painted this delicate blush, my child—
God painted this delicate blush;
His tender touch gave the tender tone;
No pencil but his—the MASTER'S own—
Could e'er tint such a marvellous blush.

And whence came thine odorous breath, sweet rose—
Thy balmy and odorous breath?
So fresh, so fragrant!—some chemist's skill
Must sure from the dews of eve distil
That balmy and odorous breath.

From God came this odorous breath, fair child—
From God came this odorous breath;
'Tis his, and no earth-born chemist's skill,
Which can from the early dews distil
Such balmy and odorous breath.

And who taught thee such winning grace, my rose—
Who taught thee such winning grace?
So stately, so meek!—at some court, I ween,
Thou hast caught that modest yet regal mien,
And borrowed that winning grace.

God lent me this winning grace, sweet child—
God taught me this winning grace;
In the light of his gracious smile, I ween,
I have caught this modest yet regal mien,
And borrowed my winning grace.

And what dost thou render to him, my flower—
Ah! what dost thou render to him?
Such gifts and graces from his high hand
Must even from thee some return demand;
And what dost thou render to him?

I render myself unto him, dear child;
My beauty and fragrance to him;—
Thy gifts, too, and graces are from his hand:
They surely from *thee* some return demand;
And what hast *thou* rendered to him?

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

A SERMON ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. W. ARNOT.

"For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another.

"But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour;

"That, being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life."

—TITUS III. 3-7.

I HAVE seen a great continental river, after it had flowed for many miles within a comparatively narrow bed, bursting suddenly into the dimensions of an inland sea. At the lower extremity of that expanse it again became a stream confined within its banks; and at another stage became another sea. The St. Lawrence, in North America, is the grandest example of this in the world, but the same characteristic feature may be seen elsewhere on a smaller scale.

The Scripture, especially in these Epistles of Paul, resembles such a river. In some parts its bed is narrow, and you can easily see over from bank to bank, as in the two first verses of the chapter, where he exhorts the people to "obey magistrates" and to be "no brawlers;" but in such a portion as our text the current breaks at once through all these things of the present world, and spreads into an ocean where we can neither feel a bottom nor see a shore. Here, in a few lines, lie all the loss of man, and all the salvation of God.

This portion of Scripture, although a connected whole, is made up of three distinct parts.

The *first* (verse 3) reveals our low estate;

The *second* (verses 4-6) explains how the fallen are raised;

The *third* (verse 7) points to the high place on which the saved stand.

It is a Pilgrim's Progress from the city of Destruction to the city of the living God. The most interesting of all reading or speaking is a story; especially if the story tell of terrific dangers and hair-breadth escapes; most of all, if both the danger and the deliverance concern ourselves. Such a story is our text; and such a story, if we preach truly, ought our sermon to be. It is a more exciting tale than that which Nathan told to David about the poor man and his one ewe-lamb; and, here too, the moral of the tale, like the sharp spear-head fixed to the handle and pointed to the trembler's breast,—the moral of the tale is, "Thou art the man."

Perhaps common people, as well as kings, would open their ears more widely to the lesson, if it were spoken as a parable. The meaning of our text, if it were cast into this mould, would run as follows:—

"I fell from heaven, my first dwelling-place, the

happy home of the holy. I fell fast and far. In the fall, my senses were so stupified that I did not afterwards rightly know the good that I had lost, nor the evil to which I had come. I alighted in a sea; it was a sea, for I sank into it, but it was not water. Serpents, and all kinds of filthy, slimy living things made up its mass. The movements of those reptiles were the waves of that sea. Darkness, too, was over the deep. In it, and of it, I grew one of those serpents; and twisted and writhed like the rest. Worst of all, instead of loathing my nature and my associates, I liked both. It became my nature and my delight to be there. I had neither the power to rise out of that abyss, nor the will to try. Right over me, at length, the heaven opened, and an angel of light came down. He laid a bond around me, a bond which I felt but could not see. It was very soft, but very strong. It was called the Love of God. He laid that bond round me, and drew. The power that drew was divine; I could not resist; it drew me out. When I was drawn out of the filth, I began to loathe the filth in which I had lain. When I was drawn out by the angel, I grew an angel too. The angel who raised me, was the Messenger of the Covenant, the Eternal Son. When I was brought near him, I grew like him, and loved him for loving me. Then I wondered at myself for having ever loved the unclean place and the unclean company."

I. The low condition in which the fallen lie. "For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another" (verse 3). What a sea of wickedness! It cannot rest. "Who are these, and whence came they?" Listen to one who has been rescued, and he will tell what the imprisonment was. He who in this verse describes the condition of the sinful, is now among the saved. While he was in the pit, he could not have described its abominations so faithfully. It is after he has been delivered that he either can or will bear true witness regarding the bondage in which he was held. Listen to this man, speaking in this verse, as you would listen to a saved seaman telling of the shipwreck in which his companions were lost, and

from which he was snatched as by a miracle. Ah! the saved man tells the story not only to those who are saved like himself; he tells it in the ears of some who lie in the lost state still. This missionary man, Paul, after his own deliverance, was ever ready to tell of his former unconverted state; but while he remained in that state, he did not complain of it, or know that it was evil.

The characteristic marks of the lost estate constitute a connected series, "foolish, disobedient, deceived," &c.

1. "Foolish." It is thoughtless, or heedless. An infant or an idiot may be in a place of extreme danger, on the top of some tall ladder it may be, or on the brink of some yawning gulf, and yet be entirely unconscious of danger. Nay, more, he may be disporting himself with childish glee, when you come in sight, and perceive that he is in the very jaws of death. He laughs, but you shudder. You know his danger; he does not know it himself. He is mindless, thoughtless. This represents one feature of an unrenewed, unpardoned sinner's case. Although sin lies on him, and wrath before him, he eats, drinks, and is merry. The thoughtless throng were sporting in Jerusalem while Jesus was weeping over it. So sport the unpardoned and unconverted to-day.

2. "Disobedient." This implies that the warning voice has come, and has been neglected. None of the thoughtless, in this land at least, can plead the excuse of ignorance. The sound of the gospel has come to the ear of every inhabitant of this island. Those who do not know it, remain ignorant because they do not desire to know. The guilt of disobeying a command has been added to the guilt of slothfulness. God's voice has been heard saying to them, "Do this," and they have refused to do it. Expressly, "This is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another" (1 John iii. 23). This commandment every prodigal disobeys every day and all the day long, until he arise and go to the Father.

3. "Deceived." It signifies wandering. It speaks of those who have lost their way. They have departed from the right path, and they are going further and further at every step in the way of error that leads to death. Those who are distant from God, are ever going further distant. It is the distinguishing character of the evil heart of unbelief, that it departs from the living God. Human hearts, with the impetuous flow of manifold affections, are like "rivers of water" when God, by the power of his grace, turns them; but they are like rivers of water also before they are turned. The life and spirit of an unreconciled man is not like a still lake, but like a rushing stream. Deceived by the corrupt bent of his own heart, the person who does not come near to God in the Mediator, is always going further off by a law of his being. "Evil men and seducers wax worse and worse."

4. "Serving divers lusts and pleasures." He is a slave too, although he does not think so. Indeed, none

more loudly boast of liberty than those who are led captive by their own impure desires. When the wanderer left the right path, and lost the protection of the King, he was taken prisoner by the enemy, and compelled to grind in the mill of his hard master. This slave is entirely under the control of the evil spirit who possesses him. The lust or pleasure needs only to say, Go, and he goeth;—needs only to say, Come, and he cometh. The lusts and pleasures are not all of one kind. There is great variety. One kind of cord suits better for binding one soul, and another kind for binding another. The love of money holds some; others who do not care for wealth, are held by vain shows; others still who despise both vanities and riches, are led captive by intemperance and other kindred passions. Various are the masters whom the multitude serve, but none walk at liberty except those whom the Son of God has made free, and guides by his Spirit.

5. "Living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another." It is a dreadful picture; and the last lines are the darkest. Slaves far from home and serving the stranger, might have their distress greatly mitigated by a gentle heart within each bosom, and mutual love in their common sorrow; but these slaves of sin are neither contented in their own minds, nor at peace with each other. For the present, at least, the heaviest part of their punishment is the malice that rankles in their hearts. The kingdom of God, when it comes in power, is not an outward material thing, coming with observation; the kingdom in its essential character is "within" the souls of its true subjects. In this respect the kingdom of darkness is like the kingdom of light. It is not so much an outward manifestation as an inward power. Such is the low condition of the unrenewed and unforgiven. Consider now,—

II. How God raises up his own from that depth:—

1. Who is our helper? God.

2. What is the specific affection wherewith an offended God regarded a rebellious and sinful race? It is "kindness and love to men." The latter expression consists of one word in the original, and the whole is briefly, "When the kindness and philanthropy of our Saviour God appeared." Ah, how guilty, suspicious human hearts misinterpret the mind of God! Marks of his fatherly tenderness are scattered everywhere in heaven and earth. The sun that runs his race rejoicing, the clouds that soar over our heads, the winds that sigh in the forest, the flowers that bloom under our feet, the water that lies treasured in the ocean, or flows along the surface of the earth,—all these and a thousand other features of nature proclaim the philanthropy of God. Evidences yet more powerful we bear about with us, in every member of our bodies and every faculty of our minds. That was a true estimate of our heavenly Father's character, which was formed and expressed by a godly woman in ancient times, "If the Lord had been pleased to kill us . . . he would

not have showed us all these things" (Judges xiii. 23). Bravely spoken, thou heroic Hebrew matron, thy happy hopeful word rebukes our dark suspiciousness! God our Maker tenderly cares for us; we must look unto Jesus if we would measure the depth of God's philanthropy. His love to men was embodied in the "unspeakable gift." It was in our Redeemer's incarnation, ministry, sufferings, death, and resurrection, that the divine compassion for men finally and fully "appeared."

3. The great cardinal point on which divine mercy turns, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, he saved us." Pardon is given by God, not gained by man. It is not that the righteous Judge undervalues righteousness in the conduct of his creatures: it is precisely because he values it at its own great worth, that he does not give his favour in return for any righteousness which the fallen can perform. He will not count the fitful, unloving works of unreconciled sinners an obedience deserving the reward of heaven. It is not because righteousness is not a legal tender in the judgment of the great day, but because none of the fallen family have aught of righteousness to bring. What the sinful offer as righteousness he cannot receive. The forgiven and regenerated are of the same mind in regard to all the offerings of self-righteousness which they brought in the days of their unbelief. The act of saving us from our state of sin and wrath is an act of pure mercy. It is in no measure of the nature of a bargain: it is wholly of the nature of a gift. This may to some seem a narrow point; but it is, nevertheless, the turning point, and to take the wrong side of this narrow point is to miss the salvation of God.

4. The manner in which mercy from God is applied on the one side, and accepted on the other, "by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." Language, even when inspired by the Spirit, labours to represent fully the greatness of this change. It is both a "washing" and a "regeneration"—a cleansing and a birth. The vile must become holy, the old become new; the dead must live. In the act of believing we become new creatures in Christ; and this not by our own power, but by the quickening of the Holy Spirit, given according to Christ's promise and for Christ's sake. A believer's sins are all blotted out through the blood of the covenant, and he is made a new man by faith's living union to the Saviour.

Such is the process whereby the fallen are raised. The Son is the gift of the Father's love, and the Son makes the prisoners free—free from sin in all its aspects and consequences—free from the sentence which it deserves, and the dominion which it exercises—free from its threatened curse and its defiling presence.

III. The high place on which the redeemed stand: "That being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life."

1. "Justified by his grace." Mark well how great is the Father's gift, and how great the children's privilege. It is righteousness that he bestows and that they possess. They are not left trembling with a part of their own guilt still reckoned to their account, and a part of the wrath of God still burning against them. The work of mercy is complete. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." A Christian's place is very high, and his footing very sure; he should know his privilege, and take the comfort of it to-day. The righteousness in which he stands accepted is not indeed wrought by himself, but it is a more perfect righteousness, the work of the Redeemer; and that righteousness of Christ, when it is mine by God's free gift in his covenant, is as really and surely mine as if I had wrought it out unaided in my own life. What God, for Christ's sake, freely gives to the needy, is theirs by a better title than any other thing that they possess. When we accept Christ as our righteousness, we have a righteousness which will stand in the great day. Our own sins are not reckoned to us, but the worth of our Redeemer is reckoned to us. Our names are written in the Lamb's book of life, and our sins blotted out from the book of God's judgment. To count on this is not presumption; it is trust. It is not to reckon our own sin small, but to esteem Christ's worth to be great. Trust, even to confident joyfulness, is as honouring to the trusted Father, as it is comforting to the trusting child.

2. "That we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." Not possessors yet, but heirs. What is implied in "eternal life" we cannot fully comprehend. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard it all. In the nature of things the knowledge of it cannot be communicated before the possession of it is reached. If we could adequately know what it is, that very thing would show that it is not great. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Christians are now in the place of heirs. The inheritance is not in their hands, but it cannot go past them. What they enjoy to-day is hope, and hope is very sweet when its grounds are sure. How firmly he plants his foot on the ground, who knows that the step that leads him off the earth leads him into heaven! It is a great mistake to suppose that godless young people enjoy this world well, and that godly young people renounce the happiness of this world in order to make sure of the next. No greater deception can be practised upon the unwary by the father of lies. The contrary is the truth. In the nature of the case, they can best enjoy whatever good is going in the present life, who expect a better when this is done. I love my home on earth; but if I have no other home in prospect, the dread of one day losing the one I have keeps me in continual terror. I would enjoy to the full my home here, if I knew that when I leave it I only go to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." If I am, and know myself to be, the heir of an eternal life, I enjoy all the

good which the present life contains, and when its sorrows come, my weary spirit is soothed by the certainty that they will soon be over. Joys and sorrows are mingled in the lot of all in this world,—alike those who are Christ's disciples, and those who have neglected the great salvation; but if Christ be "in you the hope of glory," your joys are more joyful, and your sorrows less sorrowful than those of other men.

In these verses, then, we are led near the mouth of a horrible pit; the covering veil is drawn aside, and we are permitted to look down into that seething sea of wickedness. But, as you gaze and grieve, a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, attracts your attention. Something "appears." What? It is the philanthropy—the man-love of God our Saviour. The Saviour comes, and his coming is like the morning. That bright sun beams down from heaven into the dark, deep sea of the sinful. Silently, softly, but resistlessly, the Light of the world draws some—draws many out of the deep, and lifts them upward to himself. Purified in the process, and leaving all their defilement behind, they soar away like clouds, and cluster round heaven's gate, waiting for the time when an abundant entrance will be administered to them into the joy of their Lord. This is the present life of the justified: they walk by faith, and blessed hope reigning in their hearts, beams from their faces.

What of those who are lying in the deep still? To them the invitation comes to-day, "Come out of her, my people;" "Whosoever will, let him come;" "Now is the day of salvation." This portion of Scripture is a religious tract, and it is one of the narrative series. A sinner saved tells the story of his own redemption; he tells it to the saved that they may glorify the Lord that bought them, and to the unsaved that they may profit by the example—that they also may arise, and on the footprints of that returned prodigal, return to his Father and their Father, to his God and their God.

PETER JONES, THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONARY AND CHIEF.

In the most beautiful and productive regions of Upper Canada, before the axe of the white man rung in its forests, six Indian nations claimed the lordship of the soil. Their sovereignty was an extensive one. It ranged over the vast region in which lie the immense fresh-water lakes, now the highways of Canadian intercourse, and the favourite resort of the naturalist in search of additions to his stock of knowledge, and of the traveller in quest of the more pictorial and grander scenes of nature. In the country of these inland seas the six nations had their settlements. Before the Spaniard had unveiled the western world to the European eye, Mohawks and Oneidas, Tenecas and Onondagas roamed over their boundless solitudes, and claimed

them as their home and their hunting-ground. Scattered along the shores of the lakes, these tribes found their subsistence in the *white fish*, the most dainty and delicious food of the Indian, or wandering in the interior, pursued through trackless forests or open prairies the game which yielded to them at once their food and clothing. Whence these nations sprung, at what point they entered the great American continent, are still unsettled questions. With more eagerness than truth, there was long assigned to them a Jewish origin. The customs of the red man were carefully sought out and ingeniously interpreted to identify his race with the lost tribes of Israel. Their observance of days of purification, their offering of first fruits of the earth, and their reckoning of time by moons, were confidently pronounced conclusive as to their Hebrew origin. Allowance was not made in the eagerness of controversy for the absence of all traces amongst them of a Sabbath, of circumcision, of altar rites, of distinction between clean and unclean animals—those well-defined and enduring peculiarities of Jewish observance. The theory of their origin most accordant with their language and their prevailing customs and manners is that which ascribes their descent from the Asiatic Tartars occupying the part of Asia which lies nearest to Behring's Straits. In their own account of themselves they are a separate branch of the human family. They believe that when the Great Spirit made the different nations of the earth he gave them various languages, complexions, and religions, as well as divers customs, manners, and modes of living, and that each nation had its own distinct origin. Indeed, one main difficulty which the Christian missionary encounters in planting the gospel amongst the aborigines of North America arises from their opposition to the Scripture revelation of the origin of the human family from a single pair.

Receiving their country as a gift from the Great Spirit and as their peculiar inheritance amongst the nations, it is not wonderful they should have keenly resented the intrusion of the white man. His settlement on the shores of their lakes, his possession of their forests, his very cultivation which drove the game on which they subsisted from its accustomed haunts, were violations of their most deeply-cherished rights. The country, though a solitude, was theirs. Their thinly-scattered tribes claimed it as their own; and as they would have resisted the intrusion of one Indian nation upon the territory of another, they unitedly repelled the white-faced invader. The story of the unequal struggle of the red man with the arts and arms of civilization needs not to be rehearsed. Since their intercourse with Europeans, the history of the Indian nations has been one of "decline and fall." They have been disappearing like the wilderness before the axe of the settler. European wars, diseases, vices have thinned the ranks of the six nations. Fire-water has destroyed its thousands. It has been the curse, the depopulator of once numerous and thriving Indian settlements. More than

any other cause it has contributed to the rapid decrease of the Indian tribes. Once intoxicated, the savage passions of an Indian's nature assume the entire control. There is nothing to restrain from the most barbarous acts of cruelty and murder. The maddened Indian woman sells her child for a bottle of fire-water, or suffers it to perish from want in search of the fuel to feed her own self-consuming passion. "When I have put the question," says our American Indian missionary, "to the Indian whose head was white with the frost of many winters, and who had heard the expiring wail of once numerous and powerful tribes of my people, What have been the causes of their rapid decrease in numbers? the reply has been given me in the following melancholy picture, 'My son, my heart sickens when I look at that which has happened to our fathers since the pale face came amongst us. Before the white man landed on our shores the red man of the forest was numerous and powerful. In those days nothing but the weight of many winters bore them down to the grave. The Indian mother could then rear a large family of healthy and happy children. The game in the forest, the fish in the waters abundantly supplied their wants. The Indian corn grew rank and tall, and plenty smiled on the land. The old men made their feasts, and smoked their pipes, and thought of their *munedoos* (gods), they sang and beat upon the *tawagun* (drum). The young men and women danced. The pow-wows (medicine men) visited the sick, sang and invoked their gods, applied their medicines gathered from nature's stores, and thus drove away the grim monster death. But as the white man advanced the red man was stripped of his hunting-grounds and corn-fields, and driven far from the land of comfort and plenty. The fatal small-pox and measles visited him for the first time, and swept away the poor Indians by thousands. Goaded to despair, they clutched the deadly tomahawk, and sought to wield it against the encroaching whites; but, instead of conquering, the act only afforded a pretext for a more general slaughter of the defenceless natives. Then, as if disease and the musket could not mow down the Indian fast enough, the *fire-waters* crept in and began to gnaw their very vitals, debasing their morals, lowering their dignity, spreading contentions, confusion, and death! My son, these are the causes which have melted away our forefathers like snow before a warm sun. The Great Spirit has hidden his face from his red children, on account of their drunkenness and many crooked ways.'"

If there be the warm colouring of a native mind in this picture of the past, it cannot be questioned but that the advent of the white man changed the character of the aborigines, and added to their vices those peculiar to European civilization. If through our intercourse we mitigated their savage spirit of revenge and abated their mutual relentless wars, we corrupted their morals and lowered their sense of dignity. They lost the independence of a self-reliant people, bent before the de-

structive force they could not resist, and sought for their safety in the meanness of false complaisance and the arts of deceit. Few scenes could have been more imposing from the grave dignity of the actors than the proceedings of the general councils of chiefs of the olden times. From such assemblages the masters of modern court ceremonies and the speakers of houses of parliament might have learned lessons of courteous procedure and forbearance. "Brothers," said the chief of the Ojebways on the opening of one of these native councils, "we thank the Great Spirit for preserving us to meet this day at the time appointed. Brothers, it makes our hearts glad to see you all seated with us on this ground. You have come a long march to settle yourselves down by us. Brothers, I raise my hand to heaven and take the white feather and brush out your ears that you may hear us distinctly. Brothers, I raise my hand to heaven, and take the white linen and wipe your eyes that you may see us clearly who we are. Brothers, your journey has been long and tiresome; you have come through dust and mud, and in your hard march have sweat much. I raise my hand to heaven, and take the clean white linen and wipe off all the perspiration and dust from your bodies, that you may be rested and have contentment. Brothers, I raise my hand to heaven, and take the white linen and make your feet clean that you may tread softly and take comfort. Brothers, we are thankful to the Great Spirit who has brought you here in safety with your women and children. I raise my hand to heaven, and take the pure white linen and wipe all your hearts clean that you may have great happiness in the land of our fathers. Your march is now ended; we meet you as brothers; we shake hands with you all. This is all I have to say."

If, instead of our exterminating wars, wasting diseases, and deadly vices, we had introduced to the red man, from our earliest intercourse with him, the gospel of peace, how different would have been the story of the native tribes. Christianity would have proved itself "a saviour of the body" in dispensing to the Indian its higher, saving virtue. It would have arrested the waste of their nations, preserved the red man as a distinct integral part of the human family, and in his conversion and civilization illustrated afresh its own adaptedness to all forms of humanity. Is it too late to pay this long-deferred debt to the Indian races? In the gospel lies the antidote to the mischief we have done. It is, in more than one sense, the red man's tree of life. Its reception will alone stay the plague under which his people are being stricken down. Its leaves can alone prove the healing of his nation. With this deep conviction the Rev. Peter Jones devoted his life to the conversion of his countrymen, the Ojebway or Chippeway Indians of Upper Canada. Himself a North American and chief, he had looked deeply into the causes of the dissolution of his nation, marked the forces before which they were melting away, and was convinced that only through the influence of the glorious gospel could the progress of his

race to extinction be stayed. In a volume from his pen newly published, abounding in researches into the antiquities, customs, and languages of the Indian tribes, and furnishing interesting materials to the ethnological and philological student, a sketch is given of the early life and labours of this remarkable man.*

About thirty-six years ago, as the writer of this biographical notice informs us, the tribe of which Jones was chief were nearly all pagans. After more than two hundred years' intercourse with the white man, they had not received the gospel at his hand. The sun, moon, and stars; the lightning and thunder; beasts, birds, and serpents, with innumerable imaginary gods, continued to be the objects of their worship. Europeans had too faithfully communicated to them their vices; they had given their fire-water and fire-arms; they had prepared for them instruments of death, and shared with them the cup that maddened and destroyed thousands, but they had not given to them the knowledge of the one living and true God. Up to that time darkness covered their minds, hunger and ardent spirits destroyed their health; the prey of the designing white man, they were fast dying from off the magnificent country which their fathers called their own. At that period through the instrumentality of the Methodist Mission, multitudes of Ojebways were brought to renounce their idols. The preaching of the gospel was accompanied with a remarkable and solemn awakening amongst their tribe. The breath of the Spirit, for which Brainerd had so often prayed, as he laboured by the banks of the Susquehannah, was felt along the lakes where the Ojebway dwelt. Pricked in their hearts, they cried aloud for mercy and salvation; and He who sent his son to seek and save the lost, heard the poor Indian's penitential cry, and appointed to him beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Within a few years from the rise of this movement, fifteen Christian Indian settlements were formed, hundreds were turned from idols to the service of the living and true God, and proved, by the test of all religious profession, the fruits of righteousness, the conversions of that season were as genuine as they had in many instances been sudden. The Indian converts who had so recently worshipped stocks and stones, became examples in their new Christian settlements, in labours of love and in the patience of hope, to their more favoured white brethren.

It was during this season of ingathering amongst the red men of the wilderness, that Peter Jones was shaken in his pagan prejudices and practices, and ultimately savingly converted. He who was dedicated in his infancy—as his Indian name *Kahkewāquonāby* implied—to the thunder god of his country, was then set apart

to the service of his true Lord. He exchanged the sacred eagle's feathers, the war club, and the canoe, which had been the emblems of his first dedication, for the baptism by water and the Spirit, and for the name that was afterwards to prove so distinguished amongst the heralds of the gospel to his countrymen. His own account of this important crisis of his life is deeply interesting. It occurred during a visit he was induced from curiosity to make to a Methodist encampment, to see how they worshipped the Great Spirit in the wilderness. The encampment was in the midst of a deep forest, where the underbrush having been carefully cleared away, the large trees that still shot high above the tents formed during the day a shade to the assembled worshippers, and reflected in brightness the camp-fires that blazed during the night season. To this encampment the people had poured in from a wide circuit of the neighbouring country, bringing with them their sons and daughters in the hope of their receiving some saving impressions. Many ministers were present, who delivered by turns addresses to the assembled multitudes. One acted as president, who was charged with the general oversight of the encampment and religious services, whilst at the conclusion of each sermon a prayer-meeting was held, in which any one was at liberty to exhort the penitents, and unite with them in prayer for their special needs. It was during the services of this wilderness encampment that Jones began first to feel, as he expressed it, "sick at his heart." The sermons had deeply impressed him. He thought the *black coats* understood all that was in his heart, and that he was the person to whom they were speaking. In spite of his old Indian heart, tears flowed down his cheeks at the remembrance of his sins, and he thought within himself, "What shall I do to be saved?" At the time he saw many of the white people powerfully awakened, and heard them cry aloud for mercy. Others, he observed, only stood and gazed and laughed. Amongst the latter class was his own elder brother, who had come from Hamilton to the meetings, and who, observing his state of mind, tauntingly remarked to him, "Oh, I see you will yet become a Methodist." Notwithstanding the taunt, his convictions became more deep and overpowering. He listened with increased earnestness to the word preached, wept much, hiding his head behind the shoulders of the people, as weeping is regarded by his countrymen a sign of weakness, and beneath the dignity of an Indian brave. In this conflict of his heart he retired into the solitary wilderness to try to pray to the Great Spirit, and there wrestled with God in prayer. Still, his mind was in deep trouble. He resolved, as he tells us in his own touching narrative of that crisis of his life, to go back to the camp, and ask the people of God to pray with him; but when he got to the meeting, his fearful heart again began to hesitate. "I stood," says he, "by the side of a tree considering what I must do; whether I should give up seeking the Lord or not. It was now

* History of the Ojebway Indians, with especial reference to their conversion to Christianity. By the Rev. Peter Jones (*Kahkewāquonāby*), Indian Missionary. With a brief Memoir of the writer and Introductory Notice by the Rev. G. Osborn, D.D. London, A. W. Bennet, 1861.

about dusk, and while I was thus halting between two opinions, a good old man came up to me and said, 'Do you wish to obtain religion and serve the Lord?' 'Yes,' was my reply. 'Then do you desire the people of God to pray for you?' I told him that was my desire. He then led me into the prayer-meeting. The old man prayed for me, and exhorted me to believe in the name of the Lord Jesus, to trust in the atonement of him who gave himself a ransom for sinners; for Indians as well as for white people. Several of the ministers prayed for me. I prayed for myself, and at first my heart was soft and tender; but, strange to say, some time after it became hard as a stone. I tried to look up, but the heavens seemed like brass. I then began to say to myself, There is no mercy for poor Indians. I felt myself an outcast—a sinner bound for hell. A sister, who had obtained peace in believing, comforted me in my despondency. She came to me, wept over me, and exhorted me to give my heart to God, and told me how she had found the Lord. Her words came with power to my sinking heart, and I fell upon my knees and called upon God for mercy. My sister and others prayed for me, especially Mr. Stoney, whose zeal for my salvation I shall never forget. At the dawning of the day I was enabled to cast myself wholly on the Lord, and to claim an interest in the atoning blood of my Saviour, Jesus Christ, who bore my sins in his own body on the tree; and when I received him unspeakable joy filled my heart, and I could say, 'Abba, Father.' The love of God being now shed abroad in my heart, I loved him intensely, and praised him in the midst of the people. Everything now appeared to me in a new light, and all the works of God seemed to unite with me in uttering the praises of the Lord. There was a time when I thought the white man's God was never intended to be our God; that the white man's religion was never intended to be the red man's religion; that the Great Spirit gave us our way, and that it would be wrong to put away that mode of worship, and take to the white man's. But I and my people now found that there was but one true religion, and that the true religion is the religion of the Bible. Christianity has found us, and has lifted us up out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay; it has placed our feet upon a rock; it has established our goings, and has put a new song into our mouths, even praise unto our God."

From that period he was in labours abundant amongst his Indian brethren. Solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry in 1833, for twenty-three years he went forth bearing precious seed. Hundreds of pagan idolaters were, through his instrumentality, turned from the worship of idols and brought into the fold of the good Shepherd; and when brought were watched over by him with unceasing vigilance and tender solicitude. On the conversion of sinners under his ministry he evinced the deepest emotion, and rejoiced over them as one who had found great spoil. Not satisfied with holding a certain number of religious services, he longed

to see the end of all preaching answered in the salvation of those who heard him, and in the "building up of believers in their most holy faith." Upon him rested from the commencement of his ministry the care of the Indian Churches. His position as a Christian pastor and a ruling chief of his tribe, gave him great influence not only among his own people, but among all the tribes of the Ojebway nation, with whom he had an opportunity of holding personal intercourse. Though after his conversion he obtained a fair English education, and had made no inconsiderable progress in mental culture through English studies, his whole intellect and demeanour were essentially Indian; and it was his being so striking a representative of the Indian, transformed and elevated by the influence of Christianity, that gave him his hold over the wise and good of his own and other lands. His still and sombre countenance when in a state of repose; or the flashes of his dark and lustrous eye when kindled by any incident or feeling, brought vividly before the imagination, as one who knew him remarked, what tale or history had told of the solemn and stately manners, the freedom and unshackled fortitude, and the once tameless spirit of the man of the wilderness.

This dignified representation in his person of a once numerous people was his element of power, in his missions to the United States and to this country, in pleading the spiritual interests of his countrymen. The audiences that listened to his pleadings saw in him the worth of the race for whom he pleaded. They were made to feel they owed a return to the remnants of a noble people, who had been stript by the rude invasion of former times of their lands and liberties. Their sympathies and their charities flowed forth to the Indian orator; and through the offerings presented on these occasions, he obtained the means of originating and sustaining some of the best schools and churches, which are even now exercising a beneficial influence over the destiny of the red man in the wilderness. Clearness, simplicity, and pathos marked these appeals from the pulpit and the platform of the Ojebway chief, and no one listened without the conviction that he spoke the truth in love. His audiences were moved from his own simple, impassioned earnestness. So great was his influence amongst the Christian settlements of his countrymen, that even their passion for fire-water yielded to his persuasive entreaties. He knew, from the impulsive character of his brethren, that there was no safety for them but in entire abstinence. Strong drink had been the scourge of his race. It was an enemy entitled to receive no quarter at his hand, and he gave it none. Amongst other instances recorded of the success of his temperance labours, it is told that shortly after the work of God commenced among the Indians of Schoogag Lake, an Indian trader brought a barrel of whisky to sell to them. The Indians requested him to take it away, as they were resolved not to purchase any. He persisted in offering it. The Christian Indians then went in a body to the trader, and demanded the barrel,

which he reluctantly delivered. They rolled it to the lake, cut a hole through the ice, into which they tumbled it, sinking it to the bottom. When four Indians from Muncy Town, who had gone to an adjoining white settlement to trade, were tempted to drink, they resisted with like decision, replying to the trader who tempted them, that they were Christians. Finding he could not succeed, he thought their abstinence was from fear, lest some one should see them drink and tell the missionary; and that if they could take it slyly, they would drink as formerly. Knowing the road by which they should return home, he put a small keg of whisky by the side of the Indian path, at the edge of a sloping bank, and hid himself in the bushes beneath, thinking to enjoy the sport of seeing them drink when alone. As they came along, following in Indian file, suddenly the first one stopped, and exclaimed, "Lo! the evil spirit is here!" The second, on coming up, said, "Yes, me smell him." The third shook the keg with his foot, exclaiming, "Of a truth me hear him." The fourth Indian coming up, gave the keg a kick, and away went the fire-water tumbling down the hill—the Indians, as they proceeded on their way, leaving the mortified *white* heathen to take up his keg and drink "the evil spirit himself."

That the influence was great that accomplished so entire a revolution in Indian habit may be judged from many current tales in Canada, of the resistless attractions of strong drink to the natives. The exclamation of the Indian, after taking a dram of fire-water, is well known—"Oh that my throat were two miles long, that I might have tasted it all the way it went down." The following is a less familiarly known incident, illustrating the same intensity of desire, and of the quickness characteristic of the red man. An Indian having begged from an agent at Mackinac a dram of fire-water, the agent refused, adding, he never gave drunken Indians any drams.

"But me," replied the Indian, "very good Indian."

"But good Indians," answered the agent, "never ask for drams. It is only bad ones that get drunk and ask for whisky."

"Den," replied the Indian, "me be very bad rascal."

Indeed, so well known to the fur trader was the passion of the poor Indian for drink, that he used it as his common device for spoiling him of a just return for his hunting toils. On arriving at a trading-post with his pack of skins, the Indian was wont to begin by asking a fair price for his peltries. The trader, knowing where his weakness lay, appeared indifferent about closing the bargain, and treated him with some rum. No sooner had the Indian tasted the fire-water, than his thirst becoming insatiable, the trader, by a little manoeuvring, got all the skins he wished at his own price.

It is pleasant to be told by one so accurately informed as Mr. Jones, in the relation subsisting between the white and the red man of North America, that the companies now pursuing the fur trade have abolished the fire-water as an article of traffic, and that many of the

factors are now taking an active part in assisting the missionary to civilize and Christianize the Indians within the bounds of their territories. Still, it is the earnestly-expressed desire of this lover of his brethren that fur companies and fur traders should come to an end. "Desirous," he remarks, "of the welfare of our Christian Indians, I have often longed for the time when the game and fur shall be so destroyed as to leave no inducement for them abandoning their farms and houses. No one acquainted with the hunting propensities of the Indians will deny that the little game now left is a source of injury rather than of benefit to them. It induces them to leave their homes, and fosters indolent and lounging habits. So long as they depend upon this precarious mode of subsistence they must continue in wretchedness and want. The sooner, therefore, they abandon hunting the better. They will then, from necessity, be compelled to devote their attention to the more primitive, healthy, and profitable employment of man, and become tillers of the ground."

For the last six years of Mr. Jones' life, he was called to exemplify in patience the gospel which his apostolic labours and active obedience had commended to his countrymen during more than twenty years. A constitution never vigorous, though his frame was broad and athletic, yielded to excessive exposures, colds, and fevers. So severe and repeated were his attacks that his life was despaired of in the spring of 1850; but the prayers of his faithful Indian children were at that time heard for the prolongation of his days. On his recovery, his remark to a friend was, "The prayers of the good people have kept me out of heaven." The delay, however, was but for a brief season, and that he might taste something more of heaven on earth before he entered it, and that he might enter into a fuller joy.

On a visit after this time to New York he experienced a great deepening of the work of grace on his heart—a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. The means of this enlargement was his attendance at meetings held at the time for prayer for greater holiness of heart. Writing to his wife he says, "My soul has been greatly blessed. My heart is full of Jesus. Little did I think when I came to this bustling city that I was going to obtain such a baptism from above. Continue to pray for me, that I may retain this simple power to believe what God has promised in his holy word." It was a baptism in preparation for the trials and conflict that lay so near him. When his last illness approached, he could say, "Not a wave of trouble has crossed my breast; I feel resting on the Rock of Ages." On that occasion many friends came from day to day to see him, to each of whom he addressed a few appropriate words. When the Indians of the New Credit Settlement repaired to see their dying chief and apostle, in the gratitude and sorrow of their hearts they proposed, at their own expense, to despatch a messenger to Rice Lake for a noted Indian doctor; and they assembled several times a day in an adjoining room, where they prayed, and

sang, and wept aloud. His last audible words were a prayer for his Indian brethren that they might be saved.

A life so nobly spent, and closing in a death of Christian peace and hope, is a triumph of grace. It is a testimony, that cannot be gainsayed, to the gospel as the power of God to every one that believeth—to the Indian Gentiles of Canada—to the Gentiles of the world.

MOSES AND BALAAM—A LIKENESS AND A CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. W. G. BLAIKIE.

It is singular how often great men, destined to become great antagonists, come into the world together. Luther, the main-spring of the Reformation, and Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits were born in the same year. So were the Emperor Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. So also, if we remember rightly, were Wesley and Voltaire. At a much earlier period of history, we find, in the persons of Moses and Balaam, a striking instance of the same fact, to which it may be well to call attention, as it has not, so far as we know, been pointed out before. It is not likely that these two remarkable men were born in the same year, but they lived in the same period, and their earthly careers ended almost together. At first, Moses and Balaam were like each other in many respects. At the beginning of their respective careers, it would have been difficult for a man of sagacity to foretell the remarkable contrast they were to present. Like two race horses, rejoicing in their pre-eminent strength and spirit, they seemed equally likely to excel. The difference in their actual careers was due chiefly to the opposite principles by which they were guided. The one was a man of faith, lived for the unseen, and followed the Lord fully. The other was a man of sight, lived for the present, and would fain have served God, but with his heart bent on present advantage, he could not. The lesson resulting from their opposite careers and ends is very striking. Nothing could show more strongly the difference between serving God alone, and trying to serve God and mammon together, or the necessity, especially on the part of the young, setting out on the work of life, of a deliberate, resolute, inflexible choice between them.

Let us study the parallel for a little.

1. Both Moses and Balaam were men of remarkable talent and learning, and had the best opportunities of cultivating and improving their powers of mind. The one was born and bred in Egypt, the other in Chaldea. Egypt and Chaldea were then the two great centres of the world's learning and culture. Whatever learning their respective countries could give, Moses and Balaam appear to have mastered. Both, too, were men of the kingly order,—“kings of men” in Homer's sense; men of commanding power, that could leave their mark in their generation, distance all rivals, and become the

foremost men of their day. Balaam's fame, in his particular walk, had spread to countries as distant as Moab and the Midian desert; and Moses, even before his divine call, was “mighty in word and deed.”

2. Both were well instructed in the knowledge of the true God. And both seem to have reached and clung to that truth, in spite of great difficulties and temptations. Moses, instructed by the Egyptian priesthood, would find it no easy matter to exalt the One God of whom his mother had told him, above Isis, and Osiris, and the countless other deities of Egypt. Balaam, surrounded by the temples of Bel, and the other gods and goddesses of Chaldea, might have been expected to grow up in utter ignorance of the true God. It is indeed a very remarkable circumstance that Balaam attained that knowledge of God which he possessed. Perhaps in the land of Abraham and of Laban there still lingered some traces of the knowledge of God, which Balaam had the sagacity to appreciate and lay hold of. More likely, the fame of God's doings in Egypt and in the Red Sea and the wilderness, had reached his ears, and impressed him with the belief that Jehovah was the greatest and the strongest of all the gods. In any case, it is very remarkable that Balaam should have come to know God so well. How came he, in a matter where the wise men of the world are usually so blind, to show such quick-sighted discernment? What was it in him that supplied the place of that divine teaching which enlightened Moses? The only answer we can give is not creditable to Balaam. It seems to have been *pure worldly interest* that sharpened his discernment, and led him to grasp, in a sense and in a measure so peculiar to himself, the truth about God. His profession was that of a sooth-sayer or enchanter, and as such, he would be ever on the out-look for *the most powerful spirit*, in whose name, and under whose auspices he could carry on his business. When he heard of the mighty deeds of Jehovah, he seems to have had a strong conviction that of all such spirits, He was by far the most powerful. The echo of the song of Moses probably rung in his ears, “Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, *doing wonders*.” The last expression would make a great impression on Balaam. He resolved to attach himself to this wonder-working God. He diligently endeavoured to learn all that he could learn about him. He resolved to make use of his name, as the most powerful he knew, for spreading his curses, wherever these were sought and paid for. Probably he even sought communion with Jehovah, prayed to him, thought of him as a living, real being, and expressed his thoughts and wishes to him. In one respect, too, his knowledge of the true God had a beneficial effect. He was most unwilling to disobey God openly, unwilling to quarrel with him, or turn him into an enemy. In a sense, he spoke truly and honestly when he said to the messengers from the king of Moab, “If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go

beyond the word of the Lord my God, to do less or more."

But all this was done by Balaam very much as a matter of commercial speculation. It was all in the way of business. He took to godliness as the road to gain. The great aim of his life was to obtain power, fame, and wealth in his occupation as a sooth-sayer. That was really the god before whom he fell down and worshipped. In these respects, he is represented in modern times by those who make a religious profession from finding it useful in advancing their worldly interests. The vileness of the prostitution of what is most holy and glorious to the wretched ends of worldly gain, is one of the lessons most clearly taught in the life of Balaam. We can seldom think of him without recalling the unconscious confession of a sanctimonious undertaker, mentioned by a celebrated writer, who, to a remark on the gloomy nature of his duties, complacently replied, that "he found these opportunities extremely profitable."

How different from this was Moses! In what a vastly different light did he view the true God, and to what different purposes did he turn his knowledge. In his case, there was real spiritual insight into the essential glory and infinite beauty of God; there was true devotion to him, and full satisfaction in him. God was prized and loved for his own sake, not for the worldly advantage which his service might bring. The exclamation, "Who is like unto Thee among the gods?" was not drawn out merely by his wonder-working power, it was still more due to the fact that He was so "glorious in holiness." The stuff that martyrs are made of thus appeared in Moses. The ring of true metal was in him. A man with such convictions, we may be sure, will surrender everything, and suffer anything, rather than forfeit his portion in God.

3. We are now prepared for a more striking contrast, arising out of another resemblance in the life and character of the two men. The *decisive trial* that determined once for all the character of Moses and Balaam was nearly the same. The manner in which each acted in reference to it, was entirely opposite. Each of them was tempted with the riches and honours of the world, and called to choose between God and mammon. Moses renounced the world, Balaam clung to it. Moses gave it up, with all its riches, pleasures, and honours, left them when he was surrounded by them. Balaam went thirsting after them, ready to do anything for them, short of direct disobedience to God, when he was offered them by King Balak. Both were called to fight the same battle, but the one was a noble conqueror, the other was ingloriously defeated. There is something, too, exceedingly instructive in the decision of the one, and the indecision of the other. Moses seems to have made up his mind firmly and conclusively, and never wavered. Balaam exhibits the pitiable spectacle of a man tossed like a football, between his wishes and his fears, "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"—

hungry, voracious for the rewards of divination, but terrified to give mortal offence to the Being on whom he felt that he was dependant. Nothing can exceed the simple dignity of the story of Moses' great sacrifice and victory: "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured as seeing him who is invisible." Contrast this with the story of Balaam's wavering; now assuming a position of high integrity, and next day scheming for the treasure he had but yesterday renounced; moving with Balak from height to height in the hope that God would somehow withdraw the interdict against his cursing Israel; then finally plotting, by means of an odious temptation, so to entice the Israelites, that in spite of himself, as it were, their God should be constrained to curse them. The sight of any man wavering between interest and duty, between God and mammon, is a pitiable one; that of a strong man is intensely so. Who should hesitate between the two examples—Moses and Balaam? Even if you leave out of view the ending of the two careers, is not the very contrast between the simple dignity and comfort of the one, and the painful doubtings and writhings of the other enough to determine your choice? What a world of misery is saved by a decided choice in early life—a resolute purpose to take the Lord's side—to steer by the grand rule—"Not my will, but thine be done!"

4. Moses and Balaam had both a strong persuasion of the blessedness of the people of God; but while the one admired, and kept aloof, nay, even sought to turn their blessing into a curse, the other joined their communion, though at the sacrifice of every worldly advantage. Balaam could not withhold his admiration of the encampment of Israel, nor his desire, at death, to be numbered with the righteous. Hardly any verses that Moses ever wrote are more beautiful than the inspired gushings of his brother-poet—

"How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed,
Or how shall I defy whom the Lord hath not defied?
For from the top of rocks I see him,
And from the hills I behold him.
Lo, the people shall dwell alone,
And shall not be reckoned among the nations.
Who can count the dust of Jacob?
And the number of the fourth part of Israel
Let me die the death of the righteous,
And let my last end be like his!"

And again:

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob,
And thy tabernacles, O Israel!
As the valleys are they spread forth,
As gardens by the river's side;
As the trees of lign aloes, which the Lord hath planted
As cedar trees beside the waters."

Why then, if it be so, do you not join them, Balaam!

Why not apply for the privilege which Moses freely offered Hobab, "We are journeying to the land of which the Lord hath spoken to us—come thou with us, and we will show thee good." Answer honestly. Is it not because you cannot bring your mind to forego Balak's rewards and honours? Your heart clings to the world—you cannot forego its good things, you cannot be satisfied with the humble lot of a humble Israelite. What a contrast to Moses! Whence that noble recklessness with which he flings from him Egypt's choicest gifts? It springs from faith's conviction that a child's lot, however poor, is better than all an alien's treasures—that all earth's richest prizes are less than nothing to the dew of that glorious blessing:—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord lift the light of his countenance upon thee and be gracious to thee; the Lord make his face to shine on thee and give thee peace!" Let the history tell which of the two—Moses or Balaam—abandoned the substance to grasp the shadow.

5. Moses and Balaam had each the honour to receive very remarkable communications from God, but differed utterly in the use to which they turned them. It is one of the remarkable things about Balaam, that God condescended to give him real visions from heaven. Evidently he began his career as a heathen conjuror, and followed his art as a soothsayer usually did in those times; what amount of intercourse he held with Satan, or with any other spiritual agent, is a question that cannot be answered; what exactly was the nature of his art it is also very difficult to tell; but it is certain that it was an art, that it had rules and methods that made those familiar with them very powerful for evil; and that it was an abominable art, deeply demoralizing, so much so, that God gave the Israelites the stern command, "There shall not be found among you any one that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer; for all that do these things are an abomination to the Lord." Notwithstanding, it pleased God to hold real communications with this man, to ask him questions, to hear his answers, to give him instructions, to show him visions, to reveal to him the future, and even to give him a glimpse of the Messiah—the star that was to come out of Jacob, the sceptre that should rise out of Israel. This was another testing-point in Balaam's career. When at last, after long working with the vile tricks of magic, and villainous consultations of we know not what kind, with unseen powers of evil,—when at last the true light shone on him, and God permitted him a glimpse of futurity in his pure ray—should we not have expected that he would say to himself, "Now, thank God, I have got the true light! I shall walk no more in the light of my own fire, or in the sparks that I have kindled. I shall sweep away these vile magic arts. I shall follow the sure guidance of the day-star from on high!" But in this ordeal too, Balaam proved faithless. After all his heavenly visions, we read of his continuing "to use enchantments." He

could not trust God in this matter, any more than in the other. God's light might be the purer light, but it was not so profitable. It would not pay. He could not make up his mind to abandon a profession that was so lucrative. That was the root of bitterness that sprang up and troubled him. That was the worm that died not, the fire that was not quenched. What a contrast again to Moses! Never bargaining for any personal honour—ever willing to renounce self, and every selfish interest for the good of his people, rejoicing in the bright vision of "the prophet like unto Moses" that was to arise, in distant days; thankful himself for the light from heaven that guided him, and ever concerned that his people should follow its safe and blessed track.

Balaam's history shows us most impressively with what a terrible force worldly interest and inclination may drag a man in opposition to God. It warns us on the one hand, of the awful risk of letting the love of the world grow to commanding power—of acting silently on the principle that the first thing to be considered in all bargains is profit. It teaches, at the same time, the blessedness of a choice, early, firm, unflinching; of making up the mind not only to follow Christ, but to follow him fully; to cast overboard whatever he does not approve; to spend time, money, everything as under his inspection; to choose only such friends as he would allow. He that truly sees the glory of Christ will not grudge this entire surrender. The Psalmist's words will be true of him, in all their depth of meaning, "I AM THINE."

"A GOOD MAN—A VERY GOOD MAN INDEED."

BY J. DE LIEFDE, OF AMSTERDAM.

CHAPTER V.

THE BETTER BREAD WINS THE PRIZE—TWO SHOPS AND NO OPPOSITION.

THE next morning, Frederic brought the money to the landlord. He was not a little astonished when he learned how he had come by it.

"He is a noble man," said he.

"Yes, he is," added Frederic, "and, sir, he is better than both of us. We have shamefully wronged that man. We have committed a great sin against God and that man, sir. I have acted the part of a mean traitor. I have, as an ungrateful and unconscious villain, conspired with you to ruin that good man, whom you hated because of his righteousness, and whom I envied because of the prosperity God blessed him with. And had God taken me away in my illness, I should have been for ever lost, sir, and it would have been better for me if a mill-stone had been tied round my neck, and I had been cast into the sea. And now, here is the money which that man has gained for me in the sweat of his brow. I give it you because it is your property according to the contract between you and me. But it burns like molten lead in my fingers, sir, and so it must in yours, for it is the wages of our iniquity, and every coin of it should

spring up into our face, for this money, together with all the money I have given you already, from the beginning of my business, is the harvest of our wickedness, gathered from a field which we have moistened with the sweat and tears of that good man and his family. And how has he revenged himself? He has moistened my parching lips when I was about to die from thirst at the brink of the grave, and his daughter has nursed me in my sickness, as if I were her own father, and his wife has stood by the sick-bed of my Jane as a loving sister, while he, day and night, was labouring hard to support us, as if we, all of us, were his children. Oh, oh, what a monster I am! that I ever could lift up my heel against that man! Where shall I go to hide myself? The world is too narrow for me. My shame burns like a fire within me, and my conscience haunts me like a phantom.'

"Under the weight of his remorse, Frederic sank down on a chair, burying his face in his hands. The landlord stared at him aghast, as if a thunderbolt had struck him. His conscience, too, awoke with a terrible shock. He felt that all that Frederic had said was true. Yet he ventured one objection, to soften down, if possible, the vehemence of his self-reproach.

"But why did he turn the whole village upside down, by his praying and preaching?" said he, 'we were such intimate friends before that.'

"And what harm was there in his praying and preaching?" answered Frederic. 'Can you continue finding fault with him because of that, even after such heavy judgments of God as our village has been visited with? I have been lying in the sight of death, sir, and I have learned there terrible things. Whatever may be the effect which the rod of the Lord has produced upon this unhappy people, it has fully convinced me that the baker is right, and that all who oppose him are aggravating their judgment in the day to come. Yes, he is right, when he tells us that unless we be converted we shall surely perish. He has told you the same, and he has besought you to abandon your sinful ways, and to turn to a merciful Saviour, who was ready to receive you. But you became angry with him, because he attacked your idols, for you loved your sinful ways, because they yielded you profit for this life. Confess it now, sir. We, all of us, have sinned with you, and we know all about it. As long as the baker filled your tap-room with customers, you were his friend. But from the moment he filled the place of prayer with repenting sinners, you became his enemy.'

"The landlord bit his lips. A blush of anger flushed up his face.

"Frederic," said he, looking at him with beaming eyes, 'do you know to whom you are speaking?'

"Yes, I do," answered Frederic, 'and I am quite prepared to take all the consequences of it. And I'll tell you more. I have before God made up my mind not to rest, till that good man has taken my place, and till I am his servant as in former days.'

"What!" exclaimed the landlord, taking a step backward. He kept staring at Frederic, unable to find words equal to the impression which this unexpected communication had made upon him. But at this moment of critical silence, his own conscience again had an opportunity of speaking a word to his heart. Gradually his countenance changed. He cast down his eyes. A tear glistened between his eye-lashes. Then approaching Frederic, he held out his hand to him, and taking his with a spasmodic pressure: 'My friend,' he said, 'you are better than I. Go now, I will think the matter over.'

"That day was a day of great strife for the landlord of the 'Golden Plough.' The peace which the world had given him, and which he had so long supported by the violation of all his better convictions, was gone. The plague that had visited the village, and filled everybody's mind with thoughts of death and judgment, had shaken him also out of his slumber. He took a walk through the fields, and giving his thoughts free course, recalled all the past and pondered over the question, whether he could reasonably expect any good fruit from the field that was lying behind. Had he sown any seed which he was sure would ripen to the glory of God? Could he, if summoned before the judgment seat of a holy and omniscient God, point to any deed, any plan carried out, any scheme of his, whether domestic or social, on which he might hope that that Judge would smile with pleasure? Or, if practice had been deficient (and what man's practice is not! we all have our defects) could he remember any truly good *thought* of his, any truly good *purpose* or *design* risen up in his heart, and fostered for a moment with the honest intention of carrying it out for the true welfare of others, and to the praise of his Creator? Alas, no; he could not. Dealing honestly with himself now, he could not but confess that all he hitherto had thought and planned and carried out, had only tended towards the profit, the pleasure, and the glory of his own miserable self. If God were to ask him: 'What hast thou done for thyself?' his answer would be, 'Everything.' If God were to ask him, 'What hast thou done for me?' 'Nothing, nothing!' Ah, if it were but nothing! But it was worse than nothing. It was everything *against* God. He had prevented the course of God's word and work. He had persecuted God's servants. He had blasphemed God's name. How different his life's last ten years had been from those of the baker! He compared himself with his former friend. He fancied that man standing by his side at the tribunal of the heavenly Judge. What a different aspect he would exhibit! With what smiles of divine pleasure would his Master receive him at the close of a life spent in the service of his word, and in many bereavements and sufferings for his name sake. Alas, alas! The landlord found himself poor, and naked, and miserable, in the midst of all the desirable things he had heaped up round about himself. 'I must turn,' said he to himself, 'I must

necessarily turn, if I desire to avoid the bottomless abyss. The baker's way is the right one, and I must walk in it. But how to get at it? Shall I go to him and beg his instruction? . . .

"He did not answer that question. He walked home in mournful silence. That night no sleep stole over the landlord's eyes.

"A few days later the baker held his usual Scripture reading meeting in his little cottage parlour. It was a dark night. The place was crammed, and, as usual, the windows were open. A tall stout person cautiously skulked through the shades of the evening along the wall of the cottage, and kept standing close to the open window. He could perfectly hear every word that was spoken inside. It was the baker's voice. He spoke about the two thieves hanging by the Saviour's side on the cross. He pointed at the stubborn perversity of the human heart as exhibited in the conduct of one of the thieves. He described the wonderful power of God's grace, as exemplified in the contrition and confession of the other. He called the attention of his hearers to the willingness, the readiness, the power of a loving Saviour to save even there where life has been but one continuous series of hatred, blasphemy, and wickedness. 'Now where such a Saviour is ours,' he concluded; 'there, my friends, we have reason to hope that sinners may turn to God still, even though years and tens of years lie behind them like so many fields covered with thistles and thorns. Let us not despair, though we have seemed to plough rocks for the last time. Conversion is not our work, but the Lord's. And now, we have again witnessed that it is equally easy to him to pluck an old sinner from the gate of hell, as a young one from the entrance of a bad way. Thus let us not cease to hope and to pray for our fellow-sinners in this village. Who can tell but that perhaps many of them will soon turn their faces to Jesus, and say, *Lord, remember us!* Oh what more is there required but this simple ejaculation rising up from a broken heart to a Redeemer for sinners bruised. We have heard it again, my friends, it can not truly be whispered into Jesus' ears, without at once opening his blessed lips for the joyful answer: *To-day—yes, to-day—shalt thou be with me in paradise.*'

"The baker then offered up prayer, in which he fervently entreated the Lord's grace upon the village. He prayed that the sins of the people might not be remembered, nor the fierce and stubborn enmity of some of them against the Lord's word and servants. He prayed that, for Christ's sake, God might not lay this sin to their charge, but give them a time of repentance, that they, like Paul, might, from persecutors of the Church, be turned into friends and allies, and fellow-labourers and defenders of the gospel in the sight of all the creature.

"Now while the baker was speaking and praying in that way, the person outside listened with such keen attention, that he had not observed the coming of another person, who kept standing close behind him, and, like him, was quite absorbed in devotion. 'Amen,' said

the baker with a loud voice, concluding his prayer, and 'Amen,' repeated the last comer. His fellow-listener, who was standing before him, apparently a little startled by this unexpected company, turned round, and by the light from the window recognised Frederic.

"Is it you?' whispered he.

"And you!' returned Frederic. 'God be praised, sir. Oh, if those inside knew that the landlord of the "Golden Plough" was with them, kneeling at the feet of Jesus! Shall we not go in, sir?'

"No, by no means.'

"I pray, sir, let us go in and give praise to God. Come along.'

"Frederic took the landlord by the arm, and to his unspeakable joy, found that he allowed himself to be led into the house. A psalm was just being sung, and the crowd that had filled the passage was mostly gone. So they easily found their way to the door of the parlour. Picture to yourself the astonishment of the little congregation, and especially of the baker, when they noticed these two persons. The psalm was finished soon, and before the baker could offer the concluding short prayer Frederic proceeded onward, holding the landlord by the arm, and said, 'Dear friends, give glory to God. We come to give praise to the Lord in the midst of you.'

"Amen!' said the landlord, bursting into tears. 'Yes, my dear friends, the Lord has conquered us. Here we are, your enemies formerly, but your friends now. We have sinned against God and you, but we come to ask your pardon, as we have received it from Christ.'

"Is it possible?' exclaimed several voices, and a joyful confusion for a few moments prevailed amongst the congregation. The shock of the surprise threatened to be too heavy for some, and the baker wisely gave out another psalm to give time for recovery. Meanwhile he beckoned the landlord to step up to the little platform, and to take his place by his side. When the psalm was finished the landlord rose and in the simplicity of his heart told the audience how he was overpowered by the pressure of his conscience, to give up his opposition to God, and to bow down at the feet of Christ. 'I could no longer resist, my friends,' he concluded. 'I saw that this man, the baker, was doing the work of God, and that I was a servant of the devil. But God has had mercy upon me, and I have taken refuge under the wings of the only Saviour. God knows what fearful days and nights of despair and agony I have gone through. But I now am enabled with the thief to cry, *Remember me!* and I believe Jesus has said to me, *To-day thou shalt be with me.*'

"I shall not dwell upon the further proceedings of that remarkable evening. Suffice it to say that the next day the whole village knew that the landlord of the 'Golden Plough,' and Frederic, had turned Methodists. Many a one could not believe it, but soon every doubt was removed when the landlord sold his house and quitted his business. He bought a large house in another part of the village, and built a school-room in his garden, which,

at the same time, was fit for holding religious meetings in the evening. Not less astonished were the villagers, when they saw the baker and his family removing to their old quarters, and resuming their former business. Two bakers' shops again were seen *opposite*, but not *opposed* to each other. The baker and Frederic entered into partnership, and the two shops belonged to one and the same firm. Most beneficial was the effect which this evidence of the power of the gospel produced upon the population. The baker regularly continued holding his Scripture reading meetings in the landlord's school-house, and the numerous attendance proved that he was gifted with the talent of preparing the spiritual bread as tastefully as the earthly.

"Thus this good man was for a number of years a blessing to the village, and a fertilizing fountain calling forth, under the agency of the Divine Spirit, flowers and fruits to the glory of God, where formerly nothing was seen but a barren wilderness. If now you were to pay a visit to the inhabitants of this place, you would find the Bible in most houses bearing marks of being the family instructor in the morning and the family comforter in the evening. Indeed, you would meet with a happy population ready to listen to a good word and willing to co-operate with their minister, the Rev. Mr. G—— in all that tends towards the spreading of the Gospel among old and young. I need not tell you that it was chiefly through the influence of the baker that Mr. G—— was called to this place, when the old minister took his pension. The two friends were permitted to enjoy each other's company for four years, during which they side by side laboured in the vineyard of their heavenly Master. It is only six weeks since a serious illness cast the baker on his last bed. It was not a sickbed, however, but the couch of a triumphant hero rejoicing in the victory he had won under his almighty and faithful Chief Captain, and longing for the glory he was destined for by the side of Him for whom he had lived and laboured and suffered.

"And now, sir," thus concluded the stranger, while we rose from the bench and again approached the simple grave, "you cannot wonder to have found me at this spot absorbed in a mixture of sadness, admiration and affection, nor can you accuse me of exaggeration, when I say, A good man is buried here; yes, a *very* good man indeed. There he lies now, resting from his labour, waiting for the day of his resurrection. It is a costly seed that is sown here, sir, and when once it breaks through the clod and rises up at the mighty word of Him who shall call the dead out of their graves, it will be something exceedingly beautiful and glorious that will come out of this dark chamber of death. For was he already so like his Master in this body out of dust and ashes, how like will he not be unto him in that future building, of which it is said that it will be fashioned like unto the glorious body of the first born of the dead!"

We still kept standing for a while in solemn silence

by the grave, and then walked down the main path to the gate. The stranger here kindly bade me farewell to turn off a footpath that seemed to lead to a large house conspicuous at a distance.

"Pray, sir," said I, "forgive my indiscretion. May I ask whose company have I had the privilege of enjoying?"

"My name is Sandring," answered he, but among the villagers I am better known as the old landlord of the 'Golden Plough.'"

"Why, you?" exclaimed I, in great and joyful surprise. But he was gone, evidently speeding along to escape further questions. I, however, kept looking after him till his tall stout form disappeared in the distance. Then casting a last glimpse at him, I said, "And you also are a good man; yes, a *very* good man indeed."

August 1861.

THE FIRST THREE REVIVALS.

In three chapters in the Book of Acts—the second, the eighth, and the eleventh—we have three statements relating to very similar events: "The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." "And there was great joy in that city." "The hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord." The passages refer to three different places in which, after the ascension of our Lord, there occurred in succession three very remarkable religious awakenings. The first place was *Jerusalem*, where the subjects of the revival were Jews, followers of Moses, either because they were literally of the seed of Abraham, or because they had been brought to see that the Hebrew was then the only true Church. The second place was *Samaria*, a city inhabited by a mixed race of people, with whom, on account of their impurity of blood and heresies of doctrine, the Jews would have no dealings. And the third place was *Antioch*, a town of Syria, where the great number who believed and turned to the Lord were Gentiles, heathens, representatives of that great outlying world which up to that moment had appeared even to the Christians a hopeless and inclaimable waste. The order of succession observed here is very noticeable. The ascended Saviour, in his first dealings with his Church, acted in the spirit of the charge which, ere leaving the world, he had given to his disciples. In pouring out those gracious influences which he had purchased by his death, he "began at Jerusalem;" but the limitation which had characterized his own personal ministry was not to be the rule for the ministry of his apostles. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," was the commission granted to them; and it was not long before the circle of his mercy was seen visibly expanding. First, the despised and excommunicated Samaritans were embraced within its sweep; and then, all barriers whatever being broken down, the catholic-minded among the Hebrews were able to say with joyful satisfaction, "Then hath

God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

The course of a revival movement in a country—as all Church history, inspired and uninspired, tells us—is not like that of an evenly-flowing river, which, rising visibly from one spring, holds on its way unbroken to the sea. It is rather like a stream which has one definite enough fountain-head, but which, as it proceeds, is ever receiving fresh accessions to its volume from other springs which are opened by the way. The awakenings which took place at Samaria and Antioch were not merely the old waters from Jerusalem arriving in those cities. They were, in an important sense, the outbreathing of fresh streams, resulting from new outpourings of the Spirit. Still, while this is the case,—while those men mistake entirely the character of these movements who think they are extended in virtue of a merely natural excitement spreading from place to place (else why should not every district be affected alike?)—still, we say, it will generally be found that one spot may be singled out as the *cradle* of the revival, and that one particular awakening may be spoken of as the first, and in a sense as the source of the series. Thus it was, very evidently, with the period to which we are now referring. No one doubts that the great awakening of religious earnestness throughout the whole Roman empire in the days of the apostles was due, in the first instance, to that free and abundant effusion of the Holy Ghost which was given on the day of Pentecost, and which (it is well ever to remember) fell, to begin with, not on the world, but on the *Church*. From that ever-memorable upper chamber where the hundred and twenty believers were assembled praying, we trace the outgoing, as from a center, of all the blessed influences which, in the course of a generation or two, were to change the face of the Roman world. The new vital force with which the followers of the Crucified One were then and there endued was revealed first in the streets of Jerusalem, where three thousand souls were converted. The fire spread to Samaria, where Philip found such unexpected acceptance for his message. And by-and-by it broke out in Antioch, where a great multitude of the Grecians became obedient to the faith.

In trying, however, to discover the laws which determine the movements of the Spirit, we cannot but feel that we venture into a field in which mystery meets us on every side. The Spirit is like the wind, which "bloweth where it listeth;" and it is not for us to speak with confidence or assurance of the course which he may choose to take. But there is another side of the subject, of which we can speak without any hesitation; and that is, the question of the human *means* whereby a revival work is to be extended. In this connection it is very instructive to mark the history of the three awakenings now under notice. Of course, *prayer* preceded and pervaded the whole movement. No one is likely to overlook or forget the all-importance of that agency to begin with, who reads and realizes the history of the ten

days which elapsed between the Ascension and the morning of the Pentecostal Sabbath. But following up that grand essential means, there was in every case—in Jerusalem, in Samaria, in Antioch—*preaching*: "Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and said unto them," &c.—"Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and *preached* to them."—"They which were scattered abroad travelled as far as Antioch, and spake unto the Grecians, *preaching*." But what was it they preached? Not themselves! not dead doctrine! They set forth a *living Christ*. We all know what Peter said, for his sermon is reported, and he who runs may read and see that it is full of Jesus. Respecting Philip it is expressly said, that he "*preached Christ*" to the Samaritans. And as for the emigrants for conscience' sake, it is said of them also, in so many words, that "they spake unto the Grecians, *preaching the Lord Jesus*." But further, who were the preachers? Why, evidently the men who had themselves in the first instance drunk deeply of the revival spirit. It is possible that not only Peter but Philip and those who were scattered abroad after the death of Stephen, were among the hundred and twenty on whom the Pentecostal shower fell in the upper chamber. It is at least certain that they all were partakers of the spiritual blessings which were dispensed so liberally afterwards. The fire then was in their hearts. Wherever they went they carried it along with them; and the words they spoke were not words made forcible simply by the power of reasoning or natural eloquence, but by the burning fervour with which they were sent forth from their very souls.

There are four delusions, in one or other of which men professing to be Christians have been able all their lifetime to live. The first is, that the world may be converted without much and earnest *prayer*. The second, that *preaching*, in the great business of establishing the kingdom, is of secondary importance. The third, that it is comparatively of very little moment whether or not in the pulpits of the Christian Church *Christ* is visibly set forth. And the fourth, that it is of little or no consequence that we have a converted and earnest ministry. That these are delusions, no believing reader of the Bible can possibly doubt. And it is only when we have been thoroughly awakened out of them, and have all begun to act under a different inspiration, that we shall see the truth spreading like a prairie fire, and promising to invest it soon as with a mantle of living light.

N. L. W.

STUDY.

FOR MINISTERS.

HE can never preach well who has nothing to say. The all-important thing for a messenger is a message. Of all the ways of preaching God's word, the worst is the purely extemporaneous—where a man arises to speak in God's name without any solid material, and without

any studious preparation. A thousand-fold better were it to read every word of an instructive discourse, in the most slavish and uncouth manner, than to vapour in airy nothings, with suavity of mien, fluency of utterance, and outward grace of elocution. It is this which has become the opprobrium of extempore preachers; and it must be admitted that the danger is imminent. As all men dislike labour in itself considered, the majority will perform any task in the easiest way which is acceptable. And as most hearers unfortunately judge more by external than internal qualities, they will be, for a certain time, satisfied with this ready but superficial preaching. The resulting fact is, that in numberless instances, the extemporaneous preacher neglects his preparation. If he has begun this slovenly way while still young, and before he has laid up stores of knowledge, he will in nine cases out of ten, be a shallow, rambling sermonizer as long as he lives. Immense gymnastic action and fearful vociferation will probably be brought in to eke out the want of theology, as a garrison destitute of ball, will be likely to make unusual pother with blank cartridge.

Omitting, for the moment, the unfaithfulness of such a ministry, the man who thus errs will find the evil consequences rebound upon himself. It is only for a time the most injudicious or partial congregation can be held by indigested and unsubstantial matter, however gracefully delivered. They may not trace it to the right cause, but they know that they are wearied, if not disgusted. The minister, having rung all the changes on his very small peal of bells, has nothing for it but to repeat the old chimes.

Another inevitable result of unstudied preaching is the habit of wandering or scattering. Nothing but laborious discipline, unintermitted through life, can enable a man to stick logically to his line of argument. Discerning hearers know better than the preacher, why, after stating his point, he constantly plays about it like a boat in an eddy, which moves but makes no progress. "Skeletons," as they are ludicrously called, however good, do not prevent this evil, unless they be afterwards thought out to their remotest articulations. The idle, but voluble speaker, will flutter about his first heap, and flutter about his second, but will mark no ratiocinative connection, and effect no fruitful deduction. Evidently he who is continually pouring out, and but scanty pouring in, must soon be at the empty bottom.

Ministerial study is a sine qua non of success. It is absurdly useless to talk of methods of preaching, where there is no method of preparation. Ministerial study is twofold—special and general. By *special study*, I mean that preparation for a given sermon, which is analogous to the lawyer's preparation of the case. If faithful and thorough, this may lead to high accomplishment; but, as in the instance of *case lawyers*, it may be carried too far, and if exclusively followed must become narrowing. The man who grows old with no studies but those which terminate upon the several demands of the pulpit, be-

comes a mannerist, falls into monotony of thought, and ends stiffly, drily, and wearisomely. At the same time, he wants that enlargement and enriching of mind derived from wide excursions into collateral studies, of which all the world recognises the fruits in such preachers as Owen, Mason, Chalmers, and Hall. Yet even this inferior way of study into which busy and overtasked men are prone to slide, is infinitely better than the way of idleness, oscitancy, and indecent haste. For thus the student who begins betimes, manages to pick up a great deal more than is necessary for his special task. In premeditating one sermon, he often finds hints for three more. By tunnelling into the rock of a single prophetic passage, he comes upon gems of illustration, nuggets of doctrine, and cool springs of experience, all which goes into the general stock. Yet no wise student will restrict himself to the lucubration asked by next Sabbath's sermon.

By *general study* I mean that preparation which a liberal mind is perpetually making, by reading, writing, and thinking, over and above the sermonizing, and without any direct reference to preaching. Such studies do indeed pour in their contributions to every future discourse with a continually increasing tide; but this is not seen at once, nor is this the proximate aim. No man can make full use of his talent, who does not all his life pursue a high track of generous reading, and inquiry.—*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

FRAGMENTS.

Who does not see the difference between a man pleading for another, and a head pleading for its own members? *It is for himself.* Jesus pleads for his own members; for his Church, *as one with his Church.*

Not only to tell him of our wants—that is but half prayer; but to speak to him of *his promises*, to rest ourselves in his Word.

Jesus is called the "arm of the Lord." He is his working arm, his upholding arm, the arm which dispenses all his blessings. How blessed to have this arm to lean upon! still more blessed to know that this arm is beneath us—still more blessed to find his arm around us, clasping us to his bosom, and saying, "This is my beloved, in whom I too am well pleased."

MAY we approach Thee with the confidence of those who know Thee, and the diffidence of those who know themselves!

I WOULD wish you to have that religion which makes conscience of a word, a look, *a tone of voice!*

"I HOPE God will give it me; I trust he will." *Knock, seek, ask.* Give him no rest; that is the divinity of our gospel: the other is the divinity of the sluggard. Did you ever know one holding such a creed healthy? *Never.*

DR. BUSHNELL'S WRITINGS.

THE writings of Dr. Bushnell have of late obtained a great degree of popularity in some parts of this country. They have been circulated under influential recommendation, and extensively read. We are inclined to think that in many quarters the teaching of these works is not clearly understood, and we intend to offer a few remarks on some of the features by which they are characterized, and on the kind of influence which they seem fitted to exert. The propriety of doing so might be vindicated on the ground that Dr. Bushnell's works are able and interesting specimens of one large section of popular Christian literature, and serve to indicate the general tone of much that lies on the counters of our booksellers' shops. But, apart from this consideration, Dr. Bushnell has written so much, and in many respects so well, that no apology is needed for singling him out, and weighing the merits of his volumes, as in themselves a sufficient *pièce de résistance*.

It is a pleasure to begin by acknowledging the attractions which these works possess, considered as popular treatises on Christian topics. It would hardly be consistent with the objects which ought to be kept in view in a periodical like ours, to linger long on those things which concern only the literary form. But we cannot omit a tribute to the eminent *readableness* of every one of the works, and to the success with which Dr. Bushnell always carries us over the ground which he sees fit to traverse. This is due, in part, to clear writing. The general idea of a discourse, or of an argument, may sometimes be vague enough; but the obscurity does not affect the meaning of the separate sentences, each of which rings clear, and stamps some definite impression on the mind, with sensuous, picturesque phraseology. Still more, however, is the readableness of this writer due to the uncommon freshness of his mind, and the vigorous cast of his conceptions. Whatever he has to say is said, often gracefully, sometimes happily, never in a commonplace manner, nor as ordinary people would say it. Indeed, one is half-amused, half-tantalized, to find how frequently what seems a new thought, or almost a new truth, turns out to be an old friend, new minted, with so bright a face and sharp an edge, that one only recognizes it after a long and earnest look. The power of thinking and expressing himself in this way is a pulpit gift of high value, and must give a peculiar charm to Dr. Bushnell's ministrations. It has undoubtedly done very much for the circulation of his works, notwithstanding frequent Americanisms, which, to an English ear, have an indescribably lowering effect upon the style, and notwithstanding the exaggerations of expression and sentiment which too often suggest the idea of aiming at a sensation.

Besides these advantages, which are more of the nature of accessories, Dr. Bushnell is possessed of substantial qualities, both mental and moral, which amply account for the popularity of his writings. Though not of the most comprehensive order, his mind is sufficiently able, vigorous, and intrepid to secure attention for him as a thinker. And he aims so steadily and earnestly at the elevation of Christian character and Christian life, that his readers willingly yield him a tribute of respect and regard. Add to all this the strength of conviction out of which he speaks, and the frequently recurring evidence of regard to the Lord Jesus, in which he would have all his own and all his readers' convictions rooted; and it is easy to explain the currency which his writings have obtained, and easy to understand that they must contain many suggestive thoughts, and many pleasing, many touching, many arousing *views* of truth and duty. We have ourselves accordingly more than once transferred to our own pages passages from Dr. Bushnell's writings. We shall find it necessary to take exception, and that seriously, to some elements of Dr. Bushnell's teaching. Indeed, if we had no exceptions, or only slight exceptions to take, there would have been no reason for our devoting to his writings an extended notice like the present. But we should be sorry to seem insensible to his many brilliant qualities. It is really because we fully admit his merits, that we feel constrained to put our readers on their guard. Writings less earnest and attractive might safely be left to their natural obscurity.

The works of Dr. Bushnell which have been most circulated among us are those on "The New Life," on "Christian Nurture," and the fragment on "The Character of Christ." A more extensive treatise on "Nature and the Supernatural," we intentionally set aside. Though eminently open to criticism, yet as it discusses the philosophy of religion, we do not judge it profitable to consider it here. To save space, we shall confine our remarks chiefly to the first, which is on all accounts the most important. We cannot, however, pass by the third,—that on the Character of Christ,—without acknowledging its great beauty, and the felicity and force with which the argument is sustained. It is not wholly free from traces of a system which we regard as defective. But when considered, as it ought to be, as an apologetic treatise, an argument against infidelity, *ex concessis*, the general scope of the volume is worthy of all praise, and no one can peruse it without reaping pleasure and profit in a very high degree. We regret that we cannot pass a verdict so unqualified on all the works of Dr. Bushnell.

It may be expedient to introduce what we have to say in the way of criticism, by removing a presumption in Dr.

Bushnell's favour, which may exist in the minds of some of our readers. It is a presumption arising from the degree in which many persons (and those of evangelical sympathies) find his works attractive, and edifying too. They find in these works a great deal with which they can cordially sympathize; and a great deal also which seems to give them light and help in regard to Christian duty and Christian privilege. They have not remarked, in the course of perusal, anything that offended them: at most, perhaps, an occasional address and novelty in the way in which certain departments of doctrine are contemplated. They may be disposed, therefore, to repel beforehand all exceptions and censures, as probably unreasonable and hypercritical.

But it is not at all difficult to explain how works may prove attractive, and may even contribute to the edification of Christians, against which they yet require to be put on their guard, as unsafe guides. It has in the present day become habitual with a large class of thinkers and writers (many of whom are even less evangelical in sentiment than Dr. Bushnell) to admit to a large extent the fallen and degraded state of human nature as it now exists; the necessity for its being raised again to a state of freedom and of love; and the peculiar place and power which are to be ascribed to the Lord Jesus Christ, as at once the model or specimen of that perfect goodness from which we have fallen, and the source from which the regeneration of men must proceed. At the same time they have no place in their minds for the proper judicial character of God; for the doctrine of the guilt of human sin as deserving divine wrath; nor for the doctrine of the atonement, in any such sense of it as it has in all the articles and confessions of Christendom. These doctrines, and others that depend on these, they either oppose, or pass by as antiquated *theologoumena* which had best be allowed to die. And as a matter of course, the principles which lead them to reject all this, give a corresponding cast and turn to all the remaining articles of their system. We are not giving this as an account of Dr. Bushnell's theology. It would be rather too sweeping and general a statement for that. We are, however, immediately to show the degree in which, as we believe, Dr. Bushnell's views approximate to this scheme. But what we now say is, that even those who hold it in its most developed form, may and do succeed in handling some Christian topics in a way which will secure the admiration of all Christians. They may bring out much truth with effect, both about the degradation of a state of sin, and about the glory of a pure and renovated life. Their system leads them to bestow especial pains in illustrating the just influence on human feeling and action, of the divine dispensations in providence and grace. In connection with this they often throw light upon the mechanism of human motives, in connection with temptation on the one hand and holy influences on the other, so as to make to men an instructive exhibition of the working of their own human hearts. And all this, in the case of many of them, is

warmed and lighted up by much loving commendation of Christ, as the revealer and author of salvation, as the life of every man who ever truly lives at all. Now let the person who devotes himself to these topics be, like Dr. Bushnell, a person of warm feelings, having strong sympathy with and insight into human life and its conflicts; let him be one who is in contact with a world of religious thought and religious life, of which the theology is firmer and richer than his own; let him be one whose system is not so clear nor so rigid, as to save him from occasional happy inconsistencies; or, at least, whose language, without any conscious insincerity on his part, slides often into the grooves of the speech distinctively styled evangelical; let him be one who has a large and intelligent acquaintance with that style of religious experience which we may call *puritan*, who respects it as real and valid, but imagines that in its substance it may consist with his own theological scheme, and be realized on that scheme as a groundwork; let him be such a man as this, and it is no wonder if he interests and instructs his readers. It is no wonder if his language appeals so often and so familiarly to the associations and experience of more orthodox Christians as to secure a confiding welcome for the writer and the writings. If the cast of the teaching be one sided, and a great deal be left out that is necessary to its scriptural completeness,—that is unconsciously supplied by the reader, as he goes along, out of the strength and fullness of his own convictions. If, also, statements occur and representations are made that are questionable, how readily does one assume that he does not clearly take the writer's meaning! Indeed, what percentage of readers now-a-days give themselves the trouble to make sure of any writer's meaning, if they do not catch it at the first glance? We do, therefore, entirely believe that many persons have read these works with hardly a suspicion that any discrimination in dealing with their contents was reasonable or requisite.

But, after all, is there anything that calls for especial jealousy or caution in the works before us? This is the question with which we must now deal. As already stated, we have chiefly in view the volume on "The New Life."

It will be apparent, then, to every reader of that volume that, throughout, the guilt of sin, as that which deserves God's condemnation, and exposes us to just and certain punishment, is entirely left out of account. Of the existence of sin in the human heart, Dr. Bushnell has a very lively sense; a reference to it, as one of the most important of practical considerations, pervades the whole treatise; many just and striking things are said of the miserable and degrading nature of it, and of its tendency to go from bad to worse. That he speaks lightly of the evil of sin, or would tolerate light impressions of it in others, is the last charge we should think of bringing against Dr. Bushnell. But it is simple matter of fact that he leaves entirely unnoticed the

guilt of our sin—that is, of our sin past, as the matter of a cause which is in hand in a divine *forum*, a cause in which we are concerned, and which we require to have adjusted with a view to our eternal well-being. Occasional expressions may be susceptible of a different interpretation. But, undoubtedly, the general way of representing things in this book is characterized by this omission. And accordingly the idea of our relation, as a race, to God, which prevails from end to end, is that he is dealing with the world with a view to extricate us from our actual sinfulness, without the least regard to any other consideration than the desirableness of our being so delivered. He wishes, and tries, to make us better, and that is the whole case on *His* part. It may be said that this is only an omission, and that the omission is not the rejection of a doctrine. We grant this; and we grant that an author is unfairly treated who is accused of rejecting what he merely failed to exhibit with due prominence, owing to the occupation of his mind with some other favourite aspect of truth. But this is a volume on *the New Life*: the scope of it is to exhibit the possibility and necessity of that New Life, how it may be found, exercised, and increased. In such a volume the omission of a doctrine which has so direct an aspect upon the conscience of every inquirer, is even more significant than if it had been mentioned and explained away. If he had held the doctrine that divine justice requires that guilt be justly dealt with, and that the enlightened conscience responds to the demand and enforces it,—Dr. Bushnell could not possibly have been silent upon it in such a work as this.

We have referred to this omission, however, not only for its own sake, but because it is connected with another important subject, namely, the nature of the work of Christ, or what he did for us when he died. If we have rightly construed the omission to which we have referred, we may expect to find that Dr. Bushnell cannot hold in any proper sense the propitiation and sacrifice for sins as effected by our Lord upon the cross. We are sorry to say that upon this point no doubt can be entertained. The answer to the question, What our Lord Jesus was doing for us when he died, and what he has accomplished for us by that death, is given with sufficient distinctness. The view taken is one which, once understood, will be found appearing and re-appearing in Dr. Bushnell's works with significant frequency. We have no space for numerous quotations, but we must ask our reader's attention to a passage or two.

One of the discourses of which the volume is composed is upon "The Power of an Endless Life." The text is explained in a manner sufficiently fanciful, so as to accommodate it to some striking conceptions in reference to the immortality of men and angels. But the topics proposed for consideration are, I. *The power of an endless life in man, what it is, and, as being under sin, requires.* II. *What Christ, in his eternal priesthood, does to restore it.* Under the second head he has to exhibit the "fitness and practical necessity of" what

Christ has done in his eternal priesthood, "as related to the stupendous exigency of our redemption;" and after exhibiting our Lord's incarnation and progress through human life as no more than were requisite in the circumstances, he comes at last to his death, and this is what he has to say of it:—

"But the tragedy gathers to its last act, and fearful is to be the close. Never did the powers of eternity, or endless life in souls, reveal themselves so terribly before. . . . The deepest depths of malice in immortal evil are now finally stirred; the world's wild wrath is concentrated on his person, and his soul is, for the hour, under an eclipse of sorrow—'exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' But the agony is shortly passed; he says, I am ready; and they take him, Son of God though he be, and Word of the Father, and Lord of glory, to a cross! They nail him first, and what a sign do they give in that dire frenzy of the immortal depth of their passion! . . . He dies! It is finished! The body that was taken for endurance and patience, has drunk up all the shafts of the world's malice, and now rests in the tomb.

"No! there is more. 'Lo! he is not here, he is risen.' . . . In that sign behold his victory. Just that is done which signifies eternal redemption,—the conquest and recovery of free minds, taken as powers dismantled by eternal evil. By this offering once for all, the work is finished. What can evil do, or passion, after this, when its bitterest arrows, shot into the divine patience, are by that patience so tenderly and sovereignly broken? Therefore now to make the triumph evident, he ascends a visible conqueror to the Father, there to stand as a priest for ever, sending forth his Spirit to seal, and testifying that 'he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.'

"*This, in brief historic outline, is the great salvation.* And it is not too great. It stands in glorious proportion with the work to be done. Nothing else or less would suffice. It is a work supernatural transacted in the plane of nature; and what but such a work could restore the broken order of the soul under evil? It incarnates God in the world; and what but some such opening of the senses to God, or God to the senses, could re-install him in minds that have lost the consciousness of him? What but this could enter him again as a power into the world's life and history?" *

This, it is to be observed, is the statement of the meaning and effect of our Lord's death in a discourse upon his priesthood, considered as related to the exigency of our redemption. Does any one ask, "What does it mean?" This is what it means. What our Lord suffered when he died was that which man inflicted on him, combined with the sorrowful reaction of his own holy nature, contemplating and experiencing conduct so vile at the hands of men. This conduct on the part of men was, of course, the crowning sin of the

world, the capital manifestation of the baseness and vileness of sin. Now, when God in Christ received or endured this inexpressible wrong and evil, with an infinite sweetness, patience, and sorrowful endurance, neither resisting nor avenging, therein lay the failure and the defeat of sin, whose "arrows" therein "were broken." For here is that which is able to prevail over the sinfulness of men, and to bring them in penitence and shame to God; it forces them to confess themselves overcome by the might of his patience. And it bears on men generally, because this sin of the Jews is the proper specimen and model in which each sees his own sin, and sees the tenderness of Christ to himself.

It will readily be understood that much fine feeling and thinking may be connected with such a representation as this. What is objected to is, that this should be given forth as the proper account, the main and leading view of our Lord's atonement. So presented, it must be condemned, as a view that denies the proper grace of our Lord's priesthood, and takes away that true propitiation for our sins on which our hopes depend. Christ suffers not the penalty of sin, but simply the sorrow which he could not but suffer in being sinned against; which sorrows he bears with infinite patience.

Some further developments of these views may be found in another discourse entitled, "The Power of God in Self-sacrifice,"—a discourse in which the Patripassian heresy is in these later days revived. The theological consistency of this is easily explained. According to the view of our Lord's death which we have just exhibited, and which denies it to be a proper satisfaction for sin, the place which the Church has been wont to ascribe to the Father, in connection with the Son's death, can be ascribed to him no longer. The Father is no longer to be contemplated as sustaining in that great transaction the majesty of Godhead as the fountain and the upholder of right. Nor can he be contemplated as giving the Son to be the propitiation for the lost. If then the place heretofore ascribed to the Father in connection with the death of Christ, and the manifestation by him, accordingly, of righteousness and grace, each in an inconceivable degree, are to be discarded, it becomes necessary to provide some new representation; for that the death of Christ involved some *signal* manifestation of the mind of the Father, as well as of that of the Son, is written on the face of Scripture. Dr. Bushnell, then, provides for this by asserting that the death of Christ was but an exhibition of divine experiences under human sin,—reactions of the divine mind with reference to sin, that are constantly in process of realization. Those divine sorrows, thus perpetually experienced, are identical in their nature with the sorrows of Christ. And they operate to redeem us from sin, that is to say, to disarm our rebellion and bring us back, just as the sorrows of Christ do; only but for the sorrows of our Lord, embodied in the world's history, those others could hardly have been discerned or believed. This doctrine requires, of course, to be

grounded on a new doctrine about the divine nature. And, accordingly, it is as the sequel to a formal argument in behalf of the "moral passivity" of the divine nature, that is, its subjection to true grief, that we find the following statements occur (the italics in all the quotations are ours):—

"In this view it is that Christ crucified is the power of God. It is because he shows God in self-sacrifice,—because he brings out and makes historical in the world God's passive virtue, which is in fact the culminating head of power in his character. By this it is that he opens our human feeling, . . . pouring himself into its deepest recesses, and battling it with his cleansing, new-creating influence. There is even a kind of efficiency in it, and that the highest, for it is mental power, not physical,—not force. It is that kind of power which feeling has to impregnate feeling; that which one person has in good, to melt himself into and assimilate another in evil. Hence it is that so much is said of Christ as a new-discovered power—'the power of God.' . . . All the figures of cleansing, sprinkling, washing, healing, purging, terminate in the same thing,—the new-creating efficacy of Christ—the power of God. It is the power of character, feeling, a right passivity, a culminating grace of Scripture in God.

"But how does it appear that any so great efficacy is added to the known character of God by the life and death of Christ? Was not everything shown us in his death explicitly revealed, or in language formally ascribed to God, by the writers of the Old Testament? *God, I have already shown, was certainly represented then as being duly affected by all evil; that is, he was shown to be affected according to its true nature—displeased, abhorrent, hurt, offended in purity, burdened with grief and compassion. But to have these things said, or ascribed formally to God, is one thing, and a very different to have them lived and acted historically in the world.* Perfections that are set before us in mere epithets have little significance—none but that which we give them by thinking them out. But perfections lived, embodied physically, and acted before the senses under social conditions, have quite another grade of meaning. How much, then, does it signify, when God comes out from nature, out of all abstractions and abstractive epithets, to be acted personally in just these glorious and divine passivities that we have least discerned in him, and scarcely dare impute to him! By what other method can he meet us, then, so entirely new and superior to all past revelations, as to come into our world-history in the human form—that organ most eloquent in its passivity, because it is at once most expressive, and closest to our feeling."

We shall not stop to inquire how far views like these are likely to prove in the end consistent with just conceptions respecting the Persons of the Trinity. But there can be no doubt that, according to this passage,

the atonement, instead of a great transaction bearing effectually on the relations between God and man, becomes a scene only, or exhibition of that which existed already, and could not but exist, in the nature of God.

And there can be as little doubt that the extract entirely confirms the view we have presented of what we are to see in this solemn exhibition. The death of Christ, in so far as we can gather Dr. Bushnell's meaning, is an exhibition of human sin, and of divine patience, forbearance, and sorrow in contact with that sin, fitted (to use his own expression) to "enter" into the minds of men a fruitful and victorious impression of the baseness of sin and of the loveableness of God; fitted to possess them, as by a kind of divine contagion, with a sorrowful, repentant love, which is the germ of new life. This is the atonement; and hence it is here, and here alone, as far as we have observed, that our author finds the explanation of that peculiar depth of anguish which characterized the closing hours of Christ. Those who reject the vicarious sacrifice, are bound to offer some explanation on this point. Here is Dr. Bushnell's, in which the word "vicarious" occurs indeed, but not the thing:—"There is a vicarious spirit in love; all love inserts itself vicariously into the sufferings and woes, and in a certain sense into the sins of others, taking them on itself as a burden. How, then, if perchance Jesus should be divine—an embodiment of God's love in the world—how should he feel, and by what signs of feeling manifest his sensibility, when a fallen race are just about to do the damning sin that crowns their guilty history,—to crucify the only perfect being that ever came into the world; to crucify even him, the messenger and representative to them of the love of God,—the deliverer who has taken their case and cause upon him?" *

(To be continued.)

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

ROBERT BRUCE OF KINNNAIRD.

THE name and designation of the subject of our present sketch are both suggestive. The former was that of the illustrious Scottish patriot; the latter that of the well-known Abyssinian traveller. Nor was the connection we are thus led to think of an imaginary one. The Robert Bruce of whom we are about to speak was actually descended, it is said, from the hero of Bannockburn; and though we cannot affirm the fact as the result of a personal examination of the family tree, it seems highly probable that he was also the ancestor of the great African explorer, since both were Bruces, and both "lairds" or proprietors of Kinnaird.

He was born in 1559, amid the birth-throes of the

Reformation. His father, one of the ancient barons of Scotland, possessed the fine estate of Airth in Stirlingshire; and the education bestowed upon Robert, the second son, and the career sketched out for him, were both befitting the wealth and the rank of so noble a family. First of all, he was sent to the University of St. Andrews, where he made good proficiency in the philosophy of those days, and took his degree of Master of Arts; and then, having exhausted such means of instruction as his own country at that time afforded, he was despatched to the Continent, where, in France and the Low Countries, particularly at the University of Louvain, he "applied himself to the law and humanity, in which he was inferior to few in his days." Coming home after this, he commenced practising as a lawyer; and although he does not appear to have continued long in this work, his reputation for learning and capacity grew so rapidly, that the proposal was entertained of elevating him at once to the bench. If Providence, therefore, had not interposed at this point, we might have had Robert Bruce figuring as "Lord Kinnaird" in the records of the Court of Session, instead of becoming one of the leaders of the Scottish people in their efforts after spiritual freedom. The first alternative was the one which was planned and favoured by his family, especially by his mother, who was bitterly opposed to his becoming a minister of the gospel; but the second was that which was arranged in the counsels of God; and when he has chosen a vessel to be used in his service, it is vain for any other power to seek to divert it to another purpose.

As to the time and manner of his conversion, we have no particular account. It must, however, have been early; for he was not more than twenty-six or seven when he formally began the study of divinity, and he tells us himself that during no less than the ten years previously he had felt strong inclinations to do what he did then, and that for some time before he left the profession of civil law he found no rest or comfort save in the close study of the Scriptures, and the company of good persons. "As touching my vocation to the ministry," he says, "I was first called to my grace before I obeyed my calling to the ministry. *He made me first a Christian, before he made me a minister.* I repugned long to my calling to the ministry; ten years at least, I never leaped on horseback, nor lighted, but with a repugning and justly accusing conscience." At last a crisis came. Lying in his chamber in the house at Airth, he had a strange vision, which made a powerful impression upon his mind. It was made clear to him that he must no longer hesitate; and, having with much difficulty freed himself from the entanglements gathered around him by his business, and procured also his parents' consent, he set out again for St. Andrews, to place himself under the instruction of the famous Andrew Melville. "My mother," he tells, "would not [give her consent] until I had denuded my hands of some lands and casualties that I was infected in; and

* "Character of Christ," p. 236.

that I did willingly,—cast my clothes from me, my vain and glorious apparel—sent my horse to the fair, and emptied my hands of all impediments, and went to the New College.”

Bruce began to preach publicly in the winter of 1586, and that with so much acceptance, that the people of St. Andrews at once invited him to settle among them as their minister. But the leaders of the Church saw in him one whom they could employ in a higher and more difficult sphere. Popery, though not now in the ascendant, was still far from having ceased to be formidable. A revival of it in a diluted form—in the form, that is, of what we would call Puseyism—was being actually attempted by the court. And King James VI.—the Scottish Solomon, as he delighted to think himself—although a Protestant nominally, had high enough views as to his own divine right to rule both in State and Church, to make his vacillating policy a source of much anxiety and concern to those who desired to see the triumph of evangelical principles. Edinburgh, with its old palace of Holyrood, was, of course, the scene where the various forces which were then acting on the social and religious life of Scotland came most sharply and distinctly into collision; and it could not fail to strike such a shrewd and far-seeing man as Andrew Melville, that it would be an advantage to have as one of the ministers of that city a man like Robert Bruce, who, besides being a gentleman by birth, and, as such, entitled to mingle on terms of equality with the frequenters of the court, was likely, in consequence of his liberal education and legal experience, to be able to render the Church good service in the peculiarly difficult course which in those times it was required to steer. Accordingly it was arranged that Bruce should be asked to settle in the metropolis. His own heart did not go with this call. He would have preferred to remain in St. Andrews. And, indeed, he so far resisted the invitation as to refuse ordination as one of the regular ministers of the city. But as the opinion of the General Assembly was very distinct upon the subject, he at last consented to undertake the charge for a definite period. Temporary arrangements of the same nature were made from time to time; and the upshot of the whole was, that he gave up entirely the idea of labouring anywhere else, and continued to act as one of the ministers of Edinburgh till he was driven from it by the tyranny and intolerance of the king.

The position which Mr. Bruce in a very short time achieved for himself in the metropolis justified the decision of the Assembly. He entered on his ministry there in 1587, and in the end of 1589, we find the king, who was then in Norway, for the purpose of bringing home his queen, writing letters to him, as one of his most confidential friends and counsellors. In a letter dated November of that year, James “thanked him for the care he had for the peace of the country in his absence, *acknowledging he was worthy of the quarter of his kingdom.*” Another letter, dated

February 19, 1590, and addressed “To our trusty and well beloved Mr. Robert Bruce, Minister of the Evangel at Edinburgh,” begins thus: “Good Mr. Robert,—Besides the welcome news that, by your last letter you sent unto me, you pointed out so vividly therein your honest meaning to my service, besides the good report I have otherwise of your daily travels for that effect, now during my absence, *as I think myself beholden, while I live, never to forget the same.*” It is true that the volatile son of the unhappy Mary by-and-by came to speak in a different strain; but for a time at least Mr. Bruce was in high favour at the Court of Holyrood, and was of the greatest service in maintaining friendly relations between the Church and the State. Well had it been for James, and for his house, if he had continued to follow the counsels of such a man. Scotland would in that case have been saved from unspeakable misery; and the dynasty of the Stuarts would not have been so speedily overthrown. The character of the “Scottish Solomon” is well known. He had so much learning (thanks to George Buchanan) as to fancy himself capable of settling all disputed questions, in whatever quarter they might arise; and at the same time he had so little steadiness or decision as to allow himself to be swayed hither and thither by every new favourite for whom he happened to conceive an affection. Hence the Protestant party in Edinburgh were now scandalized at seeing him fraternizing with Papists, now alarmed by his endeavours to take away the blood-bought liberties of the Church. Now there was much plain speaking in the churches in those days. The king sitting in his royal pew in the “Little Kirk” of Edinburgh, had his duty sometimes set before him in remarkably unvarnished language; and among the ministers who did their best to keep things right in this way, few were so downright and fearless as Robert Bruce. It is little to say that he might have been one of James’s archbishops in the course of time, if he had chosen to play the part which some of his brethren did; but he was not the man thus to make shipwreck of his faith and of his integrity. Uncorrupted by the blandishments of the court, he spoke out his mind without reserve in regard to the bad and dangerous course which he saw it to be pursuing; and the consequence was, that he fell into disgrace, and became the object of a long-continued series of petty persecutions, which illustrated at once the malice and the narrowness of James’s mind.

Two examples of the petty tyranny of this little-minded king may be given here, as they also bring out into clear relief some of the features in the character of Mr. Bruce. One of the peculiarities in Mr. Bruce’s position as a minister in Edinburgh was, that when inducted into his charge he did not receive ordination by imposition of hands. The explanation given of the irregularity is this: While he was still hesitating about his course of duty—whether he should remain in the metropolis or accept the call to St. Andrews—he continued to act simply as what would be called in

Scotland a *probationer*; that is, as a minister not in full orders. One of his brethren, who believed in his supreme fitness for the highest offices of the Church, was a little provoked at what he considered to be his unreasonable indecision, and he resolved to take rather a singular step by way of precipitating a conclusion. "That minister," says John Livingston, "one day giving the communion, had desired Mr. Robert Bruce, who was to preach in the afternoon, to sit by him; and when he himself had served two or three tables, he removed out of the church, as being shortly to return, but sent in word to Mr. Bruce with some of the elders that he would not return at that time; and, therefore, Mr. Robert behaved to serve the rest of the tables, or else the work must be given over; and, therefore, when the eyes of the elders and the whole of the people were upon him, and many also cried to him to serve the table now filled, he went on, and administered the communion to the rest, with such singular assistance and elevated affections among the people as had not been seen in that place before; and for that cause he would not thereafter receive in the ordinary way the imposition of hands, seeing before he had the material of it, to wit, the approbation of all the ministers, and had already celebrated the communion, which was not by a new ordination to be made void." Now we do not enter into the question of whether he was right in the view he thus took of the service into which he had been entrapped. But one thing at any rate is clear, that the matter was one in which the king's conscience had little concern. If the Church and the people were satisfied of the validity of Mr. Bruce's ordination, James had no call to interfere. But years after the event, when his rights as a minister had been universally recognised, it pleased the king, to gratify his private animosity, to raise the point afresh, and Mr. Bruce was required either to receive imposition of hands or retire from Edinburgh. For the sake of peace, and guarding carefully against the inference which onlookers might draw from it, he submitted to the ceremony; but while in the mingled firmness and liberality which marked his conduct on the occasion we see everything to admire, we cannot but look with contempt on the childish malice of a sovereign who could place before such a man such an alternative.

But there is another case in which the characters of both parties came out still more distinctly. Many of our readers must have heard of the Gowrie Conspiracy. According to the king's account of it, the story runs thus: The Earl of Gowrie and his brother had just come home from France, and were in their own house at Perth, when they were honoured with a visit from their sovereign. On the very night of his arrival, however, a mysterious scuffle took place; and next morning the world was informed that the two young noblemen had made an attempt on the king's life, and had both been slain in the treacherous effort. Now, it so happened

that the nominal leaders in this "conspiracy" were extremely popular; they were, moreover, earnest Protestants, and there had occurred no circumstance to cause them to be suspected of anything approaching to disloyalty. Many, consequently, did not believe the story to which the court party gave currency. It carried, they thought, improbability on the face of it, and it was not supported by such evidence as to cause that improbability to disappear under a closer inspection. Yet James made it almost his first business to send a message to the ministers of Edinburgh, requiring them to rehearse the tale to their people *as true*, and to return thanks publicly for his delivery from the knife of the assassin. Now Mr. Bruce and others felt that the form of this demand was a little unreasonable. They had no objection to tell the story *as the king's*; and to return thanks for his safety in a general way. But they declared, and very properly, that before they could do the thing that was asked of them, they behaved themselves to be satisfied in their own minds that the case was exactly as it had been described. James, however, was not satisfied with this at all. With the true spirit of a tyrant, he insisted upon obedience; and, on their still holding fast their integrity, they were cited before the king and council; and, proving still contumacious, "*they were discharged preaching in the king's dominion under pain of death; and charged to remove out of Edinburgh in forty-eight hours, and not come within ten miles of it under pain of death!*" Such were the penalties inflicted in those days for being guilty of the great crime of having private opinions, and refusing to say to God and men what was not fully believed. After a time the associates of Mr. Bruce submitted to be instructed; but he was either so obtuse or so honest that he could not be induced to join them in their conformity. It was amazing the interest taken after this by the king in his conversion. Arguments, entreaties, threats, all were employed in vain, however; and at last the poor persecuted man was actually obliged to flee to France, that he might have liberty to think as he liked about the question of whether the Earl of Gowrie was a martyr or a conspirator! When he had been six months abroad he was induced to return to London, by the hope held out to him by some that he might there be reconciled to the king. But the hope turned out to be a delusive one. He went down to Scotland, and negotiations were renewed, but for two whole years longer this contemptible business remained unsettled, and, in point of fact, there was no end to it till the death of Elizabeth opened up James's way to the throne of England, and he found himself engaged and engrossed with weightier concerns. It was in no spirit of obstinacy that Mr. Bruce resisted for so long a time, and at such a cost, his sovereign's will. He had learned, he told the king himself, "that in doubtful things, to give an undoubted trust is temerity; and in undoubted things, to give a doubtful trust is infirmity;" and in a letter written to his wife while he was in London, on the occasion referred to

above, he expresses himself in this noble way: "This has been my petition to God ever since I came out of France, and I took the sacrament of the Lord's body in France on the same condition, *that the Lord Jesus should lead me safe out of this temptation, without impairing my union with him, without the hurt of the peace of my conscience, and without the loss of the credit of my ministry in the hearts of his dear children.* . . . *The Lord increase my faith to look for this!* I DESIRE NOT MY COUNTRY OTHERWISE."

We have said that there was an end of the Gowrie business upon the transference of James to London; and so there was in reality, and so far as the king was personally concerned. But by that time corruptions of various kinds were being infused into the Scottish Church, and the Puseyite party, who were the agents in this work, found Mr. Bruce such a troublesome opponent, that they resolved, by foul means or fair, to get him removed to a distance. To serve this purpose, they made a stalking-horse of the dead and buried Gowrie charge; and on the strength of it they got him banished to Inverness. Here he remained for four years, and as no restraint was put upon his actions, he took advantage of the opportunity to labour in his proper calling. "He preached every Lord's day forenoon and every Wednesday; and read and exhorted at the prayers every evening." Nor was he left there without seals of his ministry. "Many were converted, and multitudes edified." Aberdeen and Forres also benefited by his services for short periods during this time; so that the persecutors, as of old, instead of extinguishing, only diffused the light. In August 1613, through the intercession of friends at court, his sentence of banishment was so far remitted that he was permitted to return to his own house at Kinnaird, where he lived for three years a life of quiet usefulness. But the spirit of intolerance, which was at last to provoke an insurrection, was ever growing more intense, and so good and prominent a man could not be allowed to linger out his last years in peace. He was again cited before the Council on some pretence, and, of course, found guilty; and up till 1631, when he entered on his everlasting rest, he was tossed about from one place to another, as the malignity or indulgence of his persecutors happened to predominate. It was graciously ordered that he was not "in ward in the Castle of Edinburgh," but in his own mansion-house at Kinnaird, and in the bosom of his family, when death came to put a period to his trials.

The subject of our sketch will generally be found spoken of in Scottish Church Histories as "the celebrated Mr. Bruce;" and from this circumstance we are probably to infer that he was even a greater and more influential man than he appears to have been from the scanty biographical notices of him which Wodrow has collected. But very defective as these notices are, they are still sufficient to set forth before us, in outline at least, the principal features of a noble and remarkable character.

"While he was in the ministry at Edinburgh," says Robert Fleming, "he shined as a great light through the whole land, the power and efficacy of the Spirit most sensibly accompanying the word he preached. He was a terror to evil-doers; and the authority of God did so appear in him and his carriage, with such majesty in his countenance, as forced fear and respect from the greatest in the land—even those who were avowed haters of godliness. Yea, it was known what awful impressions King James himself had of him." "No man in his time," says John Livingston, "spake with such evidence and power of the Spirit. No man had so many seals of conversion; yea, many of his hearers thought no man since the apostles spake with such power. He had a notable faculty of searching deep in the Scriptures, and making the most dark mysteries most plain; but especially in dealing with people's consciences. He was much exercised in conscience himself, both in public and private. He was very short in prayer when others were present, *but every sentence was like a strong bolt shot up to heaven.* I have heard him say that he wearied when others were long in prayer, but being alone, he spent much time in wrestling and prayer."

When he ascended, his mantle fell upon Alexander Henderson, who became, thereafter, the most prominent minister of the evangelical party in Scotland; and it is interesting to read that these two men sustained a near relationship to one another, the one having been the agent in the other's conversion. At the time that event occurred Henderson was minister of the parish of Leuchars, near St. Andrews, into which he had been violently intruded against a reclaiming people. Hearing that the celebrated Mr. Bruce was to preach at a communion at some distance from his own charge, he resolved to go quietly to hear him. Having reached the church, he placed himself in an out-of-the-way corner, to escape the notice of the congregation, and there, in a spirit of mere idle curiosity, waited to see the end. "When Mr. Bruce entered the pulpit," the story goes on to say, "and rose up to preach, he, as his custom was, stood silent for some minutes, which astonished Mr. Henderson a little; but he was yet more moved by the first words he uttered, which were those of our Lord: 'He that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber;' which words were powerfully sent home upon his conscience, and, by the blessing of God, as he afterwards owned, were the instrument of his first conversion."

The account given of Mr. Bruce's death is very beautiful in its simplicity: "That morning before the Lord called him to his rest he came to breakfast at his table. After he had eaten, as his use was, a single egg, he said to his daughter, 'I think I am yet hungry; you may bring me another egg,' and instantly fell silent; and after having mused a little he said, 'Hold, daughter, hold, my Master calleth me.' With these words his

sight failed him, and he called for the Bible; but finding he was not able to read, he said, 'Cast me up the eighth chapter to the Romans, verse twenty-eight to thirty-nine,' much of which he repeated, particularly, 'I am persuaded that neither life nor death shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord,' and caused put his finger upon them, which was done. 'Now,' said he, 'is my finger upon them?' They told him it was. Then he said, 'God be with you, my children. I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night,' and straight gave up the ghost without one groan or shiver."

"And," adds good John Livingston, "as he was renowned in his life, so was he honoured after his death with the love and approbation of all honest people, and at his burial, where there were great numbers of all ranks of men, both nobles and inferiors; and with all honesty and modesty requisite, he was buried in an aisle of the Kirk of Larbert, biggit in his own time."

K. L. W.

THE TRUE TREASURES OF THE CHURCH.

THE Roman Church gives out that she possesses a treasury of "good works," amassed by the contributions of successive saints, which, opened by the golden key of St. Peter, affords welcome augmentations to the scanty stock of merits possessed by some of those who are found waiting at the posts of her doors. We disallow the meritorious character which she attributes to these her possessions; we denounce the vicarious use to which she pretends to apply them; but we do not deny that the Church of Christ possesses, in the labours and sacrifices, the lives and characters of the servants of God, a treasury of immense value and continual use. By these means, a vast accumulation has been formed of testimonies for God, of evidences to his word, of manifestations of his Spirit, from which the Church can borrow a thousand resources in her conflict with the world, and to which she can always point, as an ever-growing monument of the power of truth and of the reality of grace. From far distant countries, from successive generations, from public and from private life, from a vast variety of natural characters, from an endless diversity of careers, contributions have continued to flow in, by which those resources have been multiplied, and that majestic monument enlarged. Who can contemplate without a profound satisfaction and delight this mutual relation and combined influence of the separate lives and particular actions which have displayed the power of the Spirit of God? Various in their circumstances, and scattered far apart amid the confused scenes of human life, they yet are one in their origin and in their end. One Spirit is their Author, and their influences blend into one mighty force, their achievements enrich the store of one great treasury. We know how various mechanical forces,

when combined into one whole, and mutually lending and borrowing support, acquire new uses and a vast increase of power, and bear their parts in the production of stupendous results. We know how many small possessions, aggregated into a common capital, become the means of conducting gigantic enterprises, and multiply themselves by the returns of increase. Thus Christian principles and motives of all kinds, in all their various manifestations, work together with one common action, and make upon the world one great impression; and the works of faith and labours of love, small as they may often seem in themselves, are so many real additions to the general stock of gospel fruits which form the riches of the Church, which cheer the hopes of the solitary servant of God, and prompt him to larger labours of holiness and love.

The resolute faithfulness of the martyr at the stake, the courageous ventures which men have made for Christ, the cheerful labours of one who goes about doing good, the open-handed liberality of one who gives for the love of God, the disinterested conduct, the voluntary sacrifices of one who seeks not his own things, but those which are Jesus Christ's—all these have an influence extending far beyond the particular objects which called them forth. Viewed in connection only with those objects, they may sometimes seem to have failed in their aim, and to have been thrown away, producing no adequate results; but when we regard them as swelling the great tide of Christian testimony and influence, we see them possessed of a power, and attended with a success, of which it is impossible to estimate the amount. We can never tell what share they may have had in gaining fresh triumphs for the truth, or imparting fresh blessings to the world; what part they may have borne in awakening attention, dissipating prejudice, deepening conviction, consoling, strengthening, rejoicing other hearts, inspiring them with resolution or suggesting to them holy designs, and kindling perhaps in distant bosoms the faintly-glowing sparks of zeal, devotion, and love.

The methods in which one man's character and conduct will tell upon another are so impossible to predict, the lines by which the electric power of example and personal influence is conducted from heart to heart, are so secret, so various, and so infinitely ramified, that it would be quite preposterous to define in any particular case the limits of its action, or to gauge the amount of results to which it may contribute. The doings of a man whose very tomb has mouldered may interest the mind and affect the whole character of one living in a far distant age; the labours and efforts which seem barren of all fruit in that quarter on which the eye of expectation is fixed, may make an unsuspected impression on some chance witness who crosses the scene but for a moment; the simple testimony and holy patience of some obscure old woman may prove the means of moving the conscience or fixing the principles of one who afterwards becomes a blessing to his race. Such suppositions, or rather such facts, it were endless to

enumerate. It must have occurred again and again to every observant person to notice cases in which the influence of Christian conduct may be directly and distinctly traced in entirely unexpected quarters. But of course the cases where it can be so traced must be exceedingly rare in comparison with those where it cannot. In fact, these plainer instances only serve to make us feel that similar effects are ever being produced by causes with which no connection can be discerned. No testimony for God, no sacrifice for Christ, no manifestation of the Spirit takes place in vain, though the act may seem like the hidden gems and wasted flowers lamented by the poet. It goes to enlarge the general mass of testimony and influence, and contributes its share to the glory which is given to God, and the good which is done to men: as, when a pecuniary collection is made for some holy or useful purpose, we do not claim this or that part of the result for the shilling which was given by one, or the penny which was spared by another, but count the benefit produced by those particular contributions not the less real, because incapable of separation and distinction.

I must say that I delight in this view of the matter, and that it gives me a double pleasure in every evidence of grace, every Christian effort, every good work which comes to my knowledge. "Here," I say to myself, "is a new subscriber to our funds—a fresh contribution to the treasury of God." In my parish, I feel that the cause entrusted to me is strengthened and enriched by whatsoever of this kind may have occurred. Has a young man borne the reproach of the foolish, rather than swerve from obedience to his God? Has an old and necessitous person been found to bring secretly to the missionary collector her little offerings to her Saviour's cause? Has an injured Christian displayed the spirit of forgiveness and love, where only bitterness and resentment could have been expected from the natural heart? Has a ready liberality been exercised, or trouble been taken to relieve the afflictions of a neighbour? Has any one resigned worldly advantages, or incurred actual loss, rather than compromise Christian faithfulness and consistency? Then, besides the pleasure which I feel on the account of the individual, I am further rejoiced by the sense that something has been gained, that an important addition has been made to that body of evidence which is one of the most effectual means for impressing on the minds of an unbelieving people the power of truth and the reality of grace. I feel like a person who, endeavouring with difficulty to raise a fund for the prosecution of some important work, receives a sudden accession of a substantial and valuable gift. Alas! these moral contributions are precious from their comparative rarity, as well as from their intrinsic worth.

What has been said of the more ordinary manifestations of divine grace, which tell upon the narrow world of a parish, applies of course still more strongly to those more remarkable instances which engage the attention

of a wider circle. A man has been led, in the providence of God, to undertake labours out of the usual track, or to make sacrifices of no common kind. Unfriendly eyes fasten on the transaction, and scrutinize the apparent results. If these are pronounced inadequate to the ventures made, the proceeding is imputed to a mistaken enthusiasm, and regarded as a man of business regards an unwise speculation. "Here," it is said, "are considerable powers thrown away, and a valuable life sacrificed—and what has been secured? Perhaps hardly anything—perhaps the dubious adhesion of a few savages to a faith which they could scarcely understand." Of course the direct results are in general far greater than is represented; but admitting them (as is sometimes the case) to be scarcely discernible, yet, from the point of view at which we have been standing, we see that, in the character which has been displayed, in the testimony which has been borne, a contribution of inestimable value has been made to the riches of the Church. In utter loneliness among Musselman strangers, Henry Martyn closed his short career by a premature death, and his remains were laid under a humble stone in the Armenian burying-ground at Tocat. He left behind him scarcely two or three converts to record his zeal for the conversion of the heathen. But who can estimate the value of the living witness which he bore to the gospel of Christ, or the power which his name and memory have exercised in unnumbered hearts, or the effects which they have aided to produce in the lives of others?

Standing at this point of view, I delight to reflect on the inestimable benefits which missionary movements confer on the Churches which undertake them, as well as on the rude nations to which they are directed. The peculiar nature of the trials which attend them, and of the sacrifices which they impose, necessarily call forth such evidences of the spirit of power and of love, such instances of Christian heroism and devotedness, as animate and strengthen the hearts of thousands, and illustrate the glory of the gospel in a manner not to be overlooked or mistaken. I take up, for instance, one of the last "Church Missionary Records," and read of the arrival of a clergyman and his wife at their station. And what a station! In the deepest recesses of the most inhospitable region of the earth, to which they travelled through many hundreds of miles of solitude and desolation, they take up their abode at the furthest point of separation from all the interests of civilized life. Several days of weary journeys intervene between it and the nearest station, little more attractive than itself; and if a request be forwarded to friends in England, two years must elapse before its fulfilment can be known. The man, it may be said, has buried himself alive, has thrown himself away. Why not stay in England, where there is so much work to be done, instead of consigning his years of youth and activity to that horrid solitude, where he may perhaps be disappointed even in the efforts which he makes for the good of those wander-

ing and degraded creatures whom he endeavours to rally round him? Far from me, and from him, be these anticipations of disappointment! But even were they fulfilled, the man who has done this thing and has manifested in doing it the spirit which breathes in the following words, has given (if I may judge by what I felt in reading them) a greater stimulus to others, and conferred a greater benefit on the Church, than he could have done by a life of ordinary duties among the comforts and satisfactions of home:—

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Thus have we arrived at our destination among the Indians, whose souls Christ has sent us to seek.

“The appearance of our station, and the low logs and mud houses, and all such merely physical matters, were far from prepossessing. The interior of our two rooms was a degree better; still their look and smell called out for water and for the brush and broom. A more prominent defect was their not being water-tight. Our outer room we converted into a store-room, in which we take our meals in the midst of our bags and baggage, some of which does duty as chairs, &c. We entered an inner room, where were a small table, two chairs, and a bedstead, each of them an individual *sui generis*; and we found it the house of God and the gate of heaven. . . . The water rests in pools under our very floors, and to take a walk dry-footed for a hundred yards is at present out of the question. . . . I am engaged in putting fresh clay upon the roof of our house, with the hope of causing the water to run off. These houses are very inconvenient. In dry weather the clay falls down inside and outside in lumps and dust; in wet weather it runs down inside and outside in the shape of mud opening the way for wind and rain. Sometimes it is necessary to have an umbrella over your bed; and in frosty weather it contracts and lets in the cold at the cracks. . . .

“My dear wife and myself have made up our minds, in the strength of the Lord, to share the earthly lot of the poor North American Indian, in whatever place there may appear to be the best prospect of successfully soliciting him, in Christ's name, to ‘come with us’ and share our future portion in the paradise of God. May he grant that, having glorified him on the earth, and finished the work which he has given us to do, we and our now widely scattered flock of Indian wanderers, with our Christian relatives and friends, may there assemble in the light of Christ's loving and approving countenance.”

I need make no apology for gleaning these few passages from the journal. Indeed, I should pity the man who could read them without emotion. No one surely can have glanced upon the disconsolate scene which these exiles for the Lord's sake find to be the house of God and the gate of heaven, and apprehended the nature of that spirit which they exhibit, without feeling that a valuable contribution has been made to the store of

Christian testimony and influence; and my readers will, I think, deem it no unnatural thing that the reading of these words should have suggested to my mind the imperfectly developed reflections which I have ventured to submit to them.—*Christian Observer*.

TRAVELS TO THE LAND OF THE MORMONS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THIRTY years ago there were just six persons in the world professing what is called the religion of Mormon. At the present day, the number of Mormons, or Mormonites, is reckoned variously at from 100,000 to half a million, and, by the most trustworthy accounts, is not much below 200,000. The members of this community are scattered over all parts of the globe. In the American territory of Utah—their special home—they amount to 80,000; in the other American states they are 40,000; even Canada and British America furnish 8000; England and Scotland contain no fewer than 32,000, in spite of the numbers that are constantly emigrating from our shores; in other European countries, they number about 12,000; in Africa, Palestine, India, China, Australia, and New Zealand, they are met with in considerable numbers; while, in the islands of the South Sea, they are particularly numerous, their numbers being reckoned at about 9000. It is the boast of the Mormons that Christianity itself did not spread more rapidly within thirty years than Mormonism has done, and did not strike its roots into a greater number or variety of countries and nations.

To some persons, Mormonism is an utter mystery. Paragraphs appear from time to time in the newspapers regarding it, which are quite bewildering. But the other day, the following notice might be read in the English papers: “A vessel having been chartered to convey a cargo of 500 Mormonites from Liverpool to the United States, *en route* to the settlements in Utah territory, about 70 men, women, boys and girls, forming the contingent supplied by the London district, assembled on Saturday morning at the Euston terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, under the charge of Elder Joseph Gibbs. All seemed to belong to the working classes, and the proportion of the sexes was about equal. Many of their relatives attended at the station to bid them farewell.” Such occurrences are exceedingly common. In one year (1856), the number of emigrants from Liverpool was 5000. In twenty years (1840–1859) it was in all 30,853. In every hundred of these emigrants, it is calculated that there are, 4 blacksmiths, 6 shoemakers, 2 bakers, 6 masons, 3 mechanics, 7 farmers, 2 gardeners, 2 carpenters, 28 labourers, 14 miners, 1 miller, 2 sailors, 1 painter, 1 potter, 2 sawyers, 4 tailors, 2 wheelwrights; in every 200, 1 printer, 1 shepherd, 1 domestic servant; and in every 500, 1 schoolmaster. The emigrants to Utah represent fairly the industrious classes of Britain; they

are not the acum of the population; they contain, perhaps, a smaller proportion than other emigrant cargoes of unskilled labourers,—hewers of wood, and drawers of water.

The question, almost unanswerable, is, What hallucination induces these multitudes of respectable operatives to receive the delusions of Mormonism, and to banish themselves to that inhospitable region on the Great Salt Lake of the American desert, where Brigham Young and his seventeen wives seem to have again reared a shrine to licentiousness? It can be no ordinary motive that, year by year, induces so many of our people to believe that Joseph Smith was in truth a prophet of the Lord, and that beyond the pale of the Mormon Church there can be no salvation; to place themselves under the government of a man who, at any time, may order their sisters and daughters into his harem, and send their males, unprovided and unwarned, as missionaries to any part of the globe; to choose as their home the shores of a lake as lifeless and dreary as the Dead Sea of Palestine; to devote their labour to a soil covered with saline incrustations, whose crops at best are liable to be withered by drought, or consumed by locusts; and to encounter, on their way to this bleak place, all the hardships of a journey across the whole breadth of North America, surmounted by the Rocky Mountains? Most people, when these strange facts are brought under their notice, can only regard them with a feeling of blank astonishment. Probably there is added to this a feeling of mysterious awe when attention is drawn to the extraordinary machinery by which Mormonism extends itself. Whoever joins the Mormon Church is liable (as we have said) to be sent out as a missionary to any part of the globe. The head of the community has only to announce his appointment, and nothing remains for the man but to obey. He may have married a wife but the day before; he may have members of his family in dangerous sickness; he may be in the midst of rearing a house, or improving a farm; it matters not, the command of the President must be received with absolute submission; there is no alternative but to obey. He has to set out, perhaps, the very night he receives the command, carrying nothing with him but the clothes on his back, and the staff in his hand. No provision is made for his wife and family in his absence, they must sustain themselves as best they can. And what is more to the purpose, no provision is made for the missionary himself. He must support himself by the labour of his hand, both during his journey, and in the place to which he has been commissioned. The purpose of this arrangement is obvious. The Mormon missionary goes unsuspected among those whom he is to endeavour to proselytise. He gets into their confidence, he becomes one of themselves, and knows the character of the people he has to deal with, before he casts his hooks. He can select the persons with whom he is most likely to be successful—the young, the ardent, the credulous, the visionary, and approach them with skilful steps. He knows how to

raise and how to gratify curiosity, how to remove objections, how to excite dissatisfaction with existing religious and social arrangements, and how to strike the final blow, by a glowing description of the happiness, and prosperity, and glorious destiny of Utah. Thus it is that Mormon missions advance so noiselessly, and yet so efficiently. The number of the missionaries is legion—hundreds are at work in all parts of the globe. Even that masterpiece of Romish skill, the Society of Jesus, in its silent, ubiquitous activity and restless scheming, is almost cast into the shade by the missionary device of Joseph Smith, Prophet and first President of the Church of Mormon.

The want of accurate information on the subject of the Mormon Church and community has been keenly felt of late years by all intelligent persons. In two large and handsome volumes, now before us, an important contribution has just been made towards the supply of this want.* The author, Jules Remy, is a French gentleman who has devoted ten years of his life to travels in all parts of the earth, and who seems to have a special love for the more strange and singular manifestations of humanity. A man who has spent much time in the Sandwich Islands, and can converse in the language of Hawaii, will be acknowledged to hold a first rank among travellers. But, once for all, we must state, in the plainest terms, that while we willingly accept M. Remy as a witness of what he has seen, and feel grateful to him for the minute details he has given us of all things connected with Mormonism, we totally dissent from many of his opinions. The introduction to his book—"On the Religious Movement of the United States,"—is simply a eulogy on Ralph Waldo Emerson, and on that proud, pretentious, and pernicious system of Deism which rejoices in his name. We think we can trace in some of his representations of Mormonism the unconscious influence of his own creed—a disposition to give to Mormonism a somewhat more respectable character than it has commonly been supposed to have; and to view it as a system, founded on imposture, no doubt, and upheld by fraud, but possessing important elements of good, that place it not very far below the level of some of the Christian sects. The impression produced on our mind, and on that, we doubt not, of every earnest believer, by reading M. Remy's account of Mormonism, is one of much deeper disgust than the spectacle itself caused to him. Indeed, to us it seems to afford a very convincing proof that imposture and disgust are inseparable. We fall back, with an immense feeling of relief, on the early history of Christianity; and in the pure atmosphere that encircles us in the company of Jesus and his apostles, in the absence of anything fitted to occasion the slightest revulsion of moral feeling, we

* A Journey to Great Salt Lake City. By Jules Remy and Julius Brenchley, A.M. With a Sketch of the History, Religion, and Customs of the Mormons; and an Introduction on the Religious Movement of the United States. By Jules Remy. In Two Volumes. London: Jaffa. 1861.

find a fresh and very welcome proof of the divine origin of the gospel.

The territory which is now occupied by the Mormons, it may be well to inform our readers, is an extensive basin, corresponding in size to the area of France, lying between California and the Rocky Mountains. Our travellers left San Francisco, in California, on the 18th of July 1855, and arrived at Deseret, "the New Jerusalem" on the 25th September following. The road by which they travelled was that along which, in the opposite direction, emigrants from the United States proceed to California; and it is a touching fact, that on several occasions they found the true track indicated by bones, mostly those of animals that had sunk and died under their loads, mingled possibly with those of pilgrims too, who, on their way to their El Dorado, had got this solemn interdict against laying up for themselves treasures on earth. The journey had its own share of perils and difficulties. Cold and rain, with their accompaniments—fever, diarrhoea, boils, and sore throat; sleepless nights, terror of Indians and American freebooters; animals straying, loads falling off, loss of knives, fishing-hooks, and other useful implements; water impregnated with soda and utterly undrinkable, were among the privations and difficulties which the love of travel, in the present case, and the love of gold in those travelling the other way, have to overcome. One Indian tribe, called the Shoshonés, met with on the road, deserve a passing notice. They are in some respects unlike every other people. M. Remy could not discover the name of God in their language, and an American settler who lived among them assured him that they had no kind of worship. It was confidently affirmed that the females had no names; the state of things among them must have had a resemblance to the house of the little British heathen, who, when asked his name, replied that "father called him 'young good-for-nought,' while his mother had so bad a memory, that she called all the girls Sall and all the boys Will." We learn, without surprise, that this people neglect the old and sick; that the men hunt and the women do the work; that they have midnight revellings, accompanied by a wild music, imitating the bellowing of the buffalo, the roaring of tigers, the bleating of the mountain sheep, the howling of wolves, the croaking of the raven, the neighing of the horse, the barking of dogs, and the yelping of foxes; and that they are passionately fond of games of chance, and will even stake their wives in the excitement of gambling. But the most affecting and shocking of their customs are their funeral rites. Our travellers, when among them, were present at the burial of a petty chief. "According to usage, they slew one of his wives and two of his best horses on his tomb, to keep him company, the Indian say, on 'the happy hunting-grounds,' the distant land whither his soul had fled to the chase of unknown game. The deceased had selected his prettiest wife to accompany him on his last journey. After two horses had been sacrificed, the unfortunate young woman

stepped without flinching on the tomb of her husband, whose brother forthwith cut off her hair, and then shot her through the heart. We shuddered at the spectacle, but the Indians remained unmoved; so thoroughly does habit, aided by prejudice, render us indifferent to every thing, even death itself. . . . The mother of the dead chief was the only one who appeared inconsolable at the loss of her son. Every evening we saw her go and prostrate herself on his grave, and heard her sing a wild air, expressive of grief." It is sad to think that this wretched people, who, within the last twelve or fourteen years, have got the Mormons for their near neighbours, have so little prospect of receiving instruction in the pure gospel of Jesus Christ.

Our travellers at length reached the holy city of the Mormons, called, for the most part, Great Salt Lake City, also, New Jerusalem, Modern Zion, and Deseret (land of the bee). The origin of this colony dates no further back than 1847. Its history, however, cannot be rightly understood without some acquaintance with the previous history of the sect and its founder. It may be well for us briefly to rehearse the leading facts in the history of Mormonism.

The founder of Mormonism was Joseph Smith. He was born in December 1805, in the State of Vermont. His mother seems to have been a person of visionary and mystic turn of mind, so much so that, on one occasion, when her daughter, Sophronia, had been considered dead for some hours, her mother declared that she was suddenly cured and given back to her family. Smith's father, who was a farmer, was at first an irreligious man, but, along with his wife, became a zealous convert to the religion invented by his son; and like her, too, a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams.

It appears that, while a mere boy, Smith, after first oscillating among the various sects of the country, came to believe that all of them were radically defective, and that something new was needed for the world. In this frame of mind, he says, he had a vision, in which a shining being told him to join none of the sects, for all of them were wrong together. At the age of eighteen he had another vision, and among other things his celestial visitor told him that there were certain gold plates buried at a certain place, on which the whole gospel of Jesus Christ was written, and divers other articles, including the Urim and Thummim, by means of which he should be enabled to discover the whole truth of God. Smith went to the place indicated, on a hill in the State of New York, and saw all the articles, as specified by the angel, but was not allowed to remove them. He got a solemn charge to return to the same spot every year, and receive the further revelations and instructions of Heaven, as to the new religion which he was the chosen instrument for making known to the world. In 1827 he got possession, and, from that time till 1830, he and one or two coadjutors were engaged in translating the Golden Book, or, as they now usually call it, the Book of Mormon. This book consists, for the most part, of

the history of America from the days of the Tower of Babel, when a Hebrew colony crossed from Asia and peopled the country. It details the history of this Hebrew people, their backslidings, their wars, their extermination, and the re-peopling of the country by a new colony of Jews that left Jerusalem in the days of King Zedekiah. It tells how Christ, after his ascension, visited South America, chose twelve disciples there to preach his gospel; instituted the Supper, and left many instructions for his followers, some of which are to be found in the Book of Mormon, while the greater portion are still sealed up, to be revealed to the Saints at some future time. The Book of Mormon is affirmed to have been written by a man of that name in the fifth century, and committed to the plates which Smith alleges that he found in the hill of Cumorah. Its style is pompous and empty; it bears a general resemblance to the pseudo-gospels and other apocryphal writings of the early Christian age; and by its very contrast with the simple, majestic style of the Bible, proves at once its own hollowness and the divine origin of the Holy Scriptures.

It is difficult to say whether, at the very first, Joseph Smith, amid his youthful visions, may not have been deceiving himself. But from the time (1830) when his Church was founded, and when revelations and miracles are met with at every step, we can give him no character but that of a deliberate impostor.

Beginning with a handful of adherents, several of whom were his own brothers and near relatives, the Church of Mormon rapidly advanced. The alleged miracles of its founder—curing diseases, casting out devils, and the like—arrested attention and drew in members. Several men of mark joined it very early, including some eloquent popular preachers, Parley Pratt, his brother Orson, and Sidney Rigdon; also a man named Brigham Young, who, some years after, on the death of Joseph, was appointed his successor. From the very first, missionaries were sent out over America, by whose zeal and enthusiasm many were converted. Miracles (so called) continued to be wrought; revelations were constantly given; new orders of priesthood were inaugurated; newspapers were set up; the gift of tongues was received, and the washing of the feet was instituted; settlements were formed in Ohio and Missouri, and the course of Mormonism advanced with rapid strides. With its prosperity, however, came checks of considerable magnitude. A few who had adopted its creed openly renounced it, and the information leaked out, that the contents of the Book of Mormon were known, before the (alleged) translation of it was executed. The Mormons, from their very pride and prosperity, too, now began to excite the hatred of their neighbours. They were subjected to many coarse indignities, as well as to many serious and irritating injuries: their printing presses were destroyed; the prophet himself on one occasion was "tarred and feathered," and measures were taken for their expulsion from the localities in which they had settled. Generally, their behaviour

under these persecutions and annoyances was very commendable, and produced a very favourable effect. Smith himself preached publicly the day after he was insulted, and baptized several converts after the sermon.

In the state of Missouri their sufferings were very severe. The mob that rose against them behaved with the usual barbarity of an American rabble. The losses of the Mormons amounted to between three and four hundred men, women, and children. All their property was destroyed or confiscated. The prophet himself was about this time cast into prison, but effected his escape, and continued to cheer and guide his followers (A.D. 1839).

Escaping from Missouri, the Mormons found a refuge in Illinois, and at a place called Nauvoo in that state, they attained a large measure of prosperity. So much was this the case, that in 1844, Smith, on occasion of an election for the Presidency of the United States, after writing to the several candidates to inquire what course they were disposed to follow towards the Mormons, and receiving unsatisfactory answers, took the bold step of offering himself as a candidate, and circulated a long address explanatory of his views of state policy. So elated were his followers at the success of their Church, and the importance which his new position gave to their prophet, that they carried him in triumph through the streets of Nauvoo. But at the very time of their doing so, a summons was served on him, at the instance of some of his enemies, to appear before the court at the neighbouring city of Carthage, and answer a charge of adultery and perjury. The charge of adultery leads us to mention, that the year before (1843), Smith affirmed that he received a revelation respecting polygamy. All along, the prophet had shown a tendency toward sensual indulgence, in more forms than one. Several singular sayings are ascribed to him, explanatory of the fact of a prophet getting drunk. "I do it," he is reported to have said, "to prevent my followers from adoring me as a god." It was well enough known that at this period he had several wives; very opportunely a revelation came, commanding him to do the works of Abraham, these works including the marrying of several wives. It is said that his good wife Emma was grievously opposed to the publication and execution of this revelation, and that she went so far as to destroy the original copy which had been committed to her care. It was not the first time that a revelation had been received favourable to the personal interests of Joseph. One had been received some time before, requiring the people to build him a house; another, requiring them to devote a large share of their property to the maintenance of the Church and the building of a great temple at Nauvoo. Smith's followers, it is said, do not profess to know the precise period at which he began his practice as to the plurality of wives; but if the truth be, as it seems, that he had several before he even pretended to receive the revelation making them lawful, we can form some notion of the spirit of the man who, to sanctify his lust, pretended to a revelation from heaven, and

threw open the doors of the temple of licentiousness to his followers, just that he might the more comfortably frequent it himself.

The trial of Joseph Smith for adultery and perjury was destined never to take place. While he lay in prison awaiting it, a furious mob broke open the doors, and proceeding to the cell where he was, fired upon him and killed him. His brother Hiram, the "patriarch," or second man in the Church, shared his fate. The mob had been exasperated by the violent conduct of the prophet, as Mayor of Nauvoo, in suppressing a hostile newspaper. Thus miserably ended, at the age of thirty-nine, the career of Joseph Smith,—a man gifted with no ordinary talents, and with a singular degree of influence, amounting almost to fascination, over those with whom he came into contact; but who would neither submit his understanding to the teaching of God's word, nor his heart to the authority of God's will; and who, consequently, in place of a humble and holy missionary of the truth, became the proud and polluted apostle of imposture.

The Mormons were stunned by the death of their two leading men, but by no means overwhelmed. They carefully avoided all excesses, and proceeded to reorganize their society, by electing successors to their martyr president and patriarch. This was a somewhat difficult matter, for there were several that seemed to have equal claims to the honour of president. But by a series of excommunications, which would be amusing if they were not painful as an abuse of a solemn ordinance, all of them were got rid of save the one who was the general favourite of the community. This man was named Brigham Young, "The Lion of the Lord," born in 1801, the son of a farmer in Vermont, who, with his eleven children, had early become a convert to Mormonism. Brigham was a carpenter by trade, and of the Methodist persuasion. The gift of tongues was early manifested in his person, and he is said to have spoken many that were unknown, among others the *Adamic* language. Unfortunately, when Messrs. Remy and Brenchley paid him a visit, and asked him somewhat abruptly and unthinkingly if he spoke French, he was obliged to confess that that language was not among his gifts. He was a man of amazing activity; had been in all parts of the world as a missionary of Mormonism, and was possessed of a power of government and administration exceedingly remarkable. The settlement of Nauvoo flourished under him; and in the close of the year it had a population of 14,000, of whom about nine-tenths were Mormons.

But the more they prospered, the more they were attacked and hated. All kinds of wickedness were laid to their charge. We have no room for detailing the proceedings that ended in their being forced to abandon Nauvoo, and seek a home in the distant though barren plains of the West, where they might live unmolested by their neighbours. There seems no reason to doubt that much of what they suffered was grievously unjust.

It was the effect of wild Lynch law; and when they appealed for protection and redress to courts and governors, they were simply told that their case was a good one, but that the voice of the people was too strongly against them for the magistrates to afford any redress. Their persecutions and banishment had naturally the effect of drawing them more closely to each other, and stimulating them to very great efforts of virtue and industry. Their pride was roused to rebut the calumnies under which they laboured, and to show to the world that they were not the monsters alleged. In proof of their patriotism, they sent a battalion of 520 men to the Mexican war; and it is a singular circumstance that it was by some of these men that the discovery of gold in California was made. The story of their persecutions must have been very useful to their missionaries over the world; it would serve to awaken sympathy and conciliate friendly feeling, and even to draw proselytes, for the more they were oppressed, the more they could say that they prospered: and to those who do not consider that there is scarcely any infant cause which does not thrive under moderate persecution, this would be regarded as a proof of the favour and protection of God.

There is no country where it is so easy as in America, when they persecute you in one city to flee to another. But it was a very bold, laborious, and remarkable scheme, every way, to transport a large colony beyond the Rocky Mountains. After a year or two of much privation and wonderful management, the scheme was accomplished. They crossed immense plains which have no tenant but the bison and antelope, traversed the snowy defiles of the Rocky Mountains, and finally toiled across the deserts of Utah. Brigham Young had declared, "by divine inspiration," that they were to establish themselves on the borders of the Great Salt Lake, which belonged to nobody, and whose uninviting shores nobody was likely to covet. In 1847 the city of Deseret was begun. In 1848 it was peopled by thousands of Brigham's disciples. It has advanced with extraordinary rapidity, and the industry with which its people have striven to overcome the disadvantages of their position is very remarkable. To a great extent, the territory of Utah, as it is called, is covered by salt. But smaller plains are found which are not so incrustated, and are fit for cultivation. The climate is healthy and temperate. In 1848, the whole district of New California, comprising Utah, being ceded by Mexico to the United States, the Mormons unconsciously became again subjects of the Union. They immediately started a proposal that they should be recognised as forming a separate State. This proposal was not accepted to the full; they were only admitted to the inferior rank of a Territory, under the name of Utah. But during the following years, they increased so rapidly (numbering nearly 100,000 in the end of 1856), that they must have carried their point, had not a serious dissension sprung up between them and the Federal government. Com-

plaints of a most serious nature were made against them;—it was alleged that they spurned the authority of the Federal government, that they insulted and thwarted its judges, and that they had caused a large number of persons to be assassinated or poisoned. In 1857 an army was sent against them. But so determined was the attitude of the Mormons, and so vigorous their protestations that the charges brought against them were calumnies, that there was no actual war. In 1860 the troops of the Union left Utah, and the place and people resumed their ordinary aspect.

It has been necessary to give this sketch of the history of the leading community of the Mormonites, preparatory to a brief account of their doctrines, worship, and morals, which we must reserve for another paper. Looking to the universal dispersion and ceaseless activity of their missionaries in all countries, and especially Great Britain, which, strange to say, is their most productive harvest-field, we consider it to be of very great importance to diffuse correct information regarding this strange and dangerous people. It will not do to abandon ourselves to vague wonder regarding them; it is with the ignorant or the prejudiced that their missionaries have most success. Mormonism is unquestionably a fact,—some would say a great fact; it has attractions and fascinations that make it dangerous to thousands; it is a duty to probe and search it—ascertain the secret of its strength, and warn our people of its delusions and its woes.

MODERN IDOL-MAKING.

No one who studies the moral history of our times will imagine that because Paganism is on the decline, the first commandment has become antiquated. The speculative tendencies of modern philosophy are tempting men to a breach of this commandment quite as effectually as did the "high places" and "pleasant groves" of ancient idolatry. Indeed, there probably has never been an age in which so many have worshipped gods entirely of their own making as in this conceited nineteenth century, and that, too, with no higher wisdom than was manifested by the framers of golden calves. We can even analyze the manufacture of these philosophic divinities, and discover what elements men have chosen in the composition of their deity, and what they have rejected. The characteristics ascribed to these gods are found to be exact indices of the taste and education of their devotees, and not unfrequently also of the *place* of their education. As there were gods of the Philistines, and gods of the Zidonians, between whom the affections of the Israelites oscillated, so now there are German species with American varieties, modified somewhat by differences of soil and climate. And as the pagan Roman imported foreign deities, and after a short naturalization worshipped them himself, so is the very same process repeated in our day. Thus

Brahma has been naturalized by "the Sage of Concord," and possibly the Vedas are to-day as sacred to some ideal religionists of Boston as are the Hebrew Scriptures.

On the other hand, we sometimes find American self-reliance and independence manifested in the work of idol-making. Some half-fledged theologian, some "progressive" Christian carrying the spirit of "Young America" into his faith, fashions his deity to suit himself—this or that trait in the God of the Bible is not to his liking, and, therefore, he makes his own god.

The school of idol-makers is well represented by Bunyan's Mr. Anything. "Men," say they, "do not worship each a different and therefore false god, because they *INTEND* only one and the true God. Socrates and St. Paul, Nena Sahib and Payson, the Imam of Muscat and the Moderator of the General Assembly all address the same Father, and are by him heard and accepted! The language of each is not the same in form—how could it be?—but God does not only understand Hebrew or the Westminster Catechism. He did not make men to differ in every conceivable respect, and only not allow them variety in theology as well! Were you capable of taking a broad view of the question, you would, on the other hand, see that all these apparently discordant elements can be harmonized into one beautiful whole, in which, according to the fine language of St. Paul, there is neither Jew nor Greek, Scythian nor barbarian!"

Such are the sentiments of these "liberalists"—though covered up by layer upon layer of elastic phrases designed to deaden the effect of their sudden contact with long accepted beliefs; sentiments continually dropping from the popular lecturer, the magazine writer, and the "liberal" preacher. Such heterogeneous vagaries, the work of men's minds, are no better divinities than the idols made with hands. Against these, no less than the outward representations of divinity, is addressed the command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Was this spoken to the Jews only? Wherein is a god the work of men's minds, any more real than the work of men's hands? We would smile at one who should reject the whole system of astronomy, solely because of his inability to conceive how a revolution of the earth could take place without occasioning to him and his neighbour the most urgent personal inconvenience—for what difference could human views or preferences make in planetary movements! And yet there are those who say that the Creator of this heaven and earth must deal with his moral creatures only in a way that harmonizes with their own views and preferences. They will not have a jealous God, nor one whose justice or whose mercy is that revealed in the God of the Bible. But to change the conception which the Bible gives of God, for a God of our speculation, is to set up an idol in the place of Jehovah.—*Boston Recorder.*

TREASURY PULPIT.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv. 13.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

THE plateau, or high ocean bed, which stretches across the Atlantic between Great Britain and America, and along which they laid the lines that were to unite two worlds together, and flash our messages over the bed of the sea, is covered, it is said, to some depth, with a fine impalpable powder. To the naked eye that powder looks like dust—mere dust, devoid alike of beauty or organization. But beneath the microscope how it changes! There it appears a mighty collection of beautiful shells, once the habitation of creatures exceedingly minute. Their home was in the upper regions of the ocean; and when they died, their shells became their coffins; and, sinking many thousand fathoms down, they found their grave in the ocean bed. We know that it takes the burial of very many generations to raise the mould in the narrow churchyard. How many ages, then, must have elapsed before the coffins and corpses of creatures so exceedingly small, could have raised the broad bed of ocean! To account for this phenomenon it is necessary to suppose that these creatures are falling in showers, night and day, summer and winter, seed time and harvest; dropping down into their graves in showers as thick as the drops of summer rain, or the snowflakes of a winter storm. And if so, how great the profusion of life in the vast ocean!

This is one of the last, and not the least interesting of the evidences that go to prove how this world teems with life. You meet it everywhere. Turn where you may, you meet it. Though not detected by the naked eye, you devour it in every morsel of your food; you inhale it in every breath you draw; you drink it in the cup filled at the purest spring; you bathe in it among the billows of ocean. Nor can you walk wild moor, or shaggy mountain, or flowery meadow, but your foot goes down on life. Life sleeps the winter through in every bud; it opens in every flower; dances and quivers in every leaf; and rises before you in every spike of grass. Where is there not life? More changeable than the fabled Proteus, it assumes innumerable shapes. There it cleaves the air on feathery wing; there it cleaves the deep with fins; there it crawls forth in the slimy worm; there it stands before you in the majesty of the human form. Here it breathes in vile corruption; and there it plays and dances in the heavenly sunbeam. Where do you not find life? Water cannot drown it. Earth cannot bury it. Open the grave—for a moment—life is there;

penetrating the domain of death, it seizes on the lifeless body, and takes possession of the tomb. We can say to it what David said to its dread Giver—"Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? Thou hast beset me behind and before: Thou compassed my path."

Now, common as life is, death, its counterpart, though less apparent, is not less common. Death is the shadow which life flings upon the ground. Wherever life goes, there travels that dark, unsocial, dumb companion with it. Though not coeval, death is coexistent with life. Wherever you find life in this world, there you find death. It is the fate of all that lives to die. We forget this! Some like to forget it, and try to forget it; and all of us are too prone to forget it. Because death is not beautiful, God has so arranged matters that there is not much evidence of it in this world; nor does he long allow such evidence of it as there is, to deform and disfigure this beautiful creation. You may walk a whole day in this crowded city, nor once meet a nodding hearse, or poverty's plainest funeral. I have walked down a long summer day across moor, mountain, and woodland, nor seen a sign of death. No shriek of pain, no groan of agony, disturbed the melody of nature. Where the cricket chirped among the grass, and the lark sang in the cloud, and the cattle lowed in the pastures, and the silver tenants of the stream leaped and played, and the flowers with their ten thousand golden censers offered up odours of incense to God, and all nature rejoiced and revelled in the possession of life, no withering skeleton crumbled beneath my feet. No sign of death was there. As if God not only has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but no pleasure in death at all, in the death of any creature, he has so arranged matters that all evidences of death are speedily removed. Let bird or beast fall, and curious creatures come creeping forth to do the sexton's office; the denizens of air and earth seize the lifeless body. You say death is quick to seize on life; but life is as quick to seize on death. How does nature cover with a green and flowery shroud all that moulders and decays, changing corruption into beauty, and the lifeless corpse of one creature into the pregnant womb of ten thousand lives! Still, though life is a far more apparent thing than death, death is as common as life. The fate of all your eye looks on is to die. You never see a flower to admire its beauty, but it shall die. In the Crystal Palace

there is the noblest specimen of the vegetable world man has looked upon. It was smitten by his hand. It had towered three hundred feet above the ground, and lived more than three times three hundred years; yet, if man's axe had not laid it low, the hand of death would have felled it with the ground. There is not a bird that sings, nor a flower that blooms, nor a thing that lives, but is doomed to die.

And death, the penalty of sin, bitter fruit of man's unsanctified ambition, shall extend to all of us. Ten, twenty, fifty years after this, where shall we be? A few brief years, and not this congregation shall be changed, but this great city shall have changed all its tenants. There is not a face you meet on your way to church or market that shall be seen then. The bells shall ring, but they will be rung by other hands, and rung for other worshippers;—pulpits shall be filled by other preachers, and the pews by other worshippers. We shall go the way of all the living. A few years more, and all the animated forms around me shall lie cold in death—mouldering in the silent grave. What says the apostle? "Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

Now before, according to the spirit of my text, briefly turning your attention to this, that death by grace is changed into a blessing, let me, in further discoursing on this subject, as is suggested by the apostle's remarks, observe, in the first place, that death is a curse. After that I will endeavour to show how death by the Gospel is changed into a blessing.

I. My text says, "Blessed are the dead,"—but death, notwithstanding that, is a curse. You who have read the poetry of Milton, know that, using the poet's license, he represents Death as the son of the Devil, begotten in the womb of Sin. He pictures Satan, on his flight to our world, as encountering two strange and terrible objects at the gates of hell:—

"Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent armed
With mortal sting. The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguished in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. What seemed his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Sin, the half-lovely woman, half-scaly reptile, who, as portress, guarded the gates of hell, thus explains to Satan the name and history of the other crowned and armed monster:—

"Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain

Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transformed; but he my lubred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out, Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded Death!"

In that picture, Milton embodies a very common notion, and a very common error; putting that into poetry which many people believe in fact. They fancy there was no death till there was sin in the world; and misunderstanding the apostle's observation "death by sin"—which applies only to man—they extend it out and beyond man; and make it embrace the whole of this world's creation. In regard to the lower animals as well as to man, they believe there never was death till there was sin;—by sin, man's sin, came death. Now, that is an error. No man of common intelligence can open a shark's mouth with those rows of tremendous teeth, can look at the paw and claws of a lion, can study the talons of an eagle, can examine the beautiful mechanism of a serpent's fang—the poison-bag above, and the groove by which the fatal drop enters into the wound—but he must see there was death before sin; he must see that these animals, which were made before man, were made for the very purpose of living by death—living by each other's destruction; and that, in fact, in the plan of the divine government, God took death into account,—laid his account with death, provided for it, planned for it. Death in this world, as much as life, was in the plan of the divine government.

I grant you, that it is not so expressly stated in the Bible. I do not find it stated in the Bible that there was death before sin. Though I do not find that in God's Word, I find it in what is as good—it appears in his works. I have the testimony of the Bible to this, that "death reigned from Adam to Moses;" but although I have not the testimony of the Bible to this, that death, which reigned long before Moses, reigned long before Adam too, I have what is as good—the testimony of the rocks. I have that truth written this day on tables of stone. If I turn over these stony leaves of God's writing, I read on them, that death was, long before Adam was. I see the remains of monstrous creatures that, armed with tremendous powers of destruction, turned this world into a scene of battle and of death long before Eden ever bloomed; their remains lie entombed in the rocks where the convulsions of nature buried them long ages before Adam was made. You may ask me, why there should be death when there was no sin? I cannot answer that question; I do not pretend to answer it. It is a mystery. It is indeed a mystery why dumb creatures should suffer pain—pain that often moves man's pity. It is a mystery why a benignant and benevolent God, that never had pleasure in the pain of any creature, inflicted it upon an innocent creation. And it is a mystery, perhaps, to angels, why that should suffer which never sinned.

Yet there is a manifest difference between the death of these creatures and that of man. It is where death

extends its ravages to him that it becomes a curse. "The sting of death is sin." It is that which has armed his dart.

The lower creatures die, but with how little pain! in what happy ignorance! Death springs on them with a tiger's leap. The coming event casts no shadow before. I have seen a lamb go gambolling to the slaughter-house—cropping the wayside flowers. No vision of the butcher's knife ever disturbs the easy ox as he browses in abundant pastures. There is a mother to be pitied. See how her brow is clouded with care as she watches the cradle of her withering child! But no fear veils the joy of yon mother bird as she embraces her nestlings in her wings; or, seated on the bending spray on a sweet summer eve, sings her young to sleep. The prospect of death never alarms them. The groans of a dying ox disturb not the feast of his next neighbour in the stall. The dead body of their own kindred never suggests to them the idea that they also are to die. There is no curse, so to speak, in their death. There is no dread hereafter; nor is there any dreaded present. These happy creatures enjoy life unimbittered by the fear of losing it; and when it is lost, they part with it in most instances with very little pain—sometimes with none at all.

But, brethren, it is not so with us. I suspect the bravest men are afraid of death. It is an easy thing for a soldier, amid the whirl and excitement of a battlefield, to dash upon the serried bayonets; but show me the man, unless he be a Christian, that will calmly and coolly meet his dying hour without fear. Ah! death tries the courage of the bravest; and more than that, it tries the piety of the best of men. The great mass of mankind are undeniably afraid to meet death; to stand face to face and front to front with the king of terrors. Afraid to meet him—they are afraid to think of him! Is he knocking at a neighbour's door? They tremble to hear it; they are alarmed at his very approach. They do not quarrel with grey hairs so much because they spoil beauty, as because, like the snow powdered on mountain heights, they proclaim the approach of the coming winter. And why are many thousands in this city, perhaps some within these walls, happy? What is the secret of your happiness? It is this—you are happy because you are hopeful—that you will not die to-day; no, nor to-morrow; nor next week; nor for another year. Poverty is an evil; exile is an evil; disease is an evil; calumny is a greater evil; but evils of human life as they are, they all make way for death. Trampling under his feet crowns and laurels, sweet hopes and bleeding hearts, he marches at the head of all human ills—by the universal consent of all men crowned the king of terrors. "Skin for skin," said the devil—and for once the father of liars spake the truth—"Skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Brave death as you may, it is an awful curse; to all but Christian faith intolerable; admitting no comfort but the blessed hope of salvation by the blood of

Christ. Have you that hope? Happy are you! I congratulate you. Though you were a beggar, happy are you! If you have it not, I would not change places with you, not for a thousand worlds.

Brethren, apart from this death is an awful evil. Nature shrinks from it, shuddering. I do not like to think of being—and who does?—a cold, inanimate form of clay, unconscious of the love and grief of all around us; screwed down into a coffin; carried away from our happy home; and when the green sod has been beaten down above us, left, not by enemies, but by those we love, to be the food of worms, and lie mouldering in the silent grave. And, then, the grave is the land of oblivion. Who but dislikes to be forgotten? We may flatter ourselves we shall be remembered some little time within the family circle, and that now and then a sigh will be heaved over our memory,—now and then a tear dropped on our grave. We do not like to be forgotten by all around us; nor to think that the grave shall close over us as the waters over a sinking ship, that in going down makes some slight swell and commotion, but by-and-by leaves the billows to pursue their course, and all to become smooth again. Who but shrinks from the thought of being torn from those he loves? of leaving the cheerful voices and bright countenances of his family circle to keep companionship with those dumb, grim tenants of the grave, that lie there for years, and centuries, but never exchange a word? God has made this body beautiful; and I do not like to see the ruin that death works on us. God has made me to love life; and I love it. I love the bright sky; I love the song of the birds; I love merry voices; I love cheerful faces; and I confess to you, I do not like to think of being laid in that narrow black hole among mouldering bones and silent death. Profess what you like, flesh and blood shrink from that. Believe me, there is no mere earthly power beneath the heavens that can stand by an open grave, and looking down there, speak of it as a bed of sweet and peaceful rest.

Besides these sad imaginings, death itself is a curse. Ah! how many weary days and nights may precede the closing scene? We do not think, or, at least, often refuse to think of that. But I wish you to think of it. It may be blessed for your everlasting welfare, and preparation for a coming eternity. Anticipate the closing scene of life. I have seen many die; and I know death to be a tremendous evil. What agony may then rack your frame! How may your last hours resemble those of one who fights with an invisible enemy, that has him clutched by the throat, and is choking him! Death bears all the features of a tremendous curse.

Never, nowhere to my eye, does Religion look so magnificent as beside scenes like that. Never does she seem so triumphant as when, with her fingers closing the filmy eyes, she contemplates the peaceful corpse; and bending down to take one cold kiss of the pallid lips or marble brow, she rises, and, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, exclaims, 'Blessed, are the dead. The battle

is done ; the victory won. Rest, warrior, workman, pilgrim,—rest ! “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

II. Having pointed out these aspects of the curse of death, let me, with all possible brevity, show how death is a blessing ; how true these words—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” Die in the Lord ! That is a remarkable expression ; but a phrase that corresponds with others in the word of God. For example : the apostle Paul sometimes speaks of us “being in the Lord,” and sometimes of “the Lord being in us.” He says, for instance, “Christ in us the hope of glory.” And elsewhere he uses this also remarkable expression : “Nevertheless, I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” My text speaks of us, “that die in the Lord,” as being in Christ. Whether the expression be that “Christ is in us,” or that “we are in Christ,” the meaning is thus far the same, that both express that intimate, spiritual, indissoluble, eternal union which is formed by faith between the Saviour and the saved. Brethren, that is a union more intimate than marriage—unfaithfulness will dissolve that ; that is a union more intimate than the connection between body and soul—one stroke of death dissolves that ; that is a union more intimate than that which may unite churches that, though differing, co-operate. The union I refer to is not one of co-operation, but of incorporation ; so that, what one is, the other is ; where the one is, the other is ; and what the one feels, the other feels. As my body and arm have blood in common, as the branch and trunk have sap in common ; so Christ and his people have all things in common. “All mine is thine,” he says—his merit, ours ; his righteousness, ours ; his victory, ours ; his glory, ours. And as we were in Adam on that day when standing by the fatal tree, and before the beautiful temptress, he took of the fruit, and ate, and sinned, and fell, all of us falling that fatal hour ; so, on that other day, when Jesus stood by another tree, and gave his hands to the nails, and his side to the spear, and his head to the thorns, we were in him. As we were in Adam on the day of the fall, we were in Christ—those of us who are believers—on the day of redemption. In him I was condemned before earth and heaven ; in him I triumphed on the cross ; in him, on the third day, I rose in anticipation of the hour when the dead shall rise to the sound of the trumpet ; and rising in Christ, mortal to put on immortality, we shall be crowned with victory. To be in Christ, therefore—to be in the Lord—implies that we shall enjoy all that Christ purchased. Could you have more, or wish for more than this, that putting aside our own merits, and casting them behind us, we can claim his merits as ours ; that, as he was his Father’s beloved Son, so are we the beloved sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty ; and that though now on earth, in a sense, we are in heaven ! If believers, we shall be there literally on that day, when all the members have been joined to

the body, whose Head is now crowned, and throned in glory.

Am I not, therefore, entitled to say with the apostle, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord” ? They are blessed ; they must be blessed. How can it be otherwise ? It does not matter where they die. The dying is nothing, if they are in the Lord ; nor does it matter how they die ; nor does it matter when they die—die in their bed, among holy prayers and blessed voices—die in battle, amid thundering cannon—die like a martyr, swinging in the air—or die whelmed in the deep, with the rush of waters in their drowning ear. Dying in the Lord, they are blessed, wherever or however they die. It has been a comfort to a dying child, to feel its mother’s arms around it. And when candles burned dim and the mists of death were gathering over the failing eye—I have seen the dying ask if some loved one was near ; and I have felt the cold hand grasp my own, as if when passing through the deep waters there was some stay in a human hand. But oh ! in that hour God give us to feel that we have a hold of Christ ; that our head is laid on his blessed bosom ; that his hand wipes away nature’s last bitter tears ! And when we are beyond the hearing of a mother’s, or wife’s, or child’s, or any human voice, oh ! it will be blessed to hear Jesus whispering, “Fear not, for I am with thee. Be not afraid, for I am thy God.” We shrink back and say, Ah, Lord, the water is dark ; is cold ; is deep ! How blessed then to hear him say, “Go forward, fear not. I have redeemed thee. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.”

Believer, let the world shrink from death—not you. Familiarize your mind with that event ! Think of it, not so much as death, as life ! It is the gate of life to a good and pious man. Think of it not as death, but as glory,—going to heaven, going to your Father, going home ; as a good man said to me when I was sorry to see him sinking into his grave, “I am going home.” If you will think of it as death, then think of it as the death of sin ; the death of pain ; the death of fear ; the death of care ; the death of death. Regard its pains, and pangs, and struggles, as the battle that goes before victory ; its troubles as the swell of the sea on heaven’s blessed shore ; yon gloomy passage as a shady avenue that shall guide your steps to heaven. Think of death as life through Christ ; life in Christ ; life eternal ; life for evermore. We should be much happier than we are if we could take death in that light. That is the light in which every true Christian man can, and ought to regard it. And we should be much holier too. How holy would the believer be who, each morning, as I have heard people say, should think he might be dead before night, and who each night should think he might be dead before

morning! That is true: but it is better and nobler to think in the morning, I may be in heaven before night; and when I lay my head down on the pillow, and close my eyes for sleep, to think, Next time I open them I may see Jesus, I may be where there is no night; nor morning; nor sunset; nor cloud; nor grave; nor grief; nor sin; nor death; nor sorrow.

DR. BUSHNELL'S WRITINGS.

Continued from page 222.

We should be very glad to believe that the passages we have cited, and others that might be produced, embodied merely the occasional aberrations of a speculative mind, not extremely systematic in its modes of thinking, and not to be held pledged to every chance utterance. And we should lean strongly to that construction if we found any clear evidence of a sounder view prevailing at other times and in other passages. But while Dr. Bushnell generally avoids, with considerable caution, anything like a formal, and much more a controversial statement of his views on these points, the whole of his writings, as far as we have access to them, are formed in consistency with the scheme which we have found indicated so distinctly. We must believe it to be constantly present to his mind, and to be, in short, his faith upon the points in question. If in any case modes of experience are referred to in his writings which the reader can hardly reconcile with theology so unsatisfactory, or phrases occur that seem more full and ample than that theology would suggest, that is to be accounted for, either by Dr. Bushnell using phrases in a different sense from that which the reader assumes; or because the influence and traditions of a religious experience not squared to *his* theology, come in upon his mind from the atmosphere in which he moves; or lastly, because possibly his own experience, in reading the Scriptures and in prayer, may carry him into regions for which his system does not provide. But explanations of this kind will not be often needed, if we are only careful to take Dr. Bushnell's words in his own sense. Let it only be noticed, for instance, how the Scripture expressions which speak of cleansing are taken as universally applicable to moral renovation, without a hint of any other reference—for example: "It is the aim and purpose of Christian redemption to raise us up into the state of complete purity before God. The call of the word is, 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' And it is curious to observe, when we read the Scriptures, what an apparatus of cleansing God seems to have set in array for the purification of souls,—sprinklings, washings, baptisms of water, and, what are more searching, baptisms of fire; fierce meltings, also, as of silver in the refiner's crucible; purgings of the flesh, and purgings of the conscience;

illustrations of blood, even of Christ's blood; washings of the word, and washings of regeneration by the Holy Ghost." *

All, it is observed, are taken as referring equally and indiscriminately to the cleansing of sanctification, and to nothing else.

It is not needful, and certainly it is not our intention, to occupy these pages with evidence or argument in order to show how defective and unscriptural are such views of Christ's atonement, and of man's state before God as a sinner. It is enough to say, as to this, that in the sense in which those words are taken by the mass of believers, we find in Dr. Bushnell's scheme no atonement, no justification, no "righteousness received by faith." There may be many things good, in their own place, contained in these writings, but there is excluded, we solemnly believe, that gospel of the grace of God whose first article is that Christ died for our sins. But we shall not have exhausted our task unless we say something of the bearing of all this on the practical tendency of such books as Dr. Bushnell's. It is, indeed, mainly for the sake of indicating this that we have taken up the subject at all. The acceptance which these works have found, as works of Christian edification, is the circumstance that brings them within our especial sphere, and it is in reference to that interest that we feel peculiarly called upon to consider them.

It may be said that the topics to which the objectionable opinions apply, are not the main topics of the work, are referred to only indirectly and incidentally. The proper subject of the treatise is to speak of the new life as it may or ought to manifest itself in the souls of men. It speaks of the thoughts, feelings, and works of renewed men. And it may be said that it is hardly fair or desirable to object so seriously to the work unless we are prepared to take exception to what constitutes the bulk and body of its teaching. As to other things, if Dr. Bushnell comes forth with a formal treatise upon them, let them be then discussed. Meanwhile, we have ourselves already admitted, in the course of this article, that Dr. Bushnell has many a pleasing, and many an instructive page, both on the nature of man, and on the motives, the exercises, and the attainments of a better life. "Why," it may be said,—“why not leave these to do their work in the minds of readers, even though some things seem to be omitted which it were most desirable to have supplied? Why formulate objections which may create a prejudice even against those portions of the work which are least objectionable?” For many a writer and many a reader, now a days, seem inclined to hold, that, let men dispute for ever about the atonement and the connected doctrines, what is practical in Christian duty and attainment remains the same on any scheme.

But books influence the mind and determine the

* *Lost Purity Restored*—"New Life," p. 251.

practical convictions by the general strain of representation which prevails in them, and by the cast of thought and feeling from which they come and to which they introduce the reader. It will not do to judge of their tendency simply by portions of them which are true and weighty, as separately taken. Indeed, if such books were never to be read, but by established and circumspect Christians, there might be little need for sifting them. But the case is far otherwise. We would not forget how largely God may be pleased to make use of any portion of his truth to awaken the consciences and enlighten the minds of men. Still less would we be guilty of the folly and sin of presuming to judge the state of any person, by what appears to us to be the tendency of some of his views. But a book which will come, no doubt, into the hands of many young persons and many inquirers, must be judged according to its scope and tendency as a whole. Ought there to be any writing on the new life, can there be any that is satisfactory, of which the doctrine of the great atonement does not form a vital element? Nay, must not that life which in its beginning and in its progress dispenses with a true atonement, be either a mere ethical dream, or else a form of natural life that merely simulates the life of godliness,—in either case equally deceptive and misleading? We wish to fix attention on this point. Let us set aside all question as to anything that tends to unsettle the doctrinal views of readers, and let us ask whether the mere propounding in detail of a new life which does not rest on or refer to a true atonement, be not full of practical danger? We are willing to discuss, and think it useful to discuss, the point in this view only. Admitting, then, most fully that there are good and useful things in this book, we must yet express our conviction that it is fitted to mislead the inquirer in reference to the beginning and outset of the new life, and also as to the nature and manner of its growth; and this misleading tendency is the direct result of the defects to which we have referred already.

It is one of the great dangers of inquirers, of those especially who are capable of the finer impulses, that they are apt to mistake a new life (so called) for *the* new life; they are apt to embark in a new life which involves and implies no new birth. There is a religiosity with which many minds are readily visited, which includes aspirations after the good, the beautiful, and the true,—admits many movements of graceful sentiment, and is capable of assimilating and embodying many moving and elevating views of Jesus Christ. It may produce very considerable alterations upon the conduct, and throw a glow of elevated feeling over many passages of the history. Yet it may altogether fail to bring the man to God, and in particular may fail to bring his heart into harmony with the peculiar tone and spirit of the Scriptures. It proves, accordingly, transient, passing over by degrees into some other mood of life; and even while it lasts it is not mighty to the casting down of strongholds. And this is precisely the *plane*

(to use one of Dr. Bushnell's expressions) of religion to which we apprehend, and have reason to apprehend, that the way will be smoothed, by every such scheme as that which Dr. Bushnell expounds. We hope we need not say that we keep fully in view the fact that men are often better than their scheme, and may have received safely into their own hearts the benefits which their scheme endangers or obscures. That makes no difference on the judgment that is to be made of *it*. And we repeat, that every scheme which obscures the tremendous condemnation due to the sinner, and the proper propitiation of Christ, has a direct adverse bearing on the conversion of men; and that in the way of leading them into practical mistakes about the new life, not to speak now of any other danger.

First, It hides from them the heinousness of sin as an infinite wrong done to God, a wrong which the sinner himself can neither recall nor expiate. Every one feels and acknowledges that there is something wrong about his sin. But what the wrong is and shall be held to be, is in fact a great part of the controversy between God and men. On God's part, what is to be thought of it is revealed chiefly by the exhibition of the doom which sin justly incurs, and by the exhibition of that only atonement by which sin is expiated and put away. The whole question of repentance consists in this, whether the sinner shall pass over to be heartily agreed with God about his sin. And he who obscures (with whatever good intentions) the truths we have alluded to, runs the imminent hazard of misleading men to content themselves with some sort of repentance which shall not be repentance *unto God*. There are many kinds of repentance in the world, but repentance *unto God* is something by itself. Nor does Dr. Bushnell supply a sufficient practical substitute for what he takes away, when he represents Christ's suffering as an immense sorrow on our Lord's part, arising as sin came into revolting contact with his pure mind; and this again as the manifestation, once, in history, of divine reactions and endurances under the burden of sin which are perennial. This will be found utterly inadequate to the purpose of grounding in the minds of men a due sense of the evil of their sin. It may awaken a sentiment of remorse; but in the end, men will not believe that the divine nature suffers, in any such sense as should hinder them to forgive themselves for what they have done amiss. This is the grand danger; that men whom God has not forgiven shall find means to forgive themselves, and to rest content with that. There is one view of sin and of forgiveness, and only one, which effectually meets this danger. We regret to say it is not Dr. Bushnell's. Indeed, we wonder that he can hide from himself the insignificance of the difference which divides him from the mere Socinian view of the death of Christ.

Secondly, This scheme leaves no room for calling men to cast themselves on the atonement of Christ as the sole ground of acceptance with God. It does leave room for calling men to place themselves under the in-

fluence of Christ, and we willingly acknowledge how earnestly Dr. Bushnell does so; but the faith in Jesus as the propitiation which has been heretofore enforced in the Reformed Churches, is quite beside the mark on this scheme. Now, this is vital in its bearing, not merely on the peace of conscience, but on the renewal of hearts. That movement of the inner man in which a sinner heartily embraces and embarks for eternity on the propitiation as that which alone redeems him, is something more than the era of a sinner's justification. It is the inward decision of the questions which are in hand between God and man, *in the form* in which God has stated those questions in the gospel, and with reference to the issue upon which he finally requires us to return. That decision, in the experience of a multitude of Christians, was the step which carried them into newness of life. It involved the elements of all; it was the heart bowing to accept the doom of God upon the whole world's life and righteousness; and it was the personal appropriation of Christ and of his righteousness as that which henceforward should alone be held fit to come into consideration before God as the plea and hope of men. It involved, therefore, a clear and honest passing over, in the inner man, from self to Christ. It was a passing over upon the question, what was to be held to for righteousness, and what abhorred and doomed for sin,—doomed already by God, that doom accepted now by us. We have no words to express our sense of the mischief likely to be wrought by every scheme which obscures this point,—wrought in the way of misleading men, not only as to the ground of acceptance, but also as to the decisive transition which conversion implies.

We repeat, then, that Dr. Bushnell's scheme has a tendency to betray men into a new life (so called) that shall be without a new birth. We grant fully, and have no wish to disguise it, that in his chapter on regeneration he speaks of the change as a great and decisive one, and one in the accomplishment of which the divine power of the Spirit is necessarily required. We are glad that he does so; but we cannot on this account modify the judgment already expressed. In that chapter Dr. Bushnell does not enter into any investigation of the mode or measure of divine interposition. His plan does not lead him to do so, for he occupies himself with tracing the conscious processes of mind through which the experience of regeneration may be reached and realized. Let those processes be carefully considered as he describes them. There is a process of self-clearing; there is also a process of searching after God, as revealed in Christ, that the light may fill and influence the heart. Here true and touching things are said of Christ as the revelation of God. And yet, after all, it is a process of regeneration without the cross of Christ. Dr. Bushnell's convert finds no especial use for this. The offence of the cross is not in it; and, therefore, we fear it is a kind of conversion to which

the flesh may be reconciled. The true offence of the cross does not consist merely or mainly in the mortifications, in the detailed self-denials, which Christianity implies. It consists, first, in the bowing of the soul to seek peace by the blood of the cross; and then in the peculiar spirit and character which that imparts to all the subsequent labours and crucifixions of the old man. This offence of the cross, we deeply regret to say, we do not find in Dr. Bushnell's account of regeneration.

And hence, while we cordially appreciate all that Dr. Bushnell has said, often so well, of fellowship with Christ, of the closeness of the believer's intimacy with him, and the transfiguring grace that passes from the Lord to his followers, we are not satisfied that the influence even of these statements will be always so happy as he desires. It is well for him who has truly yielded himself up to Christ, to have the largest and most cheering views of what he may expect from the society and the self-revelation of that exalted Friend. But Christ is present with men only in a way and on a footing consistent with his own character and his own truth. And it is not well that men should assume that Christ will be present with them in loving and elevating influences, to sanction and endorse their religious aspirations, unless those are aspirations which they have learned of him.

Hence, also, we are not surprised to find that Dr. Bushnell gravitates, by a necessity of his system, towards representing the transition from nature to grace as neither so decisive nor so supernatural as he seems to admit it to be in some passages. In the chapter on regeneration he explicitly refers to the agency of a supernatural power. But then it is a maxim of Dr. Bushnell's religious philosophy to bring the natural and supernatural, as much as may be, into "the same plane." And, accordingly, in his book on Christian Nurture, we find the tendency of his scheme becoming manifest. With many true and just statements as to the gradual development of Christianity to be expected in the case of children trained in Christian homes, and as to the possibility generally of conversion being realized without very signal conscious crises in the experience, positions are laid down which must be simply and strongly controverted. The dependence which he places on "natural laws inhabited by supernatural agencies," and the way in which he discourages dependence on anything else, is really consistent with nothing higher than Pelagianism.

If the bearing of Dr. Bushnell's teaching on the outset of Christian life is thus practically defective, its bearing on the course and progress of that life must be exposed to similar objections. Our space only admits of announcing this, without dwelling on it. We feel that it may seem ungrateful to say it. There is so much that is instructive and edifying in this department, and in particular, so fine a glow is given to the treatment by the

earnestness with which the believer's union to Christ is urged and pleaded for, that one would willingly forego criticism. And yet we must say we miss one thing about the Life, as its springs and its growth are here unfolded, —and that is the Bread. "The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." The food of the new life, without which it pines away, is that which the Lord's Supper holds out. It is not even Christ as he may be imagined and represented by those who choose to think of him as a wondrous teacher, or as a mighty quickener, or as a patient sufferer under the offence of human provocation—as this *and no more*. The food is, *his body broken for me, and his blood shed for me*. We cannot afford that this should be taken away: neither can we suffer that to be represented as the true life which is able to live without this food, or with a shadowy substitute for it.

But we have already exceeded reasonable bounds. We have felt called upon to express ourselves frankly in reference to the practical tendency of these works. They may be read with profit by those who carry along with them, and supply, the corrective which they require; but they are not to be circulated with blind and indiscriminate confidence. They are fitted to be suggestive and interesting to a considerate and well-grounded Christian: they may possibly awaken reflection in the minds of some who would repel sounder teaching; but the points in which they go astray, and lead astray, are fundamental.

"THE EARNEST LABOURER."*

SUCH is the title of a brief, unpretending, but most interesting memorial sketch, lately brought under our notice, and which we believe our readers will thank us for introducing to theirs. In this world of trial, we often find comfort from the recorded experience of those whom a faithful God has enabled patiently to glorify him by *suffering* according to his will. But yet more cheering, more encouraging, is every instance of what a believer may be graciously enabled to *do* for Christ, in a life, long or short, devoted to his service. When the good and faithful servant is permitted, even on earth, to see the fruit of his labours, as in the case before us, those who look on, or look back, may well "thank God, and take courage." From such a history we rise refreshed, ready with new strength to run with patience the race set before us.

The story of Basil Patras Zula, as written by a brother minister of kindred spirit, reads almost like a romance. He was a son of Greece, worthy of having lived in her days of ancient glory. Born to the rank of chieftain in one of her noble families, he inherited all the physical

beauty still characteristic of his race, along with much of the mental energy and elevation from which they have often so sadly degenerated. But his lot was cast in evil times. He was under five years of age when his father died of fever, brought on by excessive fatigue and anxiety during the warfare of independence then waging between the Turks and the Greek patriots. He had resolved, if possible, to secure for his son a more peaceful life, and to bring him up for an honourable position in the Church. The widowed mother naturally wished to carry out these intentions, and gave her boy every advantage of education suited for this purpose.

"He was not, however, permitted to pursue this peaceful course; for when he arrived at the age of eleven years, the chiefs of his tribe demanded that he should either be placed at their head, or resign his pretensions to another. Thus urged, the widow arrayed her boy in the splendid costume of his fathers, and committed him to the care of those who were henceforth to be his counsellors. His position was now altered indeed. The school was exchanged for the field; and exercised in an almost Spartan mode of life, he became a thorough master of all the rude tactics which had enabled his people so long to preserve a precarious independence."

Such a life was surrounded by many dangers. A price was set by Ali Pacha on the boy chieftain's head, and every art used to gain possession of his person. One evening, when his mother was paying him a visit, the terrible cry, just at hand, "The Turks! the Turks!" struck terror into every heart. There was no time to make preparation for defence, nothing could be attempted but instant flight. Mother and son escaped to the mountains, where they wandered about for fifteen days, living on wild herbs and fruits. At length they reached Parga in safety, and considering it impossible to return to Roumelia, the next two years were spent in Italy, and chiefly devoted to study. In 1822, at the age of eighteen, Zula returned to his fatherland, and gave all his energies to rousing the spirit of patriotism among his countrymen. "Some time after, he was found acting as the agent of a kind of warlike Diaspora, labouring to gather the dispersed of Greece to the support of their country's cause. In this character, he traversed Russia, Poland, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, and Egypt, to the very borders of Abyssinia; and his mission being ended, he hastened home, to take part with the patriot band in suffering and success."

Terrible scenes followed, "in which Turk and patriot seemed striving who most could please him who was a murderer from the beginning." Yet even here, we are told, Zula did not sink to the common level. He was ever merciful to his enemies, and full of tenderness to his own men. "Thus he won the love of the soldier in his beloved Greece, as he afterwards won the affections of the peasant in Kilwarlin, his adopted home."

Then came the ever memorable siege of Missolonghi, defended during fifteen months with Spartan courage

* "The Earnest Labourer." A Brief Memoir of our late Brother B. P. Zula, Restorer of the Congregation of United Brethren at Kilwarlin, Downshire, Ireland. Bradford: J. Parkinson.

and heroism. Surrounded by Turkish legions on land, and blockaded by the Ottoman and Egyptian fleets by sea, the unfortunate inhabitants preferred death in any form to surrender. When at length their city was reduced to a heap of ruins, and they had themselves endured the last extremities of famine, those who could still carry arms determined at least to perish in an attempt to escape, while the more feeble resolved to embrace death rather than fall alive into the hands of their merciless foes. Early one morning, five thousand men—Zula one of them—making a sudden sally, forced their way into the midst of the enemy, who, taken by surprise, were slain in numbers; and although half of the heroic band also fell, the remainder succeeded in clearing the lines. A few hours after, a cloud of mingled smoke and fire rising above the devoted city, proclaimed the fate of those left behind. "They, and some thousands of Turks who had entered the place, perished in one terrific explosion. The heart-stricken survivors turned from the sight to meet new perils, and to seek for other homes." Zula, though dangerously wounded, escaped with life, but never could shake off the impression of horror left by the scene, nor allude to the subject without the most painful feelings.

The evil passions of both parties were now roused to the utmost. Zula's gentle disposition and high sense of honour were alike shocked, by the desperate acts of revenge and retaliation on every side, and the atrocities committed in the name of patriotism. At last, after remonstrating in vain, on one occasion, against the cold-blooded murder of a band of captive Turks, "he retired in disgust from the barbarous contest." Soon after, in 1826, Sir William Eden met with him in Smyrna, and entered into engagements with him as a travelling companion. His acquaintance and relationships among the chiefs of Western Greece enabled him, as Sir William testified, to render essential service.

In 1827, when sailing up the Nile, Zula, for the first time, appears to have bestowed serious attention upon the subject of religion, and made many inquiries regarding the Scriptures and the Protestant faith, as distinguished from the Greek and Roman Churches. But the great crisis of his spiritual history was yet to come. Next year the travellers returned to Britain, and after a short residence in England, crossed over to Dublin. Zula "entered that city a self-made exile, without country, religion, or friends; but, being led by an unseen hand, he was there to find them all."

"The proprietor of that highly respectable establishment in Sackville Street, the Bilton Hotel, unlike most men engaged in the same calling, maintained the honourable position of priest in his own house. He duly presided at family worship, to which all under his roof, whether inmates or passing strangers, were invited. On the present occasion, Mr. Bilton being absent on important business, an Irish lady, a visitor in the family, was requested to conduct the service. The English gentleman and his Grecian friend were present. Zula

had devoutly called upon the Virgin for aid in times of danger, and was no stranger to the solemnities of Greek and Romish Churches; but such a prayer as was offered on this occasion he had never heard before. Who could she be that uttered it, and to what people did she belong? She was a Moravian Sister, connected with a small congregation of United Brethren in the city. 'Moravians—United Brethren: who were they? If they were like her they must be Christians.' Such thoughts and questions were stirring in Zula's mind, when, upon his table, he found a 'Brief Narrative,'—a short history of the Moravian Brethren. He took it up and read, 'The Church of the United Brethren originally descended from the Sclavonic branch of the Greek Church; which is supposed to have received the gospel through the immediate agency of the apostles and their contemporaries. See Rom. xv. 19; 2 Tim. iv. 10.'"

The interest and attention thus awakened never slumbered again. He went to hear the Sabbath services in the Brethren's congregation in Bishop Street; and there the Holy Spirit opened the lonely stranger's heart, like that of Lydia of old, to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. It frequently and naturally happens, that an individual suddenly brought to know and embrace the gospel, unites with that branch of the universal Church whose ministry has been the instrument of bringing the glad tidings home to his soul. So it was with Zula. With characteristic decision and ardour, he devoted himself to the service of Christ among the Brethren, and the Greek chieftain had henceforward no higher ambition than to become a Moravian "labourer."

Following the advice of his new Christian friends, Zula now spent some time in retirement, at the Moravian settlement of Gracehill, in the north of Ireland, where he employed himself in diligent study of the Scriptures, the English language, and the history and constitution of the Church of which he had become a member. His manners and accomplishments made his society sought after by the best circles in the neighbourhood; but all temptations of a worldly kind were resisted, while he made rapid progress in grace and knowledge.

"Up to this time he had been a soldier, a Greek partisan, gentle to his friends as was the youthful shepherd of Bethlehem; but like him, a hater of his country's foes. Often had he maintained in argument, 'the Lord Jesus and his apostles would have shown no mercy to the Turks. What! were they not the bloodthirsty tyrants—the base plunderers of Greece?' One day, the young minister under whose instruction he had placed himself, was surprised to see the soldier student enter his room in great agitation. 'Come now! come, I see it now!' and hastily leading the way to his room, he pointed to the text, Matt. v. 44, exclaiming, '*Love your enemies! Love your enemies!* I see it now!—even the Turks! It bids us love our enemies, *even the Turks! even the*

Turks!" Another anecdote connected with his stay in Gracehill must not be omitted, as it shows his zeal for God, and the boldness with which he upheld what he felt to be right. At church, a number of young men had taken their place during public worship in front of the gallery. Sunday after Sunday they remained sitting while the assembled congregation prayed the beautiful Morning Litany. Zula's eye was fixed upon them with the same glance with which in other days it had turned upon turbaned enemies. At length he could restrain himself no longer: walking directly up the gallery stairs, he reached the end of the bench on which they sat:—*'Stand up! worship God!'* he exclaimed. At once, as if electrified, they rose; he returned to his place: there was no necessity to repeat the lesson."

In 1829, he removed to Dublin, and continued such studies as formed a suitable preparation for the ministry. Here another event of importance occurred in his personal history.

"Early on the 19th of April 1829, Bishop Street witnessed a scene of cheerful bustle rather unusual to the quiet Moravian chapel in that dull street. The population of the neighbourhood had evidently something more pleasant than ordinary to engage their attention. Windows were thrown open, and smiling groups were gathered round the entrance gate. A bridal party comes forth: no one could mistake that noble figure, that manly bearing—it was Zula; and *she* who walks beside him, calm, reflective, cheerful, is the same Moravian Sister whom he had first met with at the Bilton Hotel. 'She it was,' he afterwards said, 'who first was the instrument in leading me to the Saviour. I had nothing to bestow in return; I offered myself, and was accepted.' Certainly he never had reason to regret his choice; nor had she any cause to repent of her confidence in him; his union with her was undoubtedly a great means of his subsequent success in the ministry."

His one object, henceforward, was preparation for usefulness as a preacher of the gospel. Difficulties were gradually removed, and after a visit to Herrnhut, in 1832, he returned to Ireland cheered and strengthened, more than ever desirous fully to follow and serve the Lord.

He obtained permission from the Church to make trial of his powers as a preacher at Kilwarlin, seven miles from Ballinderry, where, seventy years before, a promising Moravian congregation had existed. From a variety of causes, the work there had completely declined, till all that now remained was a desolate burying-ground, a ruinous chapel, and six individuals who still professed adherence to the Church of the Brethren.

Zula, along with the Brother who was minister at Ballinderry, waited upon the Marquis of Downshire, to know if he would consent to the revival of the Moravian congregation on his estate. He was not at home, and his agent spoke most discouragingly. "It were useless to call upon the Marquis about that business, as his

lordship had already determined to take the place from the Moravians, and give it to others, who were not likely to manage it worse than they had done." Zula, however, declared his determination to take an answer only from head-quarters. Not even a chilling interview with the nobleman himself, whom they met on the road, could extinguish his hopes. He made an engagement for a meeting on the following day.

"Next morning found him at the castle gate: the door was opened, and in a few moments the Grecian stranger stood once more in the presence of Downshire's noble Marquis. His lordship had called together a committee of respectable farmers, as the persons who were most concerned, to consider the subject, and they had come to their final determination; 'which,' said his lordship, 'is as follows: We see no reason why the place should any longer be left in the hands of a people whose members are at once so few and so old that they cannot long survive. We have decided that the ground shall be offered to the Church of England.' So the case was closed, and would have been closed for ever, if our representative had not been Br. Zula. But who shall describe the look of astonishment with which that respectable committee regarded the stranger, as he started to his feet, and spoke such words as these:—'My lord, I thought I was coming to speak to a nobleman of independent spirit, who would control his own affairs; and I am surprised to find that you have called in these men, to be ruled by them.' He ceased: there was silence for a moment. Had the Marquis of Downshire been an ordinary character, he would have felt himself insulted. But he *was* a nobleman of truly independent mind, quite capable of ruling his own affairs, and of appreciating independence and capacity in others. He immediately arose, held out his hand to Br. Zula, saying, 'The place is yours; do what you like with it.'"

No time was lost in following up the advantage thus gained. A few more days saw the minister and his wife settled in Kilwarlin; which, from that time, was their adopted home, the centre of all their hopes and wishes. Into the details of their work, as given in the Memoir, we shall not here enter; but a few sentences from Zula's private journal will show the spirit in which it was begun and carried on:—

"Yes, my Lord and gracious Master, I pray with fervour of spirit, that all within me may be wholly resigned to thy unerring guidance, and especially my endeavours to do thy work. The weapons of my warfare *now* are not carnal, but I feel that they are mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin."

"What am I, O my God, or what my father's house, that thou shouldest honour me to help to build the old waste places. From a far country have I journeyed, and found rest here; and at thy altar do I anew dedicate body, soul, and spirit, to be devoted to thy glorious service. Enable me, O my Lord, to sink self in the care of those who surround me; to sympathize, to pity,

to have a fellow-feeling of their wants, joys, and sorrows, and to be truly concerned for the spiritual welfare of all."

His first sermon was preached September 14th, 1834, in the old church, but its state was so utterly ruinous and miserable, that to continue services there was absolutely dangerous. The energetic minister determined at once on the erection, first of a new school-house, and then a place of worship. To accomplish this, he gladly devoted alike his worldly substance, and his personal efforts of every kind. He narrowly escaped a fatal accident while superintending the taking down of the old building. Stepping upon a rotten beam, the whole roof gave way, and he was only saved by having presence of mind and agility to spring back upon the wall. His own dwelling was of the humblest description, and he refused an offer from the marquis of a comfortable house in Hillsborough; expressing his determination to remain among his own poor people, and the fear that greater domestic comforts might distract him from his work.

The new church, when opened in March 1835, was well filled by an attentive congregation, and in the afternoon, at a communion love-feast (the first in Kilwarlin for sixteen years), twenty-six persons were joined as new members to the society; while the hearts of the minister and his assisting brethren overflowed with joy and thankfulness.

Hitherto Zula had only been what we would call a probationer, labouring in a mission station. But in January 1837, at the earnest request of his increasing flock, he was ordained to be their regular pastor, "a Presbyter of the Protestant Church of the Brethren," by the Bishop Hans Peter Hallbeck, then on a visit to Ireland.

He went on and prospered, for the Lord was with him. The great secret of his success seems to have been, not so much preaching talents, as *earnestness* in all that he did. He was "instant in season, out of season," ready at every call, speaking of Jesus to every one whom he met with. His actions, as his words, came from the heart, and the warm-hearted though ignorant peasantry among whom his lot was cast, were not slow to appreciate such a friend.

"If the sword of the Spirit, which the Captain of our salvation had given to our late dear Brother to wield, had neither a spangled sheath nor an ornamented hilt, it had a *point*. If his object in preaching was not to deliver a good sermon, it was something far better, it was to speak to sinners for their good. His was not the artificial fire of a practised orator, but the genuine warmth of a pious heart. He believed, therefore he spoke with energy; he prayed, and therefore his energy was prospered. When from his opening lips there came the words, 'My dear brethren and sisters,' the hearers knew that the words meant *something*; every day's actions said they were dear to him. The very plainness he used, the startling abruptness with

which he attacked some sin or deprecated some error, gave a reality to his discourse. People thought, 'Surely some one is about to choose the evil and refuse the good; Brother Zula knows it, and he is hastening to prevent the harm before it comes.' Many were almost persuaded that such a man as he '*could certainly divine*.' 'Yes, Brother Zula,' they would say, 'you spoke the truth to me yesterday, I did such and such a thing last week, but I will not do it again.'

"Often, as he felt the powers of the world to come, would the tears roll down his cheeks, while he besought men 'by the mercies of God to present their bodies to the Lord, which is their reasonable service.' 'Ah!' he would say, 'the time was when I did not think those hearts worth a musket shot that I now see cost the blood of Christ.'"

In the course of a few years, the congregation which he found with only six members in all, numbered a hundred and twenty-nine in full communion, besides many non-communicants and children. But we must not estimate the extent of his usefulness by the statistics of his regular flock. He was doubtless blessed to very many others, who did not feel themselves called on to join the Moravian Church. The nobleman and his son, whose confidence Zula so quickly gained, continued to the end his kind friends and helpers; and his biographer says: "We have often hoped, while thinking of this noble family, that perhaps the stranger from Greece may have brought to them that pearl whose price is above rubies, free forgiveness of sins from the pierced hand of Jesus."

But, in the mysterious providence of God, this faithful servant's period of labour was to be a brief one. No evening twilight of long suffering or inaction was appointed for him; his sun went down while it was yet day. In September 1844, he left Kilwarlin on a visit to Dublin, to plead the cause of some home mission work requiring aid at Gracehill. He felt unwell immediately after his arrival, and next morning, while attending church, was taken so violently ill during the service, that a physician had to be hastily summoned. He at once pronounced the complaint to be serious, though for some days no dangerous symptoms appeared.

"Calmly resting in the Lord, and submitting everything to his will, the patient was at peace. 'It is the Lord,' he would say, 'my God, thy will be done.' During the whole time of his sickness, he displayed the firmness of his original character, chastened by the gentleness and meekness of Christ. He had learned the lessons of his Lord so well, that even in burning fever the peace of God appeared to govern his whole being—he had rest in his Saviour. He gratefully acknowledged every kindness of friend or servant; even the practised nurse, accustomed as she was to the chambers of sickness and death, declared she had never attended such a patient; so calm in danger, so gentle in suffering, so holy even in delirium. As in health, so in sickness, Kilwarlin and the brethren and sisters

there were the subject of his thoughts. Engaged almost constantly in prayer and singing, a blessed intercourse was thus maintained between him and the friend of his soul—Jesus was always near at hand to sustain his servant. His confidence remained unshaken, so that he could often rejoicingly exclaim, 'O Lord, my trust is in thee: I am thine, do with me as seemeth right in thy sight.'

All that medical skill and fond affection could do to arrest the progress of disease, was done, but in vain. On the eighth day the fever evidently assumed a malignant form. "The fears of the Kilwarlin congregation were increased. It was not sufficient to tell one or another what news had come from Dublin,—the letters were read at the door to crowds of brethren and sisters. 'Is he not better to-day?' old sisters would say; 'he must get better, surely he cannot die.'" Alas! the will of the Lord was otherwise. On the morning of October 3rd, it was too plainly seen that the last hope of recovery was gone. "He had passed through the battle of life, he had fought the good fight, and the victory was won, through the blood of the Lamb. Deep silence reigned by that bed of death and life, as imperceptibly, without a struggle, the spirit of Basil Patras Zula entered into the joy of his Lord."

The grief of his own people may be better imagined than described. "They were still indulging hope when Sister Zula returned. The sight of that place, the sad reflection of her loneliness, and the bitter recollection of her beloved, the desire of her eyes, taken away as with a stroke—overpowered her. She entered the house; but could only exclaim: 'He is gone! he is gone!'

"As the sad tidings spread from cottage to cottage, a blight seemed to have fallen upon everything around. There was but one unmingled feeling of sadness;—women wept, and stout-hearted, hard-working men threw down their spades in the field, and wrung their hands for grief."

The coffin with the precious remains was soon brought from Dublin, and deposited in the church, where during the next few days, numbers of the people loved to linger around, singing their favourite hymns. On the 8th October, in the presence of a crowd of mourners, "from the noble marquis to the poorest cottager," among whom Sister Zula was "for a time almost forgotten in her grief where all were grieving," the beautiful Burial Litany was read and sung, and the beloved dust committed to the grave. "Every eye was dimmed with tears, but never did a multitude of mourners more fervently respond to the concluding prayer:—'Keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brother Basil Patras Zula, whose remains we here inter, and with the whole Church triumphant; and let us rest with them in thy presence from our labours. Amen.'"

And so he rests in hope, far from the classic shores of his loved fatherland, and the tombs of his ancestors;

yet, shall we not say, in a more honoured grave than theirs? For when the names of earth's proudest heroes shall be forgotten, that of the Greek Moravian pastor shall be in everlasting remembrance. Then "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Oh, for more of such earnest labourers as Zula, in all the Churches of Christ; and not in the ministry alone, but in each department of the great harvest field! Then, on every side, as at Kilwarlin, we should see the "old waste places" restored, and the moral wilderness begin "to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Each Christian reader's heart will respond to the wish; let him consider in what respect *he* can act upon it—in what sphere *he*, too, may "go and do likewise."

G. C.

DOUBTERS.

[In reviewing a recent rationalistic work Henry Rogers says:—]

THE way in which our author disposes of the miracles, is essentially that of an indiscriminating, unphilosophic mind. There have been, he tells us in effect, so many false miracles, superstitious stories of witches, conjurers, ghosts, hobgoblins, of cures by royal touch, and the like; and, *therefore*, the Scripture miracles are false! Why, who denies that there have been plenty of false miracles? And there have been as many false religions. Is there, therefore, none true? The proper business in every such case is to examine fairly the evidence, and not to generalise after this absurd fashion. Otherwise we shall never believe anything; for there is hardly one truth that has not its half score of audacious counterfeits.

Still our author is amusingly perplexed, like all the rest of the infidel world, *how* to get rid of the miracles—whether on the principle of fraud, or fiction, or illusion. He thinks there would be "a great accession to the ranks of reason and common sense by disproving the *reality* of the miracles, without damaging the veracity or honesty of the simple, earnest, and enthusiastic writers by whom they are recorded;" and complains of the coarse and indiscriminating criticism of most of the French and English Deists, who explain the miracles "on the supposition of the grossest fraud acting on the grossest credulity." But he soon finds that the materials for such a compromise are utterly intractable. He thinks that the German Rationalists have depended too much on some "single hypothesis, which often proves to be *insufficient* to meet the great variety of conditions and circumstances with which the miracles have been handed down to us." Very true: but what remedy? "We find one German writer endeavouring to explain away the miracles on the mystical (mythical) theory; and another riding into the arena of controversy on the miserable hobby-horse of 'clairvoyance,' or 'mesmerism;' each of these, and a

host of others of the same class, rejecting whatever light is thrown on the question by all the theories together." Our author therefore proposes, with great and gratuitous liberality, to heap all these theories together, and to take them as they are wanted; not withholding any of the wonders of modern science—even, as would seem, the possible knowledge of "chloroform"—from the propagators of Christianity!

But, alas! the phenomena are still intractable. The stubborn "Book," in its very structure, baffles all such efforts to explain it away; it is willing to be rejected, if it so pleases men, but it guards itself from being thus made a fool of. For who can fail to see that neither all nor any considerable part of the multifarious miracles of the New Testament can be explained by any such gratuitous extension of ingenious fancies; and that if they *could* be so explained, it would be still impossible to exculpate the men who *need* such explanations from the charge of perpetrating the grossest frauds! Yet our logical ostrich, who can digest all these stones, presumptuously declares a miracle an *impossibility*, and the very notion of it a *contradiction*.

There are, no doubt, some minds amongst us, whose power we admit, and whose perversion of power we lament, who have bewildered themselves by *really* deep meditation on inexplicable mysteries; who demand certainty where certainty is not given to man, or demand for truths which are established by sufficient evidence, *other* evidence than those truths will admit. We can even painfully sympathise in that ordeal of doubt to which such minds are peculiarly exposed—with their Titanic struggles against the still mightier power of Him who has said to the turbulent intellect of man, as well as to the stormy ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,—and here shall thy *proud* waves be stayed." We cannot wish better to any such agitated mind than that it may listen to those potent and majestic words: "Peace—be still!" uttered by the voice of Him who so suddenly hushed the billows of the Galilean lake.

But we are at the same time fully convinced that in our day there are thousands of youths who are falling into the same errors and perils from sheer vanity and affectation; who admire most what they least understand, and adopt all the obscurities and paradoxes they stumble upon, as a cheap path to a reputation for profundity; who awkwardly imitate the manner and retail the phrases of the writers they study; and, as usual in such cases, exaggerate to caricature their least agreeable eccentricities. We should think that some of these more powerful minds must be by this time ashamed of that ragged regiment of most shallow thinkers, and obscure writers and talkers who at present infest our literature, and whose parrot-like repetition of their own stereotyped phraseology, mingled with some barbarous infusion of half-Anglicised German, threatens to form as odious a *cant* as ever polluted the stream of thought, or disfigured the purity of language. Happily it is not

likely to be more than a passing fashion; but still it is a very unpleasant fashion while it lasts. As in Johnson's day, every young writer imitated as well as he could the ponderous diction and everlasting antitheses of the great dictator; as in Byron's day, there were thousands to whom the world "was a blank" at twenty or thereabouts, and of whose "dark imaginings," as Macaulay says, the waste was prodigious; so now there are hundreds of dilettanti pantheists, mystics and sceptics, to whom everything is a "sham," an "unreality," who tell us that the world stands in need of a great "prophet," a "seer," a "true priest," a "large soul," a "god-like soul," who shall dive into "the depths of the human consciousness," and whose "utterances" shall rouse the human mind from the "cheats and frauds" which have hitherto everywhere practised on its simplicity. They tell us, in relation to philosophy, religion, and especially in relation to Christianity, that all that has been believed by mankind has been believed only on "empirical" grounds; and that the old answers to difficulties will do no longer. They shake their sage heads at such men as Clarke, Paley, Butler, and declare that such arguments as theirs will not satisfy *them*.—We are glad to admit that all this vague pretension is now but rarely displayed in conjunction with the scurrilous spirit of that elder unbelief against which the long series of British apologists for Christianity arose between 1700 and 1750; but there is often in it an arrogance as real, though not in so offensive a form. Sometimes the spirit of unbelief even assumes an air of sentimental regret at its own inconvenient profundity. Many a worthy youth tells us he almost wishes he *could* believe. He admires, of all things, the "moral grandeur," the "ethical beauty" of many parts of Christianity; he condescends to patronise Jesus Christ, though he believes that the great mass of words and actions, by which alone we know anything about him, are sheer fictions or legends; he believes—gratuitously enough in *this* instance, for he has no ground for it—that Jesus Christ was a very "great man," worthy of comparison at least with Mohammed, Luther, Napoleon, and "other heroes;" he even admits the happiness of a simple, child-like faith in the puerilities of Christianity—it produces such content of mind! But, alas! *he* cannot believe—his intellect is not satisfied—he has revolved the matter too profoundly to be thus taken in; he must, he supposes (and our beardless philosopher sighs as he says it), bear the penalty of a too restless intellect, and a too speculative genius; he knows all the usual arguments which satisfied Pascal, Butler, Bacon, Leibnitz; but they will do no longer: more radical, more tremendous difficulties have suggested themselves, "from the depths of philosophy," and far different answers are required now!

This is easily said, and we know *is* often said, and loudly. But the justice with which it is said is another matter; for when we can get these cloudy objectors to put down, not their vague assertions of profound diffi-

culties, uttered in the obscure language they love, but a precise statement of their objections, we find them either the very same with those which were quite as powerfully urged in the course of the deistical controversies of the last century (the case with far the greater part), or else such as are of similar character, and susceptible of similar answers. We say not that the answers were always satisfactory, nor are now inquiring whether any of them were so; we merely maintain that the objections in question are not the novelties they affect to be. It is necessary to remember this, in order to obviate an advantage which the very vagueness of much modern opposition to Christianity would obtain, from the notion that some prodigious arguments have been discovered, which the intellect of a Pascal or a Butler was not comprehensive enough to anticipate, and which no Clarke or Paley would have been logician enough to refute. We affirm, without hesitation, that when the new advocates of infidelity descend from their airy elevation, and state their objections in intelligible terms, they are found, for the most, what we have represented them. Indeed, when we read many of the speculations of German infidelity, we seem to be re-perusing many of our own authors of the last century. It is as if our neighbours had imported our manufactures; and, after re-packing them, in novel forms and with some additions of their own, had re-shipped and sent them back to us as new commodities. Hardly an instance of discrepancy is mentioned in the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," which will not be found in the pages of our own deists a century ago; and, as already hinted, the vast majority of Dr. Strauss' elaborate strictures will be found in the same sources. In fact, though far from thinking it to our national credit, none but those who will dive a little deeper than most do into a happily forgotten portion of our literature (which made noise enough in its day, and created very superfluous terrors for the fate of Christianity), can have any idea of the extent to which the modern forms of unbelief in Germany—so far as founded on any *positive* grounds, whether of reason or of criticism,—are indebted to our English deists.

(To be continued.)

THE FORGOTTEN SHEAF.

[One of the four-page Tracts just issued in the New Series of the Stirling Tract Enterprise.]

SOME weeks after the close of harvest, when all the grain had been ripened, reaped, and safely stored, I was walking with a farmer across one of his own bare stubble fields, when suddenly in a hollow spot we came upon a single sheaf of corn lying on the ground alone. The owner of the field, yielding to a habit, which operated like an instinct, of preserving with scrupulous care every portion of the precious food of man, instantly stooped and grasped the sheaf, with the intention of carrying it home. Somewhat to his surprise, it did not come easily

to his hand, as it would have done in harvest. Thereupon he seized it with both hands and pulled; but it stuck fast and resisted his effort. The reason was soon made plain. In the hurry of that busy sunny day when the dried corn was carried from the field to the stack-yard, this sheaf had accidentally dropped from the cart and lain in the hollow unseen. After the harvest, showers had come; and after the showers, heat. Although the sheaf had been once dry and ready for safe preservation in the granary, it had not continued in that condition, when left lying on the ground. Exposed first to the moisture and then to the warmth, and not turned over or moved for many days, the grains of corn in the sheaf began to smell the ground again. They swelled and burst, and sent down some small roots as if to feel their way. These penetrated into the earth, and tasted its sap, and so grew stronger. Others followed, and now thousands of strong fibres were deeply bedded in the soil and greedily drinking up its moisture. The whole sheaf was glued to the ground, and wholly spent. It could not now take its place in the garner; it was unfit for either seed or food. It must needs be cast away as chaff.

The sight was a sad one; the farmer seemed to sigh as he wrenched it violently from the ground, examined its hopelessly corrupt condition, and then threw it away as useless. The kind of the loss more than the quantity, grated harshly upon the instincts of the husbandman. The sight of good grain, that had once been almost saved, turned into corruption again by lying too long on the ground and too close to it, seemed to cast the shadow of a greater sorrow heavily over his heart.

The image of that once rich and promising, but now fallen, ruined, outcast sheaf, remained in my mind all the day; and at night when I was alone, it occupied and absorbed my thoughts. The Lord Jesus, when he was here on earth, often walked through cultivated fields at various stages of their progress; and he seems never to have allowed any prominent fact or feature to pass away, without reading off for his disciples the spiritual lessons which their dead letters contained. When portions of seed fell on the way-side, he warned them against a heedless hearing of the word; when grain that had quickly sprung on shallow ground, was seen withering in spring for want of deepness, he pointed out that the early goodness of unbroken hearts soon fades away before temptation; when the stalks that grew among thorns were seen in harvest, standing tall, but white, chaffy, worthless, he spoke of the worldly cares and wealth that choke the word and undo the man; when the fields were lying round him ripe, he lamented that the lost souls were so many, and the winners of souls so few. By his own method in his ministry, I see clearly the lesson that the Lord would have taught, if he had seen the sheaf once ripe, but now rotting because it had fallen back and cleaved again to the ground.

Of late the harvest has been plentiful, and the labourers not very few. Much precious fruit has been

safely gathered. Great numbers have repented and turned to the Lord. But God who has given us many souls, expects that we should strive and pray as earnestly to keep them as we have striven and prayed to get them. Beware of backsliding! The path is slippery; the pilgrim feeble; and hidden snares abound.

Converts, remember that sheaf of corn, once rustling ripe and dry, a beauteous, yellow, golden treasure, filling the husbandman's bosom, and gladdening his heart,—lying outcast in the furrow now, a black decaying heap. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Ah! young converts, fruits of a revival, you are not done with danger yet! The world has a proverb for you, good and useful in its own place,—“Do not halloo till you are out of the wood;” and the Scripture has also its own proverb prepared for your case,—“Let not him that putteth on his armour boast himself as he that putteth it off.” When you grow careless or confident, you will certainly stumble. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation. The dangers are many and various, but the one which is perhaps most to be dreaded, and to which our attention is at present specially called, is the insinuating, enticing, and deadening power of the world.

The danger of the young convert is like the danger of the sheaf of corn. You have passed through deep waters. Your sins, while you felt they were not forgiven, so pressed you down that your heart within you melted and became as water. After you had lain a while in a horror of great darkness, you were led at last into light and liberty. Christ came to you, and his coming was like the morning. At his appearing the shadows flew away. Having no righteousness of your own, you grasped the righteousness of God by faith. Trusting in the blood of Christ for pardon of sin, you enjoyed peace with God.

Well: but perhaps it is a year or two years since you passed, as you believe, from death into life; and you walk less tremblingly, less watchfully, less prayerfully, than at first. Worldly company becomes pleasant again, and you begin to think you may enjoy it without sin. Young people near you, who have neither felt their own sins a burden, nor tasted the redeeming love of Christ, go freely into pleasures from which you stand aloof. The old appetite revives. Christ's yoke seems heavy; and you secretly envy the liberty of the world. At that moment, perhaps, some one suggests that you might allow yourself more liberty and yet be safe. When you have, at your own hand and without seeking to know your Lord's will, tasted one of the world's sweets, a thirst for more secretly springs in your heart, and that thirst soon finds its gratifications. Ah, you are *growing into the ground* like the forgotten sheaf. A little more of that, and your very soul will cleave to the dust, a spectacle to men for a while, and the object of divine judgment at last.

Do not cling very close to the world, or drink deeply of its joys: lie loose, and turn often over: lest you grow

into it, and become like it, and perish with it. Let your treasure be in heaven, and if your feet must needs lean on earth, keep them busy in a walk with God, and a work for men. Be diligent in business, instant in prayer, and joyful in hope. When weak in yourself, you will be strong in the Lord. “He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.”

TRUST.

O LORD my God, what can I fear
When thou art near?

I will in thy sweet love confide,
And ever hide
In thy dear breast my troubled heart,
When Satan's art
Shall try to tempt me from thy side.

I know that thou with men dost dwell,
And all is well;
When in my soul I hear thee speak,
To one so weak,
Of love that never dies away,
But still will stay
With every lowly child and meek.

I know that I can trust thee, Lord,
For in thy word
I find sweet promises of love,
Sent from above;
Which, all fulfilled, still prove my King,
When angels sing,
True to his saints while here they rove.

It is myself, not thee, I doubt,
When all about
The world is stirred, and 'mid its din,
My soul by sin,
That blinds my eyes, is made to choose
What all must lose,
And go astray, forgetting Him.

But O my God, I will not fear,
If thou'lt come near;
I will in thy sweet love confide,
And ever hide,
In thy dear breast, my troubled heart,
When Satan's art
Shall try to tempt me from thy side.

WHEN WILL YOU BE READY?

EVERY minister of Christ must have been often saddened by the tendency of men to postpone present duty. Procrastination characterizes all classes, more or less strongly, in whatever pertains to their immortal interests. Some, because they are not fit; some, because they imagine that circumstances hereafter will be more favourable, and all because they are not now ready, are allowing day

after day, and year after year, of their precious and ever-shortening season of probation to pass away unimproved. Multitudes of this class readily confess their obligations to discharge this or that duty, but they are not ready to discharge it. Death is constantly thinning out their ranks; and death-beds, full of bitter and unavailing regrets, often warn them. But still they do not deliberately and seriously set themselves to do what they know they ought to do without delay. *When will they be ready?*

Here is a man who has, for years, hesitated to take a decided and consistent stand as a Christian professor. The vows of God are upon him. He assumed them voluntarily. He knows that he cannot shake them off. He is not a trifter; there is nothing in his external character that gives a decided lie to his profession; he is regularly in his place in the sanctuary, perhaps also in the room of conference and prayer. But he has never attempted deliberately and in humble reliance on God, to take an open and active part in the discharge of known and obvious Christian duty. Ask him why he has not done this, and his invariable reply is,—“I do not feel *ready* to do it.” Ah, yes, my dear friend, I understand you, but will you answer this question,—When will you be ready?

Not far distant from me is an inquirer after salvation. His mind has for years been tenderly impressed, and tears of solicitude often steal, uninvited, down his thoughtful face. Again and again has he been urged to go to Christ at once. He always wishes he was “*ready*” to go, but has not yet *been* ready. If this article should meet his eye, will he ponder this question,—When will you be ready?

Yonder is a man who says he has never felt any special anxiety upon religious subjects. He believes in the reality and necessity of religion, knows he must possess it or perish, and means to seek it before he dies, but he is not “*ready*” now.

That he is not ready now is, alas, too evident; but, if I had his private ear, I would like to propose for his consideration that important question, as yet unanswered,—When will you be ready?

UNCONSCIOUS DANGER.

I HAVE just been reading an account of the defeat, forty years ago, of the troops of a distinguished general in Italy. Having taken their stand near Terni, where the waters of the river Velino rush down an almost perpendicular precipice of three hundred feet, and thence toss and foam along through groves of orange and olive trees toward the Tiber, into which it soon empties, they attempted, when pressed by the Austrians, to make their escape over a bridge which spanned the stream just above the falls. In the hurry of the moment, and all unconscious of the insufficient strength of the structure, they rushed upon it in such numbers that it suddenly gave way, and precipitated hundreds of the shrieking,

and now despairing men, into the rapid current below. There was no resisting such a tide when once on its bosom. With frightful velocity they were borne along toward the roaring cataract and the terrific gulf whence clouds of impenetrable mist never ceased to rise. A moment more, and they made the awful plunge into the fathomless abyss, from which, amid the roar of the waters, no cry of horror could be heard, no bodies, or even fragments of bodies, could ever be rescued. The peril was wholly unsuspected, but none the less real, and ending in a “destruction” none the less “swift.”

May we not see in this the picture of a great throng of immortal men in respect to their *moral* end? It seems generally to be assumed that, in our relations to eternity, there is no danger except that of which we are distinctly conscious,—which we see, or hear, or feel. But there cannot be a greater delusion. It would be equally rational for the blind man, who wanders among pit-falls, or on the trembling brink of some frightful precipice, to infer that there is no danger because he sees none. Insensibility to danger is, in fact, one of the most startling characteristics of the sinner's condition by nature, just as insensibility in a mortal disease is one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease itself. The danger is none the less real, none the less dreadful. And the only true wisdom is in providing for every exigency in the way prescribed by the great Physician of the soul. The believer's Surety can alone give security against all possible danger. The gulf, which is bridged by genuine faith, will never bear away upon its tumultuous bosom him who possesses that faith. The grace of Christ never fails to be sufficient for him who implicitly trusts to it, whether he is conscious or unconscious of the dangers which threaten him.

Fellow-traveller to eternity, are there are no possible dangers in the path you propose to pursue, for which you have made no provision?

WORK FOR CHRIST.

“THE life of a Christian is a life of labour: ‘Go, work in my vineyard to-day.’ It is necessary work, excellent work, profitable work; and it is good to be at it when young.”

“Do what you can, and do it while you can.”

“Consent to be often wearied in Christ's service, but never wearied of it.”

“Luther's motto was, ‘Work on earth, and rest in heaven.’”

“With the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart, all labour in his service seems light.”

“He may do a great deal who is never idle; and he may go a great way, who never goes out of the way.”

“Do what you can, when you cannot do what you would.”

“Hold up your little twinkling light boldly and honestly; then God will pour in the oil, and make it like a blazing torch.”

TREASURY PULPIT.

THE SCORNER.

"Surely He scorneth the scorners."—PROVERBS III. 34.

BY THE LATE J. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

THAT mode of irreligion which the wisest of kings so often stigmatizes under the name of scorning, makes itself known in every age. It is the derision of that which is good, and has its origin in ignorance, folly, and sin. The contempt, sometimes producing ridicule, which scoffs at wisdom and holiness, is begotten of that pride which "was not made for man," and which is hateful to God. To despise that which is heavenly is not a lower degree of wickedness, but passes the borders of the flagitious. Hence we should regard the very beginnings of such a temper with great jealousy, and should be willing to examine its signs and nature, in order to secure ourselves against its contagion. In treating the subject, we shall find it profitable to begin with lower degrees of the evil, and thence to trace its progress. To laugh or jeer in regard to that which displeases us is from a disposition which needs no artificial fostering. The opinion of Lord Shaftesbury, that "Ridicule is the test of falsehood," will find few serious defenders in our day. The laughter's side is not always the side of reason; as we might show by referring to the ridicule heaped upon many a great enterprise and improvement in science and art; the satire lasting in almost every case until it was put to shame by manifest success. That form of impotent contempt which we call sneer, belongs by pre-eminence to those who are to some extent conscious of being least armed with reason. Many a mischievous hand can fling the fire-cracker or the squib, which could neither wield the sword nor aim the rifle. Those were not all heroes who "called for Samson out of the prison-house," that he might make sport for them. All the world over, the derisive portion will be found the weakest; and this upon solid principles. The love of truth and practice of goodness, always allied, have a certain pure simplicity and candid uprightness which disincline the mind to take pleasure in the inferiority of others. Whatever in us is unselfish and benignant revolts against making spoil of a neighbour's delinquency. And with reverence be it said, the trait is divine, for "God is mighty and despiseth not any" (Job xxxvi. 5). But ridicule cast on our fellows proceeds from contempt, and contempt is a mode of pride. Hence the lower down we go in the scale of morals and civilization, the greater fondness do we find for the language of scornful raillery. Little minds, incompetent to forge or handle massive links of argument, find a petty satisfaction in teasing, cavil, and sarcastic

irony. The number of such minds is greater than that of powerful reasoners and men of insight, and we must be content to leave them in the enjoyment of their characteristic warfare. Their buzzing assaults on religion are perpetually reminding one of the lesser but annoying plagues of Egypt. And such characters, fond of vexatious sayings, and growing in piquancy as they fall into the "sere and yellow leaf," need much grace to keep them from becoming scoffers.

The evil of ungenerous contempt and acrid censure becomes more imminent where there is some pretension to wit or humour. Very few of a thousand possess wit; scarcely one of the thousand does not sometimes attempt it. Perhaps there has never been an age which so overvalued the ludicrous in speech and literature as this of ours. The popalace cries out for what is comic on the stage, and on the platform; and the periodical journal is incomplete, unless, like noble houses in the olden time, it maintains its clown. The wise man had this in his eye, when he said: "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool. This also is vanity" (Eccles. vii. 6). We would contentedly leave the jester to wear his motley, if he confined his witticism to his own ring; but when he brings his gibes and grimaces into the sanctuary of God, and seeks to provoke mirth with holy things, we must silence and debar him. And yet how common is it to connect divine subjects with the ludicrous, and even the burlesque! As true wit involves some surprise, some unexpected turn, some sudden apposition of opposites, that which is false finds a certain spurious zest in low, trivial, even vile suggestions, forced into contrast with ideas of eternity and God. Therefore, as a liar will swear in his common talk to add credence to his doubtful word, and a fool will throw imprecations into the scale to give weight to his feeble reasoning, so your vulgar jester resorts to profane abuse of religious objects, that he may startle the scrupulous, or extort laughter from the stupid. A verse of Scripture, a psalm or hymn, the text of a discourse, or some chance expression in a sermon, serves such a one, even with repetition, as a counterfeit coin serves a sharper. The mental poverty, the irreverence, and even the lewdness, of such pretenders, render them, sooner or later, disgusting to all whose judgment is worth asking. But their folly and degradation are less to be regarded by us than their sin; for we violate the third commandment when we trifle

with God's name, titles, and worship, or when we profane his word by associations which are ludicrous. So that I would solemnly charge it upon those who do not wish to destroy souls, that they shun with pious fear all tales, anecdotes, and jests, which defile by their touch any Scriptural passage, and that they avoid the intercourse of those debased minds who descend to such resources.

The great adversary of souls has so many snares for the feet of pilgrims, that we cannot be too wary in regard to the imperceptible passage from what seems innocent or venial, to what is really wicked. From idle words about God's holy Scripture, youthful heedlessness is beguiled, step by step, into by-paths of positive impiety. Satan's emissaries are generally near, ready to help on the error. Seducers try their victims first by milder approaches; and he or she who listens without protest or indignation, is believed to invite further liberties. If your unclean but amusing friend finds you tolerant of his ridiculous parody on a prophet and apostle, or the Lord himself, he will make bold to vent a sneer at doctrine, at principle, at law, at the gospel,—at the very cross of the blessed Jesus. Beware, my youthful friend, how you cross the threshold of irreverence. The conversation of wicked persons is dangerous, their intimacy is defiling, their settled friendship is destructive. Walk not "in the counsel of the ungodly;" stand not "in the way of sinners," lest at length you come to sit "in the seat of the scornful."

The beginnings of all transgression are remote, and the descents gradual. The soul would fly back in horror if those extreme turpitudes were proposed, to which it will nevertheless come at length. Hence the derision of heavenly things must be presented at first under some less appalling form. For example, nothing is esteemed more lawful and acceptable in society, than ridicule of professing Christians. Their preciseness and supposed hypocrisy, their alleged breaches of engagement, their singularities of life or devotion, especially their real failings, backslidings, and sins, become almost the stock in trade of the small dealer in church scandal. One might readily think, from the censor's complacent chuckle over the inconsistencies and falls of Christians, that every such delinquent was a scape-goat to bear away his own sins. Every successive generation has had its several crop of disparaging or opprobrious names, by which to designate God's children, in the dictionary of the scorner. They are the "Zealots," "Devotees," "Precisians," "Puritans," "Methodists," the "Saints," the "Godly." "They that sit in the gate speak against me," says the psalmist, "and I was the song of the drunkards" (Ps. lxxix. 12). The gatherings of ungodly men, in all ages, have been enlivened by the grateful strain of a derision aimed at serious and conscientious persons; and the playhouse, a synagogue of Satan, shakes with vociferous mirth, when the scruples of pure minds are held up to contempt. The prophet declares his separation from such assemblages: "I sat not in the assembly of mockers, nor rejoiced" (Jer. xv. 17). If there is any meaning in

what Scripture says of God's special regard for those who trust in him, let mockers beware how they choose them, in their religious character, as objects of indignity.

Ministers of the gospel, though in a sense public representatives of Christ's cause, are individually as open to criticism as any persons on earth. Not only are they compassed about with human infirmity, they are made by their very post peculiarly conspicuous. It is not wonderful that they have sustained showers of scolding. Especially if they have upheld the majesty of law,—if they have denounced vice,—if they have run counter to the fashionable, licentious, apostate Christianity of the day,—if they have preached the sovereignty of God and the gratuity of salvation, they have had obloquy and contempt for their lot. Many a shaft is aimed at the heart of religion, through the person of the ministry; for he who would be afraid to reproach Christ, may attain the same end by satirizing his servants. Let the ambassadors of God lift up their voice against any prominent abuse, and straightway the journals, which reflect the baser interests and grudges of society, will beset their path with greetings like those which David received from Shimei, the son of Gera, who "came forth, and cursed still as he came, and cast stones at David" (2 Sam. xvi. 5). And if the preachers of the word were more fully to discharge their function in declaring that gospel which is foolishness to the unenlightened and a stumbling-block to the proud, they would be yet more "filled with the scolding of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud" (Ps. cxliii. 4).

Upon further inquiry, we shall find, however, that all this opposition to the persons of Christians has a deeper origin, in hostility to the spirit, principles, and life of religion. The pride, the scorn, the contemptuous laughter, the malignant sneer, which are a sort of persecution, directed against those who uphold Christ's cause, are immediate products of depravity, and of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God. The antagonism is one of ages; nay, it is one pointed out by prophecy: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed." Cain and Abel are types of the scoffing world, and the suffering Church. The first-born man "was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." To which the loving apostle adds the caution: "Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you" (1 John iii. 12, 13). A similar allusion to a typical pair of brothers, is indicated by Paul, when he says of Ishmael and Isaac: "But as then, he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now" (Gal. iv. 29). The mutual repugnance is radical, being between contraries infinitely remote,—that is, holiness and sin. The modes of exhibiting this proud hostility are various. One of the most frequent, and that which we are now concerned with, is the arrogant derision of what is good, as evinced by manner, gesture, language, act, or the silence of bitter contempt.

The great standard of right is God's perfect law, in which all moral excellence is summed up, as light is gathered in the sun. Holy minds admire and love the law, feeling themselves sweetly and unconstrainedly in union with it. Unholy minds are conscious of a secret opposition between their natural tastes and the intense spirituality of the divine law. Restraining grace, religious training, and the common or special influences of the Holy Spirit, keep this enmity in a certain abeyance, in those cases where sin has not pushed its victim towards the brink of positive impiety. But this brink is often fallen over, or at least looked over, by the thoughtless, the impure, and the abandoned. A large part of the world's sceptical and cavilling attack on the code of Christian morals arises from personal immorality. Proud selfishness kicks against the goads. What though the enemy wears a comic mask? his Sardonian laugh is that of hate. The strict requisitions of the holy commandment are so distasteful to the self-pleasing offender, conscious of a crookedness which this plummet reveals, that he tries to laugh off the restless sentiment of obligation; and, but partially succeeding in himself, he makes the attempt with others. Ridicule of God's commandments, or of the just fears, scruples, and tender doubts, of our neighbour, is a sign that the soul harbours inward hatred of the law. "It was a severe retort which a young man lately made to an infidel, who was speaking against the divine legation of Moses. He had made many objections to the character of that holy man; and the young Christian said to him: 'There is something in the history of Moses that will warrant your opposition to him more than anything you have yet said.' What could this be? 'He wrote the ten commandments.'" * Read parallel proofs of the immoral soil out of which scoffing grows, in the unholy lines of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Paine.

This uneasiness of conscience, in regard to precept and prohibition, when it concurs with self-conceit, haughtiness, and a low talent for impudent reply, constitutes the genuine scoffer of Solomon's photograph. You see his demeanour under criticism, advice, reprimand, and expostulation. Pride causes him to take his friend for an enemy; he is regardless of the truth uttered; inimical to the parent, the minister, the brother, the elder associate, the wife of his bosom; if any one of these dares to touch his sore, he resents the supposed affront with words of bitter ridicule. Behold thy likeness, O misguided sinner! "A scorner heareth not rebuke." "A scorner loveth not one who reproveth him." "Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee." "He that reproveth a scorner, getteth to himself shame" (Prov. xiii. 1, ix. 7, 8). In all these, and in other places cited, the same Hebrew word is used. It involves the notions of vanity, mocking, treating with mimicry and illusory speeches, satire, sneer, sarcasm, irony, and reckless disregard. The counterpart of this picture is in many a household, as many a disappointed father, many a heart-

sick mother knows full well. Up to a certain age, children, unless precociously vile, yield themselves in docile compliance to the parental voice. But, alas! except where grace has early wrought, there comes a disagreeable crisis, of greater or less duration. Family training arrives at the stage first of shyness, then of forwardness, sometimes of bitterness. The foolish boy, governed more by companions of the school or the street, than by his wisest, dearest protectors, sets up to be wiser than his father. The frivolous, vain, selfish girl, corrupted by the daughters of the ungodly, from whom she takes her tone at some fashionable but heathenish school, turns upon the mother who bore her, and tosses the head, with imaginary knowledge of the world, and disgust at old-time maxims of modesty.

It were well if intolerance of rebuke were confined to childhood and youth; but we encounter it in every stage of life. Though one of the sincerest acts of true friendship is the bringing into the right way of one who has strayed, it is nevertheless true that, in things moral and religious, scarcely any one relishes attempts to lead him back from wandering, or to prevent his flying from the track. Tell your neighbour that his house is too gaudily furnished, that his children are sadly perverse, or that he himself drinks too much wine, and is drowsy and muddled after dinner, and you run the risk of losing an acquaintance for your pains. If to this you should add serious admonition respecting his eternal state, and the need of preparation for death, you would be likely to have in return severe jesting, if not scoffs.

"Fools make a mock at sin." The enemy of souls continually allures them towards the persuasion that it is a small evil. Who can believe that yonder timid youth, flushing with the colours of virtue, will one day laugh to scorn the reprovers of his profaneness or his dissipation? Yet we see such changes every day. Society is always suffering from perverse banter and coarse humour directed against rigid morals. The thefts, defalcations, peculations, forgeries, fraudulent escapes from obligation, full living on other men's money, and filthy purchase of votes and verdicts, which are at once the opprobrium and the rottenness of certain classes in modern society, are fostered and brought into development by what young men hear in the houses where their business lies; by jokes, which imply that a clever operation is worth some moral risk; by pleasantries about lying and stealing, under decent names; and by contemptuous pity of tortoise-like habits of a former age. Let us in justice observe, that we have, in the highest places in the world of trade, men whose names are unsullied, and whose voice, authorized by experience, would, if permitted, chastise the sharper and the villain, under whatever garb of mocking and persiflage he might lurk. Such animadversion is useful to those who look on; as, indeed, is the detection of every arrogant pretender. "Smite a scorner, and the simple will beware; and reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge." And again, "When the scorner is punished, the simple is

* Life of Dr. Waugh.

made wise." The public award is generally right and final, in respect to one who has distinguished himself by sneer, sarcasm, and arrogance ; for, as Solomon says, "The scorner is an abomination to men" (Prov. xxiv. 9).

It is not easy to stop upon the downward slide of sin ; and hence he who begins with trifling and badinage upon subjects of duty and grace, will descend, unless divinely stayed, to the degree of undervaluing his own danger, and making light of God's threatenings. This is the foolhardiness of transgression. There is a sublime silent delay about the Divine justice, which leaves rash sinners under the delusion, that, against a Lawgiver so long-suffering, they may offend with impunity. If every Cain were marked the very instant he shed blood, and every Ananias struck dead upon the utterance of his lie, scoffing at judgments would be impossible. But the awful tread of justice is slow, and so the depraved soul grows bold. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Conscience sleeps, and therefore the sinner thinks the sin is not on record. "He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten : he hideth his face : he will never see it" (Ps. x. 11). In Ezekiel's time, the idolaters who polluted the very temple chambers by secret imagery, said, "The Lord seeth us not ; the Lord hath forsaken the earth." The same folly and wickedness bear like fruits in later days ; and when these depraved tempers find vent in words, and corresponding demeanour, we have the scorner named in divine threatenings.

Unbelief and unholy daring may attain such a height as madly to try their strength not only with menaced, but with actual wrath ; and creatures have been found, who, amidst the falling bolts of judgment, have stood out against the Creator and Judge in arms. A cheat, of course, is in such cases put upon one's self, as if there were a chance of escape after all ; or as if these inflictions were not judgments for sin ; or, which is more common, as if infinite mercy would at length remit. When scornful offenders laugh at war, famine, pestilence, and other tokens of divine displeasure against sin, whether national or individual, denying all providence in such events, and baring the head to receive any storm from such quarter, they only re-enact the part of ancient unbelievers, who cried, "The evil shall not overtake nor prevent us" (Amos ix. 10.)

But on whatsoever side we turn, we find exposures of the fundamental evil, on which all these contempts repose, as all later formations on the primitive base. It is depravity of mind and heart in regard to Almighty God ; disbelief of his being ; derogation from his attributes ; forgetfulness of his presence ; disregard of his infinite purity ; hardihood towards his awful justice ; in a word, it is practical atheism which makes the scorner. "Wherefore doth the wicked condemn God ? he hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require it" (Ps. x. 13). Every form of sin involves something of the horrid evils just named ; for who could sin under the thorough and

constant influence of right views and feelings towards the Divine Majesty ? "Thou God seest me," so far as it sinks into the heart, is a preservative against transgression. But sin begets sin ; yea, one sin begets numberless sins, and one violation of law and conscience leads to other violations, and these to more, till the fearful progression ends in open profligacy, insult to the Eternal King, and speedy destruction. No one knows, when initiated into some lower degree of Satan's lodge, whether he may not penetrate to the highest. This makes it dangerous to parley with temptation. Judicial blindness befalls those who voluntarily put out the light of education and conscience. One sin, in God's awful judgment, becomes the punishment of another. The crime which the youthful sinner now looks at with shuddering, as it stands before him in his path, he may one day see behind him, among the dim, cloudy beginnings of his career, the earliest steps of his enormous transgression. It is a greater evil to scoff at the religion of others than to be simply irreligious ourselves. Many ties must be rent, many walls overleaped, and many guards cut down, before the race of evil attains to open derision of truth and duty. Opposition to God's spiritual agency, and ascription of Christ's words to the Evil One, accompanied with deliberate utterance of the same, in scoffing language, constituted that blasphemy against the Holy Ghost which hath no forgiveness, either in this world or that which is to come. And he who treads under foot the Son of God, and counts his blood unholy, "hath done," so it is written, "despite unto the Spirit of grace" (Heb. x. 29). Those, therefore, who are tempted to make merry with divine realities, with the word of salvation, with the work of the Holy Ghost in the revival of Churches and the conversion of sinners ; especially those who, from levity, folly, inconsideration, deference to bad example, or temporary gusts of pride and passion, indulge themselves in ridiculing such as begin to seek the salvation of the soul, should beware in time, lest, abandoned to themselves, they make shipwreck of all principle, and find their lot among hopeless scoffers. "Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the back of fools." Having thus tempted Satan, they may be led by him into an incapacity of believing ; having sneered at all that is pure, august, and heavenly, they may, amidst the ruins of their faith, be haunted by spectres of multiform doubt ; having challenged God to forsake them, they may spend their decline in ever learning, yet never coming to the knowledge of the truth ; for, "a scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not." And these are cautions peculiarly needful at times when the Spirit of God manifests his agency in the Churches, humbling and melting believers, and convincing the impenitent ; and when, likewise, Satan, in his prime character, as adversary and arch-scorner, is busy, breathing into his children, at the corners of the streets, in the haunts of vice, and alas ! in the editorial chair, foul blasphemies, which may turn away men from the great salvation. We have no fear for the Church of

the living God, from the mocking laughter of surrounding foes ; though " they return at evening," " make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city " (Ps. lix.) The people of God will still rejoice in his power, which shall lead them on to triumph. But, for the scoffers themselves we tremble ; and are ready to address them in the words of Paul at Antioch : " Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish ; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you " (Acts xiii. 41). It is a dreadful fall, from haughty scorning of God's ways, down to grovelling vice and drivelling falsehood : such contrasts have we seen. The freethinker and the heretic, after deriding the mysteries of Scripture and the inspiration of prophets, have sat down to prate of endless, unintelligible dreams, and to sit at the feet of spiritual mediums, so named in their jargon. Safer, my brethren in the Lord, is it to trust in Him " that frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad ; who turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish " (Isa. xlv. 25). O pray to God, beloved hearers, that he would keep your conscience tender, and your mind reverent, lest from one degree of profane scorning you proceed to another, and at length reach the point of those who crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame. At present, you think this acme of impiety far from you, and so I trust it still is. But consider, I pray you, who it is that holds you back from such enormities, and shrink from every form, or sentiment, or speech, which could grieve that Spirit of grace. " Quench not the Spirit," in yourselves or in others. And that you may make all sure, turn your back upon the world, the flesh, and the devil, and, going to the Lord Jesus, take him as your Saviour, Teacher, and King.

"AND THY HOUSE."

ACTS xvi. 31.

THERE is a certain connection which God has established between you and your household. For example, it is upon you that God has made to depend their enjoyment of the good things of this life. They receive from God their daily bread ; and they receive it through you as his minister. So far you are to them the minister of God for good. In order to be so, you cheerfully give your strength of body and mind, you plan and scheme, you toil and moil, from year's end to year's end. So far from grudging this burden, you feel it to be truly a " burden that is light ;" you feel that the dependence of your babes on you gives wings to your soul, and strength to your heart, that their participation in the benefits is a daily blessing of God on your daily toil. Well, it is declared in God's word that you are intimately connected with your household, not only in temporal respects, but in respects that are spiritual and eternal.

Thus, in the address to that Philippian jailer, it is

declared that the salvation of the household is in some way bound up with the faith of the householder. In the rite of infant circumcision, we see that the families of believers are in some way bound up with them in the covenant of grace. In exhorting the Jews to repent and be baptized, Peter gave this reason, " For the promises are to you and your children." The very youngest of your children, the very babe that is yet unborn, may, through you, be partaker of the salvation which is offered to you. This salvation is one of the blessings for which we have a right to pray, for which we are bound to pray, on behalf of our children. Now, if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you receive power to deal with God as his Son, for all true blessings to you and yours, to offer for your children the " effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man, which availeth much." But if you be no believer, you can utter no true prayer ; you cannot speak to God as your father, for you have not known him as the Father ; you cannot speak to him through Christ as your Redeemer, for you have not received Christ as your Redeemer. Here, then, is one way in which your faith is connected with the salvation of your household ; in which you are bound to be to your children a minister of God ; and in which you can discharge your duty only through faith. He who believes possesses, in the privilege and grace of prayer, one qualification for bringing salvation to his house, which he who believes not does not and cannot possess.

Again, as the minds of children open up, they become able to hear and understand the truth. " Faith cometh by hearing." In order to their salvation, they need to be instructed in the truth. For this instruction, there is the public ministry of church-officers. But there is also the private ministry of the heads of families. In the case of young children, this private ministry is by far the most important. You are constantly with your children ; you know their habits of thought, and mode of speech ; you are acquainted with a thousand avenues to their hearts of which a stranger is ignorant ; and, above all, you have a strong hold of their heart's affections, enabling you powerfully to draw them whither you will, " by the cords of a man, and the bands of love." It is true that the saving blessing of God's Spirit can alone make this instruction effectual to salvation. This is true in regard to all ministries, public no less than private. But it is also true that the blessing is bestowed upon the use of appropriate means, and that the most important means of filling the minds of children with the saving truths of God's word, is the fireside instruction of their parents. Now, how can you give such instruction unless you be yourself a believer ? You know that an unbelieving public ministry is usually no blessing, but a curse—that he who speaks from the pulpit without faith speaks without heart, fire, power, and usually succeeds only in making his hearers weary of the gospel,—much more so, in the close dealing of a private minister or parent. If you believe not, you can have no heart for the work,—you will soon give it up ; or, though

you should persevere in it, your children, with their fine, swift instinct, will feel that you do not really believe what you teach them, and will learn from your instructions only to disbelieve and despise the word of God. Surely it is a sufficient motive to faith, that faith and faith alone can qualify you as God's minister for feeding the souls of your children with the bread of everlasting life.

Once more, family instruction is only one department of family religion. Family religion includes family worship, prayer, and praise. But it includes a great deal more than this. It includes a family *living* unto God, a habitual consecration of the whole family, in all its life and labours, unto God, as the only God and Saviour. This daily living unto God constitutes in a family, so to speak, a religious atmosphere, fragrant with heaven, which begins to mould the spirit of the child almost as soon as he has begun to breathe, and surrounds him, as he grows up, with a perpetual solicitation to godliness, an invisible shield against temptation, subduing and awing the carnal lusts that war against the soul. Although there should be family profession, family instruction, without faith there can be no true family religion. There is no family life of godliness, but only spiritual death. The unbelieving parent by his daily life teaches the child to live for the world; the believing parent, and he alone, can by the silent teaching of a godly life move the child to live for God. If you believe, the whole influence of your life is lent to raise the child to heaven; if you believe not, the whole influence of your life is lent to drag him down to hell.

Experience confirms these views of your place and power as God's minister, for good or evil. On the one hand, it is true to a proverb, that piety, though it does not run in the blood, *runs in the line*; from age to age, the great mass of true Christians are trained up in Christian families by the blessing of God on the prayers, and instructions, and godly example of believing parents. On the other hand, though nothing can limit the grace of God, yet, ordinarily, the children of unbelievers grow up unbelievers; the children of formal professors, who live a manifestly inconsistent life, are often seen to grow up very giants in wickedness, as when the sons of God intermingled by marriage with the fair daughters of men. This is one of the ways in which Jehovah, the jealous God, frequently visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. What a motive to faith! What a warning against unbelief!

And this is a reason why you should believe *now, instantly*. Suppose that God had promised you, what he has not promised, a life prolonged, and opportunities perpetuated, that you may at any future time believe for your own personal salvation. Yet now, every day and hour, your wicked life is working for the destruction of your children. They are being confirmed in their habits. They are leaving your fireside. At any hour this one or that one may be removed from the world. Suppose that one of these is lost through your delay in

believing, and that you at some future time should repent and be saved. Still, your repentance cannot recall the irrevocable past; your child is lost, lost through your delay; on the last day he shall be on the left hand of the Judge, and must be torn away from your view,—lost, for ever lost, through your fatal delay. Ah! what a joy your delay is stealing from you,—the joy of being doubly the parent of your babe, of being instrumental in his new birth into God's everlasting kingdom, so that you shall rejoice over him with joy and singing, as one whose soul you have turned unto righteousness, and on account of whom you for ever and ever shall shine with the stars. x.

AUTUMN VOICES.

Voices of autumn, I hear you again,
Through the dark forest, across the wide plain,
Deep in the valley, and high on the hill,
In the old places all murmuring still.

Leaves slowly falling, and streams rushing fast,
Evening breeze moaning, or night's fitful blast,—
All the old voices again I can hear,
Summer has passed away, winter is near.

Once, oh! how mournfully sounded each tone,
Telling of happiness ended and flown;
Youth and hope vanishing, joys passing by,
Age stealing forwards, or death drawing nigh!

Now it is over, that sadness and pain,
With the old voices it comes not again;
He who is gladdened by morning's bright ray,
Thinks not of starlight then fading away.

Since the "glad tidings" spoke peace to this heart,
All life's dark shadows have seemed to depart;
All nature's voices one story have told,—
Goodness unchanging, to-day as of old.

Autumn winds sweeping o'er fields brown and bare,
Echo the reapers' song lingering there;
Autumn floods rushing by garner and store,
Tell me of treasures in danger no more.

Flowers in their fading, and leaves as they fall,
Long days of brightness and beauty recall;—
Why should I sorrow that these are now past?
Heaven's cloudless summer for ever shall last.

Oh that life's autumn, like nature's, may bring
Some precious harvest from summer and spring!
Fruits, which the Master may deign to approve,
Laid on his altar, in meekness and love!

H. L. L.

September, 1861.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

JOE BENTON'S COAL-YARD.

JUST imagine the loveliest May morning that ever was made; the sun so lately risen that his long golden hair still trailed on the hill-tops, and the robins singing such extravagant songs, that the violets opened their blue eyes as wide as possible, and asked a neighbouring lilac-bush if he ever heard of any one getting drunk on sunshine. There must have been something very curious in the air that morning, for when little Joe Benton sprang out of the back door with hair as golden as the sun's, and eyes as blue as the violet's, and voice almost as sweet as the robin's, he took one long breath, shouted a vigorous hurrah! but seeming to grow just as crazy as the birds, he didn't feel at all relieved till he had climbed a tree, turned three somersaults, and jumped over the garden fence.

"Saturday, too," he said to himself, as he rested upon the other side. "Was there ever anything so happy? Now I'll just have time to run down to the brook before breakfast, and see if our boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home, and learn my lessons for Monday, for we boys are to meet and launch her at nine o'clock, and the captain ought to be up to time."

So Joe's small feet clattered vigorously down to the little cave where the precious boat was hidden. But as he neared the place, an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for there were signs of some intruder, and the big stone before the cave had been rolled away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure, he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there was the beautiful little boat which Cousin Herbert had given him with its gay sails split into a hundred shreds, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then, with a face as red as a peony, he burst forth,—“I know who did it, the mean fellow! It was Fritz Brown, and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay him for *this* caper,” said little Joe through his set teeth, and hastily pushing back the ruined boat, he hurried a little further down the road, and fastening a piece of string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, he carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Now the good honest sun was afraid something was going wrong, and he held a little cloud handkerchief over his eyes, but Joe did not notice it. He only knew that he was very angry and miserable, and he wondered that he had ever thought it was a pleasant morning.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. How provoking; instead of Fritz it was Cousin

Herbert, the very last person he cared to see, and hastily unfastening his string, Joe tried to lie very quietly. But it was all in vain, for Cousin Herbert's sharp eyes caught a curious moving in the bushes, and brushing them right and left he soon came upon Joe. “How's this?” cried he, looking straight into the boy's blazing face; but Joe answered not a word. “You're not *ashamed* to tell me what you were doing?”

“No, I'm *not*,” said little Joe, sturdily, after a short pause; “I'll just tell you the whole story,” and out it came, down to the closing threat, “and I mean to make Fritz smart for it.”

“What do you mean to do?”

“Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all.”

Now Joe knew well enough that he was not showing the right spirit, and he muttered to himself, “Now for a good scolding,” but to his great surprise Cousin Herbert said, quietly,—

“Well, I think Fritz does need some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that.”

“What!” cried Joe, eagerly.

“How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?”

“What, and *burn* him?” said Joe, doubtfully. Cousin Herbert nodded with a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands. “Now, that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it, quick!”

“‘If thine enemy hunger, feed him; and if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head,’ and the Lord shall reward thee,” said Cousin Herbert, gravely; “and I think that's the best kind of punishment little Fritz could have.”

Joe's face lengthened terribly. “Now I do say, Cousin Herbert, that's a real take-in. That's just no punishment at all.”

“Try it once,” said Cousin Herbert. “Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that he would far rather have you kick or beat him.”

Joe was not really such a fierce boy at heart, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly,—“But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You

said this kind of coals would *burn*, and they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said his cousin, cheerily. "I've known such coals to burn up a great amount of rubbish,—malice, envy, ill-feeling, revenge, and I don't know how much more,—and then leave some very cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Cousin Herbert, smiling, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is extravagantly fond of reading, but *you* have quite a library. Now suppose,—ah! well, I won't suppose anything about it. I'll just leave you to think over the matter, and find your *own* coal, and be sure and kindle it with *love*, for no other fire burns so brightly and so long," and with a cheery whistle Cousin Herbert sprang over the fence and was gone.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other.

For one minute the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand *smash* it would have been if Fritz *had* fallen over the string," and then again he blushed to his eyes, and was glad enough that the string was safe in his pocket.

Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the boy began abruptly, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home, and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read everything I could get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes danced. "Oh, may I, *may* I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help sail my boat to-day, but some one has torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who *do* you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped upon his breast, but after a moment he looked up with a great effort, and said,—

"I did it, Joe; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean, when you promised me the books."

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't"—Fritz couldn't get any further, for his cheeks were in a blaze, and he rushed off without another word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to himself; "that coal *does* burn, and I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket, than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine," and little Joe took three more somersaults, and went home with a light heart, and a great appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful little flag which he had bought for the boat with part of his egg-money that very morning. The boat was repaired, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he never was more happy in all his life. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand,—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he, with a strange twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

The little school-boys, who saw that Joe was always happy, studied the secret, too; and at last if any trouble or dispute arose, some one would say, "Let's try a few of Joe Benton's coals," and it was astonishing to see how soon all the evil passions were burned to ashes, and how quickly the young hearts grew warm towards each other. Come, little Tom, Dick, and Harry, who have ever so much rubbish to be burned, whose hearts are all in a shiver with the cold unloving looks you gave each other this morning, won't you try just for *once*, to find out the happy secret that lies in little Joe Benton's queer coal-yard?

THE FADED FLOWER.

WILL IT BE SWEET AFTER IT IS FADED AND DEAD?

WHEN the wise man says, that "childhood and youth are vanity," he must mean, that they pass so soon and are so insensibly and so much taken up with trifling pursuits, that there seems to be nothing real about them; for there is a season, as we all know, in which childhood and youth may be considered the most important period of life. They shape the character of the man or woman that is to be. Impressions made then are never forgotten. Habits formed then, last all the way on to gray hairs and the grave.

Childhood and youth are seasons of enjoyment. Care and anxiety are scarcely felt; the heart is all joyous and buoyant; and new and beautiful flowers spring up in their path with every rising sun. Who would sadden their glad faces, or check their merry laugh and ringing shout? Not we. Let them enjoy what they may of these sunny days, only taking care that they lay up nothing for self-reproach in the time to come.

It is not needful, however, to the true enjoyment of these early years of life, that they should be given up to mirth and laughter. There are soberer joys, that even childhood can relish. The world around is full of beautiful sights and sounds, which give pleasure to the youngest of us. They invite our thoughts upward to a still more beautiful world, where the great and glorious

God of all dwells, and where all who love and serve him hope to have an eternal home.

Let me tell a little story of what happened to some little friends of mine. They were walking about on a summer's morning upon the green bank of the river. Their mother and aunt had become quite engaged in conversation, and had left them loitering behind. They had found a bed of wild flowers, almost concealed in the soft meadow-grass, and were now selecting their favourites for a nosegay, and expressing their preference with no little positiveness.

"Oh, I will have this—I like this best—This is sweetest," as they plucked from the bush those they thought the prettiest.

"Now, I like this," Susanna said, "and I have a reason why."

"What reason? Mine is certainly much more pretty in the colour."

"But mine is *so sweet*!"

"So is mine sweet; smell it."

"But mine will be sweet after it is faded and dead—yours will not."

"No, I *know that*."

"Then yours is like the things of *this world*. Mine is like the things of *heaven*."

Will our young friends look upon their present pleasures as flowers, and choose those that will yield the most grateful fragrance when they are past and gone?

THE GOOD FIGHT.

"Rouse, oh, rouse thee, little soldier!

For the night is nearly spent,

And thy crafty foes are stealing

To thy fair unguarded tent."

And the little soldier springeth,

Arming him as best he may,

For it was the Captain calling—

"Wake! oh children of the day!"

"Ah! the foe is just upon me;

Help!" the little soldier saith;

"Clasp my helmet of salvation,

Bring my shining shield of faith!"

Oh! it was a dreary battle,

And it raged the whole day long,

But the Captain led the army,

And the Captain's arm was strong.

Once amid the wild confusion,

Crept two traitors in the ranks;

But the watchful Captain found them;

To his name be all the thanks!

And he said,—*"There is no mercy*

Shown to Selfishness and Pride;

String the rebels up together!"

So they hung until they died.

But the soldier still fought bravely,

In his wondrous mail of light;

Pausing not, though faint and bleeding,

Till each foe was put to flight.

Then the victory thrilled the angels,

As the mocking evil train,

Led by Malice, Hate, and Envy,

Fled like shadows o'er the plain.

But another foe approacheth

With a chill and icy breath,

And the little soldier trembleth:

"Dearest Captain," faint he saith,

"Oh, what is this fearful presence,

Making dim my shield of faith!

I am weary with the battle,

Must I also fight with *Death*?"

"Fear thou not, thou little soldier,

For this foe shall be thy last.

See, thy Captain fights beside thee;

See! the weary strife is past!"

Joy, oh, joy to thee, brave soldier!

Thou hast passed the storm and night,

And thy happy soul encampeth

In the peaceful fields of light!

AUNT SUSAN, AND HER TEN FAIRIES.

FARMER JONES has a large herd of choice cows and a fine dairy, and Susan Pike has the care of it, and it is a treat to go into it and look round at the clean pans and tubs. How pure and white the milk is! How fresh and sweet the butter looks! Susan is not there just now. She is gone, with her pail and her three-legged stool, to milk the cows. Let us go and watch her. Is it far? Yes, some way off, but it is a pleasant walk.

Here we are at last. That is Susan, and that is her favourite cow. Its name is Daisy. How quietly Daisy stands! And yonder is Brindle, lying in the shade!

"Aunt Susan! Aunt Susan!" cry two little voices from behind the fence.

"Ah, Jem, are you there? And Patty, too?"

"Yes, Aunt, we want to walk home with you, if we may stop till you're ready."

"Do you know," said Patty, "Uncle John came to see us to-day, and brought us each a book. Mine is about a little girl called Fanny, who wished she could call a fairy to do her work for her, but her brother told her she had no need to wish that, because she always had ten of them with her wherever she went. Oh, Aunt Susan, can you tell what her fairies were?"

"Were they such as these?" said Susan Pike, setting aside her milking-pail, and holding up her ten fingers.

"Yes! yes! why, how quickly you did guess it! I do believe you have read the story; now, haven't you?"

"No, never, child; never. But I have these ten

fairies always with me, and some others besides, whom I call to help me when I go to work."

"How many, Aunt?"

"How many? I must think before I can tell you. Two—four—six—eight—nine—ten; yes, there are ten at least."

"O Aunt; and did you say they come when you call them?"

"Yea."

"Then have they got names? O Jem, come on; Aunt Susan is going to tell us the names of *her* ten fairies. Will you tell us what they look like?"

"The first is a plain trim little figure, always neat and tidy-looking, not a speck of dust on his clothes, not a thread wanting from his shirt-collar to his shoe-string. He carries a little flag waving over his shoulder, and on the flag is written the motto, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.' This is the fairy gentleman that I call for before I begin my work, and what he does for me is to find me all I want. You cannot think how quickly he finds it. He knows exactly where to put his finger on everything. His name is *Order*."

"O Aunt, now I see you don't mean real fairies, after all! But, never mind; I should like to know what all your ten fairies are. I will count them. *Order*;—that is the first."

"The second is a light-footed damsel. She is here, and there, and everywhere, always busy and always quick. As she flits about, you hear her humming,—

"I am not made for idle play,
Like a butterfly all day;
Busy I must be, and do
What is right and useful too."

This is the fairy that I set to fetch me what I want. She follows where *Order* leads the way; and when *Order* points to what I want, *Activity* brings it to me without a moment's delay."

"*Activity*! that's the second, then."

"As soon as I have everything about me that I want, I call for a third fairy,—a nimble-fingered little thing. Her name is *Diligence*. She wears a garland round her head, and twined round the garland is a scroll on which these words are worked, 'Do it with thy might.' She never forgets the words on that scroll. She does one thing at a time, and does it heartily. Her eyes are fixed on what she has in hand. As soon as she puts her fingers to my work, you would be surprised to see how fast it gets on. I have to watch her, though, to see that she does not go away before the work is finished. When I think she is likely to leave off too soon, I call for another of my helpers,—a sturdy, firm-set, stout-built, determined-looking fellow, who keeps the work going. His name is *Resolution*. He comes steadily up to the side of *Diligence*, and whispers something into her ear, and her fingers again begin to move like lightning. Once I heard him say to her, 'Well begun is only half done;' another time he said, 'Wish it not done, but do

it.' He is very sparing of his words, but what he says is always to the purpose."

Aunt Susan stopped half a minute as if she were thinking, but before Patty or Jem had time to speak, she was ready to tell them something more. "You have seen what are called fairy-rings. You know how fresh and soft the grass looks in those beautiful rounds, just as if fairy feet had been dancing there. One of my fairies leaves a velvet track wherever he goes. His name is *Good-humour*; and he brings a little sister-fairy with him, called *Cheerfulness*; and as they dance together, the sister, with her sweet clear voice, sings such a number of lively airs that she makes my work go on pleasantly and joyfully."

"My seventh fairy is a charming little cherub, with silver wings, who flies to do whatever has to be done. He carries in his hand a magic wand, round the top of which his name is written, a name of only four letters, *Love*. When he has a heavy burden to lift, he touches it with his wand, and the burden becomes light. Or if he has to handle anything rough, he lays his wand across it, and it becomes soft. I like to have his help, because he makes my work so easy. Once he opened his little wand, and showed me that it could divide into two parts, and each had writing inside. On the one was, "Love one another with a pure heart fervently." On the other, "Love Him who first loved thee." If either half of the wand was used alone, I found it did much to lighten my task; but it was when both parts were put together, that my task became lightest. This little cherub never comes alone. He brings with him a fair-haired, blue-eyed companion, whom he calls *Hope*. She carries a little anchor in her hand, and sometimes she fixes this anchor, and leans on it with one hand, while with the other hand she points forward and upward, still repeating,—

"If you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again:
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again."

But *Hope* might fasten her anchor in an unsafe place; and then she would fall to the ground. So I call for another of her sisters to come with her. This sister of hers is *Faith*. *Faith* has a book which shows her what ground is safe, and what is unsafe for *Hope's* anchor to rest in; and *Faith* has a strong hand with which she helps to fix the anchor deep into the good ground, which is always within sight of the Cross. She holds her book open at the page where it is written, "I will help thee," and then she whispers to *Hope*,

"On thy Father's help rely;
Trust, and try—trust, and try—"

Love, and Faith, and Hope, make my work easy, and prosperous in the doing."

"One more, please, Aunt Susan, to make up the ten; I counted them on my fingers."

"We are at the bridge now; so I must only tell you

that her name is *Perseverance*. A pleasant smile she has, when she tells me that my work is done at last."

"I wish these fairies would come to me," said Patty.

"Call them, my dear; and call again, till they come; and keep on calling, till they come and stay."

So saying, she bid good-bye, and went on her way with all her ten fairies gambolling around her, while Patty and Jem went home planning how they could sometimes get such help as they saw Aunt Susan always had.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

LIFE AMONG THE ROSES.

In a large garden there grew a little rose-bush. It never aspired to the high places which the "Queen of the Prairie" filled over the bay-window of the library. It was not as rich as the hundred-leaved rose. It had none of the delicate scent of the sweetbriar. It was only a little monthly rose, and very happy at that; for had it not the blue sky overhead, and the warm smiles of the sun, and the dew-drop, and the south wind, and the garden fence? And what could a little rose-bush need more!

To show its gratitude, it put forth a bud. To be sure, "Morning-glory" shut her eyes to it, and the "Queen of the Prairie" looked down; but the rest of the flowers were as smiling as could be, and the little bud grew bigger every day. By-and-by the gardener came among the flowers with his pruning-knife. He soon spied the little bud. Rose-bush thought it would please the gardener. But what did he immediately do? He clipped the bud off. Oh, it was so cutting!

"What have you done to deserve such cruel treatment?" cried the Pinks and the other Roses in a great huff. The little Rose-bush did not know; it did not ask; only it was comforted by their pity. And as for the old gardener, if he heard, he did not condescend to explain. Nor was this all. The next time he came he fetched a great spade, and stopping before the little rose-bush, eyed it with his great grey eye. It fluttered and quivered, very likely; but it asked no questions, nor complained when he seized and tore it from its bed, and putting it into an ugly pot bore it off.

"What has it done to deserve such cruel treatment?" cried the Pinks and the other Roses; but they did nothing. South Wind followed the poor little Rose-bush, and did what it could to revive its drooping; for, you may well think, it was quite down at leaving the beautiful garden and the side of Sweetbriar, to live—where do you think?—in a dark hole under the piazza, where the sunbeams, admitted everywhere else, were shut out, nor could they get in any way. It was as much as South Wind could do to get in. Poor little Rose-bush, how could it help drooping? By-and-by it took heart, and tried to stand humbly up, for it will not dive into the mysterious science of "whys" and "wherefores," but only thought, "The sky is so high there must be a great deal I can't understand; yet

South Wind steals in and kisses me, so I know love is under it."

After a while South Wind began to take leave, and North Wind came roughing it into the garden. He brought with him Jack Frost. Oh, what havoc they made with the beautiful flowers! Not satisfied with stripping them naked, they bruised and broke them. Robin and Blue-bird took wing; the bees kept at home; and there was nothing but sighing and howling among the trees. It was really awful.

Meanwhile, how did it fare with Rose-bush? Worse off than ever? No. It came out of the dark, and was carried to a lady's chamber. She gave it a warm welcome indeed. It was given a seat of honour at the south window. It is bathed in sunshine. It drinks daily, not dew, but sparkling water-drops from little hands. Winter-king, perched on a branch outside, sings in its hearing a cheerful "pee-dee" to the great Creator. Good days, bright days for the little Rose-bush. It is as happy as can be, and its love will overflow in a bud, for love can't help doing. It does not harbour resentment, and say, "I won't try again." It thinks gratefully, "I can but try;" and soon the lady and the little child exclaim joyfully, "A bud! a lovely bud!" And they watch it daily, the little child thinking of the rose hid in its bosom, and the lady with an ever sweet reminding of the Rose of Sharon.

Do you suppose it is ever sorry now for what had happened to it?—*Child's Paper*.

CHILDREN IN PRISON.

At one of our late visits to the Prince Alexander Galitzin, he related to us an interesting circumstance that occurred lately in Finland. Some children from seven to nine years of age, were so brought under the sensible influence of the Spirit of God, convincing them of their sins, that on their going to or from school, they retired into the woods, and there put up their prayers to the Lord, with many tears. By degrees their number increased. The parents of some of them found them thus engaged, and with rebukes and stripes dispersed them; but the parents of others, who had noticed the increased sobriety and good behaviour of their children, encouraged them to meet together in their houses, and not to go out into the woods. The children did so; and some of these parents, observing their religious tenderness, and hearing their solemn prayers to the Lord, the Redeemer, and Saviour of sinners, felt themselves strong convictions of sin. They joined their children in their devotions, and a great reformation took place in that part of the country. This excited the angry feelings of the priest, who was a bad man and a drunkard. He went to the magistrate to enter his complaints against both children and parents. The prosecution issued in their all being sent to prison.

They had seen some months in confinement, when the Prince Alexander Galitzin heard that children were in prison on account of religion. He thought it so strange

an occurrence that he sent confidential persons to inquire into it. They found so much religious sensibility and tenderness in the children, that they were greatly surprised, especially at the simplicity with which they related how they had been brought under trouble because of their sinful hearts, and how they had felt that they must pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone could forgive them and enable them to live in a state of acceptance before God. Being inquired of if their parents or others had not put them on doing this, they said that so far from that, they were afraid that their parents or any one else should know how it was with them, that they retired privately in the woods to pray and cry with tears unto the Lord. The parents also stated that the children had been the instruments of bringing them to a sense of their sinful lives, and to seek the Lord that he might give them a new heart and pour forth his Spirit upon them. Moreover, it was found that the conduct of these people and children had been such during their imprisonment, as to comport with their Christian profession. The prince ordered their release, and had the priest and the magistrates severely reprimanded and removed from their offices. The emperor having heard of all this, and of the great sufferings to which these families are reduced in consequence of their long imprisonment, which took place last year before harvest, ordered that all their losses should be liberally made up to them, making ample provision, also, for their present support.—*Friends' Review*.

"A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE."

"We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.
All the storms will soon be over.
Then we'll anchor in the harbour
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide."

SWEET voices had joined in singing this beautiful hymn. They were those of a choir of Sabbath school children. As the last notes died away, the superintendent rose, and having expressed the wish that all the dear ones before him might at length safely reach that home, he called upon a teacher to offer the closing prayer.

The Sabbath-school concert for prayer was over. It had been a pleasant hour. Kind and earnest words of counsel and warning were spoken to the children. Prayer went up from full hearts for the "lambs of the flock;" and it shall be known, when the records of eternity are opened, of how much importance and value were the influences of that holy hour to all who were within their reach.

Little Grace went home with her mother. She loved the Sabbath school, and always enjoyed the "concerts;" but nothing had ever interested her more than this hymn. "Mother," she asked, as she stood beside her a few minutes before being taken to bed, "what does it mean—'We are out on the ocean sailing?'—and what is the 'home beyond the tide?'" We are not out sailing

anywhere, and yet it must mean *us*, for Mr. Barnard said he hoped we all should reach that home. Am I sailing, mother, and do you think I shall reach a home beyond the tide? I don't quite understand the hymn, but I *do* love to sing it."

"Do you remember, Grace, what dear sister Helen said about her voyage home last summer? How she used to count the days and the hours, and, toward the end of the voyage, the minutes too, when the captain told her how many days it would be before the ship would reach the harbour and she would be at home? How she longed to be here with us once more, though she felt she was going home to die? And do you remember, darling," continued her mother, gently drawing little Grace nearer to her side, "what Helen said just before she left us,—'I was so glad to reach home safely, after crossing that stormy sea, and now the Saviour has guided me almost across the sea of life, and I shall soon reach another home?' Have you forgotten?"

Little Grace remembered, though she had never thought of her sister's words in connection with this favourite hymn; but she and her mother had often talked together about that sister, who was called to be with Jesus and the angels, and she was now beginning to understand the hymn she so much loved.

"Life is often compared to a sea, or ocean, my daughter, and I am sure, you can now see why it is said in your song, that we are all out on that ocean. If we love Jesus, are we not 'sweetly gliding homeward' every day? And cannot you tell me now what that home is 'beyond the tide?'"

A smile and a kiss were Grace's answer, and after she had been left alone that night in her little bed, her mother heard her singing more joyfully than ever,—

"We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide."

Little voyagers on the sea of life! many loving hearts are praying that the great and good "Captain of our salvation" may bring you safely through all dangers, into the peaceful harbour of heaven. But remember that he waits to hear *your* prayers for guidance, and from such prayers, from those who trust in him, he never turns away.

LOOK.

"LOOK!" Not run, but look; not go, but look; not stop, but look—look! A great deal depends upon looking.

A boy once had a fine knife, with a Sheffield blade, a present from his uncle. He went into the woods one day and lost it. Not till he reached home was it missed. The poor little fellow felt bad enough. Besides the loss, he was ashamed of his carelessness. What could he have been thinking of? "Go back and look," said his father.

"It's no use, I know," said the boy.

"Look, look!" repeated his father.

He went, and after a careful search the knife was found under a sassafras-bush. *Looking* found the knife.

A packet ship crossing the Atlantic was nearing the coast. For some days the weather had been lowering. Neither sun nor stars were visible, and no observation had been taken. There was a heavy swell. The log was carefully noted, but the exact whereabouts of the ship could not be ascertained. The mate took soundings, and a sailor was aloft on the look out. "Breakers ahead!" shouted the man from the mast-head. "Ready about!" thundered the man at the helm. The ropes rattled, the sails flapped heavily while the bow swung round to the larboard, and the noble ship plunged off from her perilous course. Night set in. Anxious eyes were strained towards the dark and gloomy horizon. The captain consulted his chart. There was a light he ought to make. Where was he drifting to lose it? "Light!" shouted the look-out from the mast-head. A distant glimmer was discovered. The ship's bearing was ascertained. Alarm and anxiety gave way to hope and joy. *Looking* saved the ship.

The Bible says, "Look!" Look, where? Look, to whom? Look, why? "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Who says this? Who is *Me*? Moses? No; for he says, "I can no more go out or come in." David? No; for he says, "My flesh and my heart faileth." Who? Solomon, the great king? No. "Look not unto me," he says; "put not your trust in princes." Who? John? No; for he says, "He that cometh after me is preferred before me." Who? Paul? No; for he says, "I am less than the least of all saints." Who then?

Moses declares, "The Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation." David answers, "In the Lord do I put my trust. He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." John says, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Paul adds, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord." "Me!" Who? It is the Lord, our King and Saviour. "Look unto *me*," he says, "and be ye saved."

And everybody who has looked says he can make good his promise. He can save from sin, for his "blood cleanseth from all sin." He can save from hell, for he whispers to every dying penitent, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." He can save us from feeling troubled, for he says, "My peace I give unto thee." He can save from discouragement and giving up, for he says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He can save us from being lonely when our dearest friends go away or die, for he says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

What a Saviour we have to look to! You have found, dear children, if you think at all, how many things you have looked to, have failed and disappointed you already. Everything in this world will, sooner or later; but Jesus never, never will. Oh, how sweet to have such a friend

to look to, and to look to him for everything. Our dear parents and friends can only distribute what *he* gives.

Take home then to your hearts to-day this one little word, "Look." "Look unto *me*, and be ye saved." (Isa. xlv. 22).

LITTLE HANNAH'S TROUBLE.

"Oh, I wish, how I *do* wish I could find a bird's nest or two!" cried Jamie Haynes; "Hannah, if you see one about the garden, come and tell me, will you?"

"Yes, I will," replied little Hannah; then, recollecting some of her brother's mischievous pranks, she added earnestly: "But you won't hurt the birdies, will you, Jamie?—what do you want to do with them?"

"Oh, that's none of your business!" said Jamie rudely; "you must tell me if you see one though—you promised!"

"Oh dear! I wish I hadn't promised," sighed little Hannah as Jamie ran off; "I'm so afraid he will hurt the birdies. But I mean to try not to see any; I *hope* I shall not!" And in this hope little Hannah rested.

But the very next day, as she was playing ball in the garden, her ball bounded off into some bushes, and as Hannah was searching for it, she came upon a nest of little fledglings. "Oh dear! oh dear me!" sighed Hannah once more. "Poor little wee birdies, I wish I hadn't seen you! Now I must go and tell Jamie, because I promised, and perhaps he will kill the birds!" And tears filled the eyes of the tender-hearted child.

Replacing the branches, she slowly walked back toward the house, thinking to herself whether it would be very wrong not to keep her promise this *one* time; but she knew that if Jamie should ask her she must tell the truth, and then it would be worse, for he would be vexed with her. "I wish mamma were at home," she said to herself; "what shall I do?"

Just then a sweet verse came into her mind, that she had learned a few days before, which tells us that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father. Hannah felt comforted;—"Then our heavenly Father cares for the birdies; I can go and tell him about it," she murmured, with a brightening face. She went up to the nursery; no one was there; and, shutting the door, the child knelt down and prayed: "O heavenly Father, I have found some poor little birdies, and I must tell Jamie; please, God, give Jamie a *kind heart*, so that he will not hurt God's little birds. Amen."

No one was in the room, I said; but Jamie was in the closet getting some twine; and he heard his dear little sister's prayer. Jamie felt very strangely, for, although he had been as carefully taught as Hannah, he did not often feel that God was so near, and that he might pray to him at any time. He felt sorry, too, that he had been so naughty and cruel; indeed, Jamie's heart was much softened. He kept quite still in the closet, until he heard Hannah leave the room, running down stairs, as he knew, to find him; then he followed her.

"Jamie," said Hannah when she saw him, "I have found a bird's nest, do you want me to show it to you?"

"Yes," replied Jamie, hardly knowing what to say.

So Hannah led the way, and showed Jamie where the nest was. She leaned over his shoulder, as he sat for some time looking at them, and, gathering courage from his quiet manner, said at length, "What did you want to see them for, Jamie?"

"I did not want the little birds," said Jamie; "I wanted the eggs to put on a string. But I don't want them now, Hannah," he added, his face growing red as he spoke. "I shan't hurt the birds' nests again, *ever*!"

Little Hannah looked up in surprise, delighted at these words; and deep in a grateful little heart she treasured the remembrance of her answered prayer!

THE LABRADOR MISSION FLAG.

On the dreary coast of Labrador waves a huge flag, seen distinctly by homeward-bound vessels. It was sent there with the silver given by children's hands for the sake of God's dear Son. It flutters on a bleak shore, in the icy wind.

You would not like to live where no roses grow, no fruit-trees blossom. When some frozen Norwegians, sailing to a warm southern country, first saw red roses, they dared not touch what they supposed were trees budding with fire. So the people of Labrador are accustomed to see snow and ice many months in the year. Beautiful flowers, growing wild or in garden-beds, would be to them a strange sight. If you should send them papers of flower-seeds, or bulbs, or plants, they could not grow there, it is too cold.

What can you do, then, to help the Labrador children? The poor half-frozen people there do not know about your Lord. They have no idea of your Saviour. Would you not like to send them some tiny hymn-books like your own, or little Bibles suitable for childish hands?

Some kind people have sent a Christian man to tell them about these heavenly things, and a Christian woman has gone to that desolate place to teach mothers the love of Jesus. On their house a flag is fastened, the flag that was given by Sunday-school children.

You cannot imagine how astonished the sailors were who first saw there a real house. There are no white houses on the shore shaded by green trees; no rows of handsome buildings; the people live in dirty huts half under the ground, and this house, which contains a church also, seems like a palace in their eyes. Under that kind roof some little orphans live, and they are learning,—

"While here below, how sweet to know
That wondrous love and story,
And then through grace to see His face,
And dwell with him in glory."

During eight long months in the year no tidings can reach the missionaries; boats cannot go among the fearful icebergs, and the sound of the railway has never been heard on that barren shore.

How much we miss papers and letters if they are detained one day! Then think of that lonely house to which they cannot come for weeks and months. What can they read? When they grow home-sick, and long for some news, they open God's letters to them in his word, and these delight their souls. They know that their heavenly Father remembers them, and loves them with an everlasting love, and that Christ is preparing for them mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The good missionary cannot drive about in a carriage, or ride on horseback to visit his poor parishioners, for he lives on an island; and as he must visit the mainland, some ladies have sent him a fine boat, in which he can row to the neighbouring shores, carrying with him tracts, Bibles, and the story of the cross.

When these missionaries were going to Labrador, they were exposed to great perils from icebergs drifting very near the ship; but God took care of them. Sometimes the bay is full of fishing-boats, and these fishermen need to be told of a heavenly Pilot, who will guide them into a harbour of rest.

When you are sitting in your nice church; when you are standing by your teacher's side in the pleasant Sunday-school room; when you are reading by the bright grate, think of perishing souls in Labrador and other frozen or sultry climes, and you will not regret that you have helped to scatter the words of Jesus in lands where Sabbath bells do not ring.

OUR HARRY.

A TIMID boy is our Harry; afraid of the dark, afraid of horses, dogs, and strangers, afraid of the sound of his own voice, and never liking to go far from the shelter of mother's wing.

"Harry," said Aunt Mary one morning, "if you will carry this note to Mr. Locke's and bring home my skates, you and I will go down on the ice, and you shall have a ride on your sled while I am skating. Harry's eyes sparkled at this, and away he danced for his cap, coat and comforter, saying courageously as auntie put them on for him, "I shall go right along, and God will take care of me, won't he?"

It was but a few minutes, and back came poor Harry, walking slowly, with his head down, the sparkles all gone from his eyes, and tears there instead. "There were horses coming," he whispered, "and I was afraid God wouldn't take care of me!"

Ah, little Harry, many children of a larger growth can trust God in the sunshine, but not in the dark; trust him when their way is clear, but not when "*the horses are coming*."

When Harry was four years old and his baby broke only two, they were playing together one day in the nursery, when they thought of some playthings down stairs that they wanted. Now, mamma was in the nursery, and it was bright and sunny there, but down stairs there

was nobody, and the rooms were shut up quite dark, so that as Harry leaned over the banisters and peeped down, it looked very gloomy to him there, and his courage failed. "Freddie," he said to the baby who had run after him, "*you* go down stairs and get the cart, and God will take care of you, you know ;" so down stairs, baby-fashion, backed the fearless little curly-pate, calling out as he went to the God of whom Harry told him, "Are you down here?" And though Freddie saw him not, surely God *was* there, holding up the little feet that they should not slip, keeping the little heart that it should fear no evil.

Since Harry learned to read, he has been very fond of the little Testament with red covers and a bright clasp, that his father gave him for a birthday present, and the verses he loves best are those sweet ones in Revelation, about the new heavens and the new earth. "Mamma," he said the other day, putting his arm around his mother's neck, and laying his cheek against hers, "will God wipe away the tears from my eyes, if I can't find you when I get up to heaven?"

THE TWO CUCUMBERS.

"MOTHER, don't you think it is strange, when God made the world, he made so much naughty in it?" asked Jemmy Taylor.

"God didn't make the naughty," answered his mother.

"Well, he *lets* it," said Jemmy.

"What naughty are you thinking of?" asked his mother.

"Why, all the boys tell fibs, and they swear so, and they call stealing fun."

"I hope *you* don't," said his mother; "I hope *my* boy isn't so wicked." The tone frightened Jemmy; his face grew red. "I hope my boy isn't so wicked," she repeated.

"I don't want to be," answered the little boy humbly. He was sitting at the table where she was ironing, and where she put his bowl of bread and milk for his supper. But Jemmy did not feel very hungry. There was something on his mind; he wanted to tell what. He began to open the door of his heart; but it shut to. He had not courage to open it wide, lest his mother mightn't understand just how things stood there. So, not a great while after, he trudged off to bed, carrying his little troubles with him.

What *was* the matter? There was a garden near the school-house full of fruit, and the boys had made a hole in a rotten board at the corner next the school-house, through which they used to squeeze and steal cucumbers, gooseberries, currants, and whatever they could lay their fingers on. "It's wicked and it's mean," Jemmy said. Some of the big boys got angry with him for it, and that day had pushed him through the hole, and made him rob for them. "Now," said they, "we've got

the whip-hand of you, old fellow. Dare say a word and we'll inform against you. You're as bad as we."

Jemmy felt very much hurt about it. He was angry, and indignant too. Different thoughts came, and gave him their different advice. One said, "Pooh! what's the use of troubling yourself about it? it's nothing; boys must have their fun." Another said, "You are dreadful squeamish. You can't expect to get along without doing a great many wicked things; 'tis a wicked world." Another said, "Sleep it off; you won't mind it to-morrow." Conscience said, "Right is right, and wrong is wrong, little boy." And the Holy Spirit whispered, "How unkind for strong boys to pilfer the hard earnings of a poor old gardener. God's law is, love and help one another."

Jemmy had been very constant at Sabbath school all winter, and the kind and faithful talk of his teacher had sunk deep in his soul. He felt he had a soul—a soul to be saved or lost—a soul to be the home of God, or the home of hard, wicked thoughts. Oh, he'd a great deal rather have it the home of God. Jemmy, therefore, when he went to bed, was in great trouble. He wanted somebody to tell his mind to. He was afraid his mother wouldn't understand it, and would blame him more than he could bear just then. His teacher was a good way off; besides, Jemmy was rather shy. Jemmy cried, he felt so *alone*. He wet his pillow with his tears just as a great many older people have done under similar circumstances since the world began.

"Oh," sobbed the little fellow, "O Saviour, won't *you* help me? You were once a boy, and know how I feel. Won't you help me? You died on the cross to save us. Won't you please save me from being wicked? Please make me forgiving and strong, and forgive me my sins." This was the substance of Jemmy's prayer. It was all he could do, leave the matter with his Saviour; and I am sure it was the *best* thing, for the Lord Jesus *knows* us perfectly, therefore he can understand our case perfectly; and he is "mighty" to save also,—a very present help in time of need.

The next morning, when Jemmy awoke, he thought of a threepenny piece he had, *his own*, and he determined to pay the old gardener with it for the two cucumbers he took from his vines the day before. On his way to school he met the old man wheeling a barrow full of vegetables to market. "Sir," said Jemmy, stopping, "here is threepence to pay for two cucumbers I took from your vines. I'm very sorry I took them;" and before the old gardener quite made out what it all meant, Jemmy was off.

"Jemmy," said his mother that night, "what a happy whistle you've got!"

"Have I?" said Jemmy, "Isn't it too loud? does it not disturb you?"

"Oh no," answered mother; "it sounds pleasantly."

And when Jemmy went to bed, though it was a dark night, with a storm brewing in the sky, everything looked beautiful and shining in his little room. There seemed to be a presence in his little chamber—a holy

and comforting presence, and it seemed to fill his soul and his room, and reach away off up to heaven.

"O God, my Saviour," prayed the little boy, "I thank you; I praise thee. Forgive me more and more; help me every day and hour and minute to be a good boy. I want to be; I love to be. Amen."

When his mother passed through his room two hours later, there was such a happy smile on his sleeping face, that she said to herself, "Jemmy looks as if he was dreaming of the angels."

Children have their trials, their conflicts. Right and wrong, grace and sin sometimes have sharp fights in their little bosoms; and nobody, dear children, can give you the help you need, the grace to overcome sin and make the *right victorious*, but Christ your Almighty Saviour, your best Friend. And when your feelings are wounded and your hearts are torn in the conflict, he can fill, and he *will* fill your bosoms with his sweet peace, that makes you forget it all.

CHILDREN'S ANSWERS.

A poor, wild Irish boy, taught in a mission school in Ireland, was asked what was meant by saving faith. He replied, "Grasping Christ with the heart."

A female slave in Travancore, at a public examination of candidates for baptism, in reply to the question, What is meant by the words, "Thy kingdom come?" (when the silence of others made it her turn to speak), modestly said, "We therein pray that grace may reign in every heart." The most learned divines could not have answered the question better.

JEWELS FROM THE LIPS.

GRACE had been wishing all the afternoon to ask her mother something, but several friends had spent the day with the family, and her mother was so much occupied that she had to wait until bedtime. Her mother was accustomed, after gently arranging the pillows and making everything pleasant for the night's rest of her little girl, to sit a few moments at the bedside, and have their "little talk," as Grace called it.

The longed-for opportunity came at last. "Now, mamma, I want you to tell me if you ever saw a little girl that had *jewels dropping from her lips* when she spoke. I know there is a fairy story about it, and you have told me fairy stories are not true; but to-day, in the school, Mr. Ellis said he had seen more than one little girl and boy who had something worth more than jewels, that dropped from their lips when they spoke. He said he had *heard them fall*. How could it be, mamma? Mr. Ellis wouldn't tell a lie, and he said if we didn't find out about these jewels before next Sabbath, he would tell us then."

"You have been a good little daughter this afternoon," said her mother, "and I shall be glad to answer you.

A jewel is always something very precious; but the word does not always mean that which is to be worn as a part of the dress. I might call *you* my 'jewel,' because you are my darling child. But Mr. Ellis told you he had 'heard them fall' from the lips of children. So have I."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, I have indeed. One day last week I was passing the park, and I heard a company of school-boys on the other side shouting across, 'Ragged Dick, halloo! Ragged Dick, how's your father?' Two boys were just before me, and I knew the shouts were meant for one of them. They were good little Willie Fernald, and Richard Lane, ragged enough, to be sure, poor boy. His father is a drunkard. As I went by them, I noticed that tears were falling from Richard's eyes, but jewels were dropping from Willie's lips."

Grace opened her eyes wide, and looked wonderingly at her mother.

"These were the jewels: 'Never mind, Dick, I love you. Don't you care about them, nor mind what they say. We'll have a real good time up at my house. We can play in the yard; and then I've got a new book that my father gave me, full of pictures, and we can look it over together;'" and I noticed that Dick wiped the tears away, and was comforted.

"Yesterday, as I was going through the hall, near a certain nursery door, I heard a little girl talking very pleasantly to her baby brother, who had begun to worry. I know he was quite uneasy, for his mother had been out some time; but his sister was so gentle, and her words and voice so sweet and free from all impatience, that he soon became quiet again. He heard the jewels fall from her lips."

Grace's cheeks were glowing, and her eyes glistened for that little patient girl was herself. Mr. Ellis' strange remark was explained. *Kind words* were the *jewels*. As her mother bent over to kiss her, she said, "I hope such jewels will fall from your lips every day, dear little Grace. Jesus will always help you to speak thus, if you ask him."

NO "TILL" IN ETERNITY.

"O MOTHER, I do not know how to think of eternity, for there is no 'till' in eternity—*till* next year—*till* tomorrow—*till* New Year's."

Yes, there are measures for time; we know none to measure eternity. It is enough for us to know that heaven and hell are there. One of these will be our final home. How can we reach the one? how escape the other? Jesus says, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." If you reach heaven, there will be no fear of a "till" to disquiet your perfect peace; if you are among the lost, there will be no hope of "till" to end your sorrow. Do not delay to choose the better part *till* it be for ever too late.

TREASURY PULPIT.

THE INFALLIBLE WORD.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail."—LUKE xvi. 17.

THE "law" stands here, as in some other places of Scripture, for the whole revealed will of God. The heavens where, after the lapse of many thousand years, the stars are burning as bright as the day they were kindled; and the earth, whose hoar mountains look down unchanged on successive generations flowing on to the grave, like the river that washes their feet to the sea, stand here the symbols of perpetuity. And thus, by declaring that heaven and earth shall sooner pass, these hills be levelled with the plain, these stars drop, that sun be blotted from the sky, than God's word fail from the earth—any part of it fail of fulfilment—our Lord by the boldest figures and in the strongest manner asserts its perpetuity.

This law or will of God has been revealed to us in two ways,—

First, By conscience, as beautifully set forth in the ring which, according to an Eastern tale, a great magician presented to his prince. The gift was of inestimable value, not for the diamonds, and rubies, and pearls that gemmed it; but for a rare and mystic property in the metal. It sat easily enough in ordinary circumstances; but so soon as its wearer formed a bad thought or wish, designed or committed a bad action, the ring became a monitor. Suddenly contracting, it pressed painfully on his finger, warning him of sin. Such a ring is not the peculiar property of kings—all, the poorest of us, those that wear none other, possess and wear it—for the ring of the fable is just that conscience, which is the voice of God within us; which is his law written, not on Sinai's granite tables, but on the fleshy tablets of the heart; and which, enthroned in every bosom, commends us when we do right, and condemns us when we do wrong. But conscience, as an expression of the law or will and mind of God, is not now to be depended on. True to its office in Eden, it was shattered and overturned by the Fall; and now lies, as I have seen a sun-dial in the neglected garden of an old, desolate, ruined castle, thrown from its pedestal, prostrate on the ground, and covered by tall, rank weeds. Instead of being still an infallible directory of duty, conscience has often lent its sanction to the grossest errors and greatest crimes. Did not Saul of Tarsus, for instance, hale men and women to prison, compel them to blaspheme, imbrue his hands in saintly blood, while conscience approved the deed—he judging the while that

he did God service? What wild imaginations has it accepted as the oracles of God! and, as if devils and fiends had taken possession of a God-deserted shrine, have not the foulest crimes, as well as the most shocking cruelties, been perpetrated in its sacred name? Read the Book of Martyrs, read the sufferings of our own forefathers; and, under the cowl of a monk, or trappings of a churchman, you shall see conscience persecuting the saints of God, kindling the fires of the stake, and dragging even tender women and children to the bloody scaffold. With eyes swimming in tears or flashing fire, we close the painful record, to apply to conscience the words addressed to Liberty by the French heroine, when, passing its statue, she rose in the cart that bore her to the guillotine, and holding up her arms, exclaimed, "O Liberty, what crimes have been done in thy name!" And what crimes in thine, O Conscience! deeds from which even humanity shrinks; against which religion lifts her loudest protest; and which form the best commentary on these awful words, "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

So far as doctrines and duties are concerned, not conscience, but the Book of Revelation is our one only sure and safe directory. "Search the Scriptures," says our Lord, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." "To the law and to the testimony," says another, "if they speak not according to these, there is no truth in them." However honest people be, with whatever halo piety surrounds them, whatever zeal inspires them, though they walk the world in robes of light, speak with the tongues of angels, give their goods to feed the poor, nay, giving their bodies to be burned, die martyrs for their principles, if they speak not according to these, there is no truth in them. Men's willingness to suffer for their principles proves their sincerity, but does not prove their soundness. The law, therefore, that word on which my text pronounces this high eulogium, that form of the word which, amidst life's rudest tempests, and death's swelling waters, has proved an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, is the Bible—that revealed word which holy men of old spake or wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Now let me,—

I. Set forth some general observations on this word

or law of God. How many things could I say which should raise it in your esteem, and, enhancing its value, win for it a larger share of your time,—a closer and more prayerful study! Not that I suspect any of you of entirely neglecting it, or treating it, as in Josiah's days, when the one copy of the Bible in the whole land was swept with cobwebs into a corner, among the old lumber and useless furniture of the Temple. No. Thank God, more Bibles are in circulation than copies of any other book. To illustrate this single volume more pens have been worn, more researches made, more books written, more days and nights spent, than on all other books besides. It might well be so. It is the first of books; beyond all others the most venerable for its age, and the most valuable for its matter. Apart from its divine authority, there is more glowing eloquence, more noble sentiments, more melting pathos, more beautiful poetry here than anywhere else. From its pages moralists have borrowed their noblest maxims, and poets their finest thoughts. What can be said of no other has been well, and justly, and beautifully said of this book. It has God for its author, truth without any mixture of error for its matter, and salvation for its end.

This book has done more to bless the world, to promote its brotherhood, commerce, happiness, and liberty than any other book, and all other books together. How true the poet's glowing exclamation,—

"He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides."

If swords are ever to be beaten into ploughshares, if their shackles are ever to be struck from the limbs of slaves, it is by no other instrumentality than the Bible. And if, amid the shouts of joyful nations the form of Liberty is one day to rise on every shore, it shall find no firm pedestal to stand on but the word of God. At once the support and ornament of free countries and evangelical Churches, like the symbol of God's presence in the desert, it is light in the form of a pillar.

It is the wealth of the poor, blessing poverty with that contentment which makes it rich. It is the shield of wealth, protecting the few that are rich against the many that are poor. Wondrous book! it levels all, and yet leaves variety of ranks; it humbles the lofty, and exalts the lowliest; it condemns the best, and yet saves the worst; it engages the study of angels, and is not above the understanding of a little child; it shows us man raised to the position of a son of God, and the Son of God stooping to the condition of a man; it heals by wounding, and kills to make alive. It is an armoury of heavenly weapons, a laboratory of infallible medicines, a mine of exhaustless wealth. Teaching kings how to reign, and subjects how to obey; masters how to rule, and domestics how to serve; pastors how to preach, and people how to hear; teachers how to instruct, and pupils how to learn; husbands how to love their wives, and wives how to obey their husbands; it contains rules for men in all possible conditions; is a guide-book for every road; a chart for every sea; a medicine for every

malady; a balm for every wound; and a comfort for every grief. Divinely adapted to our circumstances, whatever these may be, we can say of this book, as David said of the giant's sword, "Give me that, there is none like it." Rob us of the Bible, and our sky has lost its sun; and in other, even the best of other books, we have naught but the glimmer of twinkling stars. My text crowns all these eulogies—like the keystone of the arch it gives the rest their power and value; for what were all the promises and prospects of this volume unless we knew that they could not fail, and were assured by Him who is the Truth, as well as the Way and the Life, that it were "easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail."

II. My text is true of the Bible as a book divinely inspired. I know a castle that, rising in old days from its rocky platform, once looked proudly down on the rolling sea. Ichabod is written on its walls—the glory is departed; and all that now remains of its ancient grandeur is a shattered curtain, and some old grey towers that are nodding to their fall. The rock where it stood, so long defiant of time and man, yielded at length to a power which, retiring yet returning with every flowing tide, kept up a ceaseless warfare, wearing away its base, and hollowing it out into sounding caverns. Then some wild, winter night, when ships were sinking, and wives were weeping, and men were drowning, the sea came on in the full swing of the storm and breached its mighty walls, sweeping masonry and rock out into the foaming deep. And now I have seen the waves break and the fisherman's boat sailing over that old castle's foundations; while the billows, playing with what they had conquered, rolled them smooth and round amid the shingle of the sounding beach.

In the Bible our religion stands on a rock—but not like that, a ruin of other days. Still, if our faith is not a ruin, a majestic ruin, if the Christian Church does not stand in the world, like the deserted temple of a worn-out superstition, it is not because the word of God has not been doubted, denied, attacked, and vilified. It has been reviled, but never refuted. Its foundations have been examined by the most searching eyes. In Hume, and Gibbon, and Voltaire, and La Place, to pass such coarse and vulgar assailants as died in Tom Paine and Carlisle, and may still be found in a few living followers, the greatest talent, the sharpest wit, the acutest intellects, have been employed against it. To make the Bible appear a cunningly-devised fable, philosophers have sought arguments amid the mysteries of science; travellers amid the hoar remains of antiquity; geologists in the bowels of the earth; astronomers among the stars of heaven; and, after sustaining the rude assaults of eighteen hundred years, there it stands—and shall stand, defiant of time, of men, of devils—illustrating the glorious words of its divine Founder. "On this rock have I built my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Since those eighteen hundred years began to run, Time has seen revolutions rise; the oldest monarchies overthrown; the dawn of truth chase away the darkness of a long night; the maxims of statesmen, and the theories of science shift like the wind; and success crown the boldest innovator on all established systems. Jove is gone, but not Jehovah, the Hebrews' God. The temples of Jupiter stand on Grecian headlands and Roman hills in mouldering ruins; but temples sacred to Jesus are rising on every shore. Since John wrote in his cell at Patmos, and Paul preached in his own hired house at Rome, the world has been turned upside down—all old things have passed away; all things on earth have changed but one. Rivaling in its fixedness, and more than rivaling in its brightness the stars that saw our world born and shall see it die, that rejoiced in its birth and shall be mourners at its funeral, the word of our God stands for ever. Time that weakens all things else, has but strengthened its position. And as, year by year, the tree adds another ring to its circumference, every age has added its testimony to this truth, "The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord shall endure for ever."

III. For practical application of my text, I remark,—

1. It can be said of the threatenings of the word that it is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail.

If there are more blessed, there are more awful words in the Bible than in any other book. It may be compared to the skies which hold at once the most blessed and the more baneful elements—soft dews to bathe the opening rose, and bolts that rend the oak asunder.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." For example,—The wicked shall be cast into hell,—Flee from the wrath to come,—Whosoever believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him,—Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,—Their worm dieth not, and therefore is not quenched, and these awful words which I cannot think of Jesus pronouncing over any one he would have saved, and, in a sense, died to save, but with slow reluctance,—Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. What a sentence!

What words from the lips of Him who bent looks of tenderest kindness on a weeping Magdalene! Every word a stunning, crushing, killing bolt. "Depart from me—ye cursed—into everlasting fire—prepared for the devil and his angels." They fall like thunderbolts, but where? I have read how a ship that rode the waters with a broadside, enough to sink any common craft, in chase of another vessel, pointed her guns so as to send the death-winged ball crashing through the other's rigging, or leaping on the deep before her bows; her purpose not to sink the flying sail, but wing her, and compelling her to bring to, make her captive. She might have sunk, but in thundering at her she sought to save her. And so does God with those that madly flee from him.

Therefore the Bible threatens and thunders—not otherwise. But why flee? Vain the flight where God pursues! Worse than vain! He is willing to forgive, and what madness to fly till, divine patience exhausted, he ceases to follow? What then? The bolt, at first sent wide of the range, is shot right to the mark. Judgment, long delayed, overtakes us; and we learn, but learn too late, that whether he threatens or whether he promises, as a God of truth "his word shall stand for ever." "Hath he said, and shall he not do it, hath he spoken and shall it not come to pass?" "Oh, that men were wise, that they would consider this in the day of their visitation!"

"The wicked," says the Psalmist, "contemn God, because he saith, he will not require." "Where," they insolently ask, "is the promise of his coming?" Ah, they forget that it is as true of his threatenings as of his promises, although he delay, he does not deny them.

A reprieve is not a pardon. It defers the execution, but does not cancel the sentence. And does not many a man in business, hard pressed for money, and tottering on the edge of bankruptcy, know too well that the bill which he has got the banker or drawer to renew is not thereby paid? that, however often renewed, it has still to be paid? and that the oftener it is renewed, with interest added to the capital, the debt but grows the larger, the payment grows the heavier? So, if you persist in rejecting the Saviour whom I offer, every day of mercy here will but aggravate the misery of hereafter—the reckoning-day, by being long of coming, will be the more terrible when it comes—as that storm roars with the loudest thunder which has been the longest gathering.

In the light of my text then, if the offers of the gospel are most winning, how full of warning are its threatenings! Men may play with your fears. I have seen a cunning, but foolish nurse, frighten her little charge into obedience by bugbears—stories of fleshless spectres and hideous monsters, the creations of her fancy, but the terrible object of its fears. God, however, plays neither with our hopes nor with our fears. He neither mocks; nor flatters; nor deceives. "He is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent." "Hath he said, and shall he not do it, hath he spoken, and shall it not come to pass?" Believe me, that Paul had never wept, nor Jesus died for sinners, except that their worm never dieth, and their fire is never quenched—except that, in its threatenings as much as in its promises, heaven and earth shall sooner pass, than one tittle of the law shall fail.

2. In regard to its promises. The traveller in the desert has heard that, far across the burning sands, a river rolls. He has seen, or read, or heard of those who have sat on its willowy banks, and quenched their thirst, and drank in life there, and bathed their fevered frames in its cool crystal pools. So, though with bleeding feet, and sinking limbs, and parched throat, and dizzy brain, led

on by hope, and already in imagination quenching his thirst, he stoutly fights a battle for life, and reaches the brink at length. Alas! what a sight meets his fixed and stony gaze! He stands petrified. No wave, glittering in the sunbeams, ripples on the shore and invites the poor wretch to drink. The channel is full; but full of dry, white stones. The rains have failed; the river has vanished. It saved others, him it cannot save. Victim of the bitterest disappointment, he lies down to expire, losing life where others found it. To such an accident, to hopes so fair but false, none are exposed who, rising to the call, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink, seek life in Jesus,—salvation in the grace of God. Have I been a wilderness unto thee, saith the Lord. No, the stream of mercy which has its channel in that word, has its type in those waters which, springing to the rod of Moses, gushed from the smitten rock—which the sun never dried, and the sand never drank as they followed Israel through her desert wanderings on to the green borders of the promised land.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." For example,—Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; buy wine and milk without money and without price,—Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,—The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters of life freely,—Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,—Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,—Fear not, for I am with you, be not afraid, for I am thy God,—My grace is sufficient for thee,—I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

How many thousands on earth, and what a countless multitude crowned in glory, can set to their seals that these promises are true! Their light, how steady has it burned in the stormiest, how clear has it shone in trouble's darkest night. By help of these promises, the saints of God have quenched the violence of the fire; and stopped the mouths of lions; and trodden the serpent in the dust; and plucked the crown from the brow of death; and raised by the grave the shouts of victory; and—still greater triumph—confronted and conquered a world in arms. Joyful thought! there is not one promise of the gospel which is not as good and true as on the day it was made. None of its offers are withdrawn. It is a medicine which does not grow useless by age; a fountain that does not run empty by use; a bank that, fearing no panic, nor ever suspending payment, stands before the world with open doors, ready to honour its largest bills, and meet your greatest drafts.

Crowding every avenue under an alarm of impending judgment, let this congregation, this whole city, every inhabitant of our land, the wide world, with death and hell at their heels, make for the door of mercy; each

man in tones of agony crying, If there is mercy to spare, be it mine—God were as happy as he is able to meet the wants of all, and make good the promise, Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. You cannot come too many or too often; too urgent, too needy, or too guilty; and, I will add, or too soon. Come! Roll thy guilt on the back, and weep thy sorrows out on the bosom of the Saviour. When I look to the height of his love, lost above the stars of heaven—to the depth of his consolation, descending lower than the pit—to the kindness of his heart, fuller than the brimming ocean; to the crown in his hand gemmed with stars; when I see him afflicted in all our afflictions; and while he leaves pearls to drop from kingly crowns, and stars from shaking heavens, gathering his people's "tears in his bottle," may I say with the great apostle, "My God shall supply all your wants out of the fulness of his glory in Jesus Christ." Cast all ^{your} cares—cares for yourself, and yours—cares for this world and the next, on him. He careth for you.

In a noble passage of Isaiah, the prophet tells us, how "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field." And does not every week, each passing day, and fleeting hour, illustrate that solemn truth? Death lays his sharp scythe in among the grass; and to his stride and sweeping arm it falls in long broad swathes. I have seen the reapers in the harvest-field sit down on the fallen sheaves to wipe the sweat from their sun-browned brows, and rest awhile; but who ever saw this grim reaper sitting on the churchyard hillocks to rest himself and repair his strength. It can be said of him as of God, "He sleeps not, neither is weary." See how he advances on us—every day, every hour the nearer, as before an eye that expresses no pity, and an arm that is never weary, and a scythe that never blunts, fall the tallest grass and fairest flowers! "All flesh is grass!" A few more years and these sparkling eyes shall be quenched in death, a shroud around every form, on every lip the seal of dusty death, and all of us shall lie mouldering beneath the grassy sod in the silent grave—saved, or unsaved—our souls in heaven or in hell. We shall be gone; but not gone with us, with the grass and summer flowers, the word of God. Never shall it be said of it, The place that now knows it shall know it no more. That word shall endure for ever. Blessed truth! Take it home with you. No such balsam for a wounded heart—no such pillow for an aching head—no such brand for a battle-day—no such staff for manhood's hand, or crutch for tottering age. And what an anchor for the soul, sure and steadfast, amid death's swelling waves, when storms are roaring on the shores of time; and wearying to be gone, crying, How long, O Lord, how long, we wait the signal to cast loose our moorings, and enter the haven of eternal rest to learn, in crowns and thrones, the smiles of the redeemed and the Well-done and welcome of the Redeemer, that, "it is easier for heaven and earth to pass than for one tittle of the law to fail."

STUDIES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

JOHN CAMPBELL OF KINGSLAND.

UP to so late a period as 1840, a date so recent that to very many now living it must seem like yesterday, there was often to be seen walking along Shacklewell Lane, toward the Kingsland Road, a little old man, who was well known in the locality as the Independent minister of the district. The congregation to which he ministered has, since his death, built a large and magnificent place of worship on the opposite side of the street from where he preached, but the Old Chapel, now occupied as a Birkbeck school, still holds its ancient position, and is to not a few, from its associations, one of the sights of London. The person to whom we refer is, *John Campbell*, once ironmonger in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, afterwards missionary traveller to Lattakoo, and at his decease senior pastor of the Congregational Church at Kingsland. The great city is proverbially a changeful place. Every ten years a district generally sees itself occupied by an entirely new set of inhabitants. But in this suburb there do still linger some who have hovered about it for the better part of their lives, and to them the appearance and appearances of Mr. Campbell seem to be peculiarly fresh and vivid. This present paper is written on the spot, in the house of friends who are connected with what was once his congregation; and the copy of his *Life*, from which any extracts which follow may be taken, is the property of one who actually received the bread of life at his hands. How wonderful and how encouraging does this last fact make the more recent chapters of the history of religion in this country. Here, in the year 1861, when the gospel is preached almost everywhere in Great Britain, and all the Churches are taking part in missionary enterprises, we have, pervading a district not simply the memory, but, as it were, the very presence of a man who lived and laboured when evangelism was struggling for existence; who sat in the same church with Sir Walter Scott, as a hearer of Dr. John Erskine; who itinerated with the Haldanes; who was the friend of the good old Countess of Leven; and who was long the correspondent in Scotland of John Newton, Thomas Scott, William Wilberforce, and many others of that noble company to whose efforts, under God, is due in a great measure the revival of religion in the present century. It used to be said by Lacroix of Calcutta, that the oldest missionaries were the most hopeful. We can easily believe it, and we can easily believe, in addition, that the most hopeful ministers at home must be those who have lived the longest in the world. For what had John Campbell seen in the course of his pilgrimage? He was born when not a single missionary society existed; when the Church of Scotland, to which he belonged, had its shining lights only here and there; when Sabbath schools, and tract distribution, and the innumerable agencies for good doing which are now in operation, were unknown; when dark-

ness, deep as death, brooded over almost every part of the land. When he died the fountains of the great deep had been broken up. The Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and all the dissenting bodies in the country had their representatives in heathen lands. And although still, even in our immediate neighbourhoods, there remaineth much land to be possessed, the progress of evangelical religion in England had been such that, when he sat down to think of it, he must have felt sometimes as if he dreamed. What may we expect during the next sixty years, when, within one single lifetime, the aspect of the religious world so completely changed.

John Campbell was born at Edinburgh, in March 1766. His father, a native of Killin in Argyleshire, being at the time a grocer in the Cowgate. His parents died, however, when he was very young, and he and his two brothers were brought up by an uncle, a Mr. Bowers, whose godly life and conversation appear to have been the means of seriously impressing the minds of all his nephews. On comparing notes together previously to their partaking of the Lord's Supper for the first time, they found that, "reflecting on the uniform, consistent, and upright conduct of their uncle, led each of them to think seriously about the salvation of his own soul." The fact is well deserving of particular mention, illustrating, as it does, the arresting influence of a holy example! It was not, however, till he reached the age of twenty-nine, in the year 1795, that Campbell passed the crisis of his spiritual experience. Long before that, indeed, he was known and he acted as a religious man. Many of the good enterprises, in and around Edinburgh, with which he was long so prominently associated, had already been commenced, and Newton was writing to him as a regular correspondent. But in this earlier period of his religious history there were, according to his own account, some serious defects both in his life and in his doctrine. With regard to the former, it is enough to say, that he was naturally of a social, happy disposition, and being, moreover, a good singer, he was now and then seduced into spending his evenings in so frivolous a manner as to wound his conscience and deaden his sensibilities. And with regard to the latter it consisted not so much in any positive disbelief of the truth, as in an inability to perceive the simplicity of the gospel. It may be useful to some if we give in a few sentences the history of his experience in relation to this point. Those whose most distinct conception of John Campbell is that of a happy, useful, single-minded Christian, can scarcely realize that the dawn of his life as a religious man was cloudy and troubled in no ordinary degree. And yet so it was. For a number of years he alternated between rapture and despair, and as the moment of his deliverance approached, he at one time thought he should be under the necessity of applying to spirituous liquors for relief from his tormented mind. The fatal error which, like the fly in the ointment, affected in an evil way all his endeavours, lay here. He could not see

that Christ, with all the blessings of salvation, was offered to him in the gospel freely,—offered to him simply as a sinner,—and that he simply as a sinner was warranted and entitled to put forth his hand and take the gift. A young girl, whom Mr. Campbell found dying of consumption, made a deep impression upon his mind by telling him that *she was happy in trusting simply to Christ*. This account of her faith, united to the composure with which she fell asleep in Jesus, struck him; but “the once poor, now rich orphan,” suited his taste better. He took its salvation as a “shining” proof that “God has not forgotten Scotland, and that Edinburgh and Leith were not out of date in heaven yet.” He actually rioted in imagining the change heaven had made upon that child in the twinkling of an eye. “The only thing,” his biographer goes on to say, “it did not suggest to him was, what he most needed, the duty of receiving the kingdom of heaven ‘as a little child.’ That he never thought of, although nothing is more frequently taught by Christ! It was only as a child of God, or as a new-born babe by regeneration, that he would venture to lay hold upon the hope of eternal life for himself. *In fact, the gospel was nothing to him except when he felt himself to be something else than a sinner.* He wanted to believe, not as a mere little child, but as an *elect* child, who had a legitimate right to appropriate Christ and the promises. The idea of believing on Christ in order to become a child of God, or in order to be warranted to reckon himself one, never seems to have crossed his mind.” This being the case, no wonder he laboured on in darkness and distress, for he was trying to have to begin with, and as a qualification for coming to Christ, what can only be attained to by coming to him in the first place. “Upon the evening of the twenty-sixth day of January, 1795,” however, he himself tells “the Lord appeared as my deliverer. He commanded, and darkness was turned into light. The cloud which covered the mercy-seat fled away! Jesus appeared as he is! My eyes were not turned inward, but outward! The gospel was the glass in which I beheld him. When our Lord first visited Saul upon the highway, he knew in a moment that it was the Lord. So did I. Such a change of views, feelings, and desires suddenly took place in my mind, as none but the hand of an infinite Operator could produce. Formerly I had a secret fear that it was presumptuous in me to receive the great truths of the gospel; now there appeared no impediment. I beheld Jesus as the speaker in his word, and speaking to me. When he said, ‘Come,’ I found no difficulty in replying, ‘Yes, Lord! thy pardoned rebel comes.’” “I now stand,” says he again, “upon a shore of comparative rest. Believing, I rejoice. *When in search of comfort, I resort to the testimony of God; this is that field which contains the pearl of great price. Frames and feelings are like other created comforts, passing away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. What unutterable consolation is it, that the foundation of our faith and hope is ever immutably*

the same! the sacrifice of Jesus acceptable and pleasing to the Father as ever it was! To this sacrifice I desire ever to direct my eye, especially at the first approach of any gloom or mental change.” These sentences contain unspeakably important truth. The case of John Campbell is very far from being a singular one. Thousands are living under the delusion that the way to progress towards the light is by giving assiduous and anxious attention to their frames and feelings. These are important in their place, and are not to be neglected, but all scripture and all history testify that if a sinful man wants the darkness to flee away, *he must turn his face directly to the Sun*. The foundation is without us, and not within. “This is the record that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son,” and “to as many as receive Christ, to them he gives the power to become the sons of God, even to those who believe in his name.”

From this date commenced the era of Mr. Campbell's real usefulness. In benevolent endeavours for the relief of the poor, and sick, and sinful in Edinburgh; in the organization of Sabbath schools; in the diffusion of religious information by means of the press; and, after a time, in the direct work of preaching the gospel in the neglected villages and districts of his native land, he made himself so conspicuous, that, though his station in life was comparatively humble, and his means and education far from remarkable, his fame as a centre of evangelistic influence extended throughout the whole country, and into the highest circles of society. The Grassmarket has various points of interest; and not the least is, that in it were erected the scaffolds on which many a Covenanter sealed his testimony with his blood. But if the reader of this paper should ever happen to pass through it, let him not forget to look out for that ironmonger's shop which once played such a prominent part in the revival of religion within the present century. Here letters were written to and received from all the then great champions of the faith; here were planned those preaching tours which, under the conduct of the Haldanes and others, contributed to the awakening of Scotland from its slumbers of spiritual indifference; and here might have been seen now and again, consulting over the affairs of the Redeemer's kingdom, such men as Charles Grant, the chairman of the East India company; Governor Macaulay from Sierra Leone; Charles Simeon, Rowland Hill, Andrew Fuller, besides a host of nearer neighbours as Dr. John Erskine, Dr. Davidson, Dr. Colquhoun, and Dr. Black. In the revivals which, about this time, were occurring in Wales, and in the formation of the various missionary societies which were contemporaneously springing into existence, Mr. Campbell, of course, took the deepest interest. He had even consented to become one of that devoted band, which Robert Haldane proposed to send at his own expense, to preach the gospel to their fellow-subjects in India, and was only constrained to withdraw from the enterprise by the strongly expressed opinion of John

Newton, that he was calculated to be most useful at home, and that the devil would only be too glad to get him out of the field. The issue of all this involvement in ecclesiastical affairs, especially at that period, might have been anticipated. It was the time when lay-preaching became fashionable—when the Established Church, being too inert to guide the movements originated by the more earnest of their members, were forced to see their work done for them in an irregular manner, by individuals and “unauthorised” associations, and when Mr. Haldane and his friends had been brought directly to face the question of how the numerous “tabernacles” which had been built were to be supplied with preachers. It was inevitable that a man in Mr. Campbell’s position should, in such a juncture, begin to have serious thoughts of devoting himself entirely to the work of the ministry. He did finally decide to do so; and having become at this time an Independent in principle as well as in practice, he found it comparatively easy to carry out his purpose. Having given up his business in Edinburgh, he studied for a session or two under Mr. Greville Ewing in Glasgow, and his gifts as a preacher being, of their kind, unquestionably high, he was very soon invited to accept the pastorate of the church at Kingsland, and was settled there in the year 1804. “He did not acquire much science whilst a student in Glasgow, but he made a good use of what he got, and was for ever on the outlook for more. Indeed, next to the holy unction which rested upon his spirit, his habits of observing man and nature were the secret of his *charm* as a preacher. He had always something *new* to say in his own way, and *fresh* from the works of God. There was also a *witchery* in his telling old and familiar things, which made them seem new. In fact, he was not comfortable in the pulpit, unless something *hit* his fancy, which he had looked at on all sides with his own eyes, and for himself. Accordingly, his preaching at Kingsland, if it never rose far above its standard, never sank below it, long as he was there. It was full of vivacity and originality from first to last.”

The world, however, is less acquainted with him as a minister of the gospel than as a missionary traveller. Upon the death of Dr. Vanderkemp in South Africa, it seemed to the directors of the London Missionary Society desirable that some person of weight and observation should be sent out from home to make a special survey of the work which he had been carrying on in that country; and Mr. Campbell was the party whom they resolved upon inviting to undertake this service. As it happened, the application came to the right quarter. Africa was a country in which the minister of Kingsland had long had a deep concern. His intimacy with Newton, “the old African,” as that good man often called himself, was perhaps one of the earliest causes of that concern; but while yet in Scotland he had interested himself in the well-being of the coloured race very directly. He had been a director of the Scottish Missionary Society, which had chosen Africa as the field

of its operations. When the Sierra Leone Mission failed on account of the unhealthiness of the climate, it was he who suggested the plan of bringing over some African children to England with a view to their being educated and then sent back as a little leaven to leaven the lump. And when that plan was actually carried out, it was with him that Governor Macaulay first communicated on his arrival with his living cargo; and the earliest distinct picture we have of this new and interesting philanthropic service is that of the worthy ironmonger from Edinburgh crossing Clapham Common with five and twenty young negroes at his back. No wonder, then, that Mr. Campbell was asked to go to Africa, and no wonder he consented. One visit in 1812 was followed by another in 1819. Accounts of both have been published by himself; and though his *Travels* in that dark land have been so far thrown into the shade by the exploits of more recent explorers, his story has a charm in the manner of the telling which will give it an interest even after the map of the continent has become as full and complete as the map of France or Great Britain. And this reminds us that there is yet another thing to be considered, if we would form a perfect conception of the character of Mr. Campbell’s life. It is that he was a most attractive writer, especially for the young. He had little learning, of course, and his mental powers were not remarkably strong or great; but he had a lively fancy, and had the Goldsmith gift of a plain, pure, and interesting style. His books, accordingly, are all particularly readable; and they are besides, so well fitted to profit that we should be glad to hear of our children being better acquainted with their contents. It is so long since we have happened to stumble upon “*Worlds Displayed*,” and the “*History of the Old World*,” and “*African Light*,” that we begin to wonder if they are not out of print altogether.

From 1821, up to the time of his death, Mr. Campbell continued to live and labour among the people of his first and only charge at Kingsland. By them he was much beloved, and with all the fervour of his warm heart he reciprocated their affection. But more than that, he was, we are told, “greatly honoured by God in the conversion of many, of some, too, who were remarkable for their former rejection of the gospel.” Six months before the close of his long and useful life he began visibly to decline; yet with the decay of his outward man there was marked progress in the prosperity of his soul. “His whole deportment evinced increased spirituality of mind in an eminent degree.” His last public service was in the second week of March 1840, when “there was an unction about the address which struck most of his people,” and a fear was then expressed that they should see his face no more. Nor was the fear groundless. After that date his strength weakened with great rapidity, and on the 4th of April he entered into his rest, having attained the patriarchal age of seventy-four years. “I told him,” says his successor, Mr. Aveling, who was at his bedside during his last ill-

ness, "I told him his people prayed very earnestly and affectionately for him. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'O sir, I need it! I need it! I'm a poor creature!' 'Oh,' he said on another occasion, *I love to be near the blood of sprinkling!* All I want is to feel my arm round the cross.' When his mind a little wandered he talked of Africa, and missionary meetings, and friends with whom he had been associated in them, and on the day of his death, after giving expression to his own quiet confidence in two sayings addressed, the one to his co-pastor, the other to his wife, 'You see me in peace;' 'Don't grieve, there's nothing melancholy in dying and going to glory,' he was heard exclaiming with that inextinguishable evangelistic zeal which had been the animating principle of his whole existence, '*Let it fly! let the gospel fly!*'" Let us echo the cry of the departing missionary. "Even so: come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

N. L. W.

THE DISCIPLES OF JESUS AND THE APOSTLES OF CHRIST.

It was a warm summer afternoon, and the roar from the distant sand-ridge filled the happy air. Outside the well-remembered room the branches of the lime (most beautiful of trees!) swayed and tossed in the wind, each leaf instinct with graceful life. Through the open window came the fragrant breath of the solitary lilac, whose purple clusters waved below. I had been thinking of the extraordinary personal influence of great men—men great in intellect or moral power—upon their followers; and how that influence is thus transmitted to others, who share, though at second hand, in the benefit. From this general truth it was natural to turn to the greatest instance of it—to the Galilean Teacher at whose feet the world now sits in school, and those few disciples through whom alone we have any historical knowledge of Him. And at this point there flashed upon me a circumstance so remarkable, that my first feeling was one of extreme astonishment that I had never noticed it before, and had never heard it remarked by any one else. Years have passed; but I still think it a most note-worthy circumstance, and one which (as a small crevice of fact may let in the whole ocean of truth) might lead a man to important results.

It is told of the founder of one of the ancient philosophies, that such was the reverence cherished towards him by his disciples, that in quoting his opinion, they never mentioned his name as they would that of another man, but always used the phrase, "The Master said," and their familiar "*Ipse dixit*" has become a proverb to this day. A better known instance of the same sort of thing is to be found in the relations of Socrates to his disciples, and especially to Plato. Socrates, the noblest of men who lived outside the circle of Christian revelation, has not left us a syllable of his own writing. But his disciples have done little else than record his

conversations and discourses; so that he is known to many in the present day as a more familiar friend than their nearest neighbours. Plato in particular, of whom a recent writer says, "To this day, all philosophic truth is Plato rightly divined; all philosophic error is Plato misunderstood;" Plato, himself a man certainly superior to Socrates in intellectual power, though inferior morally, has thrown his whole grand philosophy into the form of dialogues and discussions, conducted by his revered master. Plato never speaks, Socrates says all; even where it is well known that the doctrines advanced are modifications by the younger thinker of what the elder had really taught. So those old disciples bore about with them the words of the masters whom they loved; so they rejoiced to proclaim them to all around. Now turn from them to those other disciples, and to that greater Teacher whom they called Master and Lord, and did well, for so He was. It is an extraordinary, almost an incredible fact, that THE APOSTLES NEVER QUOTE THEIR MASTER AT ALL. Throughout the whole range of their epistles, written by so many different men, at so many different times, on every subject of importance to the Church, at so short a time after He had left the world, we do not find one clear instance where they quote His words or rely on their authority.

But to feel the full force of this we must look more closely into their circumstances. In what relation did they stand to Jesus Christ?

In the first place, they were continually with him through all his active life on earth. They "compained with him, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that he was taken up." They were with him on the shores of Galilee, and in the streets of Jerusalem, in Chorazin and Bethsaida at the first, in Bethany and on Olivet at the end. They were with him in the holy mount, and thought it good to be there. He brought them even to the dark garden, that they might watch with him that one hour. In public they formed the immediate circle around him; and when the multitudes departed, he and they were always left together. And he was the only centre of that little circle. He was the only speaker; they were all able listeners. Their original desire had been to "see Jesus." His original call had been simply, "Follow me." Day by day they "sat at his feet and heard his word." No teacher ever occupied such a position of authority as he did. They owed all to him. Unlearned and ignorant at the first, they were slow of heart to the end. The disciples of Socrates were able and accomplished men, learned in other philosophies besides his. The disciples of Jesus were absolutely *nothing except* his disciples. They hung upon him. They clung to him. "Unto whom can we go?" Their hearts burned within them while he talked to them. Often they durst not even ask him any questions. Never did they venture to discourse with him. (There are no "dialogues" in the Gospels.) But they drank in his voice with open ears and hungry hearts. And they venerated and loved him,—not his

words, but himself. No teacher since the world began had such an intense and wondrous personality as Jesus. As he said himself, his sheep followed him, not because they admired his words, but because they "knew his voice." For his words (alone of all words spoken on earth) were *authentic* words. However great and glorious they were, they never lost their personal quality; they were still, if we may so speak, *all voice*. Never did a human soul so truly express itself in words; never did words so wondrously express a human soul. We remember the words of those who have departed from us, because they *recall* to us themselves. But Christ's words were, we might almost say, a part of himself—steeped in his wondrous personality. How must they have clung indelibly to the minds of those for whom he died, who, with all their faults, loved him unspeakably, and cherished the remembrance of him as the very life of their life!

But Jesus was more to them than

"The dearest soul
That ever looked with human eyes."

We know from their own writings how they thought of him. They trusted that it was he which should redeem Israel. They confessed him as the Son of God. From his first disciple, who declared him to be the taker away of the sins of the world, the very day after he began his work, to Thomas's "My Lord and my God," uttered among those who ate and drank with him after his rising from the dead, there is a continual acknowledgment of the Holy One of God, the Son of the Blessed. These men, always with him, knew well what he claimed to be. They heard those dread utterances, each of which might shake creation. "I am the light of the world." "I am the bread of life." "I and the Father are one." "Come unto me." There was now no question with them as to the value of the words he uttered. "I came out from the Father, and am come into the world. The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's that sent me." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." In the words of their Lord, spoken to them familiarly in the house and by the way, were wrapped up all counsel, grace, guidance, wisdom, joy, forgiveness of sins, direction in duty, meetness for eternal blessedness. Well might they lay up such sayings in their heart! well might they ponder the words of such a Saviour!

And now the time was come that he should depart. Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them even unto the end. It is meet for men to remember the words of a dying friend. It is right that the disciple should cherish and disseminate the words of his Master. It is the work of messengers and ambassadors to rehearse the message of their Lord. It was their office to testify of the things which they had seen and heard, to all nations of men. We know too that the words of our Lord are generally in the form of pregnant

and comprehensive utterances, embracing far more than they at once reveal. And even his plainer discourses to his friends, to whom it was given, as it was not to the multitude, to know the mysteries of the kingdom, those friends were as yet too dull and unbelieving to understand. The full harvest of the words of Christ was to be gathered after the "ear of corn" should fall into the ground and die. And so his last promise was his Spirit, to "bring all things to your remembrance, *whatsoever I have said unto you*."

Now look at the apostolic epistles. The fact is marvellous, but it is plain; they never quote their Master at all. Christ, and the doctrine of Christ, is their constant burden; but they never seem to draw that doctrine from his lips. They are continually deciding doubtful questions; but they never resort to his authority whom they glory in as the Wisdom of God, their Counsellor, and their King. They speak of him throughout in terms of profound and deathless affection; but there are no personal reminiscences of him who loved them with such a love. They preach not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, yet they never bring the Churches to their Lord's own words, those words which, but twenty or thirty years before, had given life to their souls. Paul, who, as one born out of due time, had only "seen that Just One, and heard the words of his mouth" on the occasion when he received his commission as apostle, might be supposed to have even a more devouring passion than the others for the words and person of him of whom he had seen so little. Yet he ranges like an archangel through all regions of Christian doctrine and practice, building it up all from Christ, in Christ, through Christ, to Christ, but never resorting for light or for authority to his words whom he preaches as the first-born of every creature, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Once, at Miletus, we know that he told the elders of the Church to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" But we have no other utterance of this sort, even in the Acts of the Apostles; and in all those mighty epistles—*never*. James, in his trenchant letter to the tribes scattered abroad, never seeks to fortify his authority by referring to the doctrine of Him in whose name he speaks so tremendously, and whose companion he had been through the days of his humiliation and exaltation. Peter, the ardent, affectionate, old man, writing to the strangers in Asia Minor, bursts into an ecstasy at the thought of him "whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," and goes on in the richest strain of apostolic instruction and consolation, yet none of it drawn from the well-remembered words of Christ, of whom he says, "We were eye-witnesses of his majesty." He quotes even our "beloved brother Paul," but never Him, who once, "casting his eye upon Peter, broke his heart, and saved his soul." And last, that most familiar and beloved friend of the

Lord, once the young, but now the aged John, while like all the others founding his apostleship, and beginning his message with, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life," never throughout his epistles founds upon, never even refers to or relates, the words of Him upon whose bosom he had lain.

At present we wish only to bring out the fact clearly, and have no room either for full explanations or many inferences. Doubtless there are many parts of truth which cast light upon this, and receive illustration from it in return. Does it not remind us, for example, of that striking declaration of Christ, when in answer to Peter's fervid confession of him as having the words of life, he answered solemnly, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven?" Yes, there was more in the relation between them, even when he was on earth, than the mere tie of reverence, however profound, between wondrous teacher and enthusiastic disciple. And as to that subsequent marvellous sinking of their personal connection which we find in the apostolic Epistles, we have the pregnant words of Paul, speaking for himself and the other apostles, "Henceforth we know no man after the flesh; yea, and if we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more." But there are two special uses of the subject which we should like to make.

First, let us speak one word to the sceptic, who declines or delays to have anything to do with Christianity at all. What do you make of those Greek books which have come down to our time, and which our children read in English as the epistles of Paul, and John, and others? Whatever you think as to the value or authority of these books, you must acknowledge one thing about them. Never were disciples so profoundly attached to their master, or so utterly dependent upon him. These men profess to owe everything to him; it is their common language that their whole life is lived in him and to him; he is to them the greatest and wisest of beings—the only wise and the only good. You have read of many disciples in different lands who revered their masters, but never anything like this. Then open them again. These disciples never quote their master, never retail his ideas, never seek his authority, act independently of him, for whose sake and in whose name they do all things. It is the strangest paradox in the world,—absolute dependence, complete independence. How do you explain it?

Examine the books candidly, note this and a thousand similar and astonishing circumstances. There is nothing to unite or explain them except the Divine.

And now to another class. In the present day the evidences of Christianity have shifted their position; or rather, in this age of hurry, men have become weary of the old regular approaches to the citadel of truth, and demand a breach in the wall through which to rush to life.

Accordingly it is Christ himself, his personal appearance in this world, his life, character, and history, which most men feel as the great miracle which authenticates Christianity. *Such* a man could be no less than what he claimed to be; his form is the form of the Son of God.* And we believe there are thousands, especially of the young, who have reason to bless God for what we may without irreverence call this "new and living way," towards a conviction of the truth. They found it hard to believe the Bible, as a means to believing in Christ; but believing in Christ as a being historically set forth to us eighteen hundred years ago, they find it easy to "hear his words." It is well, so far; but do not the facts which in this paper we have been considering suggest something more? It is good to sit at the Master's feet; yet let us remember also his words to his apostles, "He that receiveth you receiveth me," even as "he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me." And to this, as we have seen, accords the bearing of the apostles themselves. After his death, they cowered together in the city of Jerusalem; himself and "his words" being gone, they were utterly without strength. But on the Pentecostal morning the promise was fulfilled, "which," said He, "ye have heard of me," and they were "endued with power from on high." The fire touched them, and those weak ones sprang up and became the very thunderbolts of God. Henceforth we find them ruling in the Church, not as the companions of Jesus, not as his favourite disciples, but by Divine authority, the authority not of the departed teacher, but of the living Lord. And so too they wrote those divine epistles, in which they regulate all matters of faith and practice for the whole Church of Christ for ever, and that with such a plenitude of inspiration and authority as never once to adduce the additional authority of Christ himself. Therefore, let him who hears the voice of Christ hear his apostles too. His words are divine, and claim to be so. Their words are authoritative, and claim to be so. And the same self-evidencing power which proves to us the divinity of the one, may prove to us the divine authority of the other.

THE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

PART III.

THE rise and progress of the Reformation in Germany was joyfully hailed by the Moravian Brethren. They saw in it an answer to many prayers, and a fulfilment of the dying hopes and predictions of their great forerunner, Huss. In 1522 they sent a deputation to visit Luther, and express to him their sincere congratulations, and the joy and thankfulness which they felt at the success with which God had already crowned his labours. The deputies met with a most cordial reception; and next year, while repeating the assurances of

* See Isaac Taylor's *Restoration of Belief*; Dr. Young's *Christ of History*; Dr. Bushnell's *Character of Jesus*.

friendly interest, they ventured to represent the expediency of introducing a stricter degree of discipline among the new converts. Luther agreed in the truth of this advice, but said that things in Germany were not yet far enough advanced to admit of his following it. On this subject the Brethren were peculiarly sensitive and solicitous, and they felt unable in conscience to unite with the Reformed Churches, until more strictness was introduced among them. They saw besides that their own congregations were in danger of suffering loss, both in respect of numbers and spirituality, from the example of those around them, who now professed to hold equally sound doctrine along with comparative laxity of discipline.

They, therefore, continued to complain and remonstrate, till Luther became offended, and for a time their mutual cordiality was interrupted. But in 1532, after receiving a copy of the Bohemian Confession of Faith, Luther, with Christian frankness, acknowledged his error in having yielded to feelings of coldness or suspicion, and made the document be printed at Wittenberg, with a preface from his own pen, warmly recommending the Brethren and their doctrines to the love of all true Christians. In 1542, when, for the last time, a deputation waited upon him, to ascertain whether it might not be possible to come to an agreement on the disputed points, so as to allow of the Churches being united, he promised to take the subject into serious consideration, and at the close of the Conference, giving the deputies the right hand of fellowship, dismissed them with the words, "Be ye apostles to the Bohemians,—I and my fellow-labourers desire to be so to our own countrymen. Labour diligently in the work of Christ in your native land, as you have opportunity, and we will do the same here, as God shall enable us."

At another time he writes, "Although they, the Bohemian Brethren, do not exceed us in purity of doctrine, for all the articles of faith are taught by us plainly and clearly, according to the Word of God, yet they far exceed us in the observance of regular discipline, whereby they blessedly rule their congregations, and in this respect they are more deserving of praise than we. This we must concede to them for the honour of God and the sake of truth; for our German people will not bend under the yoke of discipline."

Melancthon, Calvin, and other Reformers of that memorable period, were equally decided in their expressions of Christian sympathy and approbation. Bucer writes from Strasburg, "I am persuaded that you alone are they that at this day are found, in all the world, amongst whom only flourishes sound doctrine, with pure, edifying, and wholesome discipline. I have perused the Confession you sent me, rejoicing very much to find amongst you so great a lustre of the truth, and such order and purity in your administration. . . . Truly we are much ashamed of ourselves, when we compare at any time our Church with yours."

Luther died in 1546, and about the same time commenced the war against the Protestants, when the Bohemians, as a nation, having refused to assist their sovereign Ferdinand in fighting on the Catholic side, this conduct was attributed greatly to the influence of the Brethren, who were consequently exposed anew to persecution. Those of rank and wealth were banished and their property confiscated; many others were thrown into prison, the churches were shut up, and the common people ordered either to conform to the Romish ritual, or quit the country in six weeks. Many tried to compromise by joining the Calistines, but a large body, along with their bishop, Matthias Lyon, emigrated to Poland. From that country they were soon expelled, and found refuge in Prussia.

George Israel, an eminent minister, was imprisoned in the castle of Prague, and treated with much severity. A large ransom was demanded for his liberation, which his people offered to advance, but he refused to accept it, saying, "It is enough for me to know that I have been ransomed once for all by the blood of Christ, I have no need to be redeemed over again by silver and gold; keep your money, for you will have much need of it in your own approaching exile." He did escape, however, in a remarkable way. Putting on the ordinary dress of a clerk or book-keeper, with some paper and an ink horn in his hand, and a pen behind his ear, he walked boldly in broad daylight through his guards, out of the castle, and by the good providence of the God in whom he trusted, passed unsuspected.

He escaped first to Prussia, and in 1551 was invited to Poland, where the good seed sown by the Bohemian exiles, during their brief sojourn, was already bearing fruit. Some small congregations of United Brethren were forming, but at first under circumstances of much trial and opposition. In Posen, when George Israel arrived, they could only venture to meet in private houses, blocking up the windows with pillows and mattresses, to deaden the sound of the hymn of praise, or the preacher's voice. Every effort was made to take George prisoner, no fewer than forty men, it is said, being engaged for this purpose. He only used the precaution of frequent change of dress; and alternately disguised as a courtier, a waggoner, or a mechanic, went openly through the streets, while strengthening and comforting his fellow-believers. He must have been a man of no ordinary courage and presence of mind, as well as strong faith.

He lived to see his beloved Church take root and flourish in the land of her exile. Before his death, forty congregations were established in Poland. The doctrines of the Reformed German Church were also making great progress in this and adjoining countries; and after a variety of negotiations, into which it is unnecessary here to enter, the Lutherans and United Brethren in Poland joined together, so as to form one body of Protestant Christians. In regard to this movement, various opinions have been held; and it is to be

feared that the advantage gained in point of numbers and unity was more than counterbalanced, on the Moravian side, by a decrease in strict discipline and spirituality.

Meanwhile a change of sovereign on the imperial throne of Germany led to better times for the sufferers in Bohemia. Maximilian II., soon after his accession, rescinded the edicts against the Brethren. Their places of worship, closed for nearly twenty years, were re-opened, and many a weary exile returned with thankful heart to his father-land. And an attempt to revive persecution, in 1565, was frustrated in a remarkable manner. The chancellor of Bohemia having gone to Vienna, and by importunity obtained from the emperor a new persecuting edict, was drowned, just as he left the city, in consequence of the bridge over the Danube giving way; and the casket "which contained the death-warrant of many thousand innocent persons," was carried away by the stream, a loss which the Emperor never consented to repair.

A period of repose followed, which the Brethren's ministers sought to improve for spiritual edification and the good of their people, and also availed themselves of for undertaking a more complete translation of the Scriptures. Several divinity students were sent to the universities of Wittenberg and Basle, to acquire more knowledge of Hebrew and Greek; and after finishing their studies they met in the castle of Kralitz, where a printing-press was established by the proprietor, a Moravian nobleman, and there, under the superintendence of several bishops, they carried on their important work, and produced, in six successive volumes, during fourteen years, a valuable translation, which has passed through many editions.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Brethren in Bohemia appear to have been at the height of worldly prosperity, both as to numbers and position. Their synods were attended by princes and noblemen—they had colleges for the education of their own students for the ministry—the church in Prague where John Huss, two hundred years before, had preached the gospel, was publicly given over to them, amidst popular rejoicing, and free leave granted to erect another when required, in the same city. But prosperity, to churches or to individuals, is in itself a trial which few are able to sustain without injury. We need not be surprised to find that much of the earnest, spiritual, devoted piety, which had become only more firmly rooted during many a storm, now faded in the sunshine.

"The purity of doctrine" (to quote from Holmes), "and simplicity of morals which had hitherto distinguished the Brethren, though not totally lost, were considerably diminished. It is no wonder, therefore, but should rather be considered as a gracious correction of our heavenly Father, that in the subsequent persecution of the Protestants, and complete loss of all their religious liberties, the Brethren had their full share, and even suffered more severely than others; nor can their

sufferings, in every case, be said to have been purely for the gospel's sake."

Their time of prosperity, however, was comparatively brief, and the days of darkness were at hand. The famous "thirty years' war" commenced; and the Protestants in Bohemia, exasperated by various acts of oppression, rose in arms against their sovereign. This gave an excuse for their popish enemies to consider them as rebels and traitors; and the United Brethren, though probably less involved than others in the actual fault, shared most deeply in the distress that followed. We shall not enter into details regarding these sad years. But after June 21, 1621, on which day twenty-seven Protestant noblemen, including some of the best patrons and members of the Brethren's Church, suffered death on the scaffold, such was the relentless severity of persecution in Bohemia and Moravia, that we are told, in the short space of ten years "no Protestant church or school was to be found in all these countries;" whole districts were depopulated, many thousands of families seeking refuge in other lands; and of two hundred ministers of the United Brethren, ninety-six only were left alive, and these so "hunted down," that only by stealth, and at the most imminent peril, could any one venture to remain at home.

The words of their celebrated Bishop, Amos Comenius, will best describe this time of sorrow.

"The Lord visited them" (the United Brethren) "as with a tempest, and carried away, as by a midnight flood, their ancient and beautifully planted garden. He gave their nobles into captivity, and the blood of their elders to be shed like water. Of the many hundred churches that had been the joy and rejoicing of their heart, they had not one left. The pastors were driven from their stations, and the shorn and shivering flocks consigned over to hirelings. Those who survived persecution were lost by being driven from their country. Nearly all the ministers of the churches, all the elders, bishops, superintendents, assistants, and superior helpers are gone, and I only am left, except that I have one colleague remaining in Poland."

Does this not sound like a lingering echo of the Hebrew prophet's lamentation of old? "They have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only am left, and they seek my life, to take it away."

But "the Lord God of Elijah" has never left himself without witnesses on the earth. Nor could the most persevering energy of Popish persecution utterly destroy the chosen remnant in Bohemia. For nearly a century, however, little light can be thrown on their history, as they were compelled in every respect to seek the greatest concealment and obscurity. Multitudes of the brethren emigrated, along with other Protestants, to more friendly countries, especially to Poland, although this was attended with many difficulties. Their faith and zeal, under such discouraging circumstances, gradually declined, and from a variety of causes, as Holmes remarks, "in the begin-

ning of last century, the name of the Bohemian Brethren was nearly forgotten among the other Christian denominations."

We shall soon see in how striking a manner it pleased the Lord to send a time of revival, and "renew their days as of old." Meanwhile let us glance at a few facts in the history of the remarkable man already mentioned, Bishop Comenius, who may be considered as the connecting link between the ancient and restored Church of the Brethren.

John Amos Comenius was born on March 28, 1592, at Komua, in Moravia. From his early years he devoted himself to God, and desired to serve him in the ministry. He studied at the Reformed Universities of Herborn and Heidelberg; and, being conspicuous for talents as well as piety, was at an early age appointed principal of the governor's school of Prezerow, and in 1618 chosen as minister of the congregation at Fulnek, the chief settlement of the brethren in Moravia.

The dark clouds of coming trial, even then beginning to gather, soon burst in storm on his Church and people. Only six years after his ordination all Protestant ministers were banished the country. He found a place of concealment in the mountain castle of a friendly nobleman, and was enabled to pay occasional visits to his flock; but this refuge soon failed, as the nobility themselves were driven into exile. Then Comenius, along with many of his people, finally left their country and emigrated into Poland. On the summit of the Bohemian mountain boundary the sorrowful band of exiles paused to take a last look at their native land, and knelt around their pastor while he offered up a fervent prayer, that the Lord would not suffer the light of his holy word to be for ever extinguished in Bohemia and Moravia, but would preserve there a seed to serve him in days to come. The memory of that prayer has never been lost in the Church on earth, and an abundant answer was granted from above "after many days."

Comenius fixed upon Lisso as his place of residence; and there, at a synod held in 1632, was consecrated Bishop of the Bohemian and Moravian branch of the Brethren's Church, now so widely "scattered abroad." He devoted much of his time to literary occupations, and published several educational works, which gained for him a high reputation, and invitations to visit other countries, England among the rest. During his many journeys he omitted no opportunity for pleading the cause of his oppressed, afflicted Church. Deeply did he bewail her outward tribulation and spiritual decline.

When, at the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, no provision was made for the relief of the Moravian Protestants, it seemed as if all hope from man was vain; but he never relinquished his hope in the Lord, that in some unlooked-for way deliverance and restoration would yet come. He did what he could, in trustful faith, to make preparation before hand for better days. In 1649, he published a History of the Brethren, with an appendix, stating his own views for the reformation and improve-

ment of their discipline, and a dedication, as his "last will and testament" to the Church of England, solemnly bequeathing to her care these memorials of his people. "Should it please God," he writes, "at a future period, to educe good from our present afflictions, we, in that case, commend to you our beloved mother, the Brethren's Church, that you may take care of her, whatever it may please God to do, whether to restore her in her native land, or, when deceased there, to revive her elsewhere. . . . If there has been found in our Church anything true, honest, just, pure and lovely, anything of good report, any virtue and any praise, care ought by all means to be taken that this may not perish with us, but that the foundation at least may not be so entirely overthrown in the present ruin as not to be discoverable by succeeding generations. Into your hands, therefore, we commit this precious deposit, and thus, by your care, make provision for posterity."

In 1661, Comenius published a Catechism for the spiritual edification of his people, dedicating it "to the scattered sheep of Christ, especially in Fulnek." This, by the divine blessing, proved of much benefit to those for whom it was intended by the pious author.

As his latter days approached, he felt great anxiety at the prospect of the Episcopal order of his beloved Church dying with him. To prevent this he used every effort for the appointment of a successor; and in 1662, at Mielencin in Poland, two new bishops were duly elected and consecrated,—one for the Polish congregations, the other for the dispersed Bohemian and Moravian members; and by this means the Episcopal succession was preserved when the time of their revival came.

The residence of Comenius latterly was at Amsterdam, where he supported himself chiefly by private tuition; and there, in 1672, at the age of eighty years, forty-four of which had been spent in banishment for the sake of Christ, this good and faithful servant closed his eyes in peace.

"Our fathers trusted in thee, O Lord; they trusted, and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee, and were delivered; they trusted in thee, and were not confounded." c. c.

BIBLICAL TREASURY.

"A PRAYER OF MOSES, THE MAN OF GOD."

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," &c.
—PSALM xc.

THIS is the oldest of the Psalms. It was written five centuries before David—written, as its title informs us, by Moses, the man of God. And as it is the oldest Psalm in the book—one of the most ancient poems in the world, it is certainly one of the most sublime—full of the loftiest conceptions of God's character and attributes, and of the sovereignty and righteousness of his dealings with the children of men.

There is strong internal evidence that this Psalm

was composed by Moses during the period of Israel's wandering in the wilderness—a very mournful era of their history, and of which, in its details, little is known, but over which this Psalm casts, as we think, a cheering light. For it is to be borne in mind, that awful as was the dispensation of divine judgment, by which the Israelites were doomed to wander in the wilderness, till the whole of the unbelieving generation—some hundreds of thousands—should have died, yet the dispensation was at the same time a merciful one, for they were not cut off immediately in their sins, but space was given them for repentance; and that many of them did turn to God we may hope from the simple fact, that Moses, acting by divine direction, indited such a prayer as this for their use, and which was probably often sung by them during those weary wanderings. Should it not invest this Psalm with a new interest to us, whenever we read or sing it, to think that in all probability it was first sung by the Israelites in the wilderness; and that we may therefore regard it as a venerable memorial of the Hebrew worship during those sad and weary years. If some traveller through that desert were now to find in it—written on the side of one of its rocky valleys, or in some old time-worn manuscript—a song bearing to be sung by the Israelites when there, what an interest the discovery would excite. Such a song we have here, only with this difference, that by giving it a place in the Bible, the Lord has taken a far surer method of preserving it and handing it down from age to age.

Let us look for a little at the Psalm, first, in this aspect of it, as written for the use of the Israelites in the wilderness, and as actually sung by them. And in this view, how appropriate are the opening words, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," as if they would say, We never had any other dwelling-place. Our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. At thy word they went from one place to another, not knowing whither they went. We ourselves were bondmen in Egypt, and now we are in the wilderness with no other home than this. But though we and our fathers have been strangers and sojourners before thee, yet thou wast with us, in every time, and in every place, our fathers' God, and our God, our dwelling-place in all generations.

Equally appropriate, when we consider their circumstances, seems the allusion to the mountains in the following verse. Everywhere mountains suggest the idea of everlasting duration and unchangeableness, and naturally raise men's thoughts to God.

Much more amid the awful solitudes of Sinai, where he who journeys feels that the hand of time, during many centuries, has made no appreciable change, where the traveller of the present day sees all things much as they were seen by Israel. These, he says to himself, are the hills on which they looked, with whose forms their long sojourn in the wilderness must have made them familiar. Yonder they saw the sun rise, and yonder set; and the stars which appear in the firmament at night

are the same stars which shone on them. What a change it was to the Israelites when they passed into this wilderness from such a country as Egypt, with its fertile fields and wonderful river—its busy people—its kings and armies—its magnificence and pomp! What a difference it must have made, when they were brought from these into the desert, to be as it were alone with God; and how well might the scenery of that wilderness, its mountains so changeless and awe-inspiring, raise their thoughts to the Eternal One, who "before the mountains were brought forth, and ere ever he had formed the earth and the world, is from everlasting to everlasting God."

How must they now also have felt themselves in the power of this Almighty One,—a power against which, as they learned at last by sad experience, it was infinitely vain for them to contend. And what an awful display of that power had they, in the gradual but sure accomplishment of the sentence pronounced against them, and which was every day fulfilling before their eyes, when God turned them to destruction, and said, "Return, ye children of men." The very delay in the execution of that sentence—the conviction that there they must wander up and down, until it was accomplished, must have only made them more deeply feel it, as they saw one after another of their comrades disappear—must have made them feel how certain was the dissolution which awaited them, how irrevocable the doom, how unfailing the word of Him on whose purposes the lapse of time effects no change, in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

The similitudes employed in the following verses to set forth the shortness of life and the certainty of death, are such as might, in these circumstances, naturally occur.

The winter rain torrents of that desert, which come so suddenly, swiftly, and irresistibly, might readily suggest the first of these emblems, "Thou carriest them away as with a flood." The comparison of human life to "a sleep," of which we are unconscious till it is over and we awake, is, of course, equally appropriate to every place. But "the grass, which in the morning flourisheth and groweth up, and in the evening is cut down, and withereth," carries our thoughts again to the wilderness, and to the verdure which at certain seasons springs up hastily in parts of its barren valleys, and again as rapidly decays. Certainly no language could more strikingly describe the condition of the Israelites at the time: "consumed," or gradually wasted away as they were by the ordinary processes of decay and dissolution, and not only so, but visited also with other out-breakings of God's indignation, and manifestations of his displeasure against them for their sins—as when many of them perished in the rebellion of Korah by the earthquake and the fire, or when, as on other occasions, thousands were destroyed by venomous serpents, by pestilence, and by war. So that they were thus not

only consumed by God's anger, but troubled also by his wrath, and made to feel in their inmost apprehensions that he had set their iniquities before him, and that even their secret sins, their pride, and murmuring, and unbelief were in the light of his countenance. How well might they say then that all their days were passed away in God's wrath, that their days did he consume in vanity, and their years in trouble; that they spent their years as a tale that is told; and what an affecting view of their condition, during these years, is suggested by the following verse! We are to remember that those of them who were sentenced to die in the wilderness were such as were twenty years old and upwards at the time of their leaving Egypt. In so vast a multitude there must have been many of all ages, and as the period of their wandering was just forty years, many must have died in the ordinary course at sixty or under—the extreme term and limit of their life being seventy, or at furthest eighty years. It is affecting to think of these old men wearing out in the wilderness, seeing their equals and comrades, one after one, drop off, waiting all the days of their appointed time till their own change should come; for there, they knew, they must remain till the very last man should have passed away; and these were, therefore, not inappropriate, though plaintive strains in their song—a song which from these stillnesses and solitudes, may have often arisen audibly to heaven—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

Yet their song had also a more cheerful strain. The picture is dark, and deeply shaded, but rays of light from heaven fall down upon it, for there are various considerations, which warrant us to hope that God's judgments were not sent on them in vain. There is, as already stated, the fact that they were spared so long. Why should this have been, but to give them an opportunity of repentance. Then, during all these years they enjoyed the ministry of Moses, the man of God. During these years also were observed the solemn services and sacrifices of the tabernacle, by which they were taught, that God, though justly angry with them, was willing to be propitiated, and in which they could see Christ's day afar off. It was then, too, that one of the most beautiful of all the Old Testament types of Christ was exhibited among them, the serpent lifted up by Moses, and through which, as they looked upon it, they not only received a bodily and temporal healing, but in which we cannot doubt many of them saw, however indistinctly, a more glorious salvation shadowed forth.

That they did profit by all these lessons and visitations, we may infer also from another circumstance—the piety of their children, of the generation which immediately succeeded them, and under Joshua entered the promised land. It is impossible at least thoughtfully to read this Psalm, without perceiving how entirely it

harmonizes with such a view. It is a Psalm for all time. But we cannot fix on any other period of the Old Testament history which could more naturally have given occasion for its being penned; and the very fact of such a Psalm having been composed for the Israelites then, casts, as already observed, a cheering light on that period, otherwise so dreary and dark. There is, as became it, an air of deep sadness pervading this Psalm, but in its tone submissive and reverential in the highest degree. The language is that of penitent and contrite hearts, weaned and broken off at length from well-nigh incurable guilt and folly, and brought to submit with a true resignation to God; and the prayers with which it concludes, that they might be taught to number their days aright, and satisfied early with God's mercy, are the prayers of men who hoped for a better life beyond the grave,—who believed that though they themselves must fall in the wilderness, the glory of God would appear to their children, when they should be brought into the pleasant land,—and who thus, in preparing their children for the glorious things which awaited them, and preparing themselves to leave the world, felt that they had "a work" to do—a work which redeemed the otherwise miserable remnant of their life from its utter vanity—a work which they could ask the Lord to establish and confirm. K.

(To be continued.)

TRUE PRAYERS NEVER LOST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

It is hard to believe that the fervent prayer of the righteous man is ever lost. The answer may be long delayed. It may come in a manner wholly unlooked for. The return of the prayer may be such that it may not be recognised by the devout soul who uttered it. But it is not lost.

1. For example, there are some prayers which we cannot expect to see answered immediately. I was at a monthly concert last evening, where God's people were pleading with him for the conversion of the world. None of that praying company had any expectation of living to see the day when the last heathen nation should surrender to the victorious Jesus. Yet their petitions will never be forgotten. Those pleading disciples will yet behold the glorious fulfilment of their desires from the battlements of heaven. For in our own experience we have seen many a prayer manifestly answered long after the saint who breathed it into the ear of the Saviour has gone to lay his weary head on that Saviour's breast.

A dying mother commits her beloved boy to a covenant-keeping God. She has often borne that child on the arms of faith to the mercy seat. He has been the child of many prayers; and in the feeble utterances of her passing spirit another and a last petition is breathed forth that Christ would have mercy on his soul. Years

roll away. The sod has grown green, and the rank grass has long waved over that mother's tomb. In some distant land—mayhap hundreds of miles from that spot—a full-grown man, who has long been ripening in sin, is seen bowed in prayer. He is crying out of an agonized heart, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* Behold he prayeth, and *his* prayer is the answer of the fervent petitions which his dying mother uttered many long years before. Her requests were recorded in God's book of remembrance; and but for them we know not that the prayer of that penitent son would have ever ascended there. Let praying fathers and mothers never grow faint of heart. Let desponding Churches—long unvisited by revival blessings—only close up their ranks more compactly about the mercy-seat, and besiege heaven with new importunity. For above the dark cloud of their discouragement is written, as in the clear, upper sky, "He that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

2. Other prayers are answered at the time of their utterance, but in a way so unlooked for that he who offered them is inclined to think that the very opposite of what he asked for has befallen him. One individual prays, for instance, that he may be enabled to glorify God. Ere he is aware, some tremendous calamity comes crashing down upon him, prostrating him to the dust. His fortune is swept away. Or his schemes of promotion are blasted. A favourite child is missed from the cradle or the hearthstone. His hopes are withered like grass. God has answered his prayer, but has answered it, as the Psalmist says, "by terrible things." From under the overwhelming pressure of affliction he flees to Jesus, his divine comforter, and oh, how his love is kindled by the contact! How his latent faith is called forth! How he glorifies God in the furnace of trial which is purging away the dross of selfishness and worldliness, and making his pure gold to shine with tenfold brightness!

We once saw an earnest inquirer who was praying most importunately for faith in Christ, and for peace to his troubled soul. But while he prayed a cloud of darkness gathered across his horizon. And against that cloud, which swung like a funeral pall before his vision, played the sharp lightnings of the Almighty's wrath. The thunders of God's law roared against him. Instead of peace came only the sword. Instead of the calm he sought came the fearful tempest; and, under the stress of its terrors, the poor baffled soul betakes himself to the "covert" which Christ has raised on Calvary. There he finds the peace he so earnestly prayed for. There the long-sought confidence in Jesus pours its fulness through the soul. His prayer was answered—first by terrible things, but at last by the very blessings which he desired. And without that storm the true calm would have never come. Had the sinner not been led to that frightful view of his own guilt and condemnation, he might never have gone to Christ, and thus could not

have known true abiding peace. As he looks back over the dark valley of sorrow through which the divine hand has wondrously led him, and sees that no other way would so surely bring him to the cross, he feels a renewed assurance that no true prayer is ever lost; he now *knows* that he that asketh aright will always receive, and he that seeketh will surely find. His experience is worth all it cost him.

3. Once more, let us remark that the petitions of believers are often answered according to their *intention*, and not according to the strict letter of the request. The utterer of the prayer sought only the glory of God, but, in his ignorance, asked for wrong things. God hears and answers him; but the blessing granted is something very *different* from what the believer expected. The case of Paul is a beautiful illustration of this. He is sorely afflicted by a "thorn in the flesh." What the precise nature of the affliction was, we know not. Perhaps it was a severe malady; perhaps a besetting sin; perhaps a mortifying deformity of body or of character. He beseeches God in three earnest petitions that this "thorn" might depart from him. His prayers are heard. They are answered. But, instead of the removal of the thorn comes the cheering assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee." The Lord does not take away the trial, but gives him all that is needed to make it endurable; thus the divine glory and Paul's spiritual well-being were more certainly advanced than if the prayer had been answered strictly according to its letter.

The prayer was not lost. That God hears every sincere prayer, who can doubt? The sceptic must seal his vision, lest, coming to the light, he shall be persuaded against himself. He must mutilate or destroy the shining record of God's providential dealings with the children of faith. He must erase from the Bible the animating narrative of Jacob's midnight struggles, the thrilling scenes of Elijah's wrestlings at Carmel and at Zarephath, the "evening oblations" of Daniel, and the angelic deliverance of Peter from the prison cell. He must destroy many a leaf from the Christian's diary, on which devout gratitude has written, "This day I learned anew that my heavenly Father hears and answers prayer." He must give the lie to omniscient love, which has uttered in the ear of all the needy, sorrowing, guilty household of humanity, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you." "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

FRAGMENTS.

If God demanded less than the heart, it would argue that there was a good independent of himself.

Those who have life are conscious of the ebbs and flows of life.

The grace of God can enable the lame and the halt, the maimed and the blind, to go through the land and possess it.

THE TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH.*

BY THE LATE REV. HENRY ANGUS.

"And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."—2 Kings II. 11.

WHERE is the world of spirits? Where is it not? Up, down, within, and around us. We are prone to conceive too materially, and, therefore, too much as of a locality circumscribed by certain limits, of it; as we too materially, and, therefore, too much as one who occupies such a locality, of God himself. We are ignorant of the conditions of spiritual existence; and of purely spiritual action, movement, and enjoyment. Why may not this invisible essence, which is within me, which thinks, and feels, and wills, and is most properly myself, when once it has been but enfranchised from its present earthly obligations, find a home and happiness, be with God, and in his glory, without going on any long journey for them? There is a mystery of our own being which, while it would be folly to expect that any of us can comprehend, it is unbelief, and a kind of atheism not to know; taking, perhaps, certain forms of speech respecting the world of spirits, and its denizens, in a too great literality, as many appear to do, using the veil of parable, weakly or perversely, in like manner as some of the hearers of Christ's personal preaching did to conceal the truth which it was mercifully intended to reveal. Of that world, as of its glorious Sovereign, might we not put the question, and give the answer, Whither shall we go from it? whither shall we flee from it? If we ascend up into heaven, it is there; if we make our bed in the abyss of the unseen, behold, it is there; if we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there we shall still be in it.

Without prejudice to any part of this, there is a heaven—a place where most immediately God is; where his glory most directly and illustriously shines; where the blessings of his loving-kindness are most munificently conferred; where sin and sorrow are not, and cannot come; where his holy angels, and many who have been redeemed by him from among men, already reside with him; and where all his holy family, at once the unfallen and the reclaimed, shall at length reside with him for ever. We do not know the position of that place with relation to the rest of the universe. We speak of it, and it has been spoken of

to us, as *up*; because we associate, naturally, the light-some, the glorious, and the divine with that which is above us; and just as naturally that which is beneath us, with degradation and destruction, with the kingdom of darkness and of death. We cannot discourse of its topography. We cannot pretend to say how it is to be ultimately arranged: what spaces or provinces of the creation it is, or is not, destined to comprehend and how its necessary vastness is, or is to be, rendered compatible with its perfect and equally necessary concentration. But the place, and the most important, and, as we ought to find them, the most interesting, features of the place are undeniably a revelation to us in the word of God. Under some of those features we have sought already to bring it before you; and we have taken them all, as you must be aware, in their spirit, if not in their very letter, from various pages of the Book. We have such explicit words as those of Jesus on the subject; and, while they are, no doubt, accommodated in part, as all words on the subject must be, to the verbal usages, and to the ordinary conceptions of mankind, it is impossible to explain them away into the extravagance of poetry, or into the dreaminess of a merely scenic symbol. "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go away, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." Where is Enoch, the old-world patriarch, whom God took? When Elijah was translated, whither was he borne? Two these, undoubtedly, not spirits of just men, but just men made perfect, in the realms of glory. What are the third heavens? what is the paradise to which the apostle Paul was afterwards caught up, in a vision or revelation of the Lord, there is no doubt, and, therefore, differently from the actual rapture of the two Old Testament saints, but surely in a vision or revelation which was intended to make known the existence of a reality to him, and to us? And, above all, where is the Lord Jesus Christ now? Whither did he go when he ascended, out of the midst and in the sight of his disciples, from Mount Olivet? Where is he now, not only in his divinity—in respect of which he was in heaven, he said, even when he was on the earth—but in his glorified humanity also, body and soul? Yes, we acknowledge that it is the ascension of Jesus Christ, as

* From a volume of striking Sermons, recently published. (Aberdeen: A. Brown & Co.) "It is surprising that a man of so much mental power should have been so little known outside his own denomination."

he was when he had risen from the dead, which principally by far necessitates—thrice welcome, and thrice blessed necessity!—our belief in the existence of heaven, as of a place which is the home, even now, of two complete humanities, besides his own; and which is ordained, when the ages of time have fulfilled their round, to be the home of all his saints.

The gliding of a spirit from earth, what time the shackles of immortality have been loosed from off it, God showing it the path of life, and leading it in at the gates of glory, is a thing sufficiently obscure to us. But, "behold I show you a *mystery*," writes the apostle, "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." We may complete, from another epistle, the prophetic narrative of the last day, "Then we," the changed, "shall be caught up together with them," the risen, "in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Now, if that will be a mystery, undoubtedly a great one, when the course of nature shall be remarkably changed, and when the very structure of nature shall be extensively dissolved or altered, the term will be not less appropriate certainly, but more so if we apply it to the translation of Elijah, when, with the exception of the comparatively rare miraculous occurrences of which we read, one of them only of the same kind, that course of nature was not disturbed, that structure of nature was not interfered with; when sin was demanding peremptory payment of its wages, and when the earth was receiving the earthy. How shall we account for it? Verily, how but by the almighty power of God; a power which that man unpardonably limits who believes in the creation of all things by its fiat, and in the subsistence of all things by its continuous agency, and who does not at the same time believe that it cannot only rule the mind, but make, and shift, and order the matter of the universe just as it wills. The least we can say about the wonderful event which is here recorded is, that the divine power was necessary for it; and also, the most, that the divine power was easily able for it. Now, if it had been simply stated that God translated Elijah, or even if it had been only stated about Elijah as it had previously been about Enoch, that he was not, for God took him, we should have had nothing more to do than to receive the mysterious but well-authenticated fact as true, and then to use it as it was meant we should. But, in the case of Elijah, we see the power of God employing a supernatural machinery, and working that machinery for the bringing about of its purpose, through successive stages, so to speak. This was, first of all, in order that Elisha's eye might rest with something of leisure on the occurrence which he was witnessing; and, next, that our minds might rest with reverent studiousness upon this record of it; trying to understand the words, in so far as it is competent for us to do so; trying to picture to

ourselves, truly and vividly, the event; and setting ourselves then to what we will find to be a more accessible subject of thought—the purposes and lessons of the event.

I. Looking, then, at the event itself, we have—

1. *Elijah and Elisha still going on and talking.*

They had travelled in each other's company from the neighbourhood of the Jordan to Bethel, and back again to the Jordan, taking Jericho in the way. Being who they were, and knowing both of them, what was before them, we may be sure that they had much conversation all the while; and that the topics of their conversation were both important and seasonable. The impending event, towards the last at all events, the faithfulness of God, his Church's trials, and her defections, what he had done for her in the days of old, the still greater things he was to do for her in the years to come; it may be they talked in a similar strain, although more obscurely, as this very Elias afterwards did, with Moses and the Master of them both, on the Mount of Transfiguration, of the decease which should be accomplished at Jerusalem. When they had conferred about the double portion of Elijah's spirit, and when they had passed through the channel of the river, by the miracle of the division of its waters, they continued to walk on, and not in silence. Their conversation would rather increase now in earnestness and importance. They likely did not know the precise moment of their separation. It was to come upon them while they walked still on and talked. How much is often crowded into a few remaining moments of friendly intercourse on earth! Too much is left, in general, to be crowded into them: and sometimes, then, the pain and the languor of the dying is a dire obstruction to what would be said and heard. But there was nothing of that here. To what useful purpose, to each other, as travellers to eternity, might we turn our intercourse—often mercifully protracted, and madly abused, if we would only think of it! O that we might so conduct it, that, when the journey of life is done, we shall be in some measure of condition to hear the question, "What manner of communications were those which ye had one to another, as ye walked?"

2. *The sudden and glorious appearing, on the plain beside them, of a chariot of fire, and horses of fire.* The equipage which now drove up to them, the stately car, with its befitting steeds caparisoned and yoked to it, may not have been composed of fire. The meaning may be that they had the appearance like as of fire. Fire is the frequent symbol, both in word, and vision, and miraculous occurrence, of the power and purity of the God of Israel. When the dismayed host of the King of Syria, with his chariots and horses, encompassed, afterwards, the host of Israel, a young man, whose eyes had been opened for the purpose, saw the heavenly array prepared to act in the defensive—the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire. "The

chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." "He maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire." The idea which we are intended to receive from these sayings of Scripture probably is, that the angels are the ministers, or vehicles of God's glorious power; and that, in their movements and operations, they are rapid, subtle, and resistless, as spirits, which indeed they are, and as fire, which they resemble. But can we tell what shapes those angels may or may not themselves have taken, at the divine command? that they may not have taken this one, among others, of a chariot of fire, and horses of fire? Why not that, as well as others, under which we are not afraid to imagine and represent them? The ministering angels were certainly present. We fill up the delineation, from the exclamation of Elisha, as he was looking up, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel, and," not the horses, but, "the horsemen thereof"—bright-harnessed angels, therefore, the drivers and the guards. What a sight it must have been! What an inimitable combination of the graceful with the grand! How far surpassing all the classic models of this same thing—a kingly car with its prancing steeds, that have either been thrown on canvas by the painter, or chiselled in marble by the statuary—among the finest things, confessedly, that human art and genius have ever done! Yes, Elijah, who has laboured, and has had patience, where there were many and powerful adversaries, must be taken to heaven in the King's own chariot! Yes, the warrior must leave the field of his protracted agony as a conqueror going to his triumph!

3. *The parting of Elijah and Elisha asunder by the chariot of fire, and the horses of fire.* How easily did they glide between them, however closely linked, or even claspingly embraced, they may have been, placing the one to this side, and the other to that. This one but stands to gaze, while that one is handed or lifted in to sit by the attendant spirits—for so we cannot fail to think. And if we, as friends, are ever to be parted, as so we must, not by thy iron mace, O death, but by thy glowing chariot, and by thy kindly angels, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God, let this thing be!

4. *Elijah going up into heaven.* The archangel Michael disputed with Satan about the body of Moses; and there have been many disputes about that dispute. But Moses died; and the Lord buried him in a valley in the land of Moab. Earth has his dust; although no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. But, indisputably, if it is possible to understand, and right to credit the Bible, Elijah left but his prophet's mantle behind him on the earth. He shuffled not off his mortal coil when he went up in his fiery chariot; but the mortal did, even then, put on immortality. It was swallowed up of life. He was changed; he did not sleep. He was translated; he did not expire.

5. *Elijah going up, by a whirlwind into heaven.* You will have observed that, in the first verse of the chapter, it is to the whirlwind, in the way of instru-

mentality, that the rapture of the prophet is ascribed. This is the heading of the wonderful narrative. "It came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind." Neither the chariot with its horses, nor the whirlwind was indispensable in order to the result. God could have taken his servant without either. I would suggest, but diffidently, that the fiery chariots and horses were added, in order to give in the best and amplest manner, the token to Elisha, of which Elijah had spoken in replying to his request about a double portion of his spirit, namely, his seeing him when he was taken from him; after which he could not but know that his request was granted. And could not, then, that chariot have borne him up to heaven's gate of itself, although there had been no whirlwind? Undoubtedly, if so it had been willed. It would be to consider too curiously, and to conclude without good reason, that it, with its contents—the spiritual body, but still the real, and, therefore, the ponderable body of Elijah—needed the force of the whirlwind to bear it up. But the whirlwind, as part of the visible machinery, had something to do as well as it. Perhaps in part to veil the mystery; perhaps to be in keeping with the awaking and fear-inspiring character of the dispensation to the history of which it belongs; certainly to impress with a sense of the awful presence, and to intimate that there was judgment as well as mercy in the event of which to sing. "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth!" "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

6. *Elijah's mantle falling from him as he went up.* We dip into the context, but only a short way, in order to find this particular. But it was an important one in the scene of the translation; and it is necessary in order to the completeness of our view of that scene, that we should here just take it in. It had been the symbol of his prophetic office and qualification. Take it up, Elisha! It is a solemn heir-loom. It is thy call renewed to thee. It is thine investiture repeated to thee. Clad in that mantle, rough and emblem of the roughness thou must use, and the roughness thou must encounter; clad in that mantle, forth to what work and warfare thou must go. But it is also thy pledge. Thou hast asked a double portion of thy master's spirit, and now thou hast not only seen him as he was taken from thee, but received his mantle dropped at thy feet. Here is whence the proverbial and well-understood expression, about the mantle of one man falling on another, has come into use.

There are two objections or scriptural difficulties. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." Shall we need to meet them? Not at any length. No more did flesh and blood inherit the kingdom of God when Elijah was taken up to heaven. On the earth his body was a natural body; in the fiery chariot—it is not for us to pretend to say how—it was turned

into a spiritual body. And no man has any more ascended up into heaven, but the Son of man which is in heaven; the translation of Elijah nevertheless. He did not ascend. He was taken up. He did not go up as the head of a ransomed retinue, or by his own power. He was himself a part of the ransomed retinue of Christ, although, in respect of time, he went before the forerunner. So, really, no man has ascended up to heaven but Christ: and no man will rise from the dead but Christ.

II. The purposes and lessons of the translation of Elijah. All supernatural occurrences are, necessarily, very unintelligible as to their essence; but their moral purposes, and their religious lessons, are, on the contrary, just as ascertainable and plain. But, that we might see these and profit by them, we may be sure the power of God would never have brought them about. We can say exceedingly little about them, under their former aspect; under their latter, we can say a very great deal. We may consider the purposes and lessons of the translation of Elijah:—

1. *As they respect himself.* His work was done. The programme of his life, as God had laid it down to him on Mount Horeb, was now filled up; and what for him, therefore, should there now remain but his removal? The rage of persecutors might have again awaked against him. Hide him now, O God, in thine immediate pavilion! Take him out of the world, that he may thus be more effectually kept from the evil thereof! But all this does not seem to give us a sufficient reason for his removal to heaven in this particular way. It must have been meant for the putting of a singular honour on the man, for his singular services; and to make him, to all the ages that were to come, an instance, memorable and influential, that those who honour God, God will honour. Where is Ahab now, with all his pride and luxury? Dead, and designated with the seed of evil-doers, who shall never be renowned! His chariot, filled with his blood, had borne him, a dying man, out of the field of his last battle—last and lost. And where is Jezebel now, with all her paint and harlotry? Gone, literally, to the dogs! But now is the hour of Elijah's triumph. Now he hath "dominion" over them, and all their craft and cruelty. He tastes not death. He rides to heaven in the royal equipage. Make way, make way, ye celestial circles! Take him to thy bosom, Abraham! Put him chief among thy princes, Moses! Give him thy peculiar welcome, Enoch! Take him by the human hand, thou old immortal. Bring thy brother to the King! Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!

2. *As they respect Elisha.* How now would his faith strengthen, his love burn, his spiritual heroism lift his head and expand his bosom! Yes, the sight of his master, when he was so taken from him, would prove to him, not only a token that a double portion of his

master's spirit would be upon him, as he was told it would, but a principal channel through which it was conveyed. His preparation for the arduous task which was now before him would be completed when he gazed upon Elijah in this glorious manner, acknowledged by the Lord of both, and going up into his rest. So have many servants of God received their first impulse, or their full equipment, when they have been witnessing the parting moments of the great and good.

3. *As they respect the Church of those days.* The translation of Elijah was, in itself, a theology to that Church. More particularly it was a foot-print of grace, as it was marching forward steadily to a brighter consummation, and a clearer manifestation in a future age. It showed itself amidst the wreck of our humanity which sin had made, and cheerfully proclaimed—Where sin hath abounded grace doth superabound; that, as sin hath reigned unto death, so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ the Lord. There is hope and help for this dying world. Moreover, it was a proof of the life and incorruption, before they should be brought to light most clearly by the gospel. There is a heaven. Was not Elijah taken into it? There will be a resurrection. On any other supposition, would his once mortal body have been conserved, immortalized, and glorified? And, finally, it evinced, demonstrated God's care of religion and of his Church—a care which could not fail, but be efficient for their preservation and prosperity, whatever might hinder, whoever might assail. "The gates of hell shall not prevail over them." The Jews have some unwarrantable notions about Elijah; how he still walks the earth; how he is present at some of their ceremonies; and so on. But was not this really a part of the design of God, by his translation, to let the world see that the work to which he had been devoted would never terminate, and that the spirit in which he had prosecuted that work should never evaporate! Hence, in so far as that work and spirit are concerned, he was predicted to come, and came, in the person of John the Baptist; he was one of the august assembly, at what we may call the rehearsed inauguration of the kingdom of heaven, on the mountain of transfiguration; and there is an evident allusion to his life, and the triumphant manner of his removal, in what we read of the two witnesses—their faithfulness, their pain, their sufferings, their martyrdom, their redemption, and their ascending up to heaven in a cloud, in the book of the Apocalypse.

4. *As they respect the Church of these days.* Of course, in all these points of view, they have not lost their value, and never will till the end of the world. Only, as an old and comparatively obscure theology, they have been followed up, and, in a manner, superseded by a new and better one. In all these points of view we could afford now well to do without the teaching of Elijah's translation, having the advent and the death, the resurrection and the ascension, of his and our Lord.

Blessed be the God and Father, not so much of Elijah, as of our Lord Jesus Christ.

5. *As they respect ourselves individually.* It may seem that we can derive no personal lesson of consolation, with regard to our own departure, from the acknowledged and all but solitary miracle of Elijah's. But oh, how it does really speak to us of God's most tender interest in his people, and of his gracious superintendence of everything connected with their life and death! There are ministering angels around the deathbeds of believers; and celestial welcomes for the righteous the moment after death. If we are Christians, the bitterness of death will soon be over with us; and, when we look back upon it, it will not seem much. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Amen.

TRAVELS TO THE LAND OF THE MORMONS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

If our readers have been at all interested in the sketch we have given of the rapid rise of the Mormon Church, they will be asking now, with double curiosity, What are the tenets of this body, that in little more than a quarter of a century, has attracted nearly a quarter of a million of adherents from all countries of the world? We do not profess to give a complete answer to the question; but what we are to advance may throw some light on the subject, and serve to indicate, in some degree, wherein the strength, and, at the same time, the danger of this system lies.

What, then, is Mormonism? In a word, it is belief in Joseph Smith, and submission to him and to his successors as authorized teachers and rulers in the Church of God.

But how come such multitudes to believe in Joseph Smith? Anything in the form of *external* evidence in favour of this man is so palpably unsatisfactory, that we must seek for the secret of his popularity in his system itself. What, then, is there in his system that is so attractive, and enables his missionaries to achieve such success?

In the first place, Mormonism makes a great profession of returning to the system of the apostles and the early Church, in all its integrity, and it claims for Joseph Smith the honour of having been employed to re-establish this system on the earth, after eighteen centuries of unbelief and neglect. The whole range of offices in apostolic times—apostles, bishops, elders, teachers, deacons, and so on; the whole powers and prerogatives of the early Church—gifts of tongues, miraculous healing, expulsion of devils, and foretelling of the future; the glories and privileges of the early Church, including the presence of Christ and of the Holy Spirit, were not intended (it says) for one age, but for all. An unbelieving Church failed to realize this; hence, ere the second century, it degenerated; and for eighteen centuries it has been a feeble, broken, divided, wrangling community,

that has not enjoyed peace itself, and has not been a blessing to the world. This state of things would have gone on indefinitely had God not revealed to Joseph Smith the miserable cause of it, and, at the same time, the glorious remedy. In the Mormon Church, the grand machinery of the Apostolic Church, enriched, too, by diverse Old Testament institutions, being set up in all its sublime completeness, shall in due time realize the glorious ends of the gospel. The richest gifts of miracles and prophecy shall again be enjoyed, and a corresponding increase shall be witnessed in the faith and graces of believers. Ere long, the saints of the first century and the Latter-day-saints (that is, the Mormonites), and they only, shall be made partakers of the first resurrection, and Christ himself shall return to reign with them over the earth. A marvellous change will be effected by the presence of Christ; the earth will be blessed with prosperity and glory; all nations shall be united in one great brotherhood; and the whole world shall become a Paradise. Evidently there is something very flattering in the conception, that Mormonism is the destined instrument to repair the errors of eighteen centuries, and realize at last the triumph of the gospel. And it is not difficult to understand how this imagination should prove very attractive to many. There is a feeling in the breasts of not a few persons that Christianity has not done for the world all that a divine religion might have been expected to do. It flashes on their imagination that the cause of this and the remedy are revealed in Mormonism. This notion takes a firm grasp of the imagination; it establishes itself there; and already there is a disposition to believe in miracles, gifts of tongues, and all the other things that seem to others so preposterous. It is felt to be glorious to be connected with a cause which is to enjoy so sure and so universal a triumph. Reason has no power to dispossess the fancies of the imagination. The Mormon disciple is captivated—fascinated; a spell is cast round him, from which he very seldom escapes. Having embraced this one notion, he is ready to embrace any number of absurdities that may be presented for his acceptance.

Another attractive thing about Mormonism is its pretensions to great liberality. While declaring that all Christian sects from the second century to the nineteenth, have departed from the true idea of the Church, it yet holds out that there is much that is good and true about them all. Joseph Smith declared that he was no bigot—that he was ready to recognise and adopt truth wherever he should find it, and that he allowed the same liberty to all his followers. Such deference to the spirit of "comprehension"—to the notion that there is truth in all religions, rather more perhaps in some than in others, is attractive to many. It is pretty much their own idea, and they are disposed to think favourably of the men who proclaim it so boldly.

Mormonism also makes much pretension to the spirit of *brotherhood*. Its members, in their own territory, are to enjoy the protection of equal laws, full scope for

their energies, and benevolent consideration and kindly assistance when poverty or difficulties press upon them. The system of English poor-laws, for example, and all the miseries that afflict the poor in a community like ours, will be unknown. Live and let live, peace and plenty, are given out as the mottoes of their Promised Land.

So far as we have yet gone, it is evident, that the attractions of Mormonism arise from its alleged contrast to the defects and evils that prevail in Christian sects, and under nominally Christian governments. There is no doubt that on these the missionaries of Mormonism dwell much. They furnish ample material for declamation. They come home to the convictions or to the lurking thoughts of very many. Confidence in all existing systems being thus overthrown, the mind is somewhat prepared for the bold but wild pretensions of Mormonism. All the old religions and governments having been weighed in the balances and found wanting, the only alternative that remains is Mormonism or blank despair. What may the *Churches* learn from this? Perhaps it is God's purpose to use this new heresy as an instrument of reproof to the Church, for her divisions, her bitterness of spirit, her want of love, activity, and self-denying devotedness, and her long neglect of those classes of the people from among whom Mormonism draws its recruits. Doubtless, too, this new heresy may lead us to think of the evil and loss involved in every departure from primitive Christian usages, so far as these were designed for permanent use. But, certainly, the remedy is not to be found in an attempt to set up the entire machinery of the Apostolical Church. In the epistles to the seven Churches of Asia, we have several sketches of the falling off from primitive purity that prevailed towards the end of the apostolic age. But the last of the apostles was not commissioned to teach that this degeneracy was caused by neglecting to elect new apostles, in room of the old, or to exercise, in faith, the gifts of healing and speaking with tongues. Very different was his view, both of the evil and of its remedy; and very different will be the course of the Churches if they wish to enjoy again the glory and privileges of the early age.

But we must hasten now to let our readers hear something of what Messrs. Remy and Brenchley actually saw in the land of the Mormons.

It was on the 25th September, 1855, that our travellers entered "the New Jerusalem," commonly called Deseret, or Great Salt Lake City. Though it was but eight or nine years since its site formed part of the desert, they found it a large and apparently very flourishing city, three miles in diameter. A river, called the Jordan, bounds it on one side; and the city is spread out on a hill that rises, in the form of an amphitheatre, above the river. Streets more than a hundred feet wide; houses distant twenty yards from the streets, and each surrounded by a garden; running streams on each side the streets, brought ingeniously from the neigh-

bouring hills, show that its founders, wise in their generation, have provided well against the evils of overcrowding and filth which are so pernicious in most large towns. The whole aspect of the people was that of busy industry. No one, not even the president of the Church, is wholly exempt from manual labour. Idlers are unknown. "Neither grog shops, gaming tables, nor brothels are to be met with. . . . There is never any disturbance in the streets, brawling is unknown; criminal charges also are very rare; and the courts, by the admission of the federal judges, have scarcely anything else to do but settle disputed debts."

The man who has organized this large town, and brought its heterogeneous inhabitants into such a state of activity and order, must be no ordinary person. Brigham Young, Mormon Pope, Prophet, and recognised Governor of Utah, "is a man of fifty-four years of age (A.D. 1855), fair, of moderate height, stout almost to obesity. He has regular features, a wide forehead, eyes which convey an idea of finesse, and a smiling expression of mouth. His general appearance is that of an honest farmer, and nothing in his manners indicates a man of the higher classes." Brother Brigham, as he is called among his people, is the husband of seventeen wives. His influence over the whole community is immense; probably greater than that of any other potentate in the world, civil or religious.

According to the account of our travellers, the polygamy of the Mormons has not, as yet at least, produced those disastrous effects which we should have been disposed to anticipate. The truth is, the system has not had time to develop itself, and it would be absurd to judge of what it may yet become from what ten or twelve years have revealed of it. For, in reality, it is only since the people took up their abode in Utah that they have had it in their power to give full scope and swing to their system. It would require two or three generations to develop all its fruits. Deseret may, according to the testimony of our travellers, be a quiet and orderly place to-day; but what will it be thirty years hence, should it last so long? When a new generation has grown up; when the children reared in the seraglio have become young men and women; when the example of the fathers has had time to tell upon those who come after them, what will the result be then? The Mormon missionaries will, no doubt, allege that the system is not a pernicious one, and that abominations that prevail in other places are not found in Utah. But there are already the seeds of moral putrefaction, and when they have had time to bear their fruit, the poisonous results will be but too apparent.

This singular practice is justified by the authority of the Old Testament. Joseph Smith alleged that a revelation from God commanded him to do the works of Abraham, the father of the faithful, and one of these works was marrying more wives than one. The example of Jacob, and of David, and of Solomon, is urged as pointing in the same direction; while the sad moral,—

in the family strife, and spiritual declension that followed the indulgence,—is wholly disregarded. The practice is further encouraged by the notion, that the more wives and children a man has, the higher will be his place in the kingdom of heaven. He is to reign over them as Abraham reigned or ruled over his household; and if he become a literal "Abraham," or "father of many nations," so much the greater will be his future eminence and glory.

Every person married to a first wife, and desirous of having another, must, before he makes a proposal of marriage, consult the supreme president of the Church, and obtain through him a revelation, in which God is supposed to manifest his pleasure on the subject. If the revelation be adverse to the proposed marriage, the affair ends. If it be favourable, the petitioner must next get the consent of the parents or guardians of the woman. If they refuse, the marriage is broken off; if they agree, and the woman likewise, the marriage may go on. The first wife cannot stop the second marriage; she may complain to the president; but if he is not satisfied with her objections, the affair will proceed.

In some cases, all the wives live in the same house, and have their meals together, either with or without their husband. In other cases, each wife has a separate house, and the husband spends day about with each of his families.

The extent to which the practice prevails may be gathered from the fact that in Utah nearly four thousands persons are polygamists, and of these about eleven hundred have five or more wives each.

It is singular, indeed almost incredible, that (according to the testimony of our travellers) this system, so abominable and disgusting in our eyes, finds favour with several of the wives themselves. They at least declare themselves happy, and maintain that the system works well. But, on the other hand, facts leak out that show depths of misery unspeakable. Even our travellers, who are too fond of painting Mormonism in fair colours, cannot shut their eyes to these. One day, on the banks of the Jordan, they met two women plunged in the deepest grief. It was a mother and her daughter. The mother, an educated Englishwoman, and a widow, had contracted a second marriage with a Mormon priest and missionary. This man had conceived the abominable design of making the daughter his wife also. The daughter, an interesting and beautiful girl of seventeen, could not bear the thought of becoming the wife of her mother's husband. She withstood the proposal to the last, in spite even of the influence of the president himself. When the missionary saw that the case was hopeless, he went and married a vulgar woman, who succeeded, through the power of hatred, in exciting her husband to treat with savage cruelty the mother and her daughter. On the morning of the day when our travellers met them, they had been so grossly treated that they were compelled to abandon the roof which their industry had assisted to build and ornament.

It is admitted, too, that the mortality among children in Utah is singularly great. Of the descendants of Joseph Smith only one survives; and though Brigham Young has had thirty wives, he has not more than thirty children living. In a moral point of view, too, the children are far from promising. "They appear to us very often to deserve the imputation of being godless, licentious, immodest. . . . This evil exists; the parents themselves to a certain degree confess it, . . . but in what appears to us to be depravity and libertinism, they see no more than a precocious maturity which is by no means disagreeable to them." It is far from pleasant to us to dwell on this subject; but it is the little cloud, not bigger, perhaps, than a man's hand now, that will one day break in disaster over Utah, and convert the settlement into a den of infamy. The sanctity of home cannot be invaded with impunity; the unity of the family cannot be broken up without mischief; woman must have her own place, and that place it has heretofore been esteemed one of the glories of Christianity to give her. The day cannot be far distant when it shall be seen that the pretended revelation of July 1843 was a blunder as well as a crime, and that Emma Smith did a far wiser thing than her husband, when she committed the document to the flames.

It is instructive to mark the connection between this gross feature of Mormonism and certain other peculiarities of its religious state. We have remarked that Mormonism was hatched amid dreams and visions, and that it has a wonderful power of fascinating the imagination. In fact, it would probably be found that its adherents are largely persons of high nervous susceptibility, corresponding to a class in the Irish revival, who were among the "stricken down," and had their senses and imaginations powerfully impressed for a time, without affording satisfactory evidence of real conversion. Even in the last year of his life, Joseph Smith could use very strong language as to his religious experience, which can hardly be ascribed to pure hypocrisy. To twenty thousand of his followers assembled for conference, he remarked, "I feel that I am in more immediate communion with God, and on a better footing with him than I have ever been in my life; and I am happy to appear among you under these circumstances." Many of these Mormons, we are told, narrate their conversions with a sort of ecstatic delight, dwelling with exceeding rapture on every circumstance of the marvellous or the mystical they can recall. "The recital," says M. Remy, "will sometimes continue for hours; but the beatified look of the narrator, the visions, the revelations, the miracles of which his narration was full, so captivated my attention that I never knew what it was to be fatigued." In fact, conversions to Mormonism are often attended with a great amount of those sensuous experiences which have mingled to some extent with the present revival of religion, but which the Churches are more and more convinced are nowise essential elements, but rather morbid and unde-

sirable accidents, of a true work of grace. It is the man who has undergone some remarkable experience of this kind that is the most attractive and successful missionary of Mormonism. With all the emphasis of sincerity he narrates the marvellous origin of his faith, and his hearers are at once interested, impressed, astonished. "They return eagerly to the banquet which is always going on, and soon become enamoured of the highly-seasoned viands which stimulate and tickle their palate. Their imagination, excited by this highly-stimulating food, soon gives itself full play; it riots day and night, until it comes to confound dreams with realities; then these dreams assume a singular and prophetic character, which throws the revellers into a state of inexpressible anxiety, and disturbs their rest. To these dreams succeed wonderful illusions, which toss the visionary's mind about like a ship at the mercy of the waves. There are apparitions of gods, cherubims, angels, spirits, phantoms, patriarchs, ghosts which flit near them in the deep recesses of a wood, which brush by them on the edge of a solitary path, and pursue them to their very homesteads. Sometimes there is a little bird perched on the top of a tree, which is suddenly metamorphosed into one of the beasts of the Apocalypse. . . . To these signs succeed others still more marvellous, inasmuch as they assume a vocal character, address admonitions in all possible languages, and with a loud voice reveal your most secret thoughts. You are perhaps quietly intent upon your work, thinking of nothing, or next to nothing; suddenly a cold shiver you cannot account for comes over you, goes to your very heart, and a voice, issuing you know not whence, commands you to go at such an hour and to such a place, to be present at a manifestation of divine power. Overwhelmed by this imperious order, the half-convert, covered with cold sweat, flies precipitately to the place indicated, and there, with his own eyes, sees the Mormon priests,—those magi that herald a new Messiah,—operate, by the force of their prayers alone, the healing of a cripple, of one that is deaf, or blind, or dropsical, or possessed with a devil, or cataleptic; and even resurrection from the dead. From this moment all doubt and further resistance become impossible." The person is baptized. "From this moment a thorough change has taken place in the feelings; the old man has disappeared. A delicious calm succeeds the tempest; the moral and physical forces of the new converts are increased tenfold; the celestial happiness which is diffused around them beams in every feature; the earth for them is transformed into a rich enchanted palace, the delights of which are everlastingly renewed by the magic ministrations of unseen genii" (vol. ii. pp. 208—209).

Nothing could show more clearly the danger of mistaking a mere excitement of the imagination and senses, or a mere mesmeric or magnetic influence, for true religion; and nothing could give a more ominous warning than the history of Mormonism, of the tendency of such experience towards sensuality and gross licentiousness.

It is the property of true religion to influence "the whole man,"—the understanding, the will, the conscience, the desires, the affections, and not merely or chiefly the imagination or the senses. And the great and only valid test of true religion is that which our Lord enunciated, in ever-memorable words, in the Sermon on the mount: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

It is not at all surprising that the Mormons should show extraordinary zeal, and make extraordinary sacrifices in behalf of their religious system. What with the "revelations" which require them to do so, the fanatical and fervent nature of their experiences, and the intense *esprit du corps* which a new sect in circumstances so remarkable cannot but have, their zeal and liberality are very great. It is a law of Mormonism that every convert contributes one tenth of his whole property to the cause when he enters the body, and one tenth of his yearly income besides. There seems to be no difficulty whatever in collecting this tribute, nor in obtaining funds for a magnificent temple which is in the course of building at Deseret, nor for any other purpose for which money is required. In this, as in some other points, the Mormons are an example to us. The singular spirit of devotedness, which makes every Mormon ready to go forth as a missionary to any part of the world at the bidding of his chief, may well reprove the coldness and self-indulgence of many a Christian. The activity, and order, and peacefulness of their settlements, and the patience with which they have borne extraordinary trials, are additional features from which all may derive a profitable lesson.

We have no space to go into more detail, either as to their creed or as to their worship. Both of these are in a very unsettled state. There are notions about the nature and being of God prevalent among some of their leading men, that are very revolting and blasphemous. It seems not unlikely that they may go back one day to practical polytheism, and regard God, or rather the gods, as but deified men, with all their passions and propensities. As to their worship, it is very singular that while even the New Testament is not advanced enough for them, they show a strong tendency to go back to the Old. When the great temple at Deseret is completed, animal sacrifices are to be resumed. Two great orders of priesthood—that of Melchizedek and that of Aaron—have been for some time in operation. The public services consist at present of prayer, singing, and preaching; but it is likely that by-and-by they will be modelled after a more sensuous type. It is another instance of the meeting of extremes, that the Christian body with which they feel they have most in common is the Church of Rome,—although they believe, at the same time, that Popery is the Babylon of the Apocalypse, and that its destruction is one of the services that the Latter Day Saints, under the leading of Christ himself, shall have ere long to render.

It is a remarkable circumstance that England is the best recruiting field for the Mormon missionaries. They make few converts now in America, and in Papal countries their success is very small.

Mormonism lies under very strong inducements at the present moment to behave itself well, and is thereby led to put a great restraint upon all disorderly and immoral tendencies. Even polygamy itself is under strict control, and any deviation from the regulations applicable to it would be severely punished. The Mormons feel that their character is on its trial before the world, and for years to come they will struggle hard to maintain a fair appearance in Utah. They know that their opponents have a strong tendency to bring against them the most horrible charges, and that the world is disposed to believe in these. They have suffered once and again from these charges, even to the extent of being driven from their settlements and forced to seek a new home in the distant desert. They found, when the Federal forces were encamped in their territory, and the foulest charges were circulated against them over the world, that emigration to Utah received a most serious check,—nay, was brought almost to a stand still. It is in every way their strongest interest to bear a good character before the world. This is what they are now striving, heart and soul, to acquire. Their very existence depends on their succeeding in this. It is no wonder, therefore, if peace and good order, industry and self-control, prevail among them now. But the true tendencies of their system will not always be disguised by this restraint. The tree will at last be found bearing its true fruit. A class of sceptical writers will doubtless point to Mormonism and say, "See the influence of a system of imposture! Has Christianity done more for man than Mormonism? Is Christianity itself not, therefore, to be traced to the same origin?" It remains to be seen what Mormonism has done or will do for man. The system that has begun by corrupting the family has yet to be tested. The pretended miracles of Mormonism have no witnesses but their own dupes; even M. Remy, long though he was among them, witnessed none. Christianity has been tested for eighteen centuries, and though its best and brightest era is yet future, the roll of its past benefits is a brilliant record.

The destiny of Mormonism is revealed in our Lord's words, "Every tree that my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." The *lesson* taught by Mormonism to the Christian Churches is, "Walk as children of the light." Let the good tree be known by its good fruits.

B.

CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

"I ONLY wish I knew," says a quaint and deep-sighted believer, "what the old saints in heaven think of modern spirituality; whether they think a spirituality so pleasant, unoffending, moderate, contented, polished, civilized, is so much as safe." But inasmuch as the

saints do not tell us what they think, save by that low and inarticulate voice whereby their holy lives and imperishable testimony still vibrate through the air of the Church, what do we think of it ourselves? Do we so much as stop to think? Has not worldliness contrived to insinuate itself a considerable way into the very seats of religion? Has it nothing to do with the dressing of the child at the baptism, with the choice of churches, with the furnishing of pews, with the reputation of preachers, with the management of charities, with the manners and conversation of Christians? And is it likely that the power and grace of Christ among his people are to gain anything by further concessions to this worldly spirit? In fact, have we, as Christ's witnesses and friends, any more immediate and pressing work on hand, than to gather up and concentrate our forces of resolution and prayer, our personal and ecclesiastical energies, at just this point—the threatened secularization of our holy things—the tendency to "conform" even the interests of worship and faith to the fashions and standards of this world?

It will be no sufficient defence to say that the world is a very good institution, honoured as the workmanship of God, consecrated by the Saviour's footsteps, and containing on its varied territories a great many noble people and admirable articles. That is an evasive playing upon words. It is one of the shrewdest pieces of satanic suggestion that the "Prince of this world" has used to sophisticate the self-indulgent compromisers between God and mammon. A recently departed preacher, in a graceful and discriminating discourse, illustrates whatever truth there is in the notion that this world is not to be held in contempt. The forbidden world, as he justly says, is not the world of physical order and beauty, nor the men, God's children, who are in the world, nor the lawful occupations of men in the world. Our age scarcely needs to have this line of demonstration extended or repeated. Let us not waste time and strength in fighting the phantoms of former centuries—as if the troops in Lombardy had turned from the living foe to assail the sculptures of Milan, or batter down the mailed images of old warriors in the palaces and galleries of Pavia. We are not in imminent peril from asceticism. Our people take cold too easily, and are too much afraid of chronic rheumatism for that. We are not even in deadly danger from misanthropy, nor from sloth. The gates where we are to set our watch are those where elegance and taste, wealth and ambition, social competition and superficial accomplishments, and other such Shechemites, apply for admission to parley with conscience and devotion about some treacherous mixtures. It needs that we should guard more carefully our seasons of devotion; reserve a longer place for contemplation and self-scrutiny as a preparation for private prayer; strive and entreat for more indifference to those despotic customs of dress, expenditure, furniture; deny ourselves more pleasures; dwell more in wholesome and sober retirements;

substitute the quiet sociabilities of the family for the showy and heated publicities of general company. Nor can very much improvement be expected till professors of religion of both sexes are willing to practise, *for Christ's sake*, a stricter self-denial; to adopt voluntarily a simpler style of appearance; to forego fine fabrics and luxurious appointments; to educate children into a wholly different estimate of what the world prizes and admires. For this expression, "the world," has, after all, a definite and specific meaning, which is not to be winked out of sight. The apostle John knew it perfectly when he wrote, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." James knew it perfectly when he wrote, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." "If you dance till two in the morning, and go to communion at ten, I do not believe in your abiding sorrow for sin. If you are in the theatre till midnight, I do not credit the compunction of your morning's meditation."

It is this guilty "conformity" which gains over and carries away into the far country so many souls which ought to "shine as lights in the world." The lofty protests of conscience are taken down. The doors of her castle-sanctuary are unbarred. Worldliness bears some people more fatally from the kingdom of heaven than intemperance or anger. It strikes into the core of character. The business of every disciple is to maintain, with the aids of the Holy Spirit, against all these conforming influences a religious independence, steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Without this, every added refinement of outside condition is only an embellishment of servitude. The prosperous man then only lays up goods to be engrossed and fettered by them. The master of enterprise becomes its bondman. He constructs machinery to render himself "independent," but it turns out that he is only chained to its wheel, and must go round with its revolutions. He elaborates social elegance only to feel it cramping his limbs, tying his tongue, torturing him with the maladies of excess. The subduer of the earth is hungry at his own feast. Petulant at every little abatement of his comforts, a victim of conformity, he finds that civilities, ceremonies, conventions, have put their rigid harness on him, and no emancipator on earth but the spirit of faith in the Lord can make him free. How deep, how real, this misery is! In how many houses around us it is working! A man whose fortune has outgrown his moral sense looks round on his children. He sees their dangers, feel their exposure, dreads their getting enfeebled by the very opulence his worldly painstaking has piled together; and, some day or other, he makes to himself the mortifying confession that he ought to have had either a smaller estate or a larger soul.

Sometimes, to disturb this false habit of worldly living,—as has been seen in so many households during the season just past,—the hand of bereavement is stretched forth among them and the earthly parent's sorrow for the loss of the child is made a solemn prophet

of God's sorrow for the spiritual death of the soul. It is as if that heavenly Father said, "I have brought them up as children, and they have rebelled against me. Here are worldly mothers; money-making fathers; they have forgotten me. Lo! I will put them—for the love I bear them, and because I cannot bear that they should perish—into the school of a sober chastening. They shall learn the meaning of those holy names,—gratitude, obedience, faith, love. The abundance of their joy, the guilelessness that lives on their infant's lips and forehead, the sunshine of the glowing eyes, the grace of early movements, the melody of childhood, all the ecstasy of gladness that the presence of that dear young life awakens,—these have not moved them. They have not paused in their haste and eagerness of pleasure to think whose gift it was. As they have come in at night from their gay excitements, and bent over that beauty, and listened to the soft breathing, they have not remembered that this immortal life was not born altogether of the earth; they have not knelt and prayed heartily that it should be something better than such a poor piece of conformity to the world as they are. They have not been changed and born again themselves. This goodness has not led them to repentance. And now since they love the world better than their Redeemer, I will reach down in pity, and in my own arms, by the touch of fever or accident, I will lift the little one up, and their affections shall follow. The musical voice which rang through their dwelling, and made them more content with the earth, shall ring from the skies and make them discontented for heaven."

With other discipline, infinitely varied, other hearts are tried and taught. The conflict goes on. We contend against our peace. How deep-seated and malignant that disorder of conformity must be which requires such searching surgery! Why will we not fall into more tranquil and lowly ways with God? Why will we not repress the eagerness, still the passion, renounce the aggrandizement, cut off the indulgence, which cause us to offend, and so, in the glorious transformation, cease to be conformed to this world?

"Soul! couldst thou, while on earth remaining,
A child-like frame be still retaining,
With thee, even here, I know full well,
God and his Paradise would dwell.
Dear comforter! Eternal love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee!"

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS

TYRE.

FROM Bint-Jebail we turned again towards the sea-coast. We were gradually leaving the Holy Land, yet the sacred chain of Bible memories seemed still to sweep forth into the secular history of Phœnicia, as the spur of the Lebanon branch out into the strip of fertile lowland edged with golden sands which forms the Tyrian territory.

On Friday, July the 4th, after our day of thirteen hours of bewilderment and fatigue, we rested until nearly noon. Our road for many miles lay over a rich and picturesque mountain district, among evergreen trees and coppice, through green forest glades flickering with the July sunlight, which fell in burning flakes through the full dark foliage waving in the mountain breeze. The wild flowers were lovely, hiding like their shy English sisters amongst thick leaves in the shade, or glowing in masses of bright colour, or festooning the trees; fragrant clematis, brilliant poppies, sweet familiar brier-roses, delicate aristocratic cyclamens, and countless others that we could not stop to examine, and probably could not have named if we had.

It was a delightful, shady, varied, woodland ride, and in an hour or two we alighted for our mid-day meal in a pleasant dell shaded with thick trees, and green with grass and herbage. Near us was a well, which supplied us and our horses with good cool water; and altogether, after the perplexities and toils of yesterday, we felt in luxurious ease. We had ample experience of the different effects of the same scenery, the same beauty, the same fatigues, when we know the port to which we are bound, and when we do not. In our heavenly pilgrimage we are not surely intended to experience any such weakening and perplexing doubts. Our warfare is not "uncertainly," not as one that "beateth the air." We know the enemy, the promised aid, the glorious end. Our pilgrimage should be made "not uncertainly." We know the Guide, and he knows the way and the better country to which he is leading us.

After our rest we rode for some time along a road (or a dry water-course), low in the valley, and piled with many layers of stones. On the brow of a hill above the coasts of Tyre, we passed what is called "the Tomb of Hiram,"—a massive, simple, square structure, consisting of a large plain stone sarcophagus, supported on a few gigantic hewn stones. This one name which links the history of Tyre in friendly and not corrupting association with that of Israel, made an interesting link between the land of promise we were leaving and the land of commercial greatness we were entering.

We encamped on the sandy hill outside the walls of modern Tyre. Wolfish-looking dogs, which belonged to no one, prowled about us, as usual, "outside" the city. We kept one in pay by giving him the bones from our dinner-table; and he was at once (by the process adopted, I believe, in Greece) transformed from a scoundrel into a police-agent, conscientiously keeping off all his brethren from any share in his spoils.

Is it the influence of Christianity extending its law of kindness to the lower animals, or something in the nature of northern dogs and northern men, which makes dogs among us Anglo-Saxons, and all the associations connected with them, so entirely different from what they are in the East? Imagine the effigy of an Oriental saint reclining with its feet on a dog, like that of William the Silent, the heroic Prince of Orange, on the faithful

spaniel which rescued his life in the night attack of the Spanish troops, and like so many a sculptured knight of mediæval times! The very presence of such an image would, in Oriental eyes, be the greatest desecration an enemy could inflict on a sacred edifice. And in the Bible how exceedingly contemptuous, and how inapplicable to civilized English dogs are the terms employed in describing canine habits: "They grin like a dog, and go about the city, and grudge if they be not satisfied"—"Outside are dogs." What possible resemblance is there between such a description and the grave dignity of a Newfoundland; the sagacious, acute expression of a terrier; the wistful, almost human eyes of our house spaniels? But here at Tyre, as in most Eastern towns, the familiar words came to us with all their true and forcible meaning. The wolfish, hungry, masterless dogs which "go about the cities" (of Alexandria, for instance), gathering in packs like jackals, prowling about for offal, and grudging if they be not satisfied; or the famished outcasts, like our dogs at Tyre, prowling "outside" the city; to these we may indeed apply the highly unfavourable definitions of Scripture; which every Englishman and Englishwoman must indignantly disclaim on behalf of the loyal, faithful, patient creatures who watch beside our homes like sentinels, and guard our flocks like shepherds, and welcome us with ecstatic joy when we come home again, and sometimes will even die rather than desert a master's grave.

The next day, Saturday, July the 5th, we went with an intelligent guide around Tyre. Our encampment on the sand-hill was, we were told, nearly on the site of the earlier city, the Tyre which was "Ancient Tyre" to the early Greeks. *That* Tyre has literally disappeared, and the dogs prowl, as I have said, on the "outside" sandy wastes, where once the queenly city stood.

It was New (or island) Tyre, which Alexander converted into a peninsula by a causeway connecting it, which we explored that morning. This is a poor Turkish town, enlivened by a little faint commerce carried on in an easy, Oriental way, in tobacco from the neighbouring hills, and in hard lava millstones, transported from the volcanic districts of the Hauran to Tyre, as the sea-port for Egypt.

We saw the ruinous cathedral, an edifice of the middle ages, with a spiral staircase; and near it, inclined or prostrate, some fine columns of an earlier date with broken shafts and carved capitals. We afterwards took a boat, and skirted the bay from one tower of the fortifications to another on the opposite point of the island or peninsula. The most interesting ruins lay either close beside or beneath the waves. We passed a pier built of ancient columns, inserted at all angles,—upright, reversed, leaning in various directions, half covered by the sea, or entirely exposed. We also noticed two ruined towers, with huge Phœnician-looking foundation-stones, which reminded us of those in the wall of the Temple enclosure at Jerusalem. But beneath the sea were the most impressive ruins of all. We looked far

down through the clear, still water, and saw large granite columns lying there. Sea-weeds and zoophytes had been clothing them for centuries, for millenniums, not knowing them from rocks. And to us their age seems more to be measured by geologic than by human dates.

After our ramble and boating expedition around the city, we rested and drank lemonade, iced with snow from Hermon! The associations of the place were bewildering, in the extent of time they covered, and the variety of race, religion, and civilization to which they point.

The prophetic doom of the great commercial power, and also of the queenly maritime city, has indeed been fulfilled, whether we regard it as referring to the ancient continental city, where now not a column stands nor a human being dwells, or to the clever, active, mercantile race, the founders of Carthage, which has passed away for ever from these shores. The doom was not on the buildings, but on the builders, or only on the buildings for the builders' sake. And yet if we regard only the external, visible stone city, rather than the luxurious sin-laden, extinct, human city, what more striking fulfilment of prophecy could we look for than that which meets our eyes here? The ancient Tyre is gone, literally razed from the face of the earth it polluted by its cruel idolatries and degraded social life.

The poor Turkish town which now stands in the place of island Tyre, is as little a continuation of the splendid city clothed with purple and scarlet, as the languid inhabitants—Syrian, Christian, or Metawali—are of that prosperous, energetic community, whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth.

The existence of this poor town near the site of Phœnician Tyre seemed to us to interfere as little with the fulfilment of the Scriptural denunciations, as if a similar doom had been pronounced on London, and, centuries after every Englishman had been swept from England, and every vestige of church, exchange, or dwelling, had disappeared from the banks of the Thames, a colony of apathetic Hottentots were to build for themselves a village of half-excavated, half-thatched kraals on the wilds of Hampstead Heath.

E. C.

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not, all our way
Is night, with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of care?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

J. G. Whittier.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

WERE the Christian Church in a healthy state, there would be no need for *special services* to waken up the dormant energies of professors, and no room for them. The action of the Church itself in its Church capacity would overtake all the work to be done, and would do it through its own legitimate and appropriate agencies. A Christian Church in a state of healthy activity would not leave its pastor burdened with duties which belong to the whole membership as well as to their official overseer and instructor. It is his duty to visit the sick, to help the weak, to comfort the sorrowful, to show sympathy with the bereaved, the troubled, the perplexed; but it is not *his* duty *exclusively*. Every member of the Church should share in the duty and privilege, according to the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." The same remark applies to other classes of duties which devolve on the *pastor*, but in which also he should have *helpers* among his own people. In Paul's Epistles honourable and grateful mention is made by the apostle of both men and women who "helped him much" in the Lord's work. And surely it is not less the duty of a Christian people now to aid and cheer their pastors, lightening their burdens, and sympathizing in their cares.

To effect this, organization may be useful; and it is left to the wisdom and considerate judgment of Christian people to devise and put in operation such methods of working as may be best adapted for rendering efficient their kindly-meant endeavours to help. A wise past-

will enlist the practical aid as well as the Christian counsel of the best of his people, in carrying out plans of usefulness, working the Lord's work, and striving to make full proof of his ministry.

Were all pastors and all congregations so minded, and so co-operating, their time and energies would be taxed to the utmost. They would be unable to endure any further strain, and so additional services would be impracticable, and would be uncalled for. The machinery already in motion would exhaust all the working power, and a higher pressure might endanger the safety, or at least the permanent efficiency, of the whole concern.

Sometimes the pastor is deeply in earnest. Prayer and effort fill up his days. Nothing is left undone he can do to promote the Lord's work. In public and in private; from day to day; from house to house; in season and out of season, he labours among his people. But he is left to labour alone. He has no one "like-minded" to care for their state; and he finds neither sympathy nor assistance in his work among them.

Another case may be this: The Church contains warm-hearted, zealous Christian people. Their hearts are set on doing good to one another, and to the world around them. They are ready to devise liberal things. But their pastor, who ought to be their leader and encourager, is a drag upon every effort. He objects to his people intruding into work that he thinks belongs to his office. He will not head their schemes, nor lend his influence to promote them; and objects to the people acting without his leadership and authority. Thus evil is done, and good is left undone. The pastor will not do the work himself, and those who would do it he discourages and hinders. The godly mourn, and Satan rejoices over the scene.

If this state of things, or something like it, prevails over the Churches of a district, a general apathy and deadness will wrap them in the folds of formality and routine. The services of religion will be kept up, but devoid of life, power, or influence.

When anything approaching to this is the condition of the professing world, it demands an awakening, and the bare statement of the case suggests the remedy to be applied. A people sunk in formality must be addressed with heart-stirring appeals. They must be warned of their sin and danger. They must hear the call, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life." Their folly, their inconsistency, their evil example, their noxious influence, must be exhibited. Their sin must be exposed to view in all its naked deformity. Around every Church there is found a mass of outlying worldliness, either in the shape of a cold, formal profession of religion, without the power of it, or in the shape of open disregard of all religion. Whether there be latent or avowed infidelity, or mere stolid indifference to truth and error, the character is substantially the same—it is "without God and without hope in the world."

Now, here is a field for Christian exertion, which no Church ought to leave uncultivated. One sure sign of a dead or dormant Church is its leaving the mass of irreligion in its neighbourhood to go on its way unquestioned, untaught, unproved, uncared for; and one of the first symptoms of a Christian community awaking to its duties and its privileges will be its zealous concern for the practical ungodliness of the surrounding population. It may be—as we often see it in this country—that while vital Christianity is at the lowest ebb, profession is almost universal. The habit of church-going, and sacrament-frequenting is kept up, and a measure of external propriety, such as may satisfy the world's very moderate standard, is observed. But all this only renders the spiritual slumber more profound, and demands that efforts to break it be made with equal wisdom, zeal, and perseverance.

Now is the time for the exercise of all the wisdom and prudence of them that fear God, to devise and execute plans of true reformation; and now is the time emphatically for prayer and self-denied effort to restore a state of spiritual life and soundness. The people of God will instinctively be drawn to the throne of grace; and the same spirit which disposes them individually to go to their closet, and shut their door, will also dispose them to *unite* their prayers at stated times and places, and others will join them, and so prayer will be made without ceasing for the spiritual blessings which must come from God himself. All this may result in action as well as in supplication. But the spirit of prayer must pervade all the Christian activity called forth. Here a twofold danger may be referred to in passing. It needs only to be stated. There may be danger in so conducting prayer meetings as if they were to supersede Christian activity. The idea may be cherished (though not in as many words expressed) that the petitioners devolve upon God himself the whole work of enlightening the ignorant, arousing the careless, reclaiming the backslider, and comforting the cast down; whereas, while God's power and mercy are acknowledged, the earnest prayer should be for grace and strength, wisdom and faithfulness to go forth to the discharge of duty in instructing the ignorant, warning the careless, calling to the backslider to return, and so—to every class—acting the part of *faithful servants* of Christ. The other danger referred to is the opposite of this. It is the busy, bustling, ceaseless activity that takes no rest, and will give no rest, going round with admonitions, warnings, exhortations, earnest and importunate, but conducted in a spirit of defiant resolution, as if men's hearts could be taken by storm, or changed and purified by human words or logical arguments, all the while that God is practically ignored by the restraining of prayer, and a forgetting to give to him the glory due to His Name.

The sum of this is, that neither should there be effort without prayer, nor prayer not followed up with corresponding effort. *Both* are essential to success. Here

we may interpose a remark before proceeding further. It is, that the parties who move in such a crisis, and seek to act upon the inert mass of formality, or the more hostile mass of avowed irreligion, must lay their account with every form of discouragement and opposition. Some will object to their doing anything—will brand their efforts as officious and offensive, meddling with what does not concern them; others will object to their *measures*—will deprecate the noisy proceedings of these disturbers of their quiet routine services; others, again, will prophesy all manner of evil as likely to spring out of such movements. They are morbidly afraid of extravagance, enthusiasm, too many meetings, and too much preaching and praying. It is curious to mark how a religious movement in the community serves to bring out the latent characters of religionists, both of the clergy and the laity. Some are so excessively conservative that the slightest inroad upon use and wont is resented and resisted as a dangerous innovation. What an outcry some have raised on the score of *late* meetings, and denounce all services continued later than ten o'clock at night as utterly repugnant to good manners and sound principle: all the while the very same parties may patronize the theatre and the ball-room, and say nothing of the crowds at such places remaining beyond the midnight hour!

It might serve to abate the critical and fault-finding spirit of some, who raise objections to the noisy zeal of leaders and patrons in religious movements to reflect that, whether upon grounds, real or imaginary, those persons have the solemn conviction that multitudes of their fellowmen are spiritually asleep, and need to be awakened out of that deadly slumber. If so, their uncereemonious knocking at people's hearts and consciences may be excused. The end in view is so good and so important, that it is ridiculous to raise an outcry against the means employed to arouse men, on the mere score of taste or politeness. The apostle Peter did not blame the angel who smote him on the side when he awoke him from his prison slumbers and set him at liberty. And we never heard of any true Christian convert who thought the Christian minister or friend, who had used means to convince him of his sin and danger when in an unconverted state, had dealt harshly with him. No, it is merciful faithfulness, it is the faithful wound of a friend, not the deceitful kiss of an enemy, that is needed to awaken the sinner; and when his eyes are opened, and he sees what he is and where he is, he will thank the instrument that prevented him from sleeping the sleep of death, harsh as might have been the method of awakening him.

Again, when and where a "revival" is really needed, there must have been a previous state of guilty coldness and declension. Any movement, then, with a view to revive religion in a Church or a community, is a tacit confession of spiritual deadness. The measures to be taken, therefore, are measures in a state of disease for the re-

covery of health. They imply an abnormal condition, and must have a remedial character. If so, a revival is not an agitation that is to be perpetuated. When the occasion for it has passed away, things revert to their ordinary course, but that does not mean that the previous state of deadness is to be again experienced. No. When the patient is restored to health, the regimen, the medicines, the attendance then required will be discontinued, but the reinvigorated health will remain so, the Church or community restored to spiritual life and activity need not fall back into deadness when the movement has passed.

It must never be forgotten that a real religious awakening is the work of God's own Spirit operating on the hearts of men. Whatever may have been the human agency employed—the prayer meeting, or the public preaching of the Word, the faithful dealing with individuals, or some providential occurrence arresting men's minds and awakening them to the realities of another world—whatever may have been the means, they are only means by which the Holy Spirit works in beginning and carrying on his own saving operations. Whenever the means are regarded as sufficient to create a "revival," without the presence and power of the Spirit of God the result will be either utter failure and disappointment, or a spurious excitement and short-lived extravagance, soon subsiding into apathy and silence—the silence of death.

Casting an eye over the Churches, and observing that among all denominations, there has been more or less of spiritual deadness, lethargy, weakness, the desire may properly arise in a devout mind to resort to some measures fitted to awaken the slumbering multitudes. If many sympathize in this impression of *something* being greatly needed to be done, they may meet and consult, devise some plan of procedure, and seek direction from above, as we have already indicated. Here the question will naturally arise, Should contemplated efforts to *revive* those who are supposed to need revival, be efforts put forth *within the Church* for its own spiritual quickening, or should they be efforts proceeding *extra*, and directed as from without on the slumbering Church?

Without presuming to give an answer that might cover every supposable case, we are safe in saying, that evangelistic efforts originating in the zeal of individuals or societies not connected with the locality where they propose to work, should, if possible, be conducted in conjunction with ministers on the spot. Their sanction and co-operation not merely bring additional means to bear on the people, but give assurance that the foreign agency is of the right kind, supported by the people's own spiritual instructors, and their friends and helpers in the Lord's work.

Moreover, if evangelists are wise as well as zealous, they will everywhere allow the ministers of the place to take the *lead* in special services, unless they prefer to retire to the background and allow the strangers to take

the prominent place. Sometimes the incompetency of the minister of the place for conducting services out of the common routine of duty, may render it proper for him to give way to others better qualified for the duty; but it is, generally speaking, not expedient to resign the management and control of such meetings to others. It is putting the stated minister out of *his* place, and putting the evangelist into one which is *not his*. Much prudence and attention to many little things may be requisite to prevent evil being mixed with the good attempted to be done, and evil that may remain after the good has passed away. It sometimes happens that an evangelist is so acceptable to the people, so deeply impresses their hearts, and gathers fruit in the hopeful conversion of not a few, that the services of the stated minister are thrown into the shade. The stranger has done more in a few days than he has done for years. The people make comparisons between the old and the new, perhaps the aged and the young minister, to the disadvantage of the former. They, therefore, henceforth listen to their own minister with indifference, and he can never regain the influence he has lost by the temporary services of another. The excitement his presence and preaching occasioned soon passes away, and is followed by a spiritual collapse as deadly as the state of things previously existing; and, from this second lethargy recovery is next to hopeless. Such a result is greatly to be deprecated, and great care should be taken to prevent it. Perhaps a safer course would be to engraft any extra services which an evangelist might originate upon the ordinary work of the ministry, and so identify them with it that they should rather appear to grow naturally out of the pastoral work of the minister, than be viewed as something extraneous and separable from it.

To illustrate our meaning, we may take the instance of a congregation accustomed to meet twice on the Sabbath—forenoon and afternoon. Were a preacher to come with a view to set on foot revival services, he might have the evening of the Lord's day for his special meeting. But it would be better to have the *third* service conducted by the pastor, with such occasional assistance as he might be able to command, and so not be made dependent on the continuance or acceptableness of the evangelical revivalist.

One cause of the reaction after a continuance of daily or nightly religious services, is the very *frequency* and exhausting effects of them. As they cannot be made permanent (they are too spasmodical for that), their discontinuance sometimes makes people feel that the ordinary services of the sanctuary are insipid. The exciting meetings are stimulants. The ordinary services are common food; the spiritual appetite is perverted; and the proof of this is found in the disrelish of the word and ordinances of Christ's own appointment.

Much might be said of the objectionable addresses sometimes given at meetings for revival; the exaggerations of statement as to the good done in other places;

high-wrought descriptions of scenes of awakening, "striking down," and dreams, and visions. That such things have taken place is, without question, matter of fact; but that they are necessary concomitants of a religious awakening, few will maintain. By far the greater number of cases of hopeful conversion have been unaccompanied by any physical manifestations; and it is certain that persons who had been "stricken," have afterwards proved to be still unconverted.

Whatever may be the philosophy of these "manifestations," we may safely conclude that they are neither desirable as features of a revival, nor ought the absence of them be regarded as a token that the work of God is not going on.

What is technically called a *revival* of religion has hitherto been chiefly confined to America, although not wholly unknown in this country. After much reflection on the subject, and availing ourselves of all the information accessible to us concerning the history of revivals, their characteristics, their results, their more remote consequences, and their bearing on the general progress of the Saviour's kingdom in the world, it is our conviction that their advantages have been exaggerated, the evils and drawbacks connected with them very serious, and that, therefore, the American idea of their importance and necessity requires to be considerably modified. We should regret exceedingly if the opinion gained ground among us that *revivals* of religion were essential to the prosperity of the cause of God.

The *necessary* effect of exalting the importance of revival movements, is to depreciate the instituted ordinances of the gospel. A regular standing ministry of the word is Christ's own institution. The formation and working of a Christian Church ought to contain all the machinery for sustaining and spreading the gospel. The organization cannot be improved by the wisdom of man. If the pastors, evangelists, deacons, and memberships do their duty in their respective spheres, there will be no lack of appropriate agency, and no room for anything extraneous or irregular. If these official and private members of the Church fail in their duties in their appointed spheres, it is not likely that they will do better under some self-invented or gratuitous mode of putting forth Christian effort. Let them do their duty in their ranks, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and not attempt to make up for failures *there* by going out of their ranks and inventing for themselves offices and services, of which the Church has no cognizance and no control.

When a Church or a circle of Churches has fallen into a state of spiritual apathy, no time should be lost in adopting measures for its resuscitation. But whence shall the power come adequate to the emergency? Surely from within the Church. Amidst prevailing defection there may be found some faithful ones; amidst the smouldering embers some sparks of living fire. These should in the first place operate on the cold and dead mass immediately around. Efforts to awaken

should begin at the nearest point; not wander to some distant extremity, and try to do good there. Were this course followed, then the dead or languishing Church on which this reviving influence was exerted, would, when quickened into new life, operate on neighbouring Churches, and so from one to another the work would go on till all should be brought to a state of healthy action and true spiritual enjoyment.

Surely this is far better than the fitful, desultory, and often ill concerted efforts of persons whose zeal carries them to some point of action chosen without discretion, and occupied without any consistent or permanent scheme of activity.

W. S.

AFTER A SILENT MEETING.

WRITTEN BY A LADY—A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

SILENT! Then ye heard not
My Beloved's greeting!
Knew not how we kept our tryst,
The parting *and the meeting*.

Heard ye not my moaning
As I told my sorrow?
Nor his blessed words of hope,
"Joy cometh on the morrow!"

Heard ye not the whisper
Of my soul confessing?
Nor His faithful "I forgive,
Peace to thee, and blessing?"

Then indeed was silence!
Surely you could hear it,
With its low "Amen! Amen!"
Falling on my spirit.

The Amen grew louder,
Like an anthem pealing,
As it answered to the voice,
All His will revealing.

Will—that I should suffer,
Share his crown of sorrow!
Loving service give to-day,
Reign with *Him to-morrow!*

Heard ye that "To-morrow!"
As the angels o'er us
Sang in halleluiahs loud
The triumphant chorus?

Heard ye that "For ever!"
As in holy vision
My Beloved bore my soul,
Far to faith's fruition?

Heard ye His low promise:
"Never will I leave thee;
Be thou faithful unto death;
A crown of Life I give thee!"

Oh, then, call not "silent"
Hours so full of singing!
Even now from wall to wall,
Hear the echoes ringing!

GOD AT THE HELM.

On the coast of Norway, there is a fearful whirlpool, known as the Maelstrom, which, at certain stages of the tide, rages with terrible violence, and sweeps into its vortex the vessels which approach it unwarily. For many years it was supposed that it was impossible to pilot a ship safely across this whirlpool, but skillful pilots now at certain conditions of the tide make the passage with safety. To the voyager unused to its dangers, however, the passage, though under the guidance of the most accomplished helmsman, seems full of horrors; on one side yawns the dark abyss, toward which the circling tide seems hurrying him; before and on either side are huge black rocks against which the waves break with fearful violence, and the contact with which would hurl his ship to swift destruction; around him, too, the waves rush madly, while the vessel, carried by the force of the current, seems ready to plunge headlong downward; if now the pilot's grasp upon the helm relaxes, or the ship yields not instantly to it, death is inevitable. But while he gazes thus, almost transfixed with terror, the waters suddenly grow smooth, the roaring of the waves ceases, and the vessel, righting itself imperceptibly, glides out upon the smooth, unruffled sea.

So is it in the affairs of our mortal life. There are times when we seem ready to go down into the depths of woe and anguish, when before us is the abyss ready to swallow us up, and, around us on every hand, obstacles oppose our progress and threaten us with destruction. Our souls are almost palsied with affright for it seems as if the very next moment we might be ruined for time, and, perhaps, for eternity. All our precious freight of hopes we have so long borne in our bosoms, now burdens our spirits, and, almost in despair, we exclaim, How shall we escape from these impending dangers? Who shall guide us amid such perils? Fear not, saint of God, thy FATHER is at the helm. He knows every obstacle, every danger. His eye never grows dim, his hand never falters, and both the winds and the sea obey him. Even while thou art gazing in terror on the dangers around thee, his hand shall guide thee to the still waters—and, spanning the gulf thou hast dreaded, thou shalt behold the bow of the covenant, the token of the fulfilment of his promises.

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND."

THE ETHIOPIAN TREASURER.

ARE sudden conversions safe and sure? Can they be counted on for standing the strain of temptation, and enduring to the end? Are they more to be desired, or less, than those which come slowly, as the dawn struggles by imperceptible degrees onward into day? These questions are to the point at present. They touch to the quick two classes of persons who have passed through different experiences, and stand in different positions. It is a characteristic of true disciples to be jealous over themselves with a godly jealousy; the question, "Lord, is it I?" indicates the tendency and direction of their inquiry. Those Christians who hardly know when and how they were brought to Christ are led, especially in a time of many sudden awakenings, to put the question whether they have really passed from death unto life, seeing they were not brought in a day from a horrible darkness into glorious hope. On the other side, those who have by a short work of the Lord, in a time of revival, been guided into peace, are sometimes troubled with fears lest it should be all a delusion. The very rapidity of the passage makes them giddy, and they are disposed to put anew the question, "Am I his, or am I not?"

The search is salutary: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." But while the examination proceeds, it may be of use to both classes to be told that while the difference between slow and quick conversions is real, it is not nearly so great as it generally appears to be. There are, indeed, "diversities of operation" in the ministry of the Spirit, but they are smaller than they seem. Like the radii of a circle, they lie more widely apart at the circumference, but come more closely together as you trace them to the centre where they spring. The cases that were gradual and imperceptible in their progress had a turning point, although it was not observed; the cases that seemed to begin and end in a day had lines of preparation running unseen through many days. The period of the one conversion was not so long, and of the other not so short, as was supposed both by the subjects and the observers of the change.

We are concerned at present with those cases that seem sharp and sudden; and we desire to point out that there is always a process of preparation, more or less protracted, more or less discoverable, leading the way to the decisive result. On a bright spring morning the children come in from the garden shouting, in a chorus of eager happy voices, that a certain flower, much loved and longed for, has sprung through the ground suddenly in a single night. In the evening it was not; and now many outstretched fingers are pointing to the spot, and many twittering

tongues are telling of the prodigy. There is no prodigy in the matter. The roots have been struggling through the hard clods for many days: after they had struck well downward, and spread well around, the stem began to shoot upward slowly for some time beneath the ground; and on the morning when the children made the discovery, it had burst the scale upon the surface, and exposed itself to view. Every true living plant has a root unseen beneath the ground before the stem appears. The same law holds good in true conversions. The springing of the plant may be sudden, but, if the plant be living and true, it has sprung from a root that has been for a longer or shorter period growing out of sight.

Even Saul of Tarsus is not an exception to this rule. How short and awful the work seems to have been in his experience! He was struck down on the road a rebel, with arms in his hands, and rose again a loyal subject of Christ's kingdom. That was the turning point; no track has been left of the path which led to it; but a path led to it notwithstanding—a path which the day shall declare. It may have begun by punctures scarcely perceptible, in the conscience, while Gamaliel, according to his light, was expounding to his students the meaning of the Mosaic sacrifice. The lines already begun may have been deepened and widened at Stephen's death. Perhaps in the clearer light of heaven the saved man may observe better, and tell more fully now, how the martyr's meek endurance, and forgiving prayer, and upward look, and glistening countenance stirred a strange tumult in the persecutor's heart, which he endeavoured to quell by hastening toward Damascus, and keeping his hands busy with the work of blood. When such a swelling of stifled conviction is struggling within, the Lord, timing his visit with wisdom infinite, meets the man by the way and finishes the work. It will be found, when the books are opened, that many who seemed bold blasphemers up to the very moment of their final conversion, were, for some time previous, anything but bold. Perhaps the man blasphemed more loudly because he felt his courage giving way. When the slave of Satan submitted to Christ, the act seemed wonderfully sudden; but it is only the crowning step of a process that has been advancing in secret for some time before.

The history of the Ethiopian treasurer enables us to throw light on these cases. From one point of view his conversion was sudden, and from another it was slow. These two men meet in the desert—the one a sinner, uneasy, seeking a Saviour; the other a called and qualified minister of Christ. The one is a

thirsting soul, and the other is a "chosen vessel" charged with the water of life. The one offers, the other receives Christ. They part again, Philip to pursue his ministry, the Ethiopian rejoicing in the Lord. They met and parted in a day, perhaps in an hour. At the beginning of that interview the Ethiopian was timidly asking, "What must I do to be saved?" at the close of it he resumed his journey a Christian, in the full assurance of faith. They came from different places on converging lines, until they met in a point like the letter \triangleright ; but as soon as they met, they crossed and separated again like the letter \times , and never saw each other in the body more.

Mark now the two lines, rising like rivers in far distant hills, and converging to that point in the desert between Jerusalem and the border of Egypt. And, first, the course of the Ethiopian.

Late in the preceding or early in the same year, while the mild winter of that region kept mornings and evenings cool, a commotion might have been observed one day in the principal street of the Abyssinian metropolis, at the departure of a caravan for the north. It is the grand vizier of the queen starting on a religious pilgrimage. The bystanders do not exactly know the reason of the journey, but one has heard a neighbour tell that the chief treasurer had been of late much taken up with stories which he had learned from travelling Jewish merchants, about a great God who dwelt at Jerusalem, and a righteous King who would soon set up there the throne of universal empire. The treasurer was going all the way to Jerusalem to worship the God of the Jews, and look for the coming of their expected King.

We lose sight of the Ethiopian grandee, alike on his toilsome journey by the Nile's bank and through the wilderness; we never get a glimpse of him among the crowds, native and foreign, who congregate in Jerusalem to worship at the feast. Where he was, and how employed during the events which signalized that pass-over, we cannot tell; but we know that after waiting long and inquiring much, he called his servants and ordered his waggon, and started on his homeward journey, while the longing of his soul that had brought him so far, remained still unsatisfied. He was thirsty; he came to the place where the springs were opened; and yet he went away still athirst. There has not been such a revival meeting since on earth, as that one which took place in Jerusalem while the Ethiopian was there; and yet he came away sorrowful. On that day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured on many, but not on him; at least so he thought and felt. After he has come so far, it is sad to see him returning without his errand. Yet it is written in the Scriptures, "Seek, and ye shall find;"—can the promise—can the Promiser be true? Yes; and this case is a conspicuous example of his faithfulness. This Ethiopian, secretly and sovereignly taught of the Spirit, did not limit God to times or places. As he left Ethiopia and went to

Jerusalem seeking, so he left Jerusalem and went toward Ethiopia still seeking. He departed from the temple, but he still communed with God. When the period of public worship had passed, he persevered in private searching the Scriptures.

Mark this man: he has not given up: the whole meaning of that sable chief as he pores in silence over the parchment is, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." It is true he has not obtained what he wanted at Jerusalem, so as to be satisfied when he departs; but he has heard something at Jerusalem which is of use to him now. Although his want is not supplied, he knows better now what his want is. As that thirsty soul blindly gropes his way for water, he is coming nearer the place where the fountain has been opened. There is an instinct astir within him, as true as that which directs the infant to his mother's breast. He is feeling for the sufferings of Christ. Before he saw Philip, or got any help in his study, the place of the Scripture which he read was this, "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." All things are now ready. That man will be born there. In that desert place Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God, and shall not stretch them out in vain.

But we must leave the treasurer there, and trace the route by which his teacher was led to his side at the critical moment. How, and when, and where Philip became a disciple of Christ, we cannot tell; but soon after the Pentecost revival he was so full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, that the whole company of the disciples fixed their eyes on him, along with Stephen and five others, when it became necessary to set apart some to relieve the apostles of a portion of their work. The overflowing of the Spirit in Philip soon carried him far beyond the department of labour to which he had at first been called, and he glided from the serving of tables into the ministry of the word. When the persecution which culminated in the martyrdom of Stephen had made Jerusalem unsafe for his associates, Philip went down to the city of Samaria, "and preached Christ unto them." When he had gotten many souls for his hire there, the opposition slackened, and the door opened at Jerusalem again. To Jerusalem, accordingly, Philip returned, preaching all the way; but strange to tell, no sooner had he returned, with his heart full to proclaim mercy to its giddy multitudes, than a message reached him from his Master, requiring the devoted minister to leave the teeming city, and retire to a desert! Probably Philip was surprised; but he was not disobedient,—he arose and went. Like Abraham, he knew not whither he went, but he knew whom he followed. Sometimes a minister is suddenly silenced, and laid aside: both himself and his friends wonder why the Master should have taken his servant away from a large and needy place, and turned him aside into an eddy on the edge of life's great stream, where there seemed to be neither door of utterance nor door of entrance. But all is well; the reins of government

lie in the Almighty's hands; he will make all these things work together for good. The Master has something for his servant to do in the desert, otherwise he would not have sent his servant away from the city. And now Philip has passed beyond sight of human habitation; he is threading his way over broken stones and shifting sands, and doing his best to keep by the track that other travellers have left. He is afloat on the land-sea, without a camel to serve him as a ship; and he is like those master mariners whom the sovereign sends across the ocean without making known the errand on which they are sent. The ship-master in such a case carries out sealed orders, and opens them only when he has reached the spot. Learning there what his sovereign desires him to do, he does it, and passes on. So came Philip to this spot in the desert, and when he is there he learns the errand on which he has been sent. "Behold, a man of Ethiopia was returning." "Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to his chariot."

On this point, then, the two converging lines have met, and this is the turning-point for eternity for an inquiring soul. What hath God wrought, and how wonderfully he hath wrought it! If his purposes in creation require the meeting of two circling worlds at some period in the evolutions of time, he will so arrange that the two shall approach and touch each other at the very point in space which he has designed. The same might and the same wisdom have been at work to arrange a meeting, wherever and whenever one earthen vessel charged, bears Christ, and another earthen vessel empty, receives Christ at a brother's hand. How frequent these meetings are in our own land at present, and how many messengers run to and fro, each bent on fulfilling his own commission,—each bent on getting a neighbour's soul for his hire! How thickly the royal couriers pass and repass in these days! If our eyes were opened, the whole mountain would seem full of these chariots of fire and horses of fire. "See that ye walk circumspectly, and not as fools;" ye know neither the day nor the hour when the messenger charged with the word for your conversion shall cross your path. The place whereon you now stand may be the holy ground for you,—the birthplace of your soul. On the right hand or on the left; in humble station or in high; in the house of God or on the public street, the messenger may appear whose word will win you to Christ. Brother unconverted! if a message be out from the King Eternal,—a message of special mercy,—a message of forgiving love to you, it would be sad to miss the bearer in the busy throng of life. Would you grieve if he should go by? Ah, fear not; they who desire to meet him will not miss him. That *vacuum* in a longing heart would draw the messenger and his message into your bosom, although they were at the utmost end of the earth. Though the place was desert, and the path but dimly traced, and the time not told at all, Philip and the Ethiopian met with all the exactitude of the

tides and seasons. "Seek, and ye shall find." Fear not; the Promiser is true.

"The Lord of us hath mindful been,
And he will bless us still."

See, on a map—for the actual landscape is too wide to be comprehended in one view—the track of two converging rivers, from their several sources on separate mountain ranges to the point of confluence in the intervening valley. Observe, there are many windings in their courses. At some places, indeed, they seem to be flowing away from each other, and sometimes back towards their springs; but, in spite of all these partial and temporary divergences, on the whole the two streams come, slowly but surely, to a common meeting place. So spring far apart the life-courses of two persons, and so these life-courses come together. God, who made the mountains and valleys, and bade the rivers run among them, brought their lives into being, and guided their flow. He brought them together; and he brought them together for a purpose of his own. Stand in awe of the meetings and the partings of life. Reverence the friendships which you form, and the farewells which you pronounce. When one is Christ's, and the other is of the world still, the Master meant by the meeting that grace should find its way, from the vessel that grace had filled, into the vessel that was empty. Vessel filled! freely you have received, freely give: vessel empty! although all good comes from Christ the head, much good comes through Christians the members. The one should strive to bless, and the other to get a blessing.

These meetings, long prepared and graciously arranged in providence, are sometimes lost through obstinate unbelief. What a meeting was that, in Herod's judgment hall at Caesarea, between Paul and Felix! How far up the lines of preparation for it ran, and how skilfully they were held in the hands of the Omniscient, until the missionary of the cross and the Roman ruler met at last! The Roman listened, and the preacher began. Now, Felix, now is your time; now or never. But he hardened his heart, and turned away. He cast out the arrow of conviction, after it had gone more than half way through the searing of his conscience. "Go thy way for this time:" he thought he was only politely putting off the Christian; but he was in reality rudely rejecting Christ. To lose such an opportunity may be to lose your soul.

That Ethiopian, on the contrary, being thirsty, welcomed the cold water to his parched lips. He received the kingdom of God as a little child, and the kingdom was all his own. He believed to the saving of his soul, and went on his way rejoicing. If any place in this world can remain consecrated more than another in the memory of the saints in rest, that spot, in the untrodden desert between Gaza and the confines of Egypt, is a sacred spot to one of the saved multitude who stand round the throne to-day in white clothing, for there he was born to the inheritance which he possesses now.

(To be continued.)

W. A.

"SMITH OF THE WICK."

SOME forty years ago I visited for a few months the springs at Malvern Wells. The season was peculiarly fine and dry, enabling me to make many a stroll in the long evenings of June and July among the various villages and hamlets which are scattered at the foot of the Malvern Hills. I found them, for the most part, inhabited by a very degraded and untaught people; many could not read, and few seemed to know anything about religious truth. This made it very desirable that gospel tracts should be distributed to those who could read.

Strolling one evening for this purpose with a friend, I came to a little hamlet. It was a beautiful summer's evening. Two groups of men and women with their children were seated at their cottage doors, resting after their day's work. My attention was soon attracted by one who in appearance was superior to those around him. He seemed about forty years of age; his features were intelligent, but expressive of a harsh and determined character. As he rose on our approach, his tall erect form and military air showed that he had been a soldier. We spoke, hoping for an opportunity to give a tract. He mentioned that he had served in the Spanish peninsular war, and had been in several battles; that, a wound unfitting him for active service, he had been employed as clerk in the commissariat department; had quitted that situation and returned to England; had married, and had settled with his wife and children in this little hamlet. In speaking of his campaigns and the commanders under whom he had served, he became very animated and eloquent, but soon accompanied his narration with such oaths and profane expressions, that we were glad to hasten away, and feared to give a tract.

We made some further inquiries elsewhere respecting him, and learned that he was generally known in the neighbourhood as a very violent character and a dreaded disturber of the little hamlet, particularly on Saturday, when he was accustomed to go to market for his weekly provisions; and returning home invariably intoxicated, would beat his wife and children, and behave violently to all who came near him. There were, at that period, very few resources at Malvern Wells. We often wished to hire a horse, in order to procure the various articles we needed from a distance; but there was no horse in the immediate neighbourhood but that of "Smith of the Wick," as this man was called. But any further communication with him seemed quite out of the question.

I could not, however, but feel deeply concerned for his immortal soul, and often thought what a blessing might result to those around him, were that intelligent, energetic mind once spiritually directed. But on expressing a wish to send him some appropriate tract or book, my friends became alarmed, and strongly dissuaded me from doing so, saying, that I was not aware to what annoyance I might be exposed should he be offended. I yielded to their advice, though I now feel that I ought

not to have done so. "Our times are in His hands," who says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." I ought to have taken the most prudent means, and left the results with God. A future day might have been too late to save an immortal soul; but the Lord tenderly considered the weakness of his erring servant.

On leaving Malvern and returning to my home, I hastened to convey to him (through a friend at Great Malvern) the "Life of Colonel Gardiner." She sent it through her washerwoman, whose little boy was desired to take it to his cottage, and hastily disappear. Smith was outrageous; he traced the boy, and then the mother, and threatened her with great violence if she did not tell him the name and residence of the person who had sent the book; he added, that, could he but know from whence it came, he would be revenged by sending per coach a large heavy hamper of brickbats. The poor frightened woman, who was aware that the book was not sent by the lady from whom she received it, assured him she did not know whence or from whom it came; he left her still vowing vengeance.

About a week after he again visited her. He came with the book in his hand, and his manner was quite changed; he expressed sorrow for his late conduct, and asked her pardon. He said it was an excellent book, offered to lend it to her, and urged her to read it.

The following Saturday he went as usual to market, and returned perfectly sober and quiet. On Sunday, to the astonishment of every one, Smith appeared at church. From that time a complete change took place in his life and character, indicating that he was "born again."

Encouraged by the letters of my friend at Great Malvern, I some time after sent him in the same circuitous way, a set of "Burder's Village Sermons," which he so appreciated, that he used to assemble the cottagers around him in the evening to hear them read; and this habit of reading to them these sermons and the word of God he steadily pursued. He now became a good husband, father, and neighbour. He was, in short, "a new creature" in Christ Jesus; "old things" had "passed away," and "all things" had become "new."

The year following, I paid a farewell visit to my friend at Great Malvern, previous to my departure for the Continent. I lost no time in visiting the little hamlet. Smith was not at home, but I was welcomed by his wife, whose placid countenance bespoke her happier lot. She hastened to tell me of the change in the character of her husband since some kind person had sent him a book; he longed, she said, much to know who it was, that he might express his thanks.

A few days after, I again visited the hamlet. I found Smith working alone in his garden. He requested me to walk in and rest in his little humble cottage, and soon began to speak on the subject which now filled his heart. It was evident that he had indeed realized in his inmost soul the preciousness of Christ his Redeemer, and he

"loved much," for he felt how much had been forgiven him. He spoke with much humility of his past life, and the circumstances of his conversion, and expressed an earnest wish to learn to whom he was indebted for the precious book which had been the means of so much blessing to his soul. As I truly desired an interest in the good feelings and prayers of this devoted Christian, I at length told him the secret. His expressions of pious gratitude were quite affecting; and as I took my leave, my last leave of him, he accompanied me to the gate, following me with blessings.

While on the Continent I did not lose sight of this interesting convert, of whose life and conduct my friend continued to write most satisfactory accounts.

Between two and three years after my last visit to Malvern, Smith was attacked with a lingering illness, which, in a few months, terminated his earthly course. I was still on the Continent, when my friend wrote to me of his death. When he was confined to his bed, she was enabled sometimes to visit him. He always requested she would read the Scriptures to him; this was his great comfort. She spoke of his peaceful, happy state; but having much else to relate, could not in her letters enter much into details. On my return, she too had passed away; but she had not witnessed his closing days and hours.

Perhaps some humble chronicler of the little hamlet may still survive to tell, in all the details of pious gratitude, of the godly life and happy departure of this devoted Christian; of all he said, and all he did in faithful and grateful testimony to those around him; but the record is in heaven, treasured up in God's book of remembrance, and with it also the mention of the results of his efforts. Blessed results there doubtless were. Many souls, perhaps, converted through his instrumentality, will for ever bless the Lord for the precious seed sown by this single believer.

About fourteen years ago I met a pious lady, who had recently been at Malvern. On questioning her respecting the state of the poor around those hills, she said she had found but little life among those she had visited, with the exception of a little village called the Wick, where the cottagers were in the regular habit of assembling to read the Scriptures. Oh, how forcibly was I struck with the faithfulness of God! My prayerful wish had been answered, not only in mercy bestowed to one individual, but on the little circle around him.

Two things especially deserve to be remarked in this little narrative, in which my endeavour has been to keep strictly to unadorned facts:—1. The invincible power of the grace of God; 2. The simplicity of the means God condescends to bless.

May these encourage any child of God who may peruse this narrative to seek, notwithstanding every hindrance, the salvation of souls. Reader, perhaps you can say, "I also was once travelling the broad road which leadeth to destruction, heedless of many a warning, of many a gracious call, until at length constrained to listen to that

heavenly voice, saying, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'" If you have found Him to whom these blessed words apply, go in faith and commend him to others. Feeble as you may be as an instrument for effecting God's work, the Spirit of God through your words can turn sinners "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

Should this account fall into the hands of any who are still thoughtless and unbelieving, may the strong evidence it contains of a new transforming heavenly work on a perishing sinner find its way to his or her soul! Surely to "Smith of the Wick" the words may be applied, "He being dead yet speaketh."*

"OUR LIPS ARE OUR OWN."

THESE are the words which inspired wisdom puts into what it calls "flattering lips," and "the tongue that speaketh proud things." Those who say, "Our lips are our own, and who is lord over us?" it seems, say quite too much. For God says he will cut them off. He gives us to know that there are limits, even to freedom of speech, and this is very important for our consideration, at a time when so much is said about the sacredness of this kind of freedom.

Freedom of speech, of conscience, and of thought, under proper limitations, is an invaluable blessing. Both the Church and the world are vitally concerned for its preservation, and its conveyance to those who have it not. Those who have it are bound to guard it with jealous care. But in order intelligently to guard it, we need first to understand well what it is. God, in making each of us moral and responsible beings, has given us a conscience to guide us in the formation of thought, speech, and action. That conscience, in the regulation of thought, speech, and acts, he designs to leave to a free play, within the limits which his law and Providence and our relations to our fellow-men prescribe.

So our freedom of speech, or thought, or act does not involve the idea that we are not responsible, either to God or man, for what we think, say, and do. Our freedom being primarily that of the conscience, carries with it our responsibility to God, covering the whole of that which we do so freely. We are free, in that God leaves us to our own will, whether to do or not to do, and then approves or condemns, according as we have chosen to do the right or the wrong. So for every free act, word, or thought, we are responsible to God, and responsible because we are free. Many, in their boasts of freedom, seem to assume that because they are free to speak and act, therefore none can call them to account for what they say and do amiss. Whereas, it is the very fact that God has endowed them as free agents which makes them accountable to him. If they were mere machines, and not allowed to exercise their own will, they would be as irresponsible as machines.

* Abridged from a Tract, just published, by the Religious Tract Society.

There is another common error about this—many mistake their freedom from responsibility to man for freedom from responsibility to God. Reprove a man for casting down some plain principle of the Bible, or for trampling upon the Sabbath of the Lord, and his answer will be—That is wrong only in your opinion; my opinion about it is different, and I have a right to my own opinion. The conclusion which that mind really rests in amounts to this, that he has a right to form what opinions he will about any matter of truth or duty, and to act according to them; and then the fact that such are his opinions clears him from blame in any course of conduct. That is, he has the right to form the opinion, for instance, that it is harmless to take the life of his neighbour, and then to suit the action to the word, and justify himself on the ground that in his opinion it was right, and he had a right to his own opinion.

The fallacy lies here; he takes the fact of his not being responsible to man for his opinions, and extends it into his not being responsible to God. You say that you have a right to hold such an opinion even if it be a wrong opinion, and having a right to hold it, you have a right to utter it, or, in any way, to act according to it. But in what sense have you a right to your own opinion? You have a right to it in the sense, that no man has a right to take it from you by coercion. But that makes you no less responsible to God for all the wrong involved in that opinion, and for all the practical mischiefs which it begets. You are responsible to no man for the conclusions which you form in your own mind, as long as they lie unuttered in the mind, and are not let forth into practical mischief. But to God you are responsible for every thought; and for that whole treasure of evil in your heart, if you are the evil man who, out of the evil treasure of the heart, is ready to put forth evil things. And though other men may be deeply injured by the pernicious opinions which you utter, since evil communications corrupt good manners, other men have no power to restrain your utterance. They must leave to God the right of punishing you for the mischiefs which you do. In this sense, also, you may be said to have a right to your opinions.

Yet even this thought has its limits. If your uttered opinions affect the civil and social rights, and those temporal interests of other men, of which civil laws take cognisance, you have not a right to utter them. If you unjustly take up the opinion that a certain neighbour of yours is a thief, a murderer, or an adulterer, you have no proper right to that opinion; you have no right whatever to utter it. Your speech in that matter is not free, and if you utter it the civil law takes you to an account. But there is a class of opinions that affect purely moral interests, and opinions which are of a mischievous and deadly tendency which, so far as human or legal restraints are concerned, you have a right to utter. As God himself claims to be the Lord of the conscience, he has committed to no man the authority of coercing

the conscience of another. In mere matters of conscience—in mere matters of religious truth and duty, he holds every one exclusively responsible to himself—no; because other men are not injured by the false and pernicious opinions which we hold or utter, but because man is incompetent to extend his jurisdiction over the inner man of his fellows. There is no greater pest to human society, no greater offender against the most vital interests of man, than he who diffuses doctrines that are subversive of the gospel of Christ. But God has committed to human society no right of force to resist such assaults. The weapons of this warfare are not carnal, but mighty in their proper sphere. If with the gospel of the Son of God in our hands, we cannot silence the ignorance of foolish men, and expose the cunning craftiness which lies in wait to deceive, we must refer the matter to Him who causes the wrath of man to praise him, and who restrains the remainder.

This does not imply that as before God any one has a right to vent what opinions he will, and do what mischief through them he may desire; but that his account is to be rendered only to God. God will hold him to a fearful account. If for every idle word which men shall speak, they must give an account to God, what shall be said of those whose words have gone forth, as troops from the realms of night, to lay waste and destroy—those whose lives have been spent in setting in array their mightiest force of words, against the truth and cause of Christ? Every pernicious opinion which one conceives in his evil heart of unbelief, and defends and propagates with the mental force which God has given him, will stand charged against him as a sin, and sinful in proportion both to its power of mischief, and to the preciousness of the truth which it impugns. And while we contemplate the mischief done by it, beyond our power of resistance, and ask, "O Lord, how long?" we hear him say, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay it."

Here it may be seen in what sense it is true that every one has a right to his own opinions. It is simply this, that he has a right in certain cases to stand clear from coercion by other men in matters of opinion, and not that false opinions do no injury, and not that he can do the injury that flows from his opinions, and be brought to no account for it. There is a responsibility of solemn import attaching to us for all the conclusions which we form in our minds, touching that testimony which God has given us of his Son.

OUR LATEST SISTERS OF CHARITY.*

POPISH countries have long been familiar with Christian woman's work. In her wisdom, Popery has rejected no agency that could startle, win, or touch human hearts. If, in her wide circle of agency, she has powers of darkness for deeds of darkness, within the same circle stands

* "Life Work; or, The Link and the River." By L. N. R. author of "The Book and Its Story," and "The Missing Link." London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

the Sister of Charity, whose walk is the hospital, whose life is a ministry to the sick and the dying, or a life-long service in the nurture and discipline of youth. For ages the organized sisterhood has been an institution of the Romish Church, and woman's work presented in the regenerated form in which Rome loves to discipline her troops. In vindicating our Protestant freedom, we failed to graft on our new stock Rome's experience of woman's power in the mission of the Church. Suspecting whatever had grown in the Pope's garden, we cast it forth as a weed. Rejecting, on principle, woman's ministry at large, we bound and restricted her to the domestic circle. With the fall of the monastic system, and its associated institutions, she retired into the family, and if there she had neither object nor scope for her Christian heart, our stern antagonism to popish usages forbade her entering into wider fields.

The recent renewal of woman's mission in the lanes and alleys of our large cities, opens a dark chapter in the history of our modern social life. It is a product of the conditions of that life, has grown out of its necessities, is the balm for its hurt state, the remedy for its wounds. In tracing its rise we are led into the depths of our social evils, we go down into the pit where lie the victims of society's neglect, and of their own improvidence, intemperance, and crimes; and, as we gauge the deepest depths of its misery, we there find woman's work and its triumphs.

We do not repeat the sketch we have given in a previous paper, of the rise of "Woman's Bible Mission," and of the fruits that have sprung from its labours amongst the lowest strata of the London poor. Without claiming for that mission the originating of Protestant woman's work, it is opening a field in which the extremes of female society—the poor Bible-woman, and the affluent Christian lady, young and old—may meet as fellow-workers for the moral and spiritual elevation of their miserable and poverty stricken sisters, that are buried in the "dens and rookeries" of the metropolis, and other great cities of the empire; whilst it promises in its progress, without the formality of an organized sisterhood, to gather into its service every willing-hearted woman whose home lies in contact with the objects and scenes its charity embraces. Female district visitors—female tract distributors—female collectors for benevolent societies, have been long recognised as amongst our most valuable agencies. In spite of the repression under which Protestant ideas had placed woman's energies, they have been struggling into action. Yet their agency has been rather accepted as a necessity, and turned into channels of immediate need, than chosen from a discernment of their special gifts, and of the sphere of their natural action. If male agency could have been substituted for woman's work, in the departments in which it has hitherto been employed, Christian benevolence would not have suffered from the exchange. Her activity has chiefly found scope for benevolent action, where man or woman might have indiscriminately

occupied the field. Her distinctive sphere remained to be discovered—the sphere in which she alone could do the work that was needed—the division of benevolent labour that belongs to the *Sisterhood of Charity*. Singular that that sphere should be amongst "the sunken sixth," and that the "Life Work" of the gentlest of human kind should have its appropriate range amongst the roughest and rudest of our social materials—amongst its castaways—a beautiful fresh proof that the cord that draws all hearts is LOVE!

That in this new field the British Sisterhood may find scope for its most diversified gifts, the experience of the last four years has already proved. The characteristic of this domestic mission is not only its extent, affording means of usefulness for all who will, but its comprehensiveness, yielding to all the employment suited to their gifts. Starting with the labours of the Bible-woman, her experience in the progress of her work developed the necessity of a lady superintendent as a co-worker, whilst, as their united work grew, it developed the necessity of further helps in administration of the social remedies brought in the progress of the mission to bear upon its objects. "The first year," as L. N. R. writes in "Life Work," "taught the power of the poor woman with the poor; the second, the imminent necessity of finding her a sister in effort from the class of her superiors, who should be minutely responsible for all money transactions and who should share the labour of love as the heart of a loving lady can share." It was not to be expected that a poor uneducated Bible-woman, pressed upon by hundreds of applicants with the pertinacity of old St. Giles, could keep clear accounts of the clothing, bedding, shoe, coal clubs, &c. which grew so large immediately that the opportunity of cheap, gradual purchase was known. There was an error in listening to her inexperienced supposition that she could deal with it all, or in yielding to her fear that the visible entrance of a lady on the work would spoil it all, as "from a lady they would only beg." The greater danger was, that the Bible-woman, amidst the pressure of business accounts and club-management, and the manifold worrying necessities of a clamant and ever-needy district, would be turned aside from her simple, proper, Christian work, or in her weakness be overborne to relax her rules, and to open to the poor dependence on other sources than their own provident self-denial. Experience quickly proved that a large clothing club required to be managed by a lady who should take that department only,—the purchase of material, the cutting out of garments, the receipt of pence, and the sale of clothes. The motto of the mission by its second year hence became, "Ministering women, two and two;" and that not two Bible-women, but a Bible-woman and her lady, who in harmonious co-operation should exemplify how the far apart classes of society might be brought together, and the world benefitted by the power of their united love and prayers. Fears might have been entertained as to the practicability of the harmonious working of fellow-labourers so far re-

moved in sympathy of class from each other. The testimony of L. N. R. dispels that apprehension. Those higher sympathies, engaged in a common work, have been their bond of union. From letters daily received from the superintendents, L. N. R. is assured of the kindly and sympathizing spirit in which the common work is done. With the three hundred sisters, rich and poor, that are engaged to help each other to explore and to reform those endless succession of courts and alleys and yards walled in from the light of day, which hide so many thousand little worlds of sin and suffering behind London's lordly squares, the work proceeds happily and successfully,—the lady superintendent proving not only a worker but a watcher, watching over her Bible-woman for her soul's good, that she may minister more successfully to the souls of others; and the Bible-woman pioneering the way and introducing her lady superintendent to scenes and works from which alone she would have shrunk.

The manner in which these sisters of charity, of high and low degree, work to each other's hands, and help each other that they may be more helpful to the poor, is well illustrated in the following communication from one of their number. "I determined," says a lady writing to L. N. R., "to try the experiment of visiting one day in the week with my Bible-woman; and asking guidance and wisdom from above, we started together. She took me at once into the very worst part of the pariah. I have been a district visitor in Bloomsbury these ten years, but I never saw anything like this; and two hours' work made me so sick, I thought I never should forget the miseries and the smells. We groped our way into dark houses, up stairs without any banisters, and with great holes in them requiring careful steps, and we entered rooms which looked as though they had never been scoured since they were built. Beds seemed wholly unknown. Here and there we found a bedstead with some filthy rags upon it, but oftentimes it was a small litter of straw with a black cloth thrown over it. In almost every room we heard the same story, 'No work, and no food.'" Notwithstanding this repulsive condition of the district, with the Bible-woman by her side, the lady superintendent went deeper and deeper down into its real state, exploring its want, misery, vice, and starvation, that she might learn the true kind of help it needed. In prosecuting this work she had frequent occasion to remark the difference of her reception amongst the families of the poor as superintendent of a Bible-woman and as a district visitor. In the latter character the women visited usually felt it necessary to utter a few religious sentences, as they knew it was the district-visitor's errand to communicate religious instruction, though they valued the visit chiefly for the ticket the lady might be induced to leave for bread or coals, which, as soon as she had gone, was most probably exchanged for gin. But visiting as the superintendent of a Bible-woman, the families realized the fact that they were known, from the access of the Bible-woman

to them at all hours, and from the thoroughness of her knowledge of their individual histories, and they ceased in consequence to make attempts to deceive.

It is such a combination of rich and poor, of Bible-woman and Christian lady, that the able author of the article "Deaconesses," in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, desiderates when he writes of the inadequacy of the Bible-woman's mission from the absence of this feature, which is now its prominent characteristic, and which, even at the period the following paragraphs were written, it had developed. "The Bible-woman plan," writes the *Quarterly*, "has its weak points; or rather there are strong points which do not and cannot belong to it. Leaving aside the question of payment, it excludes in the first place from its direct agents all those who are of a social grade above the lowest. There is some risk lest it should leave people to mistake for a truth a most mischievous fallacy, namely, that only the poor can work beneficially among the poor. The truth is, that the poor have peculiar advantages in dealing with the poor, and the wealthy and the educated have peculiar advantages in dealing with them also. Our object is not merely to descend to the lowest levels of our population, but as regards religion to bring up the lower strata to the level of the higher. Besides the professional employment of poor women, we require the professional employment of those who have a higher culture and a higher social position. If the two were properly organized, each would assist and strengthen the other."

Most cordially do we subscribe to the truth that it were a most mischievous fallacy "that only the poor can work beneficially amongst the poor;" but the Bible-woman's mission, as it has developed since its first year's operation, proceeds in opposition to this fallacy. Its completeness is its comprehensiveness. It has a place for all ranks, a work for all kinds of workers. It drafts its agents from the lowest class, sending back the rescued to repeat on others the saving impressions that were wrought on themselves; it drafts them from the highest, uniting the Christian lady that is willing to lend her higher culture and the influence of her position with the rescued Bible-woman. And for those neither capable of taking the position of Bible agent nor lady superintendent, it has a place in the administration of the various measures of social amelioration that circle around the Bible-woman's track, or in some one of the many ministries to the sick, the young, the rescued or exposed girl, that multiply in exploring the wants of a long sunken and neglected city district.

How truly such an agency is adapted to its chosen work may be gathered from the grateful reference to its operations by the rector of St. Giles, in whose parish from its commencement it has found an appropriate field. We refer more especially to his testimony from the important statistical facts it embodies, and which of themselves demonstrate the self help to which the mission is so nobly training the most abject of the poor.

In his annual address for the present year to his "Friends and Parishioners," the rector thus speaks:—"Of the Bible and domestic female mission I seem always to have something to say. Unprecedented in the rapid hold it has taken of the public sympathies, it almost stands by itself in the simplicity and unobtrusiveness of the method by which, under God, it has made its way. Barely four years have elapsed since the first Bible-woman entered Church Lane, but during that time upwards of twenty thousand Bibles have been sold to the poor of London by these women, whose number now exceeds a hundred and fifty. During this space of time £1706 have been paid by the poor for those Bibles; £5013 have been contributed by them towards the purchase of clothing, beds, and blankets, and the public have given upwards of £13,000 towards the general purposes of the mission. We have now three Bible-women at work within our parochial limits, one stationed in Dudley Street, one in Short's Gardens, one in Store Street. I am anxious to see a fourth settled on the western confines of the parish, in Crown Street, the very place contemplated in the idea of the missions. Before I leave the subject I wish to make it quite clear at what precise object it aims. In some points, no doubt, as could hardly be prevented, it works in parallel lines with existing agencies. In other points, it holds ground never occupied before. Women before now have done a most useful work in collecting pence for Bibles, but they have been gentlewomen, not of the poor. The clergy, Scripture readers, city missionaries, do their work of direct evangelization by the word of God and prayer. But as, in our own affairs, guided by an unerring instinct, we go to men for strength, and to women for sympathy, so man's work in spiritual things is rather argumentative, authoritative, admonitory; woman's, persuasive, suggestive, sisterly. In temporal matters the boundary is yet more distinct. To cut out a frock, to mend a coat, to make a cup of broth, to boil a pudding, to tidy a room, to wash a shirt, to dress a baby, are not exactly the things in which men feel qualified to give advice, and by no means enter as a matter of course into the personal experience of the district-visitor. But here the Bible-woman is on her own ground; she is able at once to win her way to gratitude and confidence by hastening to instruct the enormous ignorance of the poor in the commonest duties of life; while, as she smooths the pillow of the sick mother, she can soothe the heart with words of Jesus Christ, and through tact and kindness prepare the way for the gospel, in trying to be a saviour of the body. The system is now spreading its network over the chief provincial towns; with some modifications it will probably be introduced into villages; and I even see more reason, not only for introducing it as an integral element in my own parochial system, but of considering it, even with ragged schools and refuges, as among the chief discoveries of the age."

And why should it not continue to extend its operations from the metropolis to the provincial towns, and

from the provincial towns to our evergrown and long neglected mining and factory villages? There are no want of agents, rich and poor, for the work. It but requires to be brought into contact with the untold thousands of Christian women longing for scope for their energies, and for occupation for their Christian hearts. They would and could work, were but the right object presented, and the obstacle broken down that has hitherto bound them to inaction. The conventionalities of society, or the false Protestantism that has excluded the Christian lady from her sphere of healthful, benevolent activity, has done more than withheld from good. If it has left the homes of the poor unvisited, and the fallen to sink into a lower depth, it has suffered hearts that would have been made joyful in a service of benevolence, to pine in vacancy, or to dissipate themselves amidst objects that could neither interest nor fill up the desires of an earnest mind. "No evenings in the week," is the testimony of the ladies who preside over the mothers' meeting, "are like these;" and no temptations of pleasure can induce them to forego their engagements with them. In a life without a purpose, Rome has often made for herself an easy conquest. The vacant female heart, consuming itself, has found relief in a strong master subjecting it to rule, and presenting day by day its "tale of brick." We ask not for the Protestant sisterhood the mechanism of Rome, its rules or orders; we ask not that woman's work be under a Church organism. The genius of Protestantism demands freer methods. We shall be satisfied that the sisterhood take for their rule the Word, that, in the language of L. N. R., the missing link be riveted to the Scriptures, and that its mission be that of the divine book to the souls of the poor. In one thing only we ask to emulate the Church of Rome, in the art of which she has so often shown herself the master, of turning; all talents to account, and in allotting to every gift its sphere.

In the new field which "The Missing Link" and "Life Work" open to woman, the sphere, whilst large as the necessities of the city and village poor, is still essentially woman's. The work is domestic, the family its scene, woman's converse with woman its object. Neither the Bible-woman, nor her lady-superintendent, nor any of their associated agents, are preachers. Their aim is not to bear upon masses. Their walk is from house to house; and the mission-room is their widest arena for speech. It is through intercourse with and power over individual mind that the work of the Domestic Female Mission is done. There are women who possess the gift of utterance, and the power of addressing and interesting numbers; and such violate no law of their sex when, alone with women, they speak even to assembled hundreds for God and his truth. Such gifts are rare, and the wise occasion for their exercise rarer still. It is to the great silent work always at hand, which none can gainsay, and for which every woman has her faculty, that the Bible-woman's mission calls,—it is

to the service that helps one person at a time, and which, through the leavening of individuals with better principles, leavens masses.

We agree with the sentiments so well expressed by L. N. R. when she says, "We do think that the mark of true woman's work for God in Scripture and in life is its individuality. Her being naturally tends towards the inner circle of the 'home,' and all her education should fit her to make that home a nursery for heaven. When her energy ranges beyond it, it is well that it should make *other homes*, and shed around her the influence of the Book, that law of the Lord which rules by her own fireside. She is safe under the shadow of the Bible and the Home. She forsakes no quiet womanly aim in dealing with individualities and seeking to bring souls one by one to Christ. We are inclined to maintain, very strongly, that this individualism is woman's natural element. Man's voice and nerve and mould of intellectual power fit him to deal with generalities and masses; and if woman, as his help-meet in the work of God, prepares his way in detail, she fulfills the office appointed to her. A man will almost always take the best general view of a subject, and a woman will work it out in its distinctive features."

Let the Bible-woman's Mission adhere in its progress to the "dealing with individualities," and it will escape the rocks that are ahead of its future; it will awaken no jealousy in other agencies, lay or ecclesiastical; it will provoke no opposition from the alarmists at all woman's work, or render their opposition as powerless as their fears. It will be "safe under the shadow of the Bible and the Home." There it will preserve woman in her own sphere and at the "life work" to which she is called by nature, providence, the necessities of our social state, and the apostolic word, "I will that she guide the house;" whilst it places her under a guide more safe than has yet been found in ecclesiastical surveillance.

EVENING HYMN.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

THE day departs ;—
My soul and heart
Long for that better morrow,
When Christ shall set his people free
From every care and sorrow.

The sunshine bright
Is lost in night ;—
O Lord, thyself unveiling,
Shine on my soul, with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling !

The noise of life,
Labour and strife,
Have come to calm cessation ;
Let me thy work of grace review,
In holy contemplation.

Now on my bed
I lay my head,
My weary eyelids closing ;
Thus sweetly, Lord, my soul would rest,
On thy sure love reposing.

Be thou still nigh,
With sleepless eye,
While thy poor child is sleeping ;
And angel guards, at thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

This sun and moon,
This night and noon,
When shall their course be ending ?
When shall the day eternal dawn
Whose sun has no descending ?

The land above
Of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten ;
For all its borders, Christ himself
Doth with his glory lighten.

Oh, to be there,—
That bliss to share,
These halleluiahs singing !
With all the ransomed evermore
My joyful praises bringing !

Lord Jesus, thou
My refuge now,
Forsake thy servant never !
Uphold and guide, till I may stand
Before thy face for ever !

H. L. L.

THE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

PART IV.

For many years after the death of Comenius, history throws little light upon the scattered remnants of his Church and people. Multitudes, as we have already seen, had sought refuge from popish tyranny and oppression in other lands. Those who escaped to Poland could unite there with the Polish branch of the Brethren's Unity, but the emigrants to other Protestant countries do not seem to have attempted to keep up their own forms and discipline. "The first settlers," says Cranz, "did not obtain permission for this, nor were they very much intent upon it, because they always entertained hopes of returning, some time or other, to their own country, and regaining the liberty they had lost. In the meantime, they lost themselves more and more among other nations and religions," &c. Even in Poland new troubles arose. The Roman Catholics, at the beginning of last century, gained the ascendancy, and the Brethren, as a separate Church, were in danger of extinction.

It is pleasant to think that our own country was not unmindful of the solemn bequest of Comenius. Twice, in times of great extremity (in 1683 and 1715), the Polish Brethren appealed to the Church of England for assistance; and on both occasions our Government authorized measures for their relief, acknowledging them as a Reformed Episcopal Church, which had preserved unimpaired, through much tribulation, the apostolic rites and doctrines.

The descendants of the ancient Church who still remained in Bohemia and Moravia were in most cases outwardly conformed to the Romish ritual, from fear of death and imprisonment, and weakness of faith. But, especially in Fulneck and the adjacent villages, there were many who in secret studied the Scriptures, and met together from time to time, with every possible precaution, for conference and prayer, even occasionally celebrating the communion. While Comenius lived, he used every effort to send them messages of encouragement and consolation, together with hymn-books, catechisms, and other evangelical works, which, after his death, were still means of keeping up among them some degree of spiritual life and knowledge.

One of the chief promoters of these secret meetings, in the village of Sehlen, was George Jaeschke, a genuine descendant of the Brethren's Church, a man of strong faith and ardent piety, looked up to for counsel and comfort by all the believers within his influence. His daughter, Judith, married to George Neisser, had five sons, whom their grandfather delighted to teach the way of salvation. When far advanced in life he married a second time, and to one "son of his old age," named Michael, he was deeply attached. In his last illness, when sensible of approaching death, he summoned his whole family circle around his bed, and bestowed upon them an almost patriarchal benediction, assuring them of his confident expectation that ere long the Lord would deliver and revive the Church of the Brethren, either in that or some other land, and exhorting them all to be ready, when the time came, to cast in their lot with the people of God, and to take care, wherever they went, that his beloved "Benjamin" should not be left behind. He expired, soon after this affecting scene, at the age of eighty-three, in 1707.

His family were not forgetful of his dying exhortations and prayers. They continued to meet in secret for devotional exercises, and the Spirit of God, about this time, seemed to awaken not themselves alone, but others of the Brethren's scattered descendants, through Bohemia and Moravia, to deeper interest and anxiety in regard to salvation. Meantime, the Hearer of prayer was preparing for them an instrument of deliverance in a remarkable individual, whose history deserves special notice.

Christian David was born of humble Moravian parents in the village of Senfleben, on December 31st, 1690. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, and his naturally ardent spirit entered warmly into all its

superstitions. But in no self-righteous duties, or self-mortifying penances, could he find rest, as his mental powers developed, for an uneasy conscience and awakened soul. While following in various places his trade as a carpenter, he came in contact with "heretics," who rejected the errors of Popery, read forbidden books, and patiently endured suffering and imprisonment rather than deny their own opinions. He also met with Jews, equally opposed to Romanism. He was surprised and perplexed by these things; and hearing both parties speak of the Old Testament and one of the New as the word of God, he became earnestly desirous to read for himself those sacred Scriptures.

In his twenty-first year he succeeded in obtaining possession of a Bible. He studied it with all the ardour of an intelligent and earnestly-inquiring mind, and as he read, gradually doubts and difficulties gave way, and the glad tidings of great joy, free and full salvation through a crucified Redeemer, became unfolded to his understanding, and brought peace and joy in believing to his heart. He taught himself to write, by copying the characters of the sacred volume, and pored over its pages with such unwearied diligence, that in later life he might be called "a living concordance," and his ordinary conversation is said to have been almost entirely biblical.

He travelled to Berlin in the exercise of his trade, and joined a Lutheran congregation there. Being disappointed by the carelessness and indifference of the generality of professing Protestants, and their opposition to serious religion, he next enlisted as a soldier, from the rather singular expectation of finding the army more favourable for spiritual improvement. In this also he was disappointed, and did not regret when, after the siege of Stralsund, he received a discharge. He resumed his former employment, and at Goerlitz in Upper Lusatia, he at length found a truly gospel ministry and Christian society. He married a pious young woman, and had every prospect of a happy earthly home. But the more he felt the love and grace of Christ in his own soul, the more was his heart filled with compassion for the souls of others, and regardless of the risk to himself, he undertook frequent journeys to Moravia, to carry the gospel to his own countrymen.

On one of these occasions, in 1717, in his native village or its neighbourhood, he met with the Neissers, and became deeply interested in them. They listened with wonder and eagerness to one whose exhortations recalled those of their departed grandfather. They confided to him all their spiritual trials, and entreated him to find for them an asylum in some Protestant land, where they might worship God in liberty and peace. He promised to do what he could towards this, and meantime encouraged them to be steadfast in the faith, and as often as possible to attend the nearest Lutheran Church.

Five years after, on Whit Monday, 1722, their new friend brought them the good tidings that after repeated

disappointments in seeking to fulfil their wishes, he had, in providence, been led to apply to Count Zinzendorf, a pious nobleman, who agreed to receive them on his estate of Berthelsdorf, not far from Goerlitz.

Two of the brothers at once saw in this message the command of God, which they resolved to obey. The others were more doubtful or timid. Their situation was indeed trying;—they were all engaged in a profitable business, with every home comfort and many friends, and it was not easy to “forsake all” for the gospel’s sake. It was agreed that Jacob and Augustine Neisser should go first, and if God prospered them the rest should follow.

They now recollected their young relation, Michael Jaeschke, and the promise made to their dying grandfather, that whenever they were called of the Lord to another land, Michael should not be left behind. They felt bound in conscience to inform him of their intention, though with much anxiety, lest he should oppose it and betray them to the Jesuits. To their agreeable surprise, they found that he also was under much spiritual concern, and joyfully agreed to a step which in secret he had long been wishing to take. They told him to conduct his business next day as usual, and come to their house at night.

Michael kept his appointment, as did Christian David. And, under covert of darkness, the little pilgrim band started on a journey, more formidable to them than we can well realize. The party consisted of Jacob and Augustine Neisser, their wives, four children (a boy of six years, a girl of three, and twins of three months old), Michael Jaeschke, and Martha Neisser, sister of Augustine’s wife. They travelled slowly, by unfrequented paths, under the guidance of Christian David, and by the good providence of God all reached their destination in safety.

Count Zinzendorf was then absent from home, but his grandmother, when told the case of the poor emigrants, desired that they should be accommodated at first in the village of Berthelsdorf, and that Mr. Marche, tutor in the family, should look out a suitable site for their building a house for themselves. Mr. Marche was a Christian man, and after serious consideration and prayer, he was led to fix upon the Hutberg, a wooded hill, across which the main road to Zittau passed. To this spot he conducted the Moravians. It was a dreary solitude then, covered with forest and bog, and we cannot wonder that the faith of some was ready to fail, and that the wife of Augustine, looking around on the gloomy prospect, and thinking of the pleasant homes left far away, exclaimed despondingly, in the language of a doubter of old, “Where shall we find bread here in the wilderness?” Mr. Marche replied, with pious confidence, “If thou wouldst believe, thou wouldst see the glory of God.” And Christian David, striking his axe into a tree, exclaimed, “Here, the sparrow has found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine

altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God!” (Ps. lxxxiv. 3.)

They set vigorously to work, and by the end of October, were able to enter a dwelling of their own building. Mr. Heitz, steward of Count Zinzendorf, assisted at a religious service, in which the new house was solemnly dedicated to God. He gave to it the name of Herrnhut, and wrote thus to the count, “We have called this place Herrnhut (the Watch of the Lord), to remind us, on the one hand, that the Lord is our protector and helper; and, on the other, that it is our duty to stand in the watch tower and keep ward.”

A few weeks after this, a travelling carriage passed along the high road, containing Count Zinzendorf on his way home from Dresden, with his newly married wife. Surprised to see a human habitation among the trees on this lonely hill, he inquired the meaning of it; and being told that this was the house built by the poor Moravian refugees, he at once alighted, and entering, assured them in the kindest manner of his hearty welcome and protection. He then knelt down, and earnestly implored for them and their undertaking the blessing of the Lord. This unexpected visit must have greatly encouraged and cheered their hearts.

Such was the humble beginning of what proved in the end the Renewed Church of the Brethren. Thus was sown the grain of mustard seed, which quickly sprang up into “a tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.” All concerned seem to have felt a solemn impression on their minds, that their work was far more important than it actually appeared, and one on which the special blessing of God was to rest.

Meanwhile, the three Neissers who remained in Moravia found themselves exposed to great difficulties and dangers, being required to account for the sudden disappearance of their brothers. They were imprisoned, and when, on being released, they requested permission to emigrate in their turn, were even threatened by the Jesuits with the Inquisition. They therefore quietly absconded, leaving all their property; and along with their families, eighteen persons in all, arrived in spring at Herrnhut, where they were gladly welcomed by their relatives, and obtained permission to build houses for themselves. Being all good tradesmen, they easily gained a maintenance by the work of their hands.

Towards the close of the same year, 1723, Christian David, full of zeal for Christ, and love for the posterity of the ancient Brethren, ventured again to Moravia on a missionary tour. He had singular gifts as a preacher, and his earnest proclamation of gospel truth, together with his report of the little Christian community forming at Herrnhut, created quite a sensation among his countrymen. A real spiritual awakening was the result. The night meetings for worship were crowded, and even during the day the voice of praise or prayer might be heard wherever several persons were at work together; while it is specially recorded how much the “little

children" were impressed by the love of Jesus, as in the revivals of our own day. All this could not go on long unobserved by the Jesuits, who were particularly powerful in that district. The persecuting measures of former ages were renewed, and sufferings of many kinds inflicted upon all who were convicted of reading Protestant books, or attending the meetings of the "bush preacher," as Christian David was called.

Five young men, of genuine Moravian descent, rendered themselves peculiarly obnoxious to the priests by their zeal and piety. Their names were three Davids Nitschmanns, John Toeltchig, and Melchior Zisbergen. They were summoned before the magistrates, on May 1st, 1724, and threatened with imprisonment if they did not give up their religious meetings. The following night they left their homes together, and when fairly beyond the village, falling on their knees, commended themselves and the believing friends they forsook to the care of their God and Saviour, and then, setting out on their pilgrim way, joined in singing a well-known hymn, often sung a century before by their exiled ancestors :—

"Blessed be the day, when I must roam,
Far from my country, friends, and home,
An exile poor and mean,
My father's God will be my guide,
Will angel guards for me provide,
My soul from dangers screen," &c.

Their intention was to go to Poland, hoping there to find some congregation of the Brethren; but in the first place they resolved to look in upon the little colony of Herrnhut, and see the dear friend, Christian David, who had been such an instrument of blessing to their own souls. Travelling by mountain paths, they reached Herrnhut on the 12th of May.

They arrived at an interesting moment. Count Zinzendorf, and several of his friends, had assembled with the Moravians to lay the foundation of a large building, intended to serve various benevolent and religious purposes, and which finally became the general meeting-place for public worship. The solemn services, and the earnest prayers offered up on this occasion so impressed the strangers, that they felt convinced this was the place where the Lord intended they should pitch their tents. Full of zeal for the ancient Church of their fathers, their arrival, and that of relatives and friends who soon found means to join them, was a special providence for the good of the new settlement, and greatly contributed to the measures afterwards adopted for constituting the community as the "Renewed Church of the Brethren."

It would be impossible, within the limits at our disposal, to attempt anything like a detailed account of the further progress of the congregation at Herrnhut, and the important results to which it gave rise. Yet, at the risk of somewhat taxing the patience of our readers, a few more facts must be added, to prevent what must after all be an imperfect sketch from being altogether incomplete and unfinished.

c. c.

THE TANK AND THE WELL.

IN India, rain does not fall now and again, as it does here, all the year round. It comes down during one particular season, known, in consequence, by the name of the *rainy season*. At that time, however, the water descends literally in floods; the ground that had been intensely dry before becomes saturated with moisture; and the rivers, overflowing all their banks, make the vast plains look like inland seas. Now, as the people are well aware that this abundance of the precious element does not continue beyond a certain period—as they know that very shortly the fields will become as parched and withered as they were before the heavens were opened—they endeavour to make provision against the drought that succeeds, by erecting large tanks in which a supply of water is preserved, and out of which they draw for many purposes, and among others, for irrigation. These tanks, accordingly, form a very important feature in Indian gardening and farming; and that man would be very foolish who had the means of procuring one, and yet who neglected to do so. At the same time, it must not be supposed that the people are entirely dependent on the supply of water that reaches them in the rainy season. They have *wells* likewise—wells that never, in the hottest seasons, run dry, and which send forth perennial, cool, and clear, and refreshing streams.

Now, there was once a ryot, or Indian farmer, who had a large piece of ground to cultivate. His living depended upon the field. If it produced plentifully, he had bread enough and to spare; if it was barren, nothing but death by famine stared him in the face. He had, therefore, the strongest possible interest in seeing the land well cared for; and as the soil was rich and the climate bountiful, there seemed no reason to doubt that he would have as large a return from it as he desired. But a great deal—we may say *all*—depended on the field being properly watered; and to see to that specially was his business. Well, there were two quarters from which, at first sight, water might be expected. In one part of the field was a tank, which either he himself or his father had erected to preserve some of the rain when it fell in the rainy season; but this tank had somehow been badly constructed—it leaked sadly, and do what the poor ryot could, it could not be made water-tight. The consequence was, as he had learned by experience again and again, it was always found to be empty when the time for irrigation had arrived. This, however, as all the farmer's friends thought, was no great matter, for in another part of the field, and equally accessible to him, was a remarkably full and reliable well of living water, out of which he might take as large a supply as he liked, and still it would seem to be as rich as ever. On the ground of his possessing this well, the man was much envied by his neighbours; for they said to themselves, that with such a spring within reach he needed not to fear the coming of the severest

drought. He had always that at command whereby his field might be made fertile. But they might have saved themselves the trouble of casting an envious eye upon the ryot's riches, for, strange to say, he turned his back upon the well,—made no use of it,—never drew from it,—let its waters run to waste, while he spent his whole time and efforts in trying to tinker up the old tank, which experience had so often taught him could hold no water. The fact was, the man was mad. No sane man would have acted as he did; and the end of the story is, that the soil being never moistened, the crop failed, and the farmer and his family perished of hunger.

From this case—which I must frankly own is just a parable, for we could not conceive of such a thing happening in common life—we may learn how strangely foolish is the conduct of many men in matters of far higher importance. They are doing spiritually just what we have supposed this man to do in a natural way; they are *forsaking God, the fountain of living water, and hewing out to themselves broken cisterns, that can hold no water*; and the prophet, in view of such infatuation, and referring not merely to the stupidity but to the wickedness of it, says, “Be *astonished*, O ye heavens, at this, and be ye *horribly afraid*, for my people have committed two evils.” Let those who are guilty of this behaviour, trying to find in the world that soul satisfaction which can only be found in Christ, hear and give heed in time to the remonstrances of heavenly wisdom. “Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.”

w.

THE PRAIRIE GRAVE.

THE summer flowers above her breast
Bud, bloom, and fade away;
The winter snow-flakes lightly rest
Upon that lifeless clay.

No heedless footstep may invade
That holy, hillside plot;
A rustic paling, rudely made,
Protects the lonely spot.

No father, mother, sister near,
Her prairie bed to share,
Or moisten with the falling tear
The wild-flowers growing there.

She sleeps in silence and alone—
No guardian angel seen;
For God's own hand hath sealed the stone,
Above that grave so green.

So shall she sweetly, safely sleep
Among the prairie flowers;
While we this grateful memory keep—
“One little bud is ours.”

Anon.

HOW KNOX AND LUTHER PRAYED.

DURING the troublous times of Scotland, when the popish court and aristocracy were arming themselves to suppress the Reformation in that land, and the cause of Protestant Christianity was in eminent peril, late on a certain night John Knox was seen to leave his study, and to pass from the house down into an enclosure to the rear of it. He was followed by a friend; when after a few moments of silence, his voice was heard as if in prayer. In another moment the accents deepened into intelligible words, and the earnest petition went up from his struggling soul to heaven, “O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!” Then a pause of hushed stillness, when again the petition broke forth, “O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!” Once more all was voiceless and noiseless, when with a yet intense pathos, the thrice-repeated intercession struggled forth, “O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!” And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Mary and her Cardinal Beaton; a land and a Church of noble Christian loyalty to Christ and his crown. How could it be otherwise?

So Luther, when Germany and the Reformation seemed to be lost, and human help was none; this was the prayer which that second Moses went and laid down at the foot of the eternal throne. “O God, Almighty God everlasting! how dreadful is this world! behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in thee! If I am to depend upon any strength of the world, all is over. The knell is struck. Sentence is gone forth. O God! O God! O thou my God! help me against all the wisdom of the world. Thou shouldst do this. The work is not mine, but thine. I have no business here. The cause is thine, and it is righteous and everlasting. O Lord, help me. O faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not on man. My God, my God, dost thou not hear? My God, art thou no longer living? Nay, thou canst not die. Thou dost not hide thyself. Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it. Therefore, O God, accomplish thine own will. Forsake me not for the sake of thy well beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold.”

But he had not done. Once more the tide of emotion and importunity burst forth, “Lord, where art thou? My God, where art thou? Come, I pray thee; I am ready. Behold me prepared to lay down my life for thy truth. For the cause is holy. It is thine own. I will not let thee go;—no, nor yet for all eternity! My soul is thine. Yes, I have thine own word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to thee, and will abide with thee for ever. Amen! O God, send help! Amen!”

The history of the salvation and sanctification of human souls hitherto is the history of such praying as this, in spirit, if not in these or any uttered words. Such holy earnestness and familiarity never offends the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who through him is the God of all grace and consolation.

"I WOULD—BUT YE WOULD NOT."

MATT. xxiii. 37; LUKE xix. 41.

'Tis evening, over Salem's towers a golden lustre gleams,
And lovingly and lingeringly the sun prolongs his beams;
He looks as on some work undone, for which the time has past;
So tender is his glance and mild, it seems to be his last.
But a brighter Sun is looking on, more earnest is his eye,
For thunder-clouds will veil him soon, and darken all the sky;
O'er Zion still he bends, as loth his presence to remove,
And on her walls there lingers yet the sunshine of his love.

'Tis *Jesus*—with an anguished heart, a parting glance he throws;
For mercy's day is sinned away, for a night of dreadful woes;
"Would thou hadst known, e'en thou," he said, while down rolled many a tear,
"My words of peace, in this thy day; but now thine end is near;
Alas! for thee, Jerusalem, how cold thy heart to me!
How often in these arms of love, would I have gathered thee!
My sheltering wing had been thy shield, my love thy happy lot!
I would it had been thus with thee—I would, but ye would not."

He wept alone, and men passed on, the men whose sins he bore;
They saw the Man of Sorrows weep, they'd seen him weep before;
They asked not whom those tears were for, they asked not whence they flowed;
Those tears were for rebellious man; their source, the heart of God:
They fell upon this desert earth, like drops from heaven on high,
Struck from an ocean-tide of love that fills eternity.
With love and tenderness divine, those crystal cells o'erflow;
'Tis God that weeps, through human eyes, for human guilt and woe.

That hour has fled; those tears are told; the agony is past;
The Lord has wept, the Lord has bled, but has not loved his last.
His eye of love is downward bent, still ranging to and fro,

Where'er in this wide wilderness there roams the child of woe;
Nor *his* alone,—the Three in One, who looked through Jesus' eye,
Could still the harps of angel bands, to hear the suppliant sigh;
And when the rebel *chooses* wrath, God mourns his hapless lot,
Deep breathing from his heart of love,—"*I would, but ye would not.*" *Anon.*

TOO MANY SUCH.

A young girl, by family circumstances or some other peculiarity, had but few social opportunities. She fell into habits of excessive self-inspection, and a morbid sensitiveness to criticism. With good gifts, and refined tastes, and careful culture, she began to grow conscious of a kind of superiority to most of those about her. But the absence of lively sympathies fostered reserve and taciturnity, so that few found out or appreciated her real attainments. While her own standard of character was rising, others ceased to care what so indifferent and haughty a spirit might know or be. Presently a sense of injustice began to spring up in her. Each new acquirement only seemed to separate her more and more from her neighbours. Even her equals failed to appreciate the hidden merit. Gradually, as years went on, a silent resentment was kindled. Temper was a little soured. Speech grew sarcastic. Judgment grew bitter. She revenged herself for neglect, by withdrawing further and further from the world. Those of her own sex were alienated. And as to those of the other—to tell the truth, as you, young men will confess—they were a little frightened. Very few men value criticism enough to marry it. And so, every way, society loses, in the person of this fine, capable young woman, an ornament and a strength. Her existence forfeits its beauty, and misses the glorious charm of making others happy. A more unselfish beginning—a genuine love for making somebody good or wise—the oversight of a few poor children—anything that would have expanded the heart and turned self out of doors, would have made this whole treasury of talent and education a noble contribution to the living wealth of society.—*T. D. Huntington.*

BURNING WITH PURE OIL.

It is related in the biography of one who lived to become a devoted Christian man, that while he was yet a little boy, the passage read from the Bible in the family on a certain occasion, was Exodus xxvii. 20, describing the oil used in the vessels of the tabernacle. The meaning and application of the verse was explained by other passages from the New Testament. This boy was then

but five years old, and it was not supposed that he could understand or feel the slightest interest in a subject considered far beyond his age. The older children left the room after family worship, but the little boy was detained, as usual, to be taught some simple verses of the Bible by his mother, and to pray with her. He kneeled down at length to pray, and in the midst of his prayer, he paused, and exclaimed earnestly, "O my God, make me to burn this day with *pure oil*!"

The morning lesson had not been lost upon him; he had understood its import. "Most evidently," says his biographer, "was this prayer heard and answered throughout the day of his life."

How appropriate is this petition for the morning offering of every Christian: "Make me to burn this day with pure oil!" If He who hath all hearts in his keeping vouchsafe a gracious answer to that prayer, the example of the disciple must be one that will glorify the name of Jesus. Such a man will walk with God. No unhallowed fires will be lighted in his bosom. Neither revenge nor hate can burn there. The peace and joy of the believer will fill his soul.

And such a man will be found obeying, through the grace given him from above, the injunction of the Master, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

THE DEAD SEA.

I HAVE repeatedly gazed in silent thoughtfulness upon the leaden surface of the Sea of Sodom. In that deep basin, more than thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, slumber the bitter waters of what the Arab, with more force than appears in the English translation of his words, calls the "*Sea of Death*." It is all of that. Though it is every moment receiving large accessions from the Jordan and some other smaller streams, it has no outlet, and renders no account of itself. No living creature moves in its waters; no vegetable life appears on its shores. It is a still and awful scene of death—death everywhere—death unbroken by a single lingering sign of life; a picture of desolation never, never to be forgotten by one who, with his eyes fixed upon it, has seriously studied its impressive lessons.

But I have looked upon other scenes, fitly symbolized by the "*Sea of Death*," which have left on my mind a still deeper impression. We have, indeed, only to look abroad from any stand-point, and in any direction, to behold a sea which, though ever receiving countless and increasing streams from "the land of the living," has never as yet yielded up its dead. It has, to us, rendered no account. It has, to human view, no outlet. It is a dark, still, vast, unfathomable deep, over and around which lingers no indication of life. It is a "*Dead Sea*."

But the most sadly impressive scene of all is the Dead Sea of human character. How many thousands and millions there are who are "dead" while they have "a name to live!" Deep down in the warning depths of blighted and blasted moral existence, they give no signs of life. They have been constantly receiving the streams of God's providential mercies. Perhaps even the streams of salvation have poured their richer blessings upon them. The word of God, the invitations and entreaties, the promises and warnings of the gospel of Christ, and a thousand little rills of Christian influence have unceasingly come in contact with their moral nature. But, alas! they make no returns to God or man. They give no signs of life. All is desolation, stillness, death. Always receiving, never giving back! Not a word, not a deed, and, so far as appears, not a thought ever tells of that higher life which it is the blessed privilege of every one to live. They are a Sea of Death. How sad the picture! So far as probationers for eternity are concerned, how reckless! How far beneath God's benevolent designs and man's real interests and happiness! Oh, true it is—

"That man may *last*, but never *live*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives:
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

THE PAINTED SHIP.

WHILE standing at the wharf of a quiet harbour, looking at the shipping which lay at anchor, we heard a young lady remark to a friend, "That nicely painted ship I would choose for a sail across the sea." He replied, "I would not, but prefer the dark old vessel near it. For that handsome ship is unsafe; her timbers are rotten. She has been newly painted."

Very suggestive, we thought, of practical truth. There are painted ships on all seas. Upon the waters of life they are gaily sailing to eternity with an inward decay which will yield to the storm that awaits every mortal mariner.

In the church, the formalist seems to himself and to others bound to the celestial shores; but alas, he is a painted ship, whose timbers are worthless, and will go down when the tempest comes. Out of the sacred fellowship of the saints, the moralist sails in a similar bark, with different colours only; and hopeless wreck is near.

How much of human existence, hope, and destiny, is represented in that painted ship! How little, by the unpretending and solid worth of the sailor's home, floating on the same tide!

But there comes to the ear no sound of the disaster as the light forms of decay go down on the lee shore of despair; no shout of welcome and rapture, as the bark of infinitely precious freightage reach their desired haven, where the weary are at rest.

MISCELLANIES.

BY THE LATE MISS HELEN PLUMPTRE.

[A friend has kindly sent us, for insertion in the *Family Treasury*, the following extracts from unpublished letters of Miss Plumptre:—]

THE GOVERNMENT ON HIS SHOULDER.

1821.

HOW comforting, how quieting, it is to know that the government of every, the least event is laid on the shoulders of Immanuel! The most important events of *time* assume any real importance only as they are linked with eternity. These four words, "The time is short," stamp such vanity on things which we are too apt to pursue with eagerness! It is our mercy that the Lord has not engaged himself to supply all the *wants* of his blind, ignorant worms, but all their *need*, and *that* not sparingly, but according to his *riches* in *glory*, and who shall say what those riches are! How truly gracious have the dealings of the Lord been towards you all, in setting apart for, and leading your brother to, a shepherd so suited for you. He *could* have brought them together some months since, but faith and patience would have missed of being brightened, promises would have lost much of their preciousness, prayer would have been less importunate, and praise less fervent. His providences are indeed a wheel within a wheel, but how sweet to know, that the mainspring of the whole machine is *love*.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

For once, my beloved C——, and I fear it is a solitary instance, my actions have exceeded my professions, and you will be surprised at seeing a little tract on the Lord's supper by one who idly declined having anything to do with it. As you were the first and leading instrument of its being written, or of its making its appearance in public, I feel bound to present you with one, though I fear it is not at all the sort of thing you wished for. My conscience could not be easy after your request, and a faithful monitor within was continually whispering, How can you say you *cannot* do, what you have never tried to do? I trust he who spoke thus was pleased to assist me when I did make the attempt; may his blessing, which maketh rich, rest upon it. May we more and more aim, through his grace working in us, to obtain from the lips of him who knoweth *all* things, that sweet character, "She hath done what she *could*." I am still a traveller; I hope I am enabled to feel myself as such. I hope it is my desire to have my heart weaned from everything here, and firmly fixed on the only resting-place.

I have nothing to speak of but mercies; everlasting

arms have been underneath me, and I hope I am encouraged to trust my most gracious God for every rough and trying path I may yet have to walk through; I know he will lead me by *the* right way to a city of *HABITATION*, and wherever and whenever it will be safe for me, he will give me a smooth path. I do see he does not afflict willingly. . . . From those we love too much proceed our sharpest griefs and pains,—

"For soon or late the heart must bleed,
That idols entertain."

But in the midst of judgment he has remembered mercy, and has shown me that his judgments are right, and that it is in very faithfulness he has caused me to be troubled.

THE BITTER MADE SWEET.

1821.

My thoughts have been much with you all of late, knowing as I do in my own poor experience, how busy memory is in opening nature's wounds afresh, and how often the days and weeks, in which we live over again as it were past days and weeks of anguish, have something of peculiar bitterness in them. But I believe I should not say the bitterness is in the days, but in an evil heart of unbelief which does not run so eagerly as it did in the time of real trial to Him who can make bitter things sweet, and from the proud idea that we can carry *memory's* burden ourselves, and need not so much to trouble our Lord with it. I have seen some of my beloved friends more cast down on the anniversary of the day of trial than they were on the very day. Oh, what moment is there that we can do without our God in all his precious offices and relations towards us! Our sweet child was just lent to us this time last year, and your loved sister was just removed from you; and now—what a wondrous account have we to give of both! They are together, and that—*ever* with the LORD! Well may we comfort one another with these words, but little, indeed, do we know what is contained in them. When he hides us in the cleft of the Rock, and shows us but the skirt of his glory, there is joy unspeakable. These dear ones are now beholding him face to face, while he is delighting in causing *ALL* his goodness to pass before them. With us he is too often as a stranger or as a way-faring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night—they *EVER* with him, without the

possibility of a separation or even of losing sight of him again for the twinkling of an eye. Oh, if we loved them, how ought we to rejoice! My dearest sister felt much on the return of her little darling's natal day, but she seemed swallowed up in praise while contrasting the *two birthdays* of her beloved child. One entering a vale of tears; the other spent where sorrow and sighing are unknown. The *Lord* hath indeed done great things for us and ours. May everything that is within us bless his holy name! How sweet to remember that all which we admire in faithful ministers is but a little ray from the brightness of that glorious One whom we hope so soon to see; but a very faint shadow of the loveliness of Him whom we may call our Beloved and our Friend! What manner of people ought we to be with such a Father, Husband, Brother, and Friend!

The Lord bless you, my dearest; and grant unto you that you may be *satisfied* with favour, and *full* with the blessing of the Lord.

PRAISE.

C. Rectory, Nov. 1, 1823.

We have now been here three weeks, and truly our cup has run over with loving-kindness and tender mercies, and I do trust we can in some measure say, "The Lord is the portion of our cup, the joy of our life, and the life of our joy." How sweet to reflect that when this is our joy, so far from wasting or passing away, it shall be increasing through eternity with the enlargement of the vessel into which it is poured; truly we are only empty, only poor in proportion as we seek supplies from other rills and other treasures. What! what is our heart when it looks for something better than its God? and is not this the language of all our wanderings from him? How wonderful is his faithfulness, that when we "forget our resting-place," he will not forget *his*, but will follow after us with mercies and judgments till he has brought us to say, "I will go and return to my first (rest), for then was it better with me than now." I sometimes feel as if we should want *two eternities*; one for the song of Moses, and another for the song of the Lamb. What endless songs of praise will not the opening of the way by which we have journeyed from Egypt, yea through Egypt, ere we knew anything of that Guide who was leading the blind by a way that they knew not, even into Canaan, call forth; again, what eternal halleluiah to redeeming love when the Lamb that was slain is revealed to us in the midst of the throne. Well, we shall not be straitened then by time, by corruption, nor by weariness. May our hearts be more and more enlarged as we journey thitherwards!

I can hardly tell you how happy we are here, though more shut out from fellow-travellers Zionwards than I should like, perhaps, always to be, not having the prospect of seeing or being seen by any one for many weeks; yet, for the present, it is very enjoyable, having plenty to do in our parish, besides much work for indoors. . . . I believe this sort of life is rather dangerous; we are apt

to get self-willed, morose, self-opiniative, uncharitable, reserved, and shut up in the bowels of mercies and loving-kindnesses. I say *we*, but it is, probably, only the case with my own peculiarly vile self. At such a season, a sight of such a traveller as Mr. S— is a real blessing; then we see a *largeness* of heart,—a spending and being spent for the good of souls; but, especially a sight of S—'s Master, not pleasing himself, was stamped upon his every step through this wilderness. Oh that we may drink into his spirit!

EYES EVER TOWARD THE LORD.

December.

We deeply feel leaving the school, and for the many who are anxiously looking out for our weekly visits. But what is our love, what is our concern, compared with that of the Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep, but a drop from that ocean he can and will provide; he will feed his flock that they shall lack nothing; he will carry the dear little lambs in his bosom. We have indeed stayed long enough in this place, if we dare to think that our God cannot do without us here. May he graciously forgive, and root out any unwillingness to remove our tent at his bidding! May I drink deeper into the true wisdom of committing my way unreservedly to the Lord, assured that he will wisely, graciously, and unerringly, order every step!

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE NIECE.

January 9, 1824.

Our very dear and affectionate friends at W— will be congratulating us upon the recovery of our much-loved child, nor would we check your congratulations. She is indeed recovered. Our own God has sent her perfect health, and a cure, and in tenderest mercy removed her to that blessed land where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick. After our medical advisers had told us last Monday that we might expect in two or three days to see her quite comfortable, our heavenly Physician began to whisper the same, only that as the heavens are higher than the earth, so his thoughts and his words seemed to be higher than theirs. He promised health, but it was to be where no sickness could again follow. He promised comfort, not in the arms of poor worms, but in his own most faithful tender bosom. That night croup again returned; on Tuesday she rallied; Wednesday, convulsions and croup once more committed awful ravages upon her lovely little frame; in the evening she appeared more comfortable. I took much notice, slept, took food, &c., though I could not but observe to R— that the language of her dear eyes seemed to be, "Cease here longer to detain me." At midnight the Bridegroom came; she was sleeping in her dearest F—'s arms, when she started up in another fit, held her breath for some time as usual, and as usual we expected it to return; but she was to struggle no

more ; a strange stillness followed ; it was our time to weep, and hers to rejoice ; instead of breaking out again in her heart-rending cries, she was breaking forth with glorious halleluiahs. It was F——'s constant and earnest desire that if she was to be removed, the messenger might find her in her arms ; and her wish was granted in a marked manner, for until an hour before, the dear little sufferer had seldom or ever been out of mine, as I found dearest F—— and the nurse in much need of rest. And now we have two little lambs safely housed, and I hope I may say the Good Shepherd does fill our hearts with praise and thanksgiving that another band is burst off. May we walk more at liberty with the Son of God ! She no longer calls for our prayers, but truly she does call for our praises. Oh that we may be enabled to unite more and more with her in her everlasting employment. I need scarcely tell you *how* bountifully the parents are supported, for you well know the manner of their God, and what he is to his children in time of trial ; and we have such crowds of mercies to number up. To have our dearest R—— with us is such a comfort, and there are three little voices still left to cheer us ; but spiritual mercies, these are the rich, the countless mercies which make our hearts overflow, I trust, with gratitude and praise. A *covenant* God—how unspeakably precious ! to know in whom we have believed, and to be able to commit to his gracious keeping with such unreserved confidence one so dear to us. Yes, we could call upon you, and upon everything that hath breath, to praise our God.

MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

I do not half like your falling into that little bit of "cant" about that good man T. D——. "His troubles," you say, "are an unaccountable mystery of Providence." There is nothing more unreasonable than the talk of what are often called "mysteries of Providence," if by that be meant, that they leave us in any doubt whatever as to the equity and justice of the divine government. The sufferings, and calamities which are often allowed to gather round excellent persons, are, in truth (as I will show you in five words), no mysteries at all ; certainly not half so much so as the prosperity of flaunting and triumphant wickedness. That there *are* great mysteries connected with the divine government I admit ;—so great, that no tool of reason, however fine its edge or hard its temper, can touch the adamant. Our only way of dealing with the objections thence derived, is by showing that there is yet stronger evidence for the existence of a supremely wise and intelligent Ruler of the universe, than for admitting the conclusion to which such invincible objections would lead us,—that there is no such Ruler at all. These difficulties can only be met obliquely, and by an *ad absurdum* argumentation. Such are the "origin of evil," and some of its consequences ; such

the sufferings and death of the brute creation, and of innocent infancy. These problems, baffled reason in vain strives to solve, except in the way just mentioned ; and for any direct solution, remits us to the logic of faith and hope—not of syllogism or induction.

But what are ordinarily called "mysteries of Providence," and about which irreligious men, and sometimes religious men too, make such a hubbub, are none at all to me ; nor, I fancy, to you (if you reflect), in spite of that little bit of current "cant" for which I have ventured to rebuke you ; nay, I will dare to say, they can be no objection to any *Theist* in the world ; to none who profess to believe in a divine government of the universe at all. As to *Atheists*,—*they* need not surely wonder at anything ; nor, of course, can they *blame* anybody for anything that may befall them. They might, on their theory, as well "bay the moon," or chide the winds for howling, as profess to find anything unaccountable in blind chance or a blind necessity ; for of what, on any such hypothesis, can there be any account ? To them *all* must be "mystery ;" and perhaps the greatest mystery of all ought to be, that the world jogs on as well as it does ! But to *Theists*, I say such things as you mention are no mysteries ; and if you ask for my proof, it is this : that I have never met with the man, nor have you, nor has any one else that I ever heard of, who would deliberately lay his hand on his heart, and say, "The dispensations of God have been such to me, that not only I cannot see the goodness and mercy of them all,—which may well be,—but I deny the *justice* of them. I do not mean that I do not see the connection between this or that trouble and some immediately preceding conduct,—for this may also happen to anybody,—but I dare to say that, on the whole retrospect of my life, the conduct of God has been *unjust* to me ; that I have on the whole suffered more than I deserved." I repeat, I have never known any man who has been willing to say any such thing ; to affirm, "If I were admitted to plead my own cause with God, I would accuse him of having given me, on the entire balance of my life, more evil than I have merited." Now I say that, unless you can find such a man, there is, *practically*, an end of "mysteries" in the case. That no man, with even that self-partiality which is the characteristic of us all, will deliberately venture (I will except, if you like, half a dozen madmen in as many centuries) to accuse God of injustice, shows us that there is really no "mystery" in the matter ;—for where *is* the mystery, if, whatever the sufferings and calamities which befall us, *each man for himself* is ready to affirm, "I have received less of evil than I have deserved ?"

You may say, perhaps, "Yes, each man may say it for *himself*, but he finds it difficult to see it in the case of *others*." Exactly ; but that is the very source of the fallacy ; it is because we judge of others by the *outside*, and of ourselves by the *inside* ; of them, by our eyes—by the very little—for it *is* little—that each man knows

of his fellows' interior and far more important history ; and of ourselves, from our consciousness.

This last alone must speak, and if it lets judgment go by default, by declining the challenge I have referred to (as in each man it does), it is sufficient to answer the objection of "mystery !" You see, in the present case, it is your friend Thomas D—— you are thinking of, and not yourself, when you express yourself thus half repiningly. For aught I can see, you suffered just as "unaccountable things" ten years ago, and I lately ; and yet you and I were not at all more disposed, *for ourselves*, to think our case "hard," as people say, than I daresay T. D—— is to judge his own so.

You will say, perhaps, "But is it not rather an uncharitable thing, when we see great and strangely accumulated calamities befalling any one, to suppose that there is some special concealed iniquity that calls for them ?" It would be, undoubtedly, *most* uncharitable thus to judge ; but neither is it necessary. It *may* be (and I doubt not often is), some concealed iniquity, of which the world suspected nothing (for such cases do often come to light), which is at the bottom of the matter ; but as the world knows nothing, the world should say nothing, no, nor even surmise anything ; there are plenty of other alternatives. It may be subtle evils, of which man, till better taught by discipline, thinks little, but which, in the estimate of God, may be of great moment, that require correction ; it may be spiritual, and not social or moral vices, which are thus chastized ; it may be, not flagrant acts, but *habits* of mind and feeling and temper, for which a man may not be thought much worse by his fellows, but which, unsubdued, may bar heaven's gates against him ; it may be religious apathy, ingratitude, thoughtlessness, which thus need rebuking ; the visitation may be not directly punitive at all, though not inequitable in relation to the man's entire conduct ; it may be designed as corrective of what is still evil in him, or as a means of developing nobler forms of good ; it may be for the mere pruning of a too florid and unfruitful virtue, which runs out into luxuriant foliage of talk and spiritual pride. But still, to return to my *first* assertion ; as the man *himself* does not accuse the justice of God, but avows that he believes his proceedings equitable, you, without forming any hypothesis of the special reasons for them, ought to have done with "mysteries." It is not uncharitable to the man to suppose there is no injustice, when he declares there is none ; and as it appears that each of us thinks the same in his own case, we are not uncharitable in thus adopting the man's own estimate of himself ; for it seems, we think no worse of him than we do of ourselves. Excuse this long "prelection," on an expression which I am sure, on reflection, you will see the impropriety of. To judge of God's proceedings towards anybody on earth *besides ourselves* (so long as the window in each man's breast remains shut), is just as wise as to criticize the sentence of a judge, without knowing anything of the law or the

evidence, or to pronounce on the prescriptions of a physician, without knowing either his science or the symptoms of the patient.—*Henry Rogers.*

ALPHA.

BE Thou my Alpha ! other lords than Thee
Erewhile have ruled this sinful soul of mine,
But now I wholly turn to Thee and say,
Lord, I am thine.

Thou *art* my first, O Lord, my highest choice !
My will has yielded to thee, and found rest ;
By many a token sure thou teachest me,
I love thee best.

When evening clouds hang clustering round the sun,
And sad sweet memories make my heart their prey,
It swells again exultant at the thought
Of that great day.

When thou wilt come, with clouds that shall have
caught
New and surpassing glories from thy light ;
The light that then shalt rise for evermore,
Nor sink in night.

And music in its mystery and power,
That erewhile would have steeped my heart in tears,
Now breathes a promise through its aching depths,
Of those bright years,

That are at thy right hand in joy's own home,
Where the eternal anthem never dies,
But ebbs and flows where music's hidden spring
In glory lies.

All nature that before seemed one deep dream
Of beauty steeped in sorrow, now doth ring
With earnest voices of expectant joy,
That call their King.

Oh, wounded but undying love, we feel
Thy veiled presence is amongst us here :
Unto the longing eyes that seek thee now,
Shine out more clear.

Rule me, my Lord, that love may be confirmed
By glad obedience, and by service due ;
Let me be pliant underneath thy hand,
Meek, docile, true.

—*The Name of Jesus and other Poems.*

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

"ONE LITTLE EWE LAMB."

2 SAM. xii. 3.

BY THE REV. JAMES BOLTON.

THE parable of which these words are a part is very short and simple ; but it broke David's heart, and has smitten many a hard heart since. In this it is like Moses' rod, which was a small and feeble thing in itself, but its stroke shattered the flinty rock and brought out living water.

Here is the whole parable, just as David heard it from the lips of the prophet Nathan :—

"There were two men in one city ; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds : but the poor man had nothing save *one little ewe lamb*, which he had bought and nourished up : and it grew up together with him, and with his children ; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.

"And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him ; but took the *poor man's lamb*, and dressed it for the man that was come to him."

You feel indignant at this, and so did David. "He was greatly angered against the man ; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die : and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity." But Nathan said to him, "*Thou art the man!*" The "poor man" was Uriah the Hittite, a noble soldier in David's army, now besieging Rabbah. His "one little ewe lamb" was Uriah's beloved and beautiful wife, Bathsheba. David would have Bathsheba ;—"he took the poor man's lamb," and contrived to have Uriah slain in battle, that he might keep her for his own.

He deeply repented of these dreadful sins, as the 51st Psalm shows us. We may say that he was never again the same shining "son of Jesse." God forgave him, but he told him that the sword should never depart from his house ; and in the sorrows and shame which his own sons caused him, he learned the guilt and bitterness of touching that "poor man's one little ewe lamb."

Now, a lamb—any lamb, whether on the lawn with a blue ribbon round its neck, or sporting at large with its companions on the downs—is a lesson. How much more, then, may we gather instruction from a lamb set before us in a sacred story as this "one little ewe lamb" is.

As we study it, does it not remind us of four things ?

I. How tenderly we should treat dumb animals.

II. How tenderly God deals with us.

III. How tenderly we should respect the happiness of others.

IV. How tenderly God loves Jesus.

I. How tenderly we should treat dumb animals.

This one little ewe lamb was "nourished up" by the poor man ; "it grew up together with him, and with his children ; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was to him as a daughter." That is not to be taken too literally, or it would justify all the absurd fondling of pet dogs and cats, which so sickens sensible people.—I have seen them helped from the hot joint at table, carried about by pages, put to bed on an eider-down cushion ; and that when there were starving, shivering infants by the score within a stone's throw !

But, apart from these extravagances, there undoubtedly is the duty of attending to the reasonable wants of God's creatures, and checking everything approaching to cruelty to them. They are lent us for our use, and not for our abuse. We have to kill them for market, or when (as in the case of flies and snails and mice) they would multiply to our injury ; but even this can be done without brutality. And our care for those which serve us, should be in the spirit of this "poor man's" for his lamb. A famous military commander always ordered any trooper whom he saw kicking his horse, to be dismounted for a month, and to trudge on foot ; and he said that, if the man was strong enough, he would have the horse ride on *his* shoulders, instead of his riding on the horse's back. What shall we say of those who have birds in cages, or rabbits in hutches, and neglect to feed them ? What shall we say of those who delight in tormenting frogs, or flogging donkeys ? God cannot pass by such crimes against those who have no voice to cry, and no court to seek redress in.—*He* will be their avenger ! Life is a sacred thing—it is God's mark of ownership ; and if we put it into harness for our gain, we undertake to nourish and cherish it.—God will look to us to do so.

So then, if you buy dumb animals for your amusement, or if you have them in charge for others, be sure that you are faithful in this stewardship. Do to them as you would yourself be done by, if you and they exchanged places. This is a pretty safe rule.—It will allow you to do what is necessary to break them off bad habits, but

it will ensure your treating them tenderly. What sight is pleasanter than a pony hurrying across a field to have his nose rubbed by a hand which never struck him, or a Newfoundland joyfully welcoming home his young master, who would not hurt a hair of his skin?

II. We are reminded here *how tenderly God deals with us.*

How different it might have been with this lamb! It might have been an orphan and an outcast from its birth, doomed to wander in the cold and rain. But it had a friend raised up for it, who "nourished" it, and shared his meals with it, and was as pitiful to it as if it had been his own daughter.

Now, who could have found fault if God had so arranged it as that when we were born sinful of sinful parents, we should have had to suffer a thousand hardships. But how is it? He has provided that we should have *every comfort*. We are unable to do anything for ourselves in our babyhood, but there is the mother's sweet unfathomable affection waiting for us, and the father's strong arm, the softest cradle and the warmest clothes. As we advance, there are suitable fruits for us, suitable books, suitable plays.—We really *enjoy ourselves*! God has thus feathered our nest; God has prepared these blue heavens for our eyes, and these warbling robins for our ears, and these roses for our noses; and he has prepared our eyes, and ears, and noses *for them*. Let us trace these gracious gifts to him and praise him for them! They are his "nourishing us up," they are our "eating of his own meat, and drinking of his own cup, and lying in his bosom!" An old woman was seen saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," over her dry loaf.—The tears were running down her cheeks, "Why do you weep?" "Because God is so good to me; I have a meal when thousands haven't a mouthful."

If you should ever be lost, as boys and girls have been, in woods or on mountains, and there have nobody to speak to you, no couch or pillow, no shelter from storms and wild beasts, no refreshment but berries and acorns, then you will understand better than you can now how *tenderly God has dealt with you.*

We deserve to perish, but he directs that we shall be nursed as if we were princes! Each of us—so to say, is in an ark of bulrushes, exposed to the crocodiles, floating to destruction,—but no! there is a sister set to watch us; there is a royal lady sent to discover and adopt us—I mean *God* at once surrounds us with kind providences. We are unconscious of it; but when we wake up to it in after years, our song should be, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?"

III. We are reminded *how tenderly we should respect the happiness of others.*

This "poor man" had his lamb stolen from him and slain for a stranger's supper.—The rich man, though he had exceeding many flocks and herds, yet envied him

that "one little ewe lamb," and could not rest till he had it.

God scatters his favours amongst us.—You have this, I have that, our neighbour has another. This is his plan, that we each may have something to thank him for, and each recollect that we are to a certain extent *dependent* on each other. But we are silly; we are apt to despise our own and to long for other's things; or we are grasping, and we long to have more; or we are vain, and we long to have others consider us superior to themselves. We peep over the hedge, and there is the "one little ewe lamb" which we should so like to have—it is the whitest, plumpest, tamest in the world! And then we plot to get it, and then Satan urges us on. But there are *two solid gates* between us and it, "Thou shalt not covet,"—"Thou shalt not steal." If we burst or leap the first, there is still the second, "Thou shalt not steal." Can we *dare* to burst or leap that?

Especially, God is jealous of the few possessions of the labourer and the cottager. He will defend them as with his shield. I knew a boy who robbed a widow of the fowls which paid her weekly rent. He confessed that from that night forward he had had nothing but trouble! There was a lad who picked a blind pensioner's pocket, as he hobbled on his stick across Chelsea Bridge; he was pursued, and suddenly tumbled down in a fit which upset his reason! A middle aged person once called on me, and said, "When I was a maid in a lodging-house, I stole a sum of money from my mistress's drawer. She could not afford to lose a farthing, for in the winter she was often obliged to do without breakfast, to let me have a bit. What a wretch I was, and what grief it has cost me! If I could find her out, I would willingly fall on my knees before her: from that hour to this, God has had a controversy with me, and I have been miserable!" Rely upon it that God, who gave the "poor man" his "one little ewe lamb, will punish those who would deprive him of it. We must be grateful for our own "flocks and herds," and rejoice in others' prosperity, and *tenderly respect their happiness.*

IV. We are reminded *how tenderly God loved Jesus.*

He was his Lamb—his "one" Lamb. From eternity he had "lain in his bosom!" From eternity he had "eaten of his own meat, and drank of his own cup;" for he was precious to God, and God withheld nothing from him! We can have but a faint idea of this. How far short of it was Abraham's ardent attachment to Isaac, or Hannah's to Samuel, or Mary's to Jesus as *her* son after the flesh. We have heard wailings over the grave of an only child, and we thought we should never *never* forget those glimpses of the height and depth of human love! There was a touching sketch in an American illustrated paper lately,—a Quaker matron bidding her "Reuben" farewell for the war. He is in his accoutrements; but they are locked in

each other's embrace, and amidst her sobbings she is saying,—

"Reuben, thy country asks for thee. Go! And if—! but she can't bring out that "if."

All these are shadows of God's tender love for Jesus. And yet, when we had broken God's law, and were under condemnation, he *spared not* his one Lamb! He delivered him up for us to the humiliations of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane, Calvary! "Go (he said), they need a Saviour, and you have offered, and you can do it; but it must be by *obedience and blood-shedding*. I must hide my face from you. I must be silent whilst you are scorned and spit upon, mocked, and crucified." When I would measure God's regard for me, and the *reality* of his desire for my restoration to his smiles, I contemplate his tender love to Jesus, and say to myself,—He laid that *divine* Lamb on the altar for my redemption!

In conclusion, seek to be God's "little ewe lamb,"—seek to "eat of his meat, and drink of his cup, and lay on his bosom." You may, if you yield yourself to him as "bought" for him by Christ; and if you yield yourself to him to be "nourished up" by his Spirit.

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to *save such souls as these*,
The Lord of angels came."

BLACK LAKE.

"O FATHER!" cried little Will Brown, suddenly resting from his weary toil over the rough lava. "Do you see those great white clouds rising from the ground? I do believe we are almost there."

"I think you are right," replied his father; "and in another half hour we shall stand by the famous Geysers."

Willie's eyes sparkled. "I have thought about them so much," said he; "but I never dreamed when I was studying Iceland in my old geography last winter, that I should be here so soon. How very kind you are to take me!"

"Oh, you know I couldn't live without you, Will," said Mr. Brown, looking down with sad tenderness upon the fair-haired, motherless boy. "You're a capital little travelling companion."

"Yes, I'll say that for him," exclaimed one of the guides; "I expected the children would be a great trouble, but I haven't heard a whimper. He's a brave traveller."

Will looked up with a proud smile, and continued his conversation with his father.

"But I wouldn't live here for a kingdom, father, though there *are* so many strange things to see. It seems as if something terrible was always going on under the ground, and as if any time all Iceland might blow right up in the air like a great rocket. I'm sure last night I heard a very strange noise, and the ground shook as if some one had told it a terrible secret, and it was all in a tremble about it."

Mr. Brown smiled. "Oh, I think Iceland is safe for to-day, Will. You know the people say it is the very 'best land the sun shines upon,' and don't you think God is able to preserve it amidst every peril?"

"Yes, father, I do believe God takes care of this country, for," continued he, a look of awe marking his expressive face, "I read in my Bible this morning, 'He toucheth the hills, and they *smoke*,' and I could not help thinking that he must have touched *Iceland* very often."

Before his father could reply, a strange, but intelligent-looking boy, three or four years older than Will, stood before them, as suddenly as if he had risen out of the ground. The guides spoke angrily to him, but the boy walked fearlessly up to Mr. Brown, the foremost of the party.

"Mads Jagel," said he, pointing to himself, by way of introduction; and then, in very broken English, he offered his services in showing up the great steam-fountains.

"Don't have anything to do with him, sir," said the guides, impatiently. "He's a bad, ill-tempered boy, and will make mischief if he joins us;" but Mads looked so imploringly, that Will began to plead in his favour with such good success, that at last Mr. Brown said, "Well, let the lad go with us. He certainly needs help, poor fellow, and I will gladly pay him whatever he earns."

With a grateful look at Mr. Brown, and an equally vivid glance of triumph at the discomfited guides, ragged little Mads journeyed on by the side of Willie.

Before long, the whole party stood in wonder and awe before the mysterious Geysers; and as the ground shook and moaned, and suddenly sent forth a column of steam, more than a hundred feet high, Will, trembling, grasped his father's hand, and wondered if it was anything like the strange pillar of cloud that used to go before the children of Israel.

But Mads was particularly lively, when they came to the fountain called Stroke, or the Churn. It was very quiet when they first arrived, and did not seem disposed to offer any salute. But Mads bustled about, with a very knowing look, gathering quantities of moss and stones, which he threw into the tunnel. Immediately there was a loud trembling, as if the old churn were in a great passion at the insult, and soon a grand column rose in the air, throwing out all the rubbish in high indignation.

Will could not help clapping his hands with a shrill "hurrah!" although there was something quite frightful

in the demonstration, and Mads fairly rolled on the ground in ecstasies of delight.

The next morning, as the travellers continued their journey, at Will's earnest request Mads and his dog Skal accompanied them. The country was very desolate, with here and there a tree no larger than a lilac bush, but Mads and Will enlivened the way with a conversation helped out by a variety of expressive gestures. Mads was full of the wonders of Iceland, and he told Will many queer stories, not altogether true, how "under the terrible mountain of Hecla, the evil spirits lived, and sometimes when they quarrelled, great streams of fire rushed from their mouths, and rolled over everything, burning up houses and people, and sometimes drinking up a whole river."

Will's eyes grew large as he listened to these wonderful stories, but soon he saw for himself something stranger than he had ever dreamed in his worst nightmares. They were just upon the edge of a precipice, and looking over, they saw at its base five or six great caldrons of some thick black fluid, boiling and steaming away with a terrible noise.

"What is it?" cried Will, clasping his father's hand, and turning quite pale.

"It is boiling mud, sir," said one of the guides; "and if any one falls in there, he will never come out again."

Just then, Skal, who had been gambolling about Will's feet, stepped upon a loose stone, which rolled, and before any one could help him, the poor dog had tumbled over the precipice with a fearful howl of terror. Down, down he fell into one of the horrible pits, and as Will bent over, he could just see the hot, black paste closing over his bushy tail. With a cry of horror, he buried his face in his hands, but a sharp clutch upon his arm made him look up to see Mads, with two eyes burning like fire in the midst of his white face.

"You did it," gasped he, looking fiercely at Will. "You kill my Skal!"

"No, indeed," cried Will; "he put his foot on a stone—so, and rolled over."

"You *kick* him," said Mads, slowly. "You wish see him die in mud. I forget—*never!*"

With streaming eyes, and looks of the most profound sympathy, poor Will explained the occurrence again and again, but Mads still walked in sullen silence.

Towards night, however, Mads grew more cheerful, and as the travellers halted earlier than usual, he proposed to Will that they should take a short walk before dark, as he had something very curious to show him. Will felt some reluctance, but not liking to refuse Mads, when he was just returning to good humour, he at length set out with him, promising his father soon to return.

On they went over the desolate country, Mads entertaining Will with wild old legends about the curious island, till, before he was aware, he was all alone with Mads in the wildest, strangest place he ever saw.

"Where are we?" he asked in sudden alarm. "Let us go home, Mads, I don't care to see anything curious to-night."

"Almost there," said Mads. "Hark, it calls you."

"What?" asked Will, with a failing heart, as he heard a dull, steady roar. "Is it a bear?"

"Oh, no!" said Mads with an unpleasant laugh. "Here we are," and dragging him forward, he saw lying, ten or fifteen feet beneath him, another of those terrible pits of mud. He shrank back with a cry of terror, while Mads clutched his arm and dragged him again to the edge.

"See big pond—Black Lake—no bottom;" and Willie saw that it was very large, and boiling furiously; while in the centre rose a black column several feet in height.

"I don't like Black Lake at all, Mads. Do let's go home."

"You *never* go home," said Mads, with burning eyes.

"What do you mean?" asked Will faintly.

"I love Skal very much. You kill him, I kill *you*," responded Mads savagely.

"Oh, you cannot mean it! You are in fun, dear, dear Mads. You know I didn't kill poor Skal. It is a joke; isn't it, Mads?"

Mads grimly shook his head.

Poor Will looked over the dreary country, half visible in the twilight. Over all the barren rocks and fields of lava, there was no human being in sight, and he was alone on the brink of this horrible lake with Mads' strong clutch on his arm. It must be a dream. Why couldn't he wake? and he rubbed his eyes and looked around piteously; but alas! it was no dream, and Mads was still watching him with those fiery eyes.

"Mads," cried Will, with a sudden hope, "I will buy five, six, *twelve* dogs, beautiful dogs, with long ears as soft as silk."

"There is no more Skal," said Mads briefly.

Will took out his little purse and offered the contents. Mads threw it contemptuously into the bubbling lake.

"Then I *must* surely die?" Mads nodded.

"O Mads! how can you be so wicked? You cannot, cannot mean it;" but Mads rose as if to throw him in.

An agonizing scream burst from Will's lips, while Mads laughed contemptuously.

"Oh, if I *must* die," cried poor Will, "kill me with your knife, Mads, *dear* Mads, but do not throw me into that horrible hot mud!"

But Mads replied, "No; Skal die in mud,—you die too."

"Wait a minute, then," said little Will, the cold drops gathering on his forehead. "I must pray first."

"Black spirit won't hear," said Mads.

"But *God* will."

"What God?" asked Mads quickly, "are you Christian?"

"I hope so," said Will humbly.

"Pray then," said Mads more gently, for he had heard something of religion from the many travellers. "Christian's God is great spirit."

Then little Will fell upon his knees, and began his simple prayer.

"O God, I have been very wicked, but do try and forgive me for Jesus' sake, and, O God," he sobbed, "do try and save me, for I am so afraid of that dreadful mud, and I am such a *little* boy."

"Enough," said Mads, shaking his shoulder.

"One minute more, dear Mads!"

"One minute," said Mads, walking away.

"And, O God, comfort my dearest father. Don't let him think I ran away. Forgive Mads, dear Saviour, and give him a new heart. Oh!" continued poor Will, a new hope springing up in his heart, "give it to him this moment, just now, if it's possible—"

A wild cry interrupted him, and looking up, he could see nothing of Mads. With shaking limbs he hastened to the edge of the precipice, and there, having made an uncertain step in the dim light, Mads had fallen a few feet, and finding it impossible to clamber up the smooth side, was hanging on desperately to a little twig.

"You are safe," whispered a voice. "Now let the wicked boy fall into the pit himself."

It was but a moment, and from Will's generous heart arose the fervent prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." Then, with eager hands, he unbound his long stout woollen tippet, and fastening one end to a tough little shrub, dropped the other over to Mads. Oh, joy! he could just reach it, and came clambering up like a young squirrel. As his head appeared above the top, poor Will fell fainting upon the ground, while the angels continued the prayer, "But *deliver* him from *evil*." Mads stole up to him with a wondering, reverential expression, and lifting him in his arms, carried him tenderly home.

Will was sick for many days, while Mads never left his side. At last, when he was again able to speak, Mads said suddenly one day with downcast eyes,—

"Why save Mads? Why not let Mads die? Is it Christian?"

Will smiled and nodded.

"Tell me," said Mads vehemently, turning to hide his tears. "It is good. I be Christian too." And Will, day after day, as he grew better, told Mads the beautiful story of the Cross, and taught him how to pray.

Before Will left Iceland, poor Mads hoped that he, too, was a Christian, and he always carefully carried in his bosom Will's little Bible, which, although he could not read a word of it, he regarded as his most precious treasure.

Will is now safe at home, but whenever, with a shudder, he thinks of Black Lake, he never forgets to give thanks that God, who is everywhere, walked even upon those desolate shores, and heard his broken prayers for life and poor little Mads' soul. —*Congregationalist*.

BERTIE LESTER'S TEMPTATION.

ONE bright moonlight night, after little Bertie Lester had folded his hands and repeated his evening prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c., he begged the privilege of sitting upon my lap. As I twined his dark, lustrous hair round my finger, he said thoughtfully, "O auntie, do tell me of my dear papa and mamma!"

I then repeated to him the same old tale, which never diminished in interest, to the little fellow. I told him of his father's noble, generous heart. How he had conquered many difficulties, but was unable to overcome death—that dark-winged spirit who stands ever ready to strike the blow at the Master's bidding. Of her—the devoted bride—who like the broken flower, was insensible to sunlight or storm; how her lip quivered as she gazed upon the helpless one who lay upon her knee; how the tears would then start into her soft, blue eyes, and with a deep sigh, she would clasp the unconscious child to her heart, and exclaim, "*For him I must live!*"

"But, auntie, she did die, and leave Bertie alone?" said the little motherless boy.

"Yes, dear Bertie, God saw fit to take her to himself, before she had seen one year pass over your head," was my reply.

"Why did God do so, auntie?" repeated the child, with a troubled glance.

"Our heavenly Father does many things which we cannot comprehend. Yet I am certain it was for the best."

"Yet, dear auntie, it does not seem right," continued little Bertie.

"Is it not something, my boy, that he has given you such kind grandparents?"

"And such a kind auntie!" interrupted the dear boy. I smiled at his words of love, and placing him in his little bed I left him.

Bertie's mother was a very dear sister. Her death rendered the orphan very near and dear to us. We daily sought to fill Bertie's mind with incidents in his mother's life, and with her dying words. Bertie Lester was an impulsive boy. He was naturally proud at heart, and head-strong, with a way and will of his own. Love must be his ruler, but sometimes that would have no effect. But there was always one talisman that would never fail to soften his heart in times of rebellion; this was his reverence for his departed mother.

I remember well one bright morning, when Bertie's grandmother fastened his cap under his chin, and bade him start for school. With a loving kiss he left her, determined to obey. But before he reached the school-house, he met several boys of his own age, who urged him to go with them to a neighbouring pond, on a fishing expedition.

"No, Charlie, I am upon my way to school, and I must not loiter; but I will go afterwards, if grandpa will allow me," said Bertie.

"Pshaw! come now, Bertie! for you can't catch fish

after school ; we will have lots of fun. Come on !" continued Charlie. Bertie still refused, until the rough voice of Sam Peet exclaimed, "You are a coward ! Before I'd be tied to any one's apron-strings !"

Sarcasm is a bitter draught for any one. But our Bertie was always stung to the quick by ridicule, and instead of avoiding the rude and unkind boys, he yielded out of fear. He was too proud to show his dependence upon his aged grandparents, and off he went with his unprincipled companions. At first they had a merry time, but when noon approached, they grew hungry, and it was proposed by one to climb the fence near by, and take some of the water-melons that lay upon the ground. Lots were cast as to who should commit the depredation ; poor Bertie was doomed to be the unfortunate one. "You are going to play the coward again, I see !" said Sam, in a tantalizing tone ; "you would like to sneak out of it, I presume !" Angry emotions commenced to swell in Bertie's heart. But in his pride he kept them back, and boldly said, "I am no coward !" And hastening to the fence, he sprang upon it. But he hesitated a moment before jumping into the field. He looked back at the boys, "Go on, you baby !" cried Sam. But instead of obeying the rude boy, he leaped from the fence, and came towards his companions, amidst their cries of "Coward !" &c.

Advancing in front of the boys, Bertie assumed a calm countenance, but presently the tears commenced to trickle down his cheeks, and in a choked voice, he said, "Sam, I never stole, and *what is more, I never will. I tell you, I won't do it.*"

"I know you never did, for you didn't dare to ! Afraid of your grandfather, eh ?" replied Sam sneeringly.

"No, Sam, I am not ; but, boys, as sure as I stand here, something dreadful would happen to me, if I stepped into that field."

"Nonsense ! All baby-talk ! If we could go there, you certainly could."

"But, Sam, you have all mothers at home ?" inquired Bertie.

"Yes, but what has that got to do about our going into the field ?"

"A good deal," replied the orphan firmly. "My mother lies in the churchyard by the side of the field of water-melons, and I know, if she could speak, she would be too grieved even to chide me. I can almost fancy that I can see her sad looks."

"Nonsense ! How could she know if you took them ?" said Sam.

But Bertie did not answer him, and when the boys started for the field, he fled homeward. He was sadly out of breath when he entered my room. Throwing down his hat, he laid his head upon my lap, and commenced to weep. I spoke not, for I knew that he was excited, and I waited for his words, which I knew would soon come. I was not wrong, for in a few minutes he said, "Auntie, do you think God knows everything that takes place, no matter how little ?"

"Yes, dear child ; not a thing has taken place since the creation of this beautiful world, but he has knowledge of."

"But do you really believe that he notices that which a little boy does ?"

"Yes, I am certain. But why do you ask me, dear Bertie ?"

I saw that the boy was too proud to reveal his secret at that time ; so I laid by my sewing, and took him upon my knee. For a time we conversed upon other subjects. Presently, with a broken voice, he told me of his temptations, and how he overcame that of stealing.

"O auntie dear ! I am so glad that I got away from those boys !"

"So am I ; and you should be very thankful, Bertie dear, that God gave you strength to overcome and resist their cowardly taunts."

"How grieved grandma will be, when she knows that I've been truant again !" exclaimed Bertie, sorrowfully.

"Yes, she will be ; but my dear boy, shall I give you some advice, and show you how you can lessen her pain ?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the boy, looking bright again.

"If I were in your place, I should go to grandma, and show her that you are sorry, and promise amendment for the future."

"Oh, I hate to tell to any one but you, dear auntie !" said Bertie.

"Why, Bertie ! can you not confide in your dear grandma ? Only think what she does for you, and what she is now doing for her little grandson ! Do you not love her ?" I inquired.

"Love her ! you know I do, and that is the reason that I dislike to tell her of my being so truant," replied Bertie.

Our conversation was interrupted by the jingle of grandma's little tea-bell. After kissing the chubby face of my little nephew, we both started for the dining-room. After tea, Bertie followed his grandma into her room, and related to her the incidents of the day. It is needless to say that Bertie was quickly forgiven.

RICH BOTH WAYS.

My seat in a large assembly one day, was so near to a father and his little girl, that I overheard some of their conversation before the exercises commenced. She was a bright-looking, curly-haired child, and was evidently much interested in all about her. "O papa !" I heard her say, "there's Carrie Morton ;" and as her eyes sparkled with delight, I knew that Carrie must be one of her dearest little friends. "Oh, she's so good !" she continued with much enthusiasm, "she's rich both ways."

What could the child mean ? I felt interested to know, especially when I found her father was in doubt concerning the particular kind of riches she had in mind as belonging to Carrie, and I listened for the

answer when he asked, "How is that, Katie; 'rich both ways?'"

"Why, yes, papa. She has real nice clothes, so she's rich *one* way; and she's real good and kind, so she's rich *another* way, and isn't that both ways?" Her father smiled, and so did I; but the exercises of the day began and the conversation ended.

I have, among my dear young friends, some who are poor, if their wealth were counted in money; some who are comfortably well off, as we say, having an abundance of the necessities and even many of the luxuries of life; and some who are rich, whose fathers own costly houses, elegantly furnished, who can ride in a carriage when they will, and whose clothes are very fine. And since I overheard Katie's talk about Carrie Morton, I have thought it would be well to remind all these dear children that although none of them may be "rich both ways," except those who have a great deal of money, yet they all may be rich in one way. Can you tell how?

Did you ever hear of any one being rich in faith, hope, and love? Carrie Morton was rich in kind words and acts, else her little friend would not have spoken of her as she did; and I hope she was also rich in that love of Jesus which makes the poorest child richer than a king with millions, if gold is his all.

Would you not much rather be poor in money, and rich in the love of those about you, and most of all in the love of God, than rich in money but poor in all the rest? Dear children, if God has given you a home in which everything is elegant and costly, and where your every wish is gratified, remember that your accountability is great for such a home and with such friends, and ask him to make you rich *both ways*; and if you are not rich in fine clothes and money, remember that a meek and quiet spirit and a loving Christian heart, are ornaments more precious than diamonds and pearls, for while the diamonds and pearls of this world must be left here at last to perish, these you may wear in heaven. Remember, that with Christ's help you can become a sunbeam, a source of joy in your home, wherever it may be, and you can be all the time laying up treasures in that brighter home, where your heavenly Father will keep them safely till he calls you to enjoy them with him for ever.

DAVID BRAINERD.

DAVID was the name of a little boy born in Haddam, Connecticut, many years ago. He was the third child of a large family of brothers and sisters, whose parents both died before David was fourteen. The family were then scattered. It is a sad thing to be an orphan, and grow up without a father's care or mother's love. But God took care of David, and adopted him into *his* happy family.

When only eight years old, this little boy began to seek after God. He did not at first find him. He did

not quite know the way, and therefore it often looked dark, and he was greatly troubled; but God had sent his Son to be the little boy's Saviour, and the Holy Spirit to make him humble and willing to follow him. How happy was David when he found God! He loved to go out into the woods and praise and pray to him, and sometimes the trees and grass seemed to *shine* with God's love.

David worked on a farm. As he grew older, he wanted to go to college and become a preacher of the gospel. His friends were willing he should, and he entered Yale College, at New Haven. After staying three years, poor David was expelled. What, did he become bad? you ask. No, no. In his room one day he said some hasty thing about one of the officers of the college, which an ill-natured person reported. It gave great offence, and was the occasion of his leaving college; but it left no serious blot upon his character. Still it was a great trial to David, and drew him closer and closer to his heavenly Friend. "Oh," he said, "*one hour with God* infinitely exceeds all other delights and pleasures."

There were a great many Indians at that time all around the white settlements. Western New York was all forest and red men. The western part of Pennsylvania also was a wilderness, filled with Indian tribes, for as yet none of the western states were born. The poor Indians were "without God in the world," and David pitied their lost and wretched condition. "Without God!" The young man knew how delightful it was to be *with* God, and he could conceive how awful it must be to be without him. He longed to go and tell them of the good God who made them, and sent his Son to redeem them from their sins and lead poor sinners into heavenly ways.

This desire in his heart soon found an outlet. A missionary society in England wanted to send the gospel to the savages, for there was no such society in America then, and it sent word to some ministers in New York to choose a young man to go. They immediately chose David Brainerd. "Will you go," they asked, "and tell the poor Indians about Jesus Christ?" When the offer was made, he went away with two or three Christian friends and prayed; "and indeed it was a sweet season to me," he said. Then he answered, "Yes, I will go;" and so he became a missionary, and made his preparations accordingly.

He must have an *interpreter*, for he could not speak Indian; and an intelligent young Indian was found, named John Wauwampequunnaunt. There were no roads through the immense forests, and they had to make their way as best they could, on horseback, over high mountains, through deep valleys, fording streams, and cutting their way through woods howling with wild beasts. In travelling from village to village, and wigwam to wigwam, sometimes they lost their course, and were overtaken by furious storms. A bundle of straw was the young man's bed; boiled corn and hasty

pudding his chief food. And so he went and preached all about the forks of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, in danger, in sickness, and in want often. But his labour was not in vain. God wonderfully blessed the preaching of the white man to the poor red man, and many, many turned from their wicked heathen ways to Christ. Sometimes whole companies melted into tears at the sweet story of the Son of God, and would cry out, each one for himself, "Guttummaukalumme; guttummaukalumme—Have mercy on me; have mercy on me." "Wechaumeh kmeleh Nolah; wechaumeh kmeleh Nolah—Give me a new heart; give me a new heart." A great many found the dear and precious Saviour. "Me heart glad," they said. "Jesus Christ do what he please with me." "How can me live in dis wicked world? Me 'fraid sin more. Oh, dear Jesus, let me come to you." Numbers professed Christ, and led happy Christian lives.

The young missionary spent two years on this field. When he went to it there was no voice of prayer, no tear of penitence, over all this wild heathen wilderness. When he left, it was dotted with the sweet blossoms of holy hopes, and almost every wigwam was a place of prayer.

At the end of two years David left, and visited the white settlements to recruit his failing health. He visited Boston, and stopped in Northampton, at the house of President Edwards, where he died at the early age of twenty-nine. "My heart is sweetly set on God," he said. "I long to be with him, and see his glory." This was in the autumn of 1747, more than a hundred years ago. Proud men at the time might have said, "What a waste of life! the young man has not lived to do anything." And I have brought this instance before you to show you what the true gold of life is, that is, what gives *lasting worth* to any man's character or labours. It is having *God* in them. Without God, they will both perish; with God, they have a life long and blessed as God himself. And David's short career shines to-day with a brighter light than when it seemed to set in a little chamber in Northampton a century ago. "The poor young missionary is dead," they said. Ah no. He lives still, preaching on earth the blessedness of God's redeeming love, and enjoying it to the full in heaven. I hope you will get his whole history and read it.

THE STOLEN MONEY.

About a year ago a heavy robbery was committed on the night train between New York and Boston. A safe containing fifty thousand dollars, belonging to Adam's and Company's express, was pitched out of the baggage-car in a by-place on the route, and found the next day rifled of its contents. *Who* did it? The conductor? No. He was a tried man. The baggage-master? No. He was a tried man. Engineers, firemen, brakemen? No; that was impossible. Everybody on the train was

above suspicion. *Who* then? *Who*? There was a "who" somewhere, and five thousand dollars' reward was offered to bring him to light. Weeks and months passed away, and no robber or robbers were discovered. Was the plan so skilfully laid as to be beyond detection? Were they enjoying the fruits of their ill-gotten gains with none to molest or make them afraid?

In every large city there is a body of men called "detectives," whose business is to ferret out criminals. Put a detective officer on the track of a crime, and he will trace the prints of guilt where we should least expect to see them, and track the guilty man from haunt to haunt, from city to city, and sometimes even to the other side of the globe.

The railroad company gave the facts of the robbery to a detective officer. The officer conned them over and over, and at last fixed on the baggage-master as likely to have had a hand in it; but he kept his thoughts to himself, and detailed five of his men to go on his track and watch him. Two were sent to Boston, where he lived, two to New York, and one on his train. The instant the baggage-master stepped off the car at Boston, the two detectives had him in their eye, kept him in their eye, following him everywhere, except into his own house, until he left in the train for New York. The detective on the train then took him, and when he reached New York, two met him there, following him to all his haunts, finding out all his associates, and knowing all he did. This part of the business is called "shadowing," and the officers are called "shadows." No honest man has anything to fear from such inspection. You may look him through, and he's all right. But a guilty man, under such circumstances, might well be afraid of his "shadow." The baggage-master once or twice suspected *eyes* were upon him. A guilty conscience put it into his head. But he did not know until, in the course of several months—for it takes time and patience—the detectives unravelled the plot, pointed the baggage-master out to the law as the robber, and told who his accomplices were. He was arrested, found guilty, and sentenced to the state's prison, ruined in character, ruined in prospects, bringing grief and shame to his family and friends.

Ah, how did all this ruin *begin*? It began in *coveting that gold—wishing* for other people's money; and it ended in the state's prison.

The Bible says, "Covetousness is idolatry," and idolatry is serving some other god than the Lord. Covetous persons put money in the place of God. They think of it more than they think of God, they love it more than they love God, and trust it more than they trust God. So that coveting directly breaks the first commandment, which says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," as well as the tenth. The tenth, you remember, says, "Thou shalt not covet." It leads also to breaking the eighth, "Thou shalt not steal;" and the ninth, "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" for stealing almost invariably leads to lying.

You see that coveting is a sin which has a great many branches to it, and they are covered with rank, bitter fruit. Indeed, a great deal of the crime and misery of the world may be traced to it. You see also why the apostles rank it among the most deadly sins. "Let it not be once *named* among you as becometh saints," wrote St. Paul in one of his letters or epistles. A covetous spirit as much keeps one out of heaven as a wicked life. "No covetous man hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God" (Eph. v. 5).—*Child's Paper*.

WILLIE'S VISIT TO THE ANT-HILL.

A FEW days since my little nephew Willie and I had a pleasant walk along the shores of Loch Katrine. The sun was very hot indeed, and we were glad when the path turned into a shady wood, where we walked for a time under the weeping birch's drooping branches, and listened to the constant patter of the shining round leaves of the quivering aspen.

Presently we observed crossing the path quite a large party of red wood ants, and when we looked a little more closely, we saw that one part of the stream was ascending the wooded bank, whilst another part was hastening in the opposite direction. All seemed so busy, as if they had such a deal to do, and no time to lose in doing it. All those who were proceeding up hill, were carrying some booty with them, whilst the others were empty handed, or rather empty mouthed, and apparently on the look-out for prey. Up hill, therefore, we looked for the ants' nest, and we had no difficulty in finding it. It was, I think, one of the largest I have ever seen, as high as a man's knee, and broad in proportion. When we went near enough to see it well, the whole surface seemed boiling with ants. Oh, how busy they were! Some were dragging up great green caterpillars, five or six times as big as themselves; others had flies, or worms, or beetles, which they seemed to carry with ease up the surface of the hill, and into some of the numerous holes which led into the interior. Others were hastening out, having deposited their burden, and setting off without losing a moment, to find something more, to bring home to the stores of the commonwealth.

I can tell you, I felt pretty much ashamed of myself, when I looked on all these tiny little creatures doing what their hand found to do with all their might, and remembered how often I wasted my time, and dawdled over my work, and did what I did anything but heartily. I thought it was no wonder Solomon sent the sluggard to take a lesson from the ant. Do you remember what he says? Can you repeat it? Willie couldn't, but he is going to learn it. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest;" and again he speaks of them as one of the "four things which are

little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise. The ants are a people not strong, but they prepare their meat in the summer." It is quite true they have no king, no overseer, nor master, and yet each ant is as diligent in its business, and as careful to do its duty, as if it had to give in an account, and be paid or punished for what it had done. And what is more, I can tell you the ants not only work when they *do* work, but they also *play* with all their might. It seems that they are very merry little creatures. A gentleman who wrote a history of ants, and took a great interest in them, says, that often when he went to examine the ant-hills at times when he supposed they would be resting, he found them amusing themselves in some warm, cosy part of it. Sometimes they seemed to have wrestling matches, and played with one another as young dogs or kittens often do, tumbling each other over and over, and biting playfully, riding on each other's backs, or (what they are very fond of doing), taking a friend up in their formidable-looking jaws, and carrying it from one place to another. Often, he says, he thought they took peculiar pleasure in tormenting some lazy fellow that seemed inclined to lie and bask in the sun,—they gave such a one no peace till they stirred it up to take part with the rest in their sports.

I am very glad to know that the ants play themselves. I am sure when they do they will enjoy themselves very much, for it is always those who are busiest and most diligent when they ought to work who have most pleasure when it is time to play. What do you think, children? I am quite sure Willie often doesn't enjoy either his lessons or playtime, just because he idles away his time at both. Sometimes he sits with his book before him, not thinking in the very least about the lesson he ought to be learning, but if one could only look into his mind, I think there would be seen the minnows swimming about in the river, or the squirrel with its bushy tail peeping down from the branch of the fir-tree, or even, I am a little ashamed to suspect, the paper of bon-bons in his mamma's drawer. So the consequence is, that he cannot say his lessons, and gets into disgrace, and grieves his mamma, and saddens his own little heart, and when playtime comes he does not care nearly so much to go down to the river side, as he thought he would have done. And then, you know, what is worst in all this, he has been disobeying and displeasing God. God says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" "Whatsoever ye do, do it *heartily, as to the Lord.*" God is *our* overseer, God is *our* ruler, and to him *we* must give an account of all we do, and of all the time he gives us. Oh, should we not be diligent and busy as the ants are, and if possible far more so.

There are a great many more lessons we may learn from the ant, but I think I have said nearly enough at present. Just one more I will tell you as shortly as I can. Ants are very kind to one another. They show

this in a great many ways. If one ant meets another belonging to the same ant-hill, who is carrying a burden that seems too heavy, immediately it offers its assistance, and even lays down its own load for the time. This is what you should do. Remember the verse which says, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Indeed, I often think that children like to make each other's burdens heavier. I have seen one little sister laughing at and tormenting another who was in any difficulty or disgrace, instead of trying to help her to get out of it. Look at the considerate and obliging ants, and be ashamed of yourselves. Again, when an ant finds something very good, and too big to be borne off bodily to the hill, it doesn't enjoy it all to itself, but immediately goes away and tells all the ants it meets about it, so that soon every particle of the booty is carried off. A lady had left a pot of preserves, in a place to which a solitary ant had obtained access, and in a very short time there was a double stream of ants busy at work carrying off the jam, nor did they cease till it was all gone. Do you remember the verse which says, "Freely ye have received, freely give;" and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them?" How unlike those selfish, greedy children, who like to keep all they get to themselves, and sorely grudge when they are called on to part with anything to another.

And what is more, ants are very careful of one another, and watch over each other's welfare. They show this in many ways. I will just tell you one story in illustration. M. Huber, when studying the habits of ants, kept a number in an artificial ant hill, which he called a formicary. It was in glass, so that he could watch all their proceedings. The feet of the stand on which their house was placed, were set in water, to prevent the little creatures from straying. Often, however, they crept down the legs of the stand, till they were stopped by the water, when, being a thirsty race, they began to drink. On one occasion, whilst several individuals were so engaged, M. Huber shook the table, to see what they would do. In great alarm, they retreated back to the formicary, with the exception of one reckless fellow, who seemed determined to have his drink out at all hazards. One of the fugitives ventured back again, and seemed to remonstrate with the drinker. It tapped him, and shook him, and bit him, but with no other effect than to make the thirsty one turn round and make a grimace at his would-be friend. At last the latter, desperate, and unable to leave his brother exposed to danger, snatched him up in its mandibles, and bore him off in spite of his struggles, to a safer place.

Now are not you children sometimes of Cain's mind, who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" You suffer sin upon him without a word of warning or help. You say, "It is none of my business," when you see him beginning to do wrong things, and yielding to temptation. How little trouble you give yourselves to save another from the danger of sinning! How little sorrow of heart

you feel when he has fallen into sin, and is walking in the paths wherein destroyers go! "Of some have compassion, and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."—"Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him."—"Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy laws."

Now I must stop telling you about the ants, and what they may teach us. There are very many interesting and curious things to learn about them. I think when the Lord formed them, and gave them their nature and peculiar habits and instincts, he meant to shadow forth in them in many respects what he meant his Church to be. At all events, like all his other works, the more we know about them, the more we shall see of his wondrous power and goodness.

"The whole works of the Lord our God
Are great above all measure.
Sought out they are of every one
Who doth therein take pleasure."

"Consider her ways, and be wise." A. B. C.

THE ACORN.

"WHEN will my training begin?" said the acorn to itself, as it unfolded its delicately-carved cup and sat on the branch of an old oak on the edge of a forest. "I understand I am to be an oak one day, like my father. All the acorns say that is what we are to be, but there certainly seems little chance of it at present. I have been sitting here for no one knows how many days. I feel no change, except that I look less pretty than I did when I was young and green, and begin to feel rather dry, and shrivelled, and old. At this rate, I do not see much chance of my becoming an oak, or anything else but an old, dry acorn. When will my training begin?"

As it meditated thus, a strong breeze sighed mournfully through the autumn woods, and shook down many brown leaves from the old oak, and with them the acorn.

"This will hinder my progress again," thought the acorn, "for it is evident such a downfall as this can have nothing to do with my education. When will my training begin?"

A day or two afterwards a drove of hogs was turned into the forest, and they began grunting and grubbing among the dead leaves for acorns. Many of its brethren did our acorn see ruthlessly hurried into those voracious snouts. It kept very quiet under the dead leaves to avoid a similar fate, but it thought—"This is a sad delay. It is too plain that being trampled on and tossed about in this way can teach no one anything. When will my training begin?"

Meanwhile, the swine rummaged among the dead leaves, and trod them under foot, and tossed the decaying mould hither and thither with their snouts and feet, until one of them by accident rolled our acorn down a little hill, where it lay buried under some stray leaves many yards from the edge of the forest, in the outskirts

of a park. There it lay unobserved all the rest of the winter. Even this was a pleasant change after having been tossed about and trodden under foot so long, but in its fall its shrivelled brown skin had cracked, and the acorn thought—"This is a sad disaster. How ever am I to grow into an oak when I am so crushed and cracked that scarcely any one would recognise me for an acorn? When will my training begin?"

All the winter the rain pattered on it, and sank it deeper and deeper under the dead leaves and under the earth-clods, until all its acorn beauty was marred and crushed out of it, and it fell asleep in the dark, under the cold, damp earth; and the snows came and folded it in under their white, eider-down pillows. At last, the warm touch, that comes to all sleeping nature in the spring, came softly on it, and it awoke.

"What a pity," it said, "I should have lost so much time by falling asleep! I can scarcely make out what I am like, or where I am. What a sad waste of time! It is clear no one can go on with his education in sleep. When will my training begin?"

With these thoughts, it stretched out two little green things on each side of it, which felt like wings; and tried to peep out of its hole, and, to its delight, it succeeded, and, with a few more efforts, even contrived to keep its head steadily above ground, and look around it.

"There is my father, the old oak," it said. "He looks quite green again. But I am a long way off from him, and how very small and close to the ground! When shall I begin to be like him?"

But meantime it was very happy. It felt so full of life, although so small; and the sun shone so graciously on it, and all the showers and dews seemed so full of kindly desires to help and nourish it; and more and more little green leaves expanded from its sides, and more and more little busy roots shot down into the earth, and the leaves breathed and drank in the sunshine, and the roots were great chemists and cooks, and concocted a perpetual feast for it out of the earth and stones. But it thought sometimes, "This is all exceedingly pleasant, and I am very happy; but, of course, this is not education; it is only enjoying myself. When will my training begin?"

The next spring the early frosts had much more power over it in its detached, exposed situation than over the saplings in the shelter of the forest, and it saw the trees in the wood growing green, and tempting the song-birds beneath their leafy tents, whilst the sap still flowed feebly upward through its tiny cells, and its twigs and leaf-buds were still brown and hard.

"This must be a great hindrance to me," it thought—"this, no doubt, will retard my education considerably. What a pity I stand here so detached and unprotected. When will my training begin?"

But in the late spring came some days of black east wind and bitter frost, and it saw the more forward leaves in the wood turn pale and shrivel before they unfolded, and then fall off, nipped and lifeless, to join the old

dead leaves of the past autumn, whilst its own little buds lay safe within their hard and glossy casings, protected by one enemy against a worse. And when the east wind and black frosts were gone, the little sapling shot up freely.

In that summer, and the next, and the next, it made great progress; but in the fourth autumn a great disappointment awaited it. The owner of the park in which it grew came by, and stood beside it, and said to his forester—

"That sapling is worth preserving, it is vigorous and healthy; and, standing in this detached position, it will break the line of the wood, and look well from my house. We will watch it, and set a fence around it to guard it from the cattle. But it has thrown out a false leader. Take your knife and cut this straggling shoot away, and next year, I have no doubt, it will grow well."

Then the forester applied his knife carefully to the false leader, and cut it off. But the sapling, not having understood the master's words, nor observed with what care and design the knife was applied, felt wounded to the core.

"My best and strongest shoot," it sighed to itself. "It was a cruel cut. It will take me a long time to repair that loss. I am afraid it has lost me at least a year. When will my training begin?"

But the next year the master's words were fulfilled.

Thus years passed on. And slowly, twig by twig, and shoot by shoot, the sapling grew. Sunbeams expanded its leaves; rains nourished its roots; frosts, checking its early buds, hardened its wood; winds swaying it hither and thither, as if they were determined to level it, only rooted it more firmly. And year by year the top grew a little higher, and the wood a little firmer, and the trunk a little thicker, and the roots a little deeper; but so slowly, that summer by summer it said—

"This is very pleasant; but it is only breathing, and being happy. It certainly cannot be the discipline which forms the great oaks. When will my training begin?"

And autumn by autumn, as the sap flowed downward, and the buds ceased to expand, and the branches grew leafless and dry, it thought—

"This is a sad loss of time. Now I am falling into torpor again, and shall make not an inch of progress for six long months. When will my training begin?"

And winter by winter, as the winds bent it to and fro, and made its branches creak, and threatened its very existence, and the heavy snows sometimes broke its boughs—

"These are sore trials. I may be thankful if I barely struggle through them! In days like these existence is an effort, and endurance the utmost one can attain. When will my training begin?"

And in the spring, when the frosts nipped its finest buds—

"These little nips and checks are very annoying; but one must bear them patiently. They are certainly hindrances; and it is disheartening, when one does one's

best, to be continually thrown back by these trifling checks. When will my training begin?"

But, one summer day, a little girl and an old man came and seated themselves under its shade. By this time it had seen some generations of men, and had learned something of human language.

The old man said: "I remember, when I was a very little boy, my grandfather telling me how, when he was young, he had marked this tree, then a mere sapling, and pruned it of a false shoot, which would have spoiled its beauty, and had it fenced and preserved. And now my little granddaughter and I sit under its shade! The fence has long since decayed; but it is not needed. The cattle come and lie under its shadow, as we do. It is a noble oak-tree now, and gives shelter instead of needing it."

Then the oak rustled above them; and the old man and the child thought it was a summer breeze stirring the branches. But in reality it was the oak laughing to itself, as it thought—

"Then I am really a tree! and, whilst I was wondering when my training would begin, it has been finished, and I am an oak after all!"

DISOBEDIENCE.

MRS. STEWART was in her garden, one bright Saturday afternoon, picking a bouquet of roses that filled the air with their rich perfume, when the gate was hurriedly opened and shut again, as little Bennie rushed up the walk, exclaiming, "O mother, may I go a fishing this afternoon? Please say yes! All the boys are going."

His mother pushed the damp hair back from his heated brow, and looked into his eager eyes as she said, "No, my dear; your brother is not here to go with you, and you know father thinks it is not safe for you to go to the pond alone."

The glad light died quickly out of Bennie's face, and the hot tears sprang to his eyes, but he knew from experience that when his mother said *no*, it was of no use to argue the question; so he turned away, and passed slowly around the house, into the orchard that stood beyond, and threw himself down upon the thick, green grass, under an old apple-tree, through whose leafy branches the sunbeams were merrily dancing.

All was calm and peaceful but Bennie's heart, and angry wicked thoughts came rushing through his mind, as he thought how his companions were enjoying themselves that pleasant afternoon. At length he rose from the ground, and making his way through the blossoming clover that waved in the breeze, he climbed up on the fence, and looked where he could see the blue water of the pond flashing in the sunlight through the distant trees.

A tempting spirit was busily whispering into Bennie's ears just then, and he yielded. He sprang lightly over

the fence, with a guilty look toward the house, and went slowly down the road, leading to the pond, trying to silence his conscience, by saying to himself that he was not *going fishing* after all. When he came to the pond, he sat down on the steep bank for a few moments, and watched the boys all busy with their rods and lines, and then he went out a short distance upon a big log that lay in the water. He had been standing there but a short time when John Palmer, a rough village boy, and one whom Bennie knew to be a wicked boy, came along and said, "Get off from that log, Ben Stewart! I want to come there myself."

Had Bennie been in little better humour, he might have done as John wished, but as it was, he only said, "Shan't do it!" and stood still. John grew very angry, and coming to where Bennie stood, he took him by the collar and gave him such a rough jerk, that he fell from the log into the water. It was not deep, and he easily got out, but in what a condition! He was covered with mud and water from head to foot, his new jacket was torn, and his hat had floated so far away that he could not reach it. There was nothing to be done but to go home in that sad plight, and when he reached there, the grieved face of his mother was a still further punishment.

Bennie has concluded, since that day, that disobedience is poor business for a little boy to engage in, and he is very careful to obey his mother's commands in everything, so of course he meets with no more such sad mishaps.

EASY LESSONS.

A LITTLE boy was put into his father's study while his mamma went out. He was only three years old, and must keep very still, lest he worry papa. Papa must not be disturbed—oh no. The little boy must not talk—he must not touch things—he must mind his *ps* and *qs*, and be quiet—very quiet indeed, a good little boy.

But children are restless. They can't keep still—can they? The little boy crept about as softly as could be. "Hush!" Creep, creep, creep. Off came a table-cover, over went a footstool, rattle went the newspapers. Of course papa was disturbed. His little boy drove his ideas off, and the busy pen must needs stop. Did papa thunder out, "Be still?" Did he scold? Did he bid the little fellow, "Be off?" No. What did papa say? "Now you be my little dog," he said; "creep into your house there under the table, and lie quite still." That was a command there was no difficulty in obeying; and except an occasional bow-wow, there was perfect quietness. The little boy knew it was necessary to keep still, for a dog in a study, he knew, *must* keep still; and was not he a little dog?

This was an "easy lesson" in the hard book of self-restraint which a little boy *could* learn.—*Child's Paper*.

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND."

THE ETHIOPIAN TREASURER.

(Concluded from p. 291.)

IT remains now that we should enumerate and apply the lessons which the experience of the Ethiopian Treasurer suggests.

1. Although you retire from the Lord's house, or the Lord's table, with the painful desire of one who is seeking, rather than the satisfaction of one who has found, it does not follow that you have come to the ordinances in vain. Even although you have not yet gotten the water that quenches thirst, if you have acquired the thirst that craves for water, you are therein and thereby blessed. Probably if one had met that Ethiopian before his interview with Philip, and asked him how he had sped at Jerusalem, he would have answered with a sigh, that his long journey had been labour lost. He had come all the way from Ethiopia seeking peace for his soul, and he was still seeking the same thing. All the solemnities of the Temple service, and all the discourses of Christ's disciples seemed to have been thrown away upon him. He was still poor and needy. He was still as empty as on the day when he left his home. Ah, that was God's way of blessing him, and he knew it not. The vessel was made utterly empty, that afterwards, when its lip should be inserted into the fulness of Christ, it might more surely and quickly draw its fill. The greater a soul's emptiness, the greater is its supply of divine grace, when at last the lip of faith fastens on Christ. The ordinances of the Lord's house may then be most precious to you, when they send you away sighing, and crying "My leanness."

2. He continued to search the Scriptures after he had departed from the public ordinances of worship at Jerusalem. This was at once a proof that he had already obtained benefit, and a means of obtaining more. Private study of the Scriptures and attendance on public ordinances act reciprocally on each other. Private study will send you with earnest desires to the public worship; and the public worship will send you back to private study. God hath joined those two, and no man should put them asunder. Neither exercise will thrive alone and apart. It is probable that while some faint knowledge of the Scriptures sent the Ethiopian treasurer to Jerusalem, the worship and ministry there sent him back to the word with tenfold intensity. His very complaint, that he had gotten nothing, showed that he had gotten much. We get no glimpse of the man on his northward journey, when he went to Jerusalem to worship; but I think if we had seen him in that Gaza desert going away, he would not have been so deeply

immersed in the study of Isaiah as he was when Philip met him on his return.

3. When you search the Scriptures, search them for Christ. So did the Ethiopian, and he did not search in vain. The gospel according to Isaiah was the fullest gospel that ancient Israel knew, and the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah contained the clearest revelation of Christ that was made before his incarnation. To that spot of the Scripture, accordingly, the instincts of the new nature, already astir in his soul, guided the Ethiopian. The dead letter was not enough for him; he came, indeed, to the letter, but he was doing his best to open and lay aside its folds, that he might discover the Christ whom they at once concealed and revealed. Through the word he was feeling for Christ. They who so seek shall find. The Lord delights to make himself known to those who touch him in this way. Those who, like new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, shall live and grow thereby.

Our Lord himself has given express and specific instructions on this very point. "Ye search the Scriptures"—for to take the verb as an imperative, and read the clause as a command, as our translators have done, is to miss more than half of its meaning—"Ye search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me. And ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life" (John v. 39, 40). These Jews did search the Scriptures: they scrupulously read their daily portion, and thought that therefore their eternal life was sure. They expected life from the mere manipulation of the letter,—so many chapters every day, and so many verses printed on their phylacteries, and bound round their bodies. While they thus sought in the dead husks for life, they neglected the true seed, and allowed it to slip unnoticed through their hands. These searchers of the Scriptures rejected Christ—"Ye will not come unto me;" and not finding Christ in the Scriptures, they will never find life there.

4. When you search for Christ in the Scriptures, search for Christ crucified there. The peculiarity of the portion of Scripture which the Ethiopian was reading when Philip joined his company, is the suffering and the sacrifice of the Messiah: "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." Here is "deep calling unto deep." The deepest need of a human soul, when that soul is quickened by the Spirit, seeks the deepest provision of the Covenant. Conscious guilt in the awakened, seeks the blood of Christ that takes away sin. When the

Lord took his disciples aside, and told them that he must give his life a sacrifice for sin, it was the devil in Peter that said, "Far be this from thee, Lord." And the same evil spirit still persuades many men that a kind, compassionate Christ, who will teach them and set a good example before them, will suffice, and that they do not need a crucified Christ. The offence of the cross has not yet ceased. The death of Christ for sin makes sin a fearful thing: those who are disposed to make light of sin, cannot afford to think of such a sacrifice to wash it away.

What is the meaning of those words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you"? (John vi. 53.) The incarnation is not enough on Christ's part, and faith in his person as God and man is not enough on our part. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. This is the grand central lesson of the Old Testament. Sacrifice for sin is the back-bone of Revelation from its commencement to its close. This awful truth was imprinted into the very being of the Church during its childhood. From Abel's sacrifice down to the passover which Jesus and his disciples celebrated in the upper room at Jerusalem, the blood of sacrifices continually flowed. Daily sacrifice; morning and evening sacrifice;—when the sun rose, warm blood was flowing from the victim; and, when he set in the west, red blood received and reflected his rays. Everything was sprinkled with blood. Expiation by blood was the very mould into which the people's minds were cast from youth to age. If that were a fancy of men, what a waste! but if that is the appointment of God, what a meaning! When Christ came, he set his seal to its truth. He accepted the sacrifices as figures of himself. The true Redeemer gave his life a ransom for many; and true disciples ever come to the blood of Christ. The dying of the Lord Jesus is the meat and drink of all living souls.

5. A man of Ethiopia sought and found Christ as his Saviour; therefore any one may. The place was distant, the people degraded. From certain proverbial phrases in the Scriptures we may gather that Ethiopia was recognised as the type of distance and degradation. Yet beams of light from heaven reached that distant land, and Christ found a temple within the swarthy breasts of its inhabitants. There is no respect of persons with God. No nation is excluded, and no class. Some of the finest specimens of the kind of faith that the Lord held up as a model—the little child faith—have been found among the African negroes of our own day. Those who are in station mean, and in talent obscure, have been often chosen and employed to confound the things that are mighty. Be of good cheer, all ye who, as to station, or talent, or opportunities, are little ones,—be of good cheer, little children, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

6. In the wilderness this Ethiopian found that peace and joy in believing, which he had sought in vain at Jerusalem. All things are possible with God. Indeed,

man's extremity often becomes his opportunity. To show his sovereignty, he frequently bestows his grace at an unlikely time, and in an unlikely place.

Many signal examples of this method occur in modern times. A youth has obtained a situation in India, civil or military, as the case may be. The cause of deepest grief in the hearts of his parents on the day of his departure is, that they know too well their son lives without God in the world. They are sad as they reflect that he has resisted all the opportunities he enjoyed at home; and sadder as they reflect that he is going to a place where evil will surround him, and perhaps even the sound of a Sabbath bell be never heard. A quarter of a century has passed. These parents both, or one of them, may in the interval have been called away from the earth. A gentleman appears in the village, whom none of the villagers have seen before. His hair is silvered, but his frame is vigorous, and his step firm. He has taken up his residence in the neighbourhood. He is not only a worshipper in the Sabbath assembly of the place, but a missionary, making Christ's love known to all whom he meets—young and old, rich and poor. Soon it begins to be whispered in the neighbourhood that this is a native of the parish returned from India with considerable wealth—rich in this world's goods, and richer in the grace of his Saviour. Further the murmur runs, this is the thoughtless, godless son of those Christian parents,—it was over him that they wept on the day of his departure, long, long ago. Bit by bit the whole history comes out. He had gone to India bent on being his own master, and enjoying the pleasures of sin; but there he had been subdued by the love of Christ, and he was now walking with his Redeemer in newness of life. The heathen land was indeed a wilderness; but in that wilderness God met the man, and made his heart new. He who sent Philip to meet the Ethiopian in the desert below Gaza, had a messenger ready to meet the Scottish youth on the distant plains of India. A brother officer who already was a disciple, or the occasional visit of a missionary, or the Bible that his mother packed among his goods—any one of these may have been the immediate messenger; but the result was, that the youth who remained hardened and worldly in the midst of privileges at home, gave himself to the Lord in a distant and spiritually dark land.

Another young man who had abused similar privileges under his father's roof, was sent in early manhood, not to a distant country, but to a great central city in our own land. There, with none who knew or cared what course he might follow, he felt himself alone in a wilderness. There is no solitude equal to that of a great city. But in that solitude God's eyes watched the youth; and God's message reached his heart. He was lonely and weary. He was home-sick, and could not sit within the four walls of his lodging in the evening. He rushed out to the street. He went—here was his turning-point for time and eternity—he went to a prayer-meeting.

The praise song rising from many young warm hearts; the prayer for the tempted, the prodigal, the backslider; the chapter read, and the address that followed—all these together shut him up unto the faith. Similar sounds had formerly fallen upon his ear: but this time his heart was empty and weary; this time the word of truth became cold water to a thirsty soul. He found in the dreary wilderness the peace in believing which he had never attained at home.

7. Two lessons yet remain, but they constitute a pair, and should go together. The Ethiopian, when he found the Saviour, was joyful, and yet he went on his way; he went on his way, but he went on it rejoicing. Guided by the Spirit, he escaped the two snares that are laid for young converts, one on the right side and another on the left. He marched safely on the path between them. On the one hand, he did not think that to be a Christian implied a sad countenance and a sorrowful life; and on the other hand, he did not think that the service of Christ required the renouncing of his lawful calling.

By these two things disciples of Christ in our own day might make the testimony of their life much more telling in favour of the truth. Perhaps the two hardest things that the world says against living and earnest Christians are—that they have a gloomy temper, and neglect their work. The best service that believers can render to their Lord in the present day, is to remove all ground for these twin accusations of the adversary. Let us have a brighter joy, and do, each in his own station, a more faithful work than the accusers. The evidence which we live rather than speak will in due time tell, and its effects will appear. Christ will be honoured, and our neighbours won.

W. A.

THE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

PART V.

WHOEVER looks into the "Moravian Daily Text-Book" (published from year to year), will find in the first page a list of "Memorial days," to be ever remembered by the Church on account of the events of which they are anniversaries. Most of these have reference to the history of the Renewed Church of the Brethren; and some of them may serve us as landmarks in the hasty glance we must now take over a wide and inviting field of retrospection.

The twelfth of May is marked as a double anniversary. On that day in 1724, the interesting and important services were held to which we have already alluded, in laying the foundation-stone of the Meeting Hall at Herrnhut, when the presence and blessing of the Lord was so deeply realized by the little community and their noble visitors; and the five exiles from Moravia, arriving at the very time, were impressed at once by the feeling that here their own wanderings should terminate. Four of these men afterwards held most important offices in the Church; the fifth was called to "come up higher,"

—dying, in 1729, in an Austrian prison, where he had been confined for attempting to bring the glad tidings to his benighted countrymen.

The same day, three years later, was again an important one. By this time the little colony had rapidly increased, not only by the arrival of more emigrants from Moravia, but by Christians from other quarters desiring to join them. Their numbers now amounted to several hundreds; and in the spring of 1827 various subjects of religious controversy began to be agitated among them in a distressing manner. Hitherto they had attended the ministry of Mr. Rothe, the Lutheran minister at Berthelsdorf; but now the Moravians, and Christian David at their head, loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at the errors of doctrine and discipline which were gaining ground in the settlement; while Mr. Rothe, though a truly pious man, appears hardly to have acted with sufficient "meekness of wisdom," and greatly lost their confidence. Count Zinzendorf interposed, and after earnest inquiry and examination into the causes of dissension, succeeded, with the assistance of Mr. Rothe and others, in framing a set of rules, to be called the statutes of the congregation, and to form a code of laws for its members, founded on the old doctrine and discipline of the ancient Moravian Church. It was agreed that all who became inhabitants of Herrnhut should pledge themselves to observe these rules. On May 12th the congregation was called together. Count Zinzendorf addressed them in a discourse of three hours, and then read over the statutes, and requested all present to signify whether or not they were willing to agree to them. A spirit of love and harmony was poured from heaven upon the assembly, all disputes seemed forgotten, and the new agreement was adopted without one dissenting voice. Some days afterwards twelve brethren were chosen by lot to act as elders of the congregation, managing all its affairs; and the Count and Baron de Watteville appointed as wardens or superintendents.

We may remark in passing, as a coincidence, that on this same 12th May, 1749, the British House of Lords unanimously passed a bill in which the Brethren were acknowledged as an "ancient Protestant Episcopal Church," were allowed the right of preaching and forming settlements in all parts of the British empire, and protected from the necessity of taking oaths, or serving as jurors in criminal cases, to which, like the Quakers, they must have expressed conscientious objections.

The next marked day is August 13, of the same year, 1727. On that day the congregation of Herrnhut met at Berthelsdorf, to celebrate the holy communion. There had been much prayer and "searchings of heart" beforehand, and in the ordinance such a blessed outpouring of the Spirit was experienced, that it was truly "a day to be much remembered." In singing one hymn—

"My soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies,"

we are told that the sound of weeping almost drowned the music. "On the 12th May" (to quote from Crantz) "the dry bones were collected, and, by means of various useful regulations, were in the following days covered with sinews and skin; and on the 13th August, the Spirit of the Lord breathing upon them infused the vital principle, and prepared them for active service in the kingdom of God among Christians and heathens."

As in every time of revival throughout the whole Church of Christ, the duty and privilege of prayer, and its blessed results, was deeply impressed upon the Brethren at this interesting season. Soon after, on August 27, a proposal was made for an arrangement by which, during every hour of the day and night, two or more persons should be engaged in prayer and thanksgiving, with reference to the particular circumstances of the congregation. Seventy individuals came forward immediately to undertake this, and the twenty-four hours were divided among them. The day is still remembered as "the beginning of the hourly intercession."

Although this as an institution has now ceased, its spirit is still maintained. The writer of these pages, not long since, after a communion service in a small Moravian chapel in this country, heard a list read of several names, as being the brethren and sisters appointed "intercessors for the congregation" during the month then just begun. The effect was pleasing and impressive.

But notwithstanding all their experience of the grace of the Spirit during this memorable year (1727), it was still felt by the thoughtful members of the community that something was wanting to give stability to their constitution, in regard to Church government and discipline. Count Zinzendorf and his friends wished them to form a complete union with the Lutheran body; while the Moravian emigrants, and all the elders of the congregation, desired strictly to observe the regulations and customs of the ancient Church of their fathers. The subject was often and warmly discussed, till in 1731 both parties agreed that, in conformity with the old practice of the Brethren in all cases of difficulty, the question should be referred to the disposal of the Lord himself by lot. This was accordingly done in the most solemn manner. Two texts of Scripture were fixed upon, 1 Cor. ix. 21, and 2 Thess. ii. 15; and the latter being drawn, was accepted by all present as an intimation from heaven that they ought to adopt the old Moravian constitution, and consider themselves as the "Renewed Church of the Brethren." The firmness with which the emigrants opposed the wishes of their noble patron and protector, and the Christian spirit in which he finally yielded, are alike worthy of observation in this whole transaction.

Their next determination, agreeable to the course now adopted, was to choose a minister for themselves, and to seek a renewal of their old Episcopal constitution. The Bohemian line of bishops had terminated with Comenius, but in Poland the succession was still con-

tinued. To the venerable D. E. Jablousky, Count Zinzendorf now stated the case of the people in Herrnhut. He had been already watching with interest all their proceedings, and joyfully acknowledged them as genuine descendants of the ancient Moravian Church, expressing his willingness to confer ordination on any whom they considered qualified for it. David Nitschman, senior, having been duly elected, was accordingly consecrated at Berlin by the two Polish bishops, on March 13, 1735, as the first bishop of the Renewed Church.

The congregation at Herrnhut now increased in numbers and in grace, although not without some troubles of an external nature, into the details of which we need not enter. Let us look again, however, at the "Memorial days."

We find August 21 marked as the "First Mission of the Brethren to the Heathen in 1732;" and January 19, as "Mission among the Heathen in Greenland, 1733." Well may these days be held in lasting remembrance, for the events they recall, in their results, are now the most honourable distinction of our Moravian friends. In ancient times the Church of the Brethren, as we have seen, was eminently a *suffering*, witnessing Church; in her renewed state she is no less distinguished as a *missionary* one. The old devotedness and energy, no longer called for at the stake or the scaffold, has flowed into new channels of missionary enterprise. Nor has the promise failed, "Them that honour me I will honour. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Almost as soon as the poor exiles had formed a peaceful home for themselves, they began to devise plans for serving their Lord, and extending his kingdom in other lands. As early as 1728 we read of their beginning to travel on missionary journeys through various parts of Europe, and considering how it would be possible to reach the far distant heathens. Count Zinzendorf, whose mind had been deeply impressed by the subject in early youth, encouraged these wishes, and expressed his confidence that the way to their fulfilment would soon be opened. Two young men, intimate friends,—Leonard Dober and Thomas Leupold,—felt a strong desire to go to the West Indies, and carry the glad tidings of gospel liberty to the unhappy negro slaves. They prayed and conversed together over the matter in private. One evening, when the labours of the day were ended, as they were walking with some companions, and singing hymns together, according to the pious custom at Herrnhut, they passed by the house of Count Zinzendorf. He came to the door along with a minister who was visiting him, and addressing the latter, said, "Sir, among these young men you see the future missionaries to the heathen in the West Indies, in Greenland, &c., &c." Dober and Leupold, greatly surprised, immediately wrote to the count, and disclosed their secret projects. He gave them every encouragement; and

their letter, without names being given, was read in the congregation. They declared their readiness to lay down life itself, or to be sold to slavery, if they might thus gain even one soul for Christ. The reading of this letter determined two other youths, Matthew Stach and Frederick Boenisch, to offer themselves as missionaries in a very different field,—among the Esquimaux of Greenland. In both cases nothing was done rashly; the difficulties of their undertakings were plainly set before them; and considerable delay, and even opposition, intervened, before the “memorial days” on which they really began their journey of devoted, self-sacrificing Christian love.

But we must resist the temptation to continue the deeply-interesting narrative, leaving our readers to seek for it elsewhere. Sixty years before the Reformation by Luther, the ancient Church of the Brethren began its course as a Protestant Church, a faithful witness against the errors of Popery. And just about as many years before Carey and Thomas, the earliest Baptist missionaries, went forth to India, the Moravians of Herrnhut began those noble efforts which soon carried the gospel message alike to those “sitting in darkness” under tropical suns and amidst polar snows. The first Protestant Church may justly claim the honour of being the first missionary Church of modern days.

The Brethren first visited England in 1728, when a deputation was sent to confer with the English divines, and give an account of their own history, doctrine, and discipline. This was soon followed by the formation of congregations and settlements in England and Ireland. In the latter country, the celebrated John Cennick encountered severe opposition and persecution, from the deplorable state of religion and morality, but was enabled to triumph over all.

Most of our readers may have heard how the Wesleys, on their way to Georgia, in 1735, met with some Moravian missionaries, Bishop Nitschman among the number, and what spiritual blessing they derived from intercourse with them. On returning to England, John and Charles Wesley, at Oxford, became acquainted with the Moravian minister, Peter Bohler, and were still further enlightened, by his means, as to true faith and its fruits. A very interesting account of all this is given in the “Wesleyan Centenary, and the Life of Wesley.” Who can calculate the results of the pious German’s influence over these two brothers, in the good work *they* were permitted to do for their Lord?

But we must hasten forwards. In 1733, Count Zinzendorf, resigning his office at court, and all worldly honours, devoted himself to serve Christ in the ministry of the gospel; and on May 20th, 1737, was consecrated a bishop of the Church of the Brethren. A letter of congratulation was sent to him on the occasion by the Archbishop of Canterbury, addressed to the Right Rev. Count Nicholas Lewis, Bishop of the Moravian Church. We might easily fill many pages, did our limits permit, with the eventful history of this remarkable man. He

was accused at the court of Saxony of giving illegal encouragement to emigration from Moravia, and had to suffer an exile of ten years, which he spent in promoting the interests of his beloved Church in distant lands, including visits to the West Indies and America. In 1749 he was recalled home, and full liberty of conscience allowed to the Brethren in Saxony. He continued with unwearied energy his labours of love, till, on May 9th, 1760, in his sixtieth year, he entered into the joy of his Lord. On his deathbed he was able to say, in regard to the subject of missions to the heathen, ever so near his heart, “I did not extend my hopes beyond seeing two or three first-fruits, and now we may number them by thousands of converts.”

We must add a few more facts relating to Christian David, whose history is probably less generally known than that of his noble contemporary. The humble Moravian carpenter, in latter days, was honoured to bear testimony for Christ before learned professors and crowned rulers, and to command the respect of all. We are told that at the court of Copenhagen “he went in and out as a friend,” and when called to appear for examination before the imperial council in Livonia, the commissioners inquired if he were the person spoken of as “the servant of the Lord,” and then ordered a chair to be placed for him as a mark of distinction. But his Christian simplicity and humility remained unaltered, and he was ever as ready to serve his great Master by the labour of his hands as by his preaching talents. He undertook three voyages to Greenland, in order to superintend the building of mission premises at the different stations there. For the same purpose, as well as for preaching, he visited North America. He made eleven journeys to Moravia, at the greatest personal risk, to awaken his countrymen to a sense of spiritual things, and help to bring out the remnant of the ancient Church. He was mortal, and therefore imperfect, and his impulsive zeal at times carried him beyond the limits of prudence; still Count Zinzendorf writes of him, “He laboured for souls beyond what words can tell, and though his uncommon method of proceeding often involved his brethren in difficulties, he followed his convictions faithfully, and of no persecution which arose on his account can it be said that the gain was not greater than the loss.” Another German writer (not one of the Brethren) calls him “an apostolic man, in as high a degree as we can form an idea of one.”

He died, after only a few days’ illness, on February 3, 1751, in his sixty-first year. The stranger who visits the romantic cemetery of Herrnhut reads on the first gravestone which meets his eye, “Christian David, the servant of the Lord.” Who would not wish for such an epitaph?

On the remaining history of the Moravian Church we must not attempt to enter. A few plain statistics, however, as to its present position, may be interesting.

We must distinguish between a Moravian *settlement* and an ordinary congregation. The former means a

kind of colony, consisting entirely of members of their Church. Besides the family houses, there are the following public buildings,—a chapel and minister's dwelling, schools for boys and girls, an inn for travellers, and houses for the "single brethren," "single sisters," and widows, who having no family duties requiring their attention elsewhere, choose to live together in this way, but take no monastic vows of any kind. The inhabitants of the place all follow their various occupations on their own account, without anything like a community of goods, though the spirit of brotherly love and kindness is expected to be manifested by all.

There are several of such settlements in England, —Fulneck, Fairfield, Ockbrook, Tytherton; and that of Gracehill in Ireland.

The total number of stations in Great Britain and Ireland is 36, containing about 6000 members (children included).

On the continent of Europe there are 21 stations, mostly settlements, with between 6000 and 7000 members, and 2000 young people receiving instruction as pupils from other denominations.*

In the "Northern District" of America there are 24 stations, with above 6600 members; in the "Southern District" 9 stations, and about 1800 members.

In the missionary field the Brethren have 38 stations among the negroes in the West Indian islands; 11 in South America, and 4 in Central America, for the negroes or Indians there; 4 in North America for the Indian tribes; 4 for the Esquimaux on the coast of Labrador, and 4 on the coast of Greenland; 1 in Australia; and 1 in Thibet. The number under instruction, if not all real converts, is above 75,000. There are 307 missionaries (wives included), chiefly supplied by the German Churches, who, as we have seen, do not themselves number 7000 members. What other body of Christians have, *in the same proportion*, come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty?"

And now we must bring these brief sketches to a close. If the Christian reader has received from them any new information, or felt any new interest awakened, we trust it may lead him to active sympathy and more earnest prayer for the Church of the Brethren and her missions. She needs our prayers and our help. It cannot be denied, and her most faithful sons will readily acknowledge, that of late her state and progress have not been satisfactory. Various causes may partly account for this in our own country, but these should not hold good elsewhere. Not long since a Moravian minister said to the writer, "I often wonder what our Lord intends to do with us in the future. We are not *going forward* as we ought, in proportion with the other Churches of Christ. Has our Saviour no more work for

us to do? or is some great and blessed time of revival at hand, when we shall 'renew our days as of old?'"

Let us hope and pray for such a time of refreshing, for our Moravian brethren and for ourselves. Then "all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity" would labour joyfully together in his service, and all the Churches would be "established in the faith, and increased in number daily."

We can hardly conclude better than by taking from the Brethren's Hymn-book a fine confession of faith, composed, we believe, by John Cennick, though it has been claimed for Charles Wesley. In 1744 the Wesleys and Moravians held a love-feast together at the Tabernacle, London, agreeing to differ on some points, but to unite in fighting the good fight of faith against the kingdom of darkness. Would that such evangelical alliances were more often repeated! They sung this hymn before separating:—

"The doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on Mount Calvary sealed,
We sign, asserting every word
Which in the gospel is revealed,
As truth divine, and cursed are they
Who add thereto or take away.

We steadfastly this truth maintain,
That none are righteous,—no, not one;
That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in his name believe,
Christ and his righteousness receive.

Our works and merits we disclaim,
Opposing all self-righteousness;
Even our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual, and confess
Whoe'er thereon doth place his trust,
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

Christ is our Master, Lord, and God,
The fulness of the Three in One,
His life, death, righteousness, and blood,
Our faith's foundations are alone;
His Godhead and his death shall be
Our theme to all eternity.

On him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all to him we owe,
None else is able us to save,
Nought but the Saviour will we know.
Thus we subscribe with heart and hand,
Resolved, through grace, thereby to stand.

This now with heaven's resplendent host
We echo through the Church of God;
Among the heathen make our boast
Of Christ and his atoning blood,
And loud, like many waters, join
In showing forth his love divine."

C. C.

THE LIFE BATTLE

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"So fight I," says Paul, "not as one that beateth the air. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." This is a phrase indicative of the sharpest, sternest efforts at self-mortification. As one who should say—I conquer my fleshly appetites by violent and reite-

* In connection with these stations should be mentioned what are called the *Diaspora*, or scattered flocks, calculated to number from 80,000 to 100,000 persons. These are numerous small congregations, all over Europe, ministered to by Moravian "labourers," but who, "owing to their national or ecclesiastical laws," cannot formally join the Church.

rated blows, and bring them into subjection. I lead my body along as a conquered captive. It is a *beaten* antagonist. My wicked, lustful nature is thus vanquished, "lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

Here is a tremendous warning to every one of us—a warning founded on our double danger—first from evil appetites of the body, and also from evil affections of the heart. Paul, the heroic apostle of Jesus, so felt his actual danger that he tells us that he bruised and beat down his sensual passions, lest having saved others he might himself be finally lost. In the phrase before us he especially refers to the bodily appetites. "I keep the body under."

Paul, like other men of energetic make and ardent temperament, was very probably tried with strong temptations to excesses of the passions, both physical and moral. He has not chosen to let us into all the secrets of his character. He knew nothing of the modern pseudo-science of phrenology; nor would he have been one whit the wiser if he had. He does not tell us how often he fell through the sore stress of his "destructiveness," or his "combateness." Such jargon he leaves for modern empirics in the mysterious science of the mind.

But methinks I see the wrestlings of a stern and furious struggle between the holier and the baser natures of one of God's heroes in that profound and plaintive seventh chapter of the epistle to his Roman brethren. I seem to see a stout soldier of the cross, with uplifted arm, and swollen sinew, crying out, "*Ἰπποκρίτω σαρκα* ; I beat down my baser self; I give no quarter to my lusts; I strangle my appetites; I vanquish my inner foes that God may make me stronger to vanquish his foes without me; lest, having saved others, I, Paul, the converted blasphemer of Damascus, should only prove to be a pitiful wretch and castaway."

For Paul claimed no immunities from danger through his position. That a man is a professed minister of the Lord Jesus is no assurance that he may not be cast into hell. He has "like passions" with his fellow-men. The same ravaging lusts that have decimated the bar and the senate-house have left their blood-prints on the pulpit stairs. Along the whole track of ministerial biography, there lie strewed, here and there, the bleaching bones of those unhappy victims who fell a prey to the spoiler. Paul, to be sure, never fell. To the last he kept his faith, and the integrity of a godly life. And the simple secret of this continence and this constancy I read in these brave words, "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air. I keep my body in subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others I myself should be a castaway."

Shall we restrict the scope of this life-battle to sensual appetites alone? Paul did not; he extended it to all the wicked propensities of his mental and his moral nature. The war which every Christian has to make

must be universal and unsparing on the whole brood of interior passions. The sudden insurrections of anger—the malicious whisperings of green-eyed envy—the acid tongue of censoriousness—the clutchings of greedy covetousness—the restless cravings of unsanctified ambition—the subtle sophistries of deceit—the uprisings of bigotry and spiritual pride,—all these, and every other like them in the great *rebel army* of the heart, must be met with the same indiscriminate "war to the knife." He who would keep his conscience clean, and his life holy, must wage this life-battle without compromise, and without quarter.

I. Let us offer a few concise rules for the conduct of this spiritual life-battle. Our first counsel is—*beware of the silent marches* which the flesh will steal upon you. We are fearfully and wonderfully made; the combination of body and spirit is such that each one re-acts upon the other in a manner that is most direct and yet most mysterious. The encroachments of the "flesh" upon the spiritual nature are astonishingly quiet and insidious. The cravings of healthy appetite may gradually lead to the excesses of gluttony. Put a knife to your throat. Tampering with so-called innocent stimulants has sent many a professor of religion to the grave of the inebriate. The glass of wine has led to the glass of brandy; and the glass of brandy to perdition.

With all possibilities of self-indulgence come temptations. Luxury steals silent marches on Christians when prosperity brings within their reach a fine equipage, or high living, or splendid establishments. There is hardly a Christian in New York who lives when worth ten thousand dollars a-year just as he lived when hard toil gave him only one thousand or one hundred. Men change their habits gradually; not suddenly. A man may be converted in a moment. Backsliding is the process of months or of years. By degrees tipping grows into intemperance; by degrees the social evening entertainment prolongs itself into the midnight frivolities of the rout, the ball-room, and the play-house; by degrees a church-member exchanges the prayer-meeting for the opera. Beware of the silent marches of the enemy.

II. If you find that the contact of certain persons and places is dangerous to your weaknesses, then *avoid* those persons and places, cost what it may. If you feel the temptation of a wine-cup, then keep out of convivial company. If you have tendencies to run mad with over mirthfulness, then stay away from those circles in which you are tempted to turn the Christian into the harlequin. It is not every young Christian who can be trusted even to *walk* through certain streets in our great cities. A "besetting sin" may lurk in that very street.

A man's besetting sin is the one that jumps with his inclinations. Does he love ease? Then he always interprets those providences in his own favour that allow him to sit still, or to enjoy his rest. Does he

love flattery and *éclat*? Then he imagines that he is working for God, when he is only working for human applause. Here is a dangerous foe; all the more so from its wearing the honest guise of a friend. Look out for selfishness. It is the "old Adam" lurking behind every hedge. Like Southern slavery, it will only keep the peace on condition of having its own way. If not, then its stiletto is unsheathed in a moment. It is a polite and plausible, but a godless spirit. Keep no league with it. A Christian is never safe unless he is continually collaring every evil passion of his nature, and forcing it into unconditional submission.

III. Finally, put on the whole armour of God, the shield of faith, the breast-plate of righteousness, and the sword of the Spirit. Leave no spot exposed. Ahab was wounded through the joints of the harness. In the heat of the conflict, look to Jesus, the Captain of your salvation; and *never surrender*. Toward the sunset of the long bloody day of Waterloo, when the surviving remnant of the old Imperial Guard were summoned to lay down their arms the scarred veterans of fifty victorious fights cried out, "The Old Guards can die; *but they cannot surrender!*"

"BE YE ALSO READY."*

MATT. xxiv. 44.

HENRY D— was a servant in a farmhouse on the outskirts of my parish, and as the church of the adjoining parish was nearer to his master's farm than my own, he always attended the services there. For this reason, and because he was a servant living in his master's house, I knew very little of him. He was a fine powerful young man. His life had been steady and regular. He had been an excellent servant, and was a great favourite with his master and mistress. He had excellent health; but inflammation seized him. He was ill six days, and now his soul is before God.

To-day is Monday. It was only on Friday morning that I heard of his illness, and of course before the day closed I visited him. On that day and on Saturday, he seemed to take very little interest in what I said to him. Oh that I had pressed the subject more, that I had been even more importunate with him! On Saturday there was some apprehension of danger, but I was requested not to tell him, as the medical man feared that it might have an unfavourable effect upon the disease. I remonstrated, but to no purpose; and I left a message that I hoped the medical man, who was expected that evening again, would tell him.

On Sunday I walked round to see him after my services, and found him better. There was hope that he would recover. There was a change also in his manner. He wished to know where the verses I had read to him were to be found; he joined heartily in the prayers I

offered up; dwelt especially on one verse I had read, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new;" and heartily said "amen" to the petition that he might become such a new creature.

You will not wonder that I now dwell on these things. The end was close at hand, closer than I then thought; for this, of which I am speaking, was only yesterday, and I am writing in the early morning of Monday. I had intended to see him by nine o'clock to-day, but I was to see him before that time. This morning at early dawn I was awoke by a request to go and see poor Henry. I at once feared the worst. I arose, and in a very few moments was on my way to the farm. The village was quiet, its inhabitants for the most part being wrapped in slumber. The busy smith, the stroke of whose hammer early and late has often been a reproach to me, was not astir. The birds were awake and glad in the early March morning. What a walk it was! how solemn, how prayerful! How weak I felt and ignorant! how completely dependent upon God's Spirit!

Arrived at the house, all the usual signs of sickness and watching are apparent at once. Henry, I learn, is much worse; they are applying a blister, and I must wait a few moments. In the interval, I call in the master and the fellow-servant of the dying man, that we may pray for him. As we rise from our knees, Henry's uncle, who had arrived last night, enters the room; he has been trying, he says, to arrange about his temporal affairs, but can get no definite answer. He thinks that Henry will tell me his wishes. Will I try? I refuse. I have other matters, I say, more important to attend to. They have had all night to arrange about the few clothes, the watch, and arrears of wages; I may have only a few minutes to speak about the soul. Then I ask, Has any one told him his danger since the unfavourable change took place? Can it be believed, he has not yet been told? "O God, and he so near thy judgment!" I go up stairs; he knows me, and grasps my hand. Tenderly I tell him that he cannot live. My heart is full. I beseech him to give me all his attention. He takes some ice to cool his mouth, that he may better attend to me; and then he is "ready." Ready! with that poor weak body, with that fevered brain, with that wandering attention. Is this a condition in which to transact the business of eternity! But he is "ready." Every moment is precious. His mind may wander again directly.

"Henry," I remark to him, "I want you just to think of two things—your sin and your Saviour; put all else away except just those two things. Your sin great—in thought, word, and deed. Conscience will tell you. Try to recollect. You have been sinning since you knew right from wrong; you have forgotten God, refused his invitations, often transgressed against him; your sins in his sight cry against you for judgment; they are a fearful load, and will press you down to hell."

* From a Tract under this title just issued by the Religious Tract Society.

Here was a sermon, upon the receiving of which (humanly speaking) depended his soul's salvation; and yet it had to be compressed into two or three minutes, and this great truth of man's sin to be stated in a few broken words!

And then the Saviour ready to save him—dying to save the lost—willing to receive all who come to him—a perfect, all-powerful, loving Saviour, blotting out as a thick cloud transgressions. Oh, what a message is this to take to a dying man! What other message could suit such a one than that, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?" (Acts xvi. 31).

How thankful we are at such times for the blessed truth of the salvation of the penitent thief—for the type of the brazen serpent—for those words, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah i. 18). He repeats those words, and seems to grasp at them as suited to his case. He takes hold thankfully of the hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and repeats it after me. "Do you repent of your sins, Henry?" "I do." "Do you believe that Jesus takes your sins away?" "I do." Oh! how the minister's soul clings to a straw in such a case. My reason and experience confess these expressions at such a time to be but straws; and yet I cling to them. They are all that I have.

Then the poor fevered brain wanders again. He rises up, and then throws himself down upon his pillow, crying, "It is all darkness." Poor soul! What is it that is darkness? Is it that the windows of the body are growing dim and dark? Or is it that the soul is looking out upon the vast ocean of futurity, and can see nothing but thick darkness and a horrible tempest? Oh, how thick and murky dark it must be at such an hour to every soul that has not the eye of faith, to see Jesus, and the pearly gates of the heavenly Jerusalem to which he is conducting it! "It is all darkness," he cried, as he threw himself down on his pillow. He never stirred again.

By his side I sit, holding his hand in mine, speaking to him though he does not answer, pointing out the way to that poor blind soul,—knowing not what the soul is about, or what consciousness there still may be, but still pointing to Christ, the only refuge, seeking to show the way which is so narrow, and to make it plain and easy, if I may, to this poor soul, after whom the avenger of blood is fast pressing. Is the soul hasting? Does it see the way? Is it faintly pressing on? Is it received within the refuge? Is it safe? Is it acting faith on Christ now, while the body is too weak to express it? I cannot tell. He does not answer my questions.

Still I continue. Text after text, slowly, solemnly, prayerfully, crying for help, I repeat; and then, "Do you hear me, Henry?" After an interval faintly comes the answer, "I hear." He hears; I thank God. The word of God is powerful. That is my hope, even against hope. Again the precious words of Scripture—again questions—but no answer. The soul is looking closely

at eternity now; no leisure to attend to me—no strength. The senses no longer do their office. Still, for the life's sake, I continue repeating the words of God;—a lucid moment may return.

Then we kneel and commend him to God, and cry aloud for him, pleading the merits of the sinner's Saviour.

We rise, and I bid the uncle take my place. The eyes are fixed; there is no pulse. "It is all over," said the uncle. He has passed away without a struggle.

"All over!" Far from it; rather *all begun*. New scenes are opening now upon that soul which has just escaped so silently from the body. What scenes they are—whether light or dark, whether full of joy or agony—I cannot tell. What messengers came to take him hence—whether the ministers of God's awful justice, or the angels of mercy—I know not. I only know that the soul which has just escaped from that body lying before me is now gone before God, to render its account of the deeds done in the body. Did it close, by faith, with Christ's offer of mercy before it left the body? That is the question now—a question which cannot be answered till I myself stand before the same great throne.

All is not over; a larger, longer life has begun, which can never end. Is it for this soul *truly life*, even life eternal? or is it that living death, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?" Reader, may these thoughts sink into your heart and mine. We may be nearer death and judgment than we think we are. The veil that separates time from eternity is very thin, and we may break through it when we least expect it. The moment we do so, a wondrous light will be thrown on all the things of time. How different will they seem to us to what they seem now! Even the minister does not truly realize the vast importance of his work, or the worth of the soul. But the moment we break through that thin veil we shall see and know it all. Then, if you be not in Christ, what misery will await you—what remorse! How you will hate yourself for throwing away eternal joys, and for laying up for yourself a treasury of wrath which shall never be exhausted.

Don't put off repentance and turning to God. You are not stronger than Henry D—. Your life is not more secure. Your sickness may be as short as his—nay, your death may come more suddenly. Even if, on your death-bed, you profess repentance and conversion, how untrustworthy these professions are at such a time! What hope will your friends be able to entertain? What reasonable hope have I of my poor parishioner?

But the bodily life is over, and I turn to leave the room. "Be ye also ready," are my words; "for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Going down stairs, I see in the kitchen the companion of this poor man. I tell him that he is gone, and I beseech him to give his heart to Christ. "I will," he said, sobbing. Will he? It must be my part often to remind him of his promise and of his feelings at that time.

And now I pass out into the open air. It is still early; but what a solemn scene has this day already witnessed! The men are going to their work. The world does not stop though a soul has just departed. How true it is that in the midst of death we are in life, as well as that "in the midst of life we are in death." The activity, the common work, for the moment jars upon my feelings. I speak to the men as I pass. I tell them that the soul is flown; I press upon them the concerns of eternity. And then I come home to pray for myself and for those that remain, and to make this record, that I may be stirred up and reminded in time to come. And may the Holy Spirit impress on every reader the solemn warning of the Saviour's words, "Be ye also ready!"

DOCTRINAL PREACHING.

WHAT can a minister of the gospel preach if he does not preach doctrines? Christianity is nothing else than a system of principles, with their consequent and relevant duties. A state has its bill of rights and statutes, a corporation its constitution and by-laws, astronomy its fixed facts and principles, and arithmetic its rules. Revealed religion, in like manner, has its facts, truths, and doctrines. The relations of men to each other, to God, and to eternity, and the duties growing out of these relations, find a frail foothold and a precarious existence, as pertaining to revelation, till there be a doctrinal body or framework to which they can pertain.

The doctrines of Christianity are as the bones and skeleton of the human body. They determine not only its symmetry and strength, but they predetermine its very existence and continuance. In them are the hidings of power, and around them are the compactness and nobleness of the human structure. The muscles are nothing except as they spring from the bones, and are braced, and strained, and made operative by them. So Christian duties and activities are nothing except as doctrines produce, and invigorate, and perpetuate them.

Physiology teaches us that a good proportion of the nutriment of the child must be adapted to make bones, otherwise there will be in the child imbecility, disease, deformity, and death. And it assures us that something more than a milk diet is needed to furnish this osseous solidity and strength for opening manhood. Theology has suggestions of a like kind, and an old school writer on this topic speaks of those who had used only milk, and could not bear strong meat, and so were feeble and sickly. The duties of the citizen are unfelt, unforced, unknown, except as the principles of the statute-book reveal, suggest, and demand them. The perception of civil justice and the power to administer it, protection in right, a sense of security, and ability to live orderly, useful, and happy lives, spring from and abide in the dry formulas of law. The gospel, in like manner, is a system of doctrines revealing, suggesting,

and demanding a certain manner of life. Precepts grow out of those doctrines, practice is the legitimate fruit of them, and exhortation to duty is based on them. What is Christian life but certain principles in practice? Duty is the offspring of doctrine.

What, then, can a man preach, if he does not preach the doctrines? He can no more come to duties without them than to inferences without premises. He can reach a duty logically, and press it powerfully, only as he starts in the assumption or proof of a doctrine. As well teach practical surveying without previous teaching of the first principles of arithmetic and geometry. This ignoring, therefore, of doctrinal preaching, and this clamour for the "practical" as separate from the other, is a stupendous blunder, and a devout folly. It has in it neither philosophy, common sense, nor Scripture.

Suppose one, in the way of exhortation, or "practical preaching," urge his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. The exhortation or sermon is based on the doctrine that there is a coming wrath. If the hearers are not well persuaded on this point, the exhortation is impotent. It is when Lot believes the angel, and sees the heavenly tempest, that he hastens his steps.

A sinful man is urged to accept salvation by Christ, but that cannot be his duty on your dictum. He has a right and a necessity first to know that he is a sinner, and in a lost state, and that the merit of Jesus Christ has been provided for him, and is adequate, and freely offered, and may be had on trust and a sorrow for sin.

The court-room has no peculiarities, no comforts for the good, or terrors for the evil, till its walls are lettered over with the words of the law. And the plea of the lawyer there, and the solemn session of the jury, have no force except as facts in evidence are urged, and there borne home by the creed of the court and the principles of law.

We are not, therefore, surprised that those preachers who discard the Shorter Catechism, and lightly esteem the use of doctrines in the pulpit, are troubled with a scarcity of Biblical and sacred themes. To meet this difficulty, some reduce the number of religious services on the Sabbath and between the Sabbaths. Others abbreviate their sermons as in an economy of topics and material. And yet others make any and all subjects common to the pulpit that can be forced into seeming relations to moral truth and duty. Indeed, it is a fact notorious, that those pulpits, in all denominations, that have disowned doctrinal preaching, have been the least scrupulous on topics, and the most fruitful of extraneous themes. In proportion as they have departed from the old-school policy and practice of abundant and thorough theological discussions, their pulpit has assimilated itself to the rostrum of the lyceum and the platform of politics, and given itself to intermeddling with extremes of all kinds, and guises on social, moral, and civil questions.

We can appreciate the draft and pressure on the resources, and inventive powers, and tact in using daily

occurrences, of that man who is under contract to preach the gospel through the year, and for years, to the same community, while he or his people have put under ban and embargo the very staple of a gospel sermon.

Some, yielding to this clamour against doctrinal preaching, or gratifying their own inclinations in refraining from it, seek a refuge in the graces of rhetoric and oratory. They revel among adjectives, and disport themselves among tropes and figures. Forgetting that the words of the true preacher are but messengers, they add duplicate wings and the tail of the bird of paradise to their carrier-pigeon. And even then, instead of being loosed and sped on its errand, they keep it pluming itself in its pulpit cage, and showering its added colours and incumbrances to the praise of its owner. And when such preachers add that "bodily exercise which profiteth little," in the pulpit, their great efforts are wonderfully powerful for six or twelve months.

Others indulge in the natural sciences, as showing the glory of God. They speak of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; and they speak of beasts, and fowl, and creeping things, and of fishes. And boarding-school misses, and sophomoric youth, pronounce the preaching "beautiful" and "lovely." And for a season such preachers are the wonder and the admiration of the village.

The artifices of all such as attempt to generate a power for the pulpit, after they have banished its only legitimate force, are of brief success and continuance. Soon their sermons become as a series of circulating decimals, the same integers reappearing with ciphers between.

Herein is disclosed the secret of the failure professional, of so many clergymen in the prime of their days. The graces of composition, the artifices, and captivating accomplishments, and novelties of attitude, gesture, intonation, and expression, lose their power over the same hearers after a little time, or they wear away with the early professional years and ardour of the man. Not having learned to work that ever new, and fresh, and inexhaustible mine of doctrinal theology, his power for the pulpit is now gone. His own people and early admirers weary of him, and perhaps through their own fault, when they tempted him to an exclusion of the doctrinal forces of the pulpit.

The evangelical pulpit shows few sadder sights than a preacher just past his meridian, and by whose rhetoric and delivery audiences were once enchanted and enchained, now able to gain but the most ordinary hearing because of his poverty of thought. The cool temper of ripe years, the same audience, and the sameness of all those devices that once captivated, now compel him to abandon the power of manner, and depend on the power of ideas. And the dependence fails him.

* * * * *

It has been a matter of surprise to many, and speci-

ally to the older membership in our churches, that in the multitude of conversions in latter years there have been so few cases of deep, pungent, and thorough conviction. Their memories go back to days when men waged war with the leading doctrines of grace, and struggled intensely with God, and finally gave up from very exhaustion. And when truly submissive and regenerate, it was with distinct perceptions of truth, and with a cordial acceptance of doctrines once hated, and with a vigour of young life.

In late revivals we have seen but little of this. Men have not so contended with God. The controversies are milder, and the settlement of them appears more in the nature of a truce, treaty, or compromise. As the conflict was not so sharp, the submission has not been so deep, even if total. The change from foe to friend has not been so obvious and marked. We have missed what the old divines and good biographers speak of as "the law work."

The explanation of this difference between ancient and modern conversions is found mostly in the character of the means used now and then to bring men from the power of Satan unto God. By the law is the knowledge of sin. But the law has not been preached so much. The doctrines of depravity, regeneration by God only, and only in whom he will, the justice of God as vindicated and satisfied in a vicarious atonement, and in the everlasting punishment of those who ultimately despise it, have generally had no such complete and distinct and abundant utterance, as they had thirty and fifty years ago.

A dim outline of truth necessarily furnishes a dim perception of it, a feeble struggle and conviction under it, and a quiet, unmarked conversion. It seems more a conversion of policy than of heart. The pulse of the new life beats feebly, because the generating instrumentality—the Word, was itself but feebly furnished and used. Men skilled to play on the feelings have succeeded in raising them to an unwonted height, and on this flood-tide persons have been carried over into the kingdom.

It is not impossible to conceive of a new creation in the adult heart where the means themselves are so superficial, and the passage from the old to the new is so comparatively easy. But in such case we must not be surprised at feeble and dwarfed results.

The means most abundant, and apparently most successful, in the last great national revival, were prayer-meetings. The services in them were brief, varied, and exciting. The narrow limits of time, and the number of speakers, forbade any great amount of doctrinal instruction. The addresses were hortatory, abrupt, and compact. The meetings were not so much for instructing as for exciting, nor were the feeling and excitement too great, if they had been suitably balanced by doctrinal truths. And moreover, many of these meetings were "Union Meetings," from which, of necessity and courtesy, several of the leading doctrines, and those

specially serviceable in the revivals of Edwards's day were excluded.

Had the doctrines been suppressed in the preaching of that Master in Israel, which we consent to exclude in our theory of "Union Prayer Meetings," he would have had scanty material for a "Narrative of Surprising Conversions." The power of his sermons lay much in a cluster of doctrines that a later and "improved" theology does not make very conspicuous in the pulpit or pew.

Feeble doctrines must be followed by feeble conversions, if any follow. The utterances of the children will be faint and stammering, and "half in the speech of Ashdod."

It has also been a matter of surprise, that with the vast additions to the Evangelical Church, as the fruit of the late revival, so little working strength has been added. Probably never in the same space of time, have so many assumed the vows of the Church. Yet, drawing illustration of one point from only one source, the treasures of our national and state benevolent societies have shown but faint evidence of this great revival, and unusual enlargement of the catalogue of the Church.

Why is this? Our discussion explains it. A conversion through the feelings and emotions is not so radical and so total as a conversion through the doctrines, and one's creed and principles. The emotional conversion works on the surface of the man; the depths remain unmoved. It does not extend thoroughly to his shop, and farm, and office, and profession, to his mortgages and stocks. They are not converted. There is not vitality and compass enough in the work to extend to them. A feeble conviction, and feeble conversion through the feelings, produce a feeble Christian. Not coming into the kingdom through a belief of all the truth, there is not the abundant material of truths with which to constitute a symmetrical and strong new man. He is rather an emotional Christian. The various winds of doctrine sway him. He is wanting in stability, and is a man of moods and tenses. And his donations are affected and reduced by this type of his piety, for the gifts of feeling are but a small per cent of the gifts of principle. As a man with no creed can have no Christian character, so the less the creed the fewer the Christian graces and forces. A minimum creed produces a minimum piety.—*Boston Review*.

"A PRAYER OF MOSES, THE MAN OF GOD."

PSALM XC.

(Continued from page 271.)

HAVING thus briefly glanced at this Psalm, as written by Moses for these much-erring, but penitent Israelites, and as probably then often sung by them, let us now for a little think of it in its wider aspect, as intended for all ages, as written for our own admonition and instruction in righteousness; for our condition in this

world resembles in many respects what theirs was then, and the prayers which they were in this Psalm instructed to offer, are equally suitable for us. Like them we find our lot assigned to us in a place where there are many things which should lead us to think of God. If the scenery of that wilderness had, as we think it must have had, such an effect on the mind of the Israelites, so in the world in which we find ourselves there is much which ought to raise our thoughts to the eternal and self-existent One.

Some discoveries of these latter ages have given a new and peculiar interest to such words as meet us here, "*Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting thou art God.*"

But no such discoveries bring us any nearer the comprehension of God's eternity. However far or high we go there is still an infinite distance between us and him. We know but a small part of his ways. Clouds and darkness are round about him. We cannot by searching find out God, we cannot find out the Almighty to perfection.

Compared with this glorious Being, what is man!—poor, feeble, helpless, dependent, ever liable to vicissitude and change; and to whom can we cling in our need and helplessness, and where can we find a refuge, unless in Him who can at all times and in every possible situation shield and defend us; where can we find a home and resting-place for our hearts but in Him, who, though he is the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, regards with love and favour the humble and the poor—who has been the dwelling-place of his people in all generations, and who will be ours also if we put our trust in him. We too, however, are all naturally under the frown and displeasure of the Almighty. Like the Israelites, we are doomed to fall in the wilderness. The sentence has gone forth against us, "*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;*" and in every death, and funeral, and open grave, this sentence is fulfilled. This is the voice which sounds everywhere throughout the world, "*Return, ye children of men.*" The flood of death flows ceaselessly, by which the successive generations of our race are carried away. When God first pronounced that sentence, all our race were included in it, just as certainly as if they had all been one day alive together on the earth, and the next day swept away together to the tomb. Time makes a difference in our eyes; the six thousand years during which this sentence has been accomplishing; but it can make none in the view of Him in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night.

Thus we are consumed by God's anger—no sooner born than we begin to die, carrying about with us the seeds of mortality, the sentence of death; our life's journey—a journey to the grave. We are also troubled by his wrath; for what are the numberless calamities of life, continually occurring, but special manifestations of

that wrath. It may be true that some of these calamities, some of the wars, for example, which now and again trouble and desolate the earth, are not without counterbalancing advantages. They are just and necessary, men say,—the price which must sometimes be paid for our temporal possessions, and the liberties we prize so much. It may be so; but the question recurs, why should it be necessary to purchase freedom at such a cost? And the only possible answer is, that we are in a fallen world, that by these things God visits us for our sins, and that we are therefore to regard them as tokens of his wrath. How much, then, does our condition in this world resemble that of the Israelites! We receive, indeed, as they did, many proofs of God's goodness. He makes his sun to shine on us, and sustains us in the wilderness as he sustained them. Still, we also are consumed by his anger and troubled by his wrath, and like them we may say, "Who knoweth the power of thine anger?" Its full power we do not see or experience in this present life, for in wrath he remembers mercy. But the Scriptures warn us in many places, that a day is coming when that wrath of God, which is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness shall be poured out, and that they who now refuse to humble themselves under God's mighty hand, who despise his correction in this state of trial and discipline through which they are passing, and who continue impenitent and unbelieving, are treasuring up to themselves wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.

If these be just views of our condition, nothing can be more appropriate to our case than the prayers with which the Psalm concludes. One of these we have in the twelfth verse, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,"—a prayer naturally suggested by the consideration of the misery, vanity, and shortness of this present life. In which it is implied also that there is a future life beyond, and that miserable, vain, and brief though this present life be, man is accountable to God for the way in which he spends it; and that as he sows in this world, he shall reap in the next. This prayer, therefore, strongly suggests the idea of a future state. "If the dead rise not," argues the apostle, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" and so, had *they* not believed in a future life, might the Israelites have reasoned then. But the fact of their using such a prayer as this, implies that while they knew they must die in the wilderness, and could not enter into the promised land, there was yet a land of everlasting rest beyond the grave, at which, by numbering and spending their days aright, they might at last arrive.

This, then, is the full statement of the case—a vain and transitory existence here—a dispensation of judgment, and an endless duration hereafter. The prayer arises out of our mingled hopes and fears—the fear of becoming worse, more miserable; the hope, by a wise employment of our days, that we may redeem them

from vanity, and fill them with meaning and significance as they bear upon our future state.

The importance of this prayer appears, especially when we remember that our *everlasting* condition is determined and fixed at death, and that the error of a misspent life is one which can never be retrieved. Comparing one part of this life with another, it is possible to compensate to some extent for neglect and folly in one period, by more care and diligence in the next. The errors of youth may to some extent, though only very partially—often not at all—be retrieved in maturer years. But between the brief space of this life and the eternal state beyond, there are no intervening spaces—no successive periods of threescore and ten, or fourscore years—in which neglect in one of them may be redeemed in another. This is a very awful truth, but it is as clearly revealed as any other. The Saviour of the world himself tells us that after death there is a great gulph fixed, and that, on the last judgment taking place, the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

The whole tenor of the Scriptures is to the same effect. We might, perhaps, wish it could be otherwise, and that our state of trial and probation did not terminate with the present life. But to such an idea the Bible gives no countenance; and let a man admit it into his mind, and he will find he has given up, not one only, but many articles of his faith. He will feel his sense of God's holiness and justice, and of the awful sanctions of the divine law, to be immediately lowered, and the necessity for Christ's atonement vanishing away; and that, instead of receiving the kingdom of God as a little child, satisfied with this that the Judge of all the earth shall do right, and that what he knows not now he shall know hereafter, he is making his own human reason and his own ungodly inclinations the standard to which these questions are to be referred. It is the belief of the great truths so plainly revealed to us in the word of God that we are now on our trial for eternity—that the present dispensation of grace is to be succeeded by a dispensation of judgment, when the mystery of God shall be finished, and he shall render to every man according to his works,—it is this which gives emphasis and meaning to the prayer, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," &c.

The prayers which follow, for the mitigation and removal of affliction, every thoughtful person, who lives for any time in this world, will find too sure and abundant cause to offer up; and He who afflicteth not willingly, nor grieves the children of men, gives us every encouragement to do so, assuring us that if we call on him in the day of trouble he will deliver us.

Especially must we desire that these afflictions should accomplish in us the ends for which they were designed,—that "God's work"—the end he has in view in these afflictions—may "appear" to us,—and that, returning to him, we may be "early satisfied with his mercy"—a prayer in which gleams of immortality again break forth, for

the "early" cannot here mean the season of youth as a distinctive portion of our life, but must mean the present time, this present life as a whole, which is but the beginning, the morning of our immortal existence; so that, if now satisfied with God's mercy, we shall rejoice and be glad in him all our days. If we come to Jesus Christ, and in earnest faith avail ourselves of the mercy offered us in him, all will be well. Light will break in on the very darkest of God's dispensations towards us in our journey through the wilderness; we shall look forward to the future with confidence and joy. But if we refuse to do so, if we neglect this great salvation, if we slight God's love in the gift of his Son, we may well expect the darkness of spiritual death, and, at length, of eternal death, to gather more deeply and hopelessly around us.

These are appropriate and interesting prayers also with which the Psalm concludes,—prayers very needful for us, if we could learn how, thoughtfully, to utter them as the expressions of our own desires. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." What is the beauty of the Lord? We may say that all beauty is his. His is the beauty of the outward and material world, from which our first impressions of the beautiful are derived. He is the Creator of it all—from the stars which shine in the firmament, to the lowliest flowers, of which Jesus said that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." All are his glorious works, and there is a sweetness and purity in them which seems silently to rebuke the ungodliness of man. Even over that wilderness in which the Israelites wandered, a marvellous beauty was poured forth; but as then, so still, how often is it displayed in vain? How many walk abroad amid the fairest scenes of this earth, whose hearts, unloving and unthankful, are anything but in harmony with the objects surrounding them—in whom these objects excite no feelings of gratitude to Him whose overflowing and tender goodness has prepared and furnished for them such a home? How well may we say, as we contemplate these works, "All, except man, is divine." There is beauty in the world without, but none in the heart within. This is what we need—an inward, a moral beauty, the beauty of holiness. This is what we are to understand by "the beauty of the Lord." His holiness was represented to the ancient Church by types and symbols, in the adornings of the tabernacle, the garments of the High Priest, and in various other ways; to us, more gloriously in the person of the Son—in the life on earth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—in the example which he left us that we should walk in his steps. When, therefore, we pray that the beauty of the Lord may be upon us, we pray that we may be made like Christ—that his beauty may be taken and put upon us. This was the purpose for which he came. He took our sin upon himself that his holiness and righteousness might be made over to us. Blessed exchange! He wrought out that righteousness by his obedience to God's holy

law, in our room and stead; and, when we so receive him, we are covered with the robes of righteousness, and clothed with the garments of salvation. We obtain an interest in that righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe. The work of real and internal sanctification then begins to be accomplished in our hearts, by which we are transformed into the likeness of Christ, and made to bear the image of the heavenly. This must be the work referred to in the concluding portions of the Psalm: "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." What must our work needs be, before we can calmly look up to God, and ask him to establish it? Is the attainment of wealth our work—or the pursuit of pleasure—or is the making some provision for ourselves and our family the object on which our heart is set? Or is our work to combine these things as much as possible together—discharging, in some degree, life's duties, but still with our temporal advancement and present gratification mainly in view? Then we may doubt, if, with a calm and serene spirit, we can look up to God and ask him to establish it. It were to ask him to perform an impossibility,—to establish what cannot be established—to establish what has within itself the seeds and elements of dissolution and decay. But if we seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness—if we make it our work to strive against sin and to follow after holiness—if it be our chief care how we may best avail ourselves of God's offered mercy, and best profit by his various dealings towards us as we journey through life—if we make it our work to form a character for heaven, and to prepare ourselves for a higher and holier state of being,—then we may confidently commit this work to God, not only as one which possesses in itself the principles of duration and permanence, but as a work which it is the object of all his dealings with his children to have effected in them.

J. K.

MISCELLANIES.

"PULLING THEM OUT OF THE FIRE."

A YOUTHFUL pastor sat by the sick-bed of an aged Christian, from whose religious experience he had drawn many instructive and consoling lessons. He had been reading aloud, at her request, the Epistle of Jude. She remarked, "That twenty-third verse has a wonderful significance to me, for it reminds me of an exciting incident of my early life, and its effect upon my religious character.

"I was just recovering from a severe sickness, and was still so weak as to be quite exhausted by the effort of walking across the room, when my father's house took fire and was burned to the ground. The flames burst out at midnight. I was awake, and had been for some time listening to a faint crackling without un-

understanding its terrible import. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me. I sprang from my bed, and, although so weak, succeeded in rousing the different members of the family, and they were soon all assembled, with the exception of one of the servant-girls. Could it be that she had again fallen asleep? I rushed to her room, and found her in a profound slumber, while the glare of light was so intense that I felt sure the roof was blazing over our heads. I shrieked her name; she moved uneasily, and slumbered on. I struck her with all my force, but with little more effect; a slight movement, a few muttered words of impatience, and she was again asleep. With the strength of despair I took hold of her, and, large and heavy though she was, dragged her to the floor. The fall awoke her, and she was saved. Not more than a moment after our escape, the roof fell in, and the room was wrapt in flames.

"Years after, this incident came before my mind as a rebuke for my indifference to the welfare of souls around me. I had made desperate, almost superhuman, efforts to save that poor life which, cherish it as we may, and prolonged to its utmost extent, is but as the fading flower; but what had I done for souls? They were slumbering in false security, while the fire that never shall be quenched was slowly gaining upon them, and would soon envelope them for ever, and I had been at ease, or had only put forth feeble efforts to save them. A deep sense of guilt settled down on my heart. I feared that the blood of souls would be found on my garments. My distress of mind was such as to impair my health, until, in my anguish, I went to the Saviour, confessed my sin, and found how much he can forgive, and how ready he is to give grace and strength for the performance of duty. Through his assistance I endeavoured to put forth as earnest efforts for the precious life of the soul as I had once done for that of the body."

All unconsciously to herself the aged woman had said the word in season which that pastor needed, for he, too, had faltered in his Master's service; the love of souls was fading out of his heart, and things temporal were taking that place in his thoughts which should have been occupied by the Eternal; but He who often speaks through the still, small voice, made this simple story the means of rousing him from his slothfulness. He seemed from this day to have received a new baptism of the Spirit; and, through weariness and exhaustion, through trial and discouragement, he laboured on until he had worn out his mortal frame, and was called to his rest. Often, when his efforts to rouse the attention of the impenitent seemed fruitless, he called to remembrance his friend's story, and would say to himself, "I must be more in earnest; I must take hold of sinners and drag them from eternal burning."

ALL RIGHT AND ALL WRONG.

I ONCE conversed with a middle-aged man, and endeavoured to impress upon his mind the importance of

attending to the salvation of his soul. He met me with the reply, that he believed it was "all right" with him. He was habitually a Sabbath-breaker, profane and intemperate, but was kind in his family, and obliging as a neighbour; and repeatedly he assured me that he had always meant to do right, and that he considered this as good as anybody's religion.

Before long, wasting consumption fastened upon that man, and he expressed a willingness to die, if his Creator willed it, because he had found this a hard world, and he was willing to go and be out of trouble. I spoke to him of salvation by Jesus Christ, provided as an inheritance in heaven for every sinner who believes in him, and put the question whether he had got a good title to that inheritance.

"No," he said, "I have not."

"You must get a title," I said to him, kindly. "As you look over these fields around you, they look beautiful, but it makes a great difference with you whether or not you have a good title to them, and can say, 'They are mine.' As a sinner, you have forfeited heaven, and now you can only recover a title through Christ, and be admitted there as a saved sinner."

One day I saw that he appeared differently from what he had before, and on asking him how his past life appeared to him, he replied, with solemn emphasis, "It looks bad, sir; it is wrong, *all wrong*." I pointed him to the Lamb of God.

What opposite views men take at different times of their own characters! Under the influence of self-flattering and false views and feelings at one time, they think their life all right. At another time, they look upon the same life, and pronounce it all wrong, and find no good thing in it. "All these have I kept from my youth up," said the young ruler to Jesus. Yet, he lacked a title to the "treasure in heaven."

Beware of founding your hope of eternal life on a superficial and partial judgment of your life. Look down deeper into your heart; examine the motives which are the springs of your action; analyze your character by the light of God's law. Then you will see, by the help of the Holy Spirit, that you need a Saviour, and will feel the worth and sufficiency of Christ.

The feelings and interests of sinners warp their judgment, and lead them into disastrous mistakes about themselves and the course of conduct which they are pursuing. The sinner feels reluctant to condemn himself and to see that he is in danger. He takes a partial view of his life; he looks at some fair fruit of his character; and hastily ventures to presume that all is right, and that he is safe for eternity, though other parts of his life are palpably at variance with the law of God, and though all parts of his character are far removed from obedience to God. Rebels against righteous government seek self-justification, and they must soon lose their courage, if they fail to persuade themselves that they have a good cause. But it is a brief and delusive advantage which they gain by falsehood or vaunt-

ing self-flattery. So sinners may deceive themselves, and imagine that all is peace and safety, when sudden destruction is impending. Be honest with your own soul. God is not mocked. Seek to know the worst of your own case, and look to Christ, who is able to save.—*Tract Journal.*

"A MAN OVERBOARD."

I CAN never forget the thrill of horror that went through us when it was announced to our ship's company that there was a man overboard. It was on a bright and beautiful morning in May. For more than two weeks previous we had been tossed hither and thither in the Mediterranean by strong head-winds, or lazily floating on waters unruffled by a breeze. Now, at length, our impatient wishes were gratified. We were exceedingly joyous to find ourselves not only "homeward bound," but homeward *borne* at a very rapid rate, before a strong wind directly aft. As we stood on deck drinking in the delicious breeze, and gazing with delight upon the charming scenery of the distant coast of Southern Europe, suddenly all was confusion. By some mishap, a sailor had plunged into the surging waters, and was struggling fearfully for his life in the wake of the vessel, while the distance between him and a rescuing arm rapidly increased. Instantly all were aroused to the momentous and imperious urgency of his case. As speedily as possible the vessel's career was checked and boats were sent forth to the rescue, while we stood trembling with solicitude as we awaited the result.

After a few minutes, which seemed to us painfully long, all hearts were lightened, and all eyes glistened with joy as the rescue of the struggling, perhaps almost despairing, man was ascertained. And when he was laid at last on deck, alive and safe, there went up a shout of gladness such as a similar scene alone could awaken.

As, in subsequent years, I have often recalled the scene of that beautiful morning at sea, I have been led to ask how it comes to pass that we are so indifferent to the condition of our fellow-men who are all around us in perils immeasurably more fearful than any ever known to the sea. I gazed the other day on a young soldier. He was in a deplorable condition. In his intoxication, awful oaths poured from his lips at every breath, like a torrent. He had incurred the disgrace of being ejected from the carriages on one of our railways, and was ready to kill any man who should take the part of the conductor against him. As prudently as the circumstances admitted I inquired into his case, his history, and his plans, and I soon learned enough from him to extort from me the sigh, almost in audible words: "Alas! another man overboard, and no one to care about it." I should not say, "no one." There were several, including, I am happy to say, one of his comrades in arms, who were evidently deeply moved and pained, and would have

gladly rescued the poor young man, if, in the brief hour of our meeting, it had been possible. But there were others, including, I fear, the great majority, who seemed wholly indifferent. Some even made themselves merry at the scene. And as I, from necessity, turned away from the man, I could not avoid the conviction that, if when he first plunged overboard from the restraints of virtue into the boiling sea of vice, kind friends had interested themselves in his rescue, and had laid hold upon him with the strong arms of Christian love, he might have been saved. When I consider in what a fearful sea he is now to be tossed, far away amid the vices of the camp, I can hardly entertain a hope in this case, though I would not despair.

But the case of this young man is by no means a rare one. All around us in the ocean of busy life, are immortal men, who, some in this way and some in that, are plunging into the perilous deep of temptation only to be drawn, if not rescued, into the vortex of certain destruction. Yet how faintly is it realized! How few are roused to the magnitude of the interests at stake! Where, oh where, are those whose duty it is to man the life-boat and go forth to the rescue? If the cry, "*A man overboard!*" so thrills a ship's company with anxiety, and so stirs them to effort for the rescue of the sinking mariner, what interest should be felt, and what effort should be put forth, for the salvation of a perishing yet undying soul? And if shouts of joy go up over one rescued from the perils of the deep, what joy should be expressed when a sinner is saved? Surely his salvation is sufficient to explain those words of Jesus, "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

A LARGE CONGREGATION.

SAID a good deacon to me: "When we were without a pastor, and the people were scattered, I went at the ringing of the bell to worship God. A few came and went away, supposing there would be no meeting. I had selected the hymns, a chapter to read, and a sermon. I waited, and thought, though none are here besides me, it is the place of my accustomed worship; here my covenant-vows were given; here I will stay, and call the *host of heaven* to hear. And so I sang, and prayed, and read an excellent sermon, and felt that I had a *large congregation*."

Was not this the right spirit, the faith "once delivered to the saints?"

Let those members of the Churches who wander from their altars at the impulse of curiosity or prejudice, ponder the question. How often the voice of the Lord, as of old, might be heard by many on the Sabbath day, "*To your tents, O Israel!*"

And it is a precious thought, that a solitary faithful soul may have "the host of heaven" about him in his humble worship of a present God.—*Tract Journal.*

TREASURY PULPIT.

INCREASE OF GRACE.

"We beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more."—1 THESS. IV. 10.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

CREATION, so far at least as concerns this world, has been compared to a pyramid. Beginning with the mineral, passing upward into the vegetable, and rising into the animal kingdom, we find man standing on its apex, the crowning work of God. In defining the limits of these kingdoms, Linnæus, the father of botany, says, that "minerals grow; that vegetables grow and live; that animals grow, live, and feel." He makes growth common to them all; and in older days than his, some held that even stones and metals, as well as plants and animals, spring from seed. But though certain metals, in their native state, assume the arborescent form, and crystals increase in size, and coral forests, throwing out arms like trees, spring from the bottom of the sea, yet no mineral substance can, properly speaking, be said to grow. Growth, that active power by which the ox converts the grass of the meadow into red flesh, and foul manures into the sweetest odours, and by which all plants and animals appropriate to themselves such materials as are fitted to preserve their being and increase their bulk, is a property that belongs to life. It is only living things that grow; and all living things do grow. Be it the lichen that clings to the rock, or the eagle that has her nest on its craggy shelf, or man that rends its heart with powder and draws the gold from its bowels,—from the germ out of which they spring they grow onwards to maturity; in the words of my text, they "increase more and more."

These words are as true of spiritual as of natural life. According to heathen fables, Minerva, the goddess of wisdom and daughter of Jupiter, sprung full-grown and full-armed from her father's head. No man thus comes from the hand of the Holy Spirit, in sudden, mature, perfect saintship. There is nothing in the spiritual world resembles this; no, nor even what the natural world presents in the development of the insect tribes. During their last and perfect stage, in the condition, as it is called, of the *imago*, be their life long or short, they undergo no increase. So soon as the green worm that once crawled on the ground, and fed on garbage, bursting its coffin-shell, comes forth a creature with silken wings, to roam in the sunny air, to sleep by night on a bed of flowers, and by day banquet on their nectar, it grows no more, neither larger nor wiser; its flight and its faculties being as perfect on the day of what may be called its new birth, as when, touched by early frosts

or drowned in rain, it dies. Here, indeed, we have a symbol of the resurrection body as it shall step from the tomb,—in beauty perfect, in growth mature; henceforth to undergo through eternal ages neither change nor decay. It is otherwise with the renewed soul. Before it, in righteousness, and knowledge, and true holiness, stretches a field of illimitable progress,—upwards, onwards,—even to what it shall be for ever approaching, yet never reach, the throne of God.

Meanwhile, to confine our views only to this world,—who knows his short-comings and laments them; who feels with Paul that he has not yet attained, or is already perfect, that he is far from perfect; that he is not what he ought to be, and might have been, but will feel how appropriate to all, even to the best of us, are these words of exhortation, "We beseech you, brethren"—by the mercies of God, by the cross of Christ, by your hopes of heaven,—for the glory of Jesus' name, and the good of his Church,—for your own sakes, your purity, your peace, your joy, your fitness for heaven, and growth in grace,—"we beseech you that ye increase more and more?"

I. In what are we to increase?

"Thou hast multiplied the nation," says the prophet, "and not increased the joy." There is little or no advantage in the increase of some things; these may but increase our danger; add to our cares, and lay weightier burdens on the back of life. Hear the wise man, "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase." More riches will certainly not make us happier; they may not even make us richer. The expenditure grows in proportion to the increase of income; and so again the wise man says, "When goods increase, they increase that eat them; and what good is there to the owner thereof?" Good! On the contrary, "The sleep of a labouring man is sweet," says Solomon, "but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun; riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt." We have seen that, as well as Solomon.

Nor is the increase even of wisdom—though a higher and nobler pursuit—without its own drawbacks. It is harder to work with the brain than with the hands; to hammer out thoughts than iron. Not to be acquired

but by toil and self-denial, at the expense often of health, always of labour, and sometimes, as where the pale student feeds his midnight lamp with the oil of life, at the expense of life itself, we may say, to quote again the words of Solomon, "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow"—"Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh."

It is not increase of these things at which my text calls us to aim. It is increase of such riches as do not make it more difficult, but more easy, to get to heaven; of the wisdom that humbles rather than puffs up its possessor; of a beauty, unlike woman's, which is rather the shield than the snare of virtue; of graces which, unlike a fair form or lovely countenance, defy the ravages of time, and grow more beautiful with age. It is increase of those spiritual endowments which are thus catalogued by Paul as fruits of the Holy Spirit—"Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" it is more humility, more docility, more acts of self-denial and works of eternity; more prayer and watchfulness; a more tender conscience, and a closer walk with God; a more heavenly temper and a holier life. In all these, and especially in the love that is the spring of all, "I beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more."

II. How we are to increase in these.

1. We are to increase equally.

All our graces are to be cultivated; none of them are to be neglected. If one side of a tree grows, and the other does not, the tree acquires a crooked form—is a misshapen thing. And monsters among mankind are made, not only by want of parts, as when the body wants a limb, or the face an eye, or the leg a foot, or the arm a hand, but also by some one part growing in excess of others. Analogous in its results to these things is the unequal growth of Christian graces. Let fear, for example, godly fear, that safeguard of the soul, grow out of due proportion to faith, and the result is a dull, gloomy, despondent, unhappy Christian. Or, let zeal, that grace which makes us like a flaming fire in the service of our God, grow more than knowledge, prudence, wisdom, and like a machine without director, or balance-wheel, generating steam faster than it can use it, zeal bursts into extravagance, and carries a man away into the regions of wild fanaticism. There are differences, springing from constitutional peculiarities, or early education, among Christians, which grace will modify, but never altogether eradicate on this side the grave. No doubt all Bunyan's pictures were painted from life—as well Mr. Great-heart the giant-killer and hero of a hundred battles, as Mr. Feeble-mind, who started at his own shadow and trembled at the falling of a leaf. There are also differences among Christians which imply no defect, just as there are in countenances which are very different, and yet, be the complexions dark or fair, the hair of golden colour or like the raven's

wing, are very beautiful. We do not expect or even wish all to be alike, any more than I would have all flowers alike—none but roses in the garden, or daisies in the field; the Church as well as the meadows below, or the star-spangled heavens above, owing its beauty in part to that variety in unity which marks all the works of God, and mars none of them.

Some saints are remarkable for having one grace in peculiar prominence—faith, for instance, or resignation, or courage, or zeal, or benevolence. Yet though this may draw most eyes upon them, and go most to secure their praise, if not "in all the churches" in their neighbourhood, or even in their nation, these are not the most perfect specimens of Christianity. It is with men as with trees; the more perfect the form of the tree, the more perfect the proportion between its trunk and branches, between its height and width, it strikes the eye the less; and it is only on a near approach and closer scrutiny that we take in its size, and gaze with wonder on its towering form, and enormous girth.

The most perfect Christian is he who has all his graces, like the strings of an angel's harp, in the most perfect harmony. Such being the case, we are to beware of cultivating one grace, or attending to any one duty at the expense of others. That is possible, and never more likely to happen than in these days of active Christian benevolence. Treading in our Master's steps, we are to go about doing good; yet we may undertake so many works of Christian benevolence as to trench on the hours that should be sacred to devotion. In seeking to do good to others, we may so neglect the cultivation of our own hearts, the duties we owe to our own families, as to have to cry with the man of old, "They made me keeper of vineyards, and mine own vineyard I have not kept." On the other hand, like a lark that goes up soaring and singing in heaven, while below the hawk is rifling her nest, we may spend our hours in devotional exercises, in communion with saints and with God, when we should be down here; fighting with the devil; alleviating human misery; righting the wrongs of the oppressed; raising the fallen; reforming the vicious; helping humanity, and by God's help plucking the prey from the lion's jaws. The head, the heart, the hand—doctrine, devotion, work, are each of them to have their due share of our time and attention; we working on our life like the ancient sculptor on the dead marble, when he produced forms where each feature was not only beautiful in itself, but also in perfect proportion to every other. On this account these statues of his divinities, the admiration of all ages, are the perfect models of men and women. Even so it is by growing equally in the knowledge, and the love, and the life of Christ, that we reach the true model of a Christian, and, to use Paul's words, "grow into a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

2. We are to increase constantly.

This idea is embodied in all the figures under which our spiritual life is set forth in the word of God. Is it

a seed? So soon as the seed is quickened where it lies buried in the soil, it grows; grows night and day; grows beneath the foot that tramples on it; piercing the rugged clod, turning and twining to round the corner of a stone, and shooting its way upward, till it see the blessed light, and drink the dews of heaven—on and ever on it grows, rising and ripening, till sickles flash, and reapers sing where winter howled over fields of snow. Is it the day? From the first faint streak of light that our eye catches on the eastern horizon, how steadily it grows! hill and dale, shore and sea below becoming more and more distinct; one star disappearing after another in the grey sky; the fleecy clouds changing into opal, and amber, and purple, and burning gold, until the sun springs up flaming from his ocean bed; and the flowers open their eyes, and the birds sing for joy, and the waves flash and dance in light, and the earth rejoices in perfect day. Is it human life? Hanging on a mother's bosom, first sleeping, then smiling in her arms; on little feet balancing itself so beautifully; trying its first tottering steps; speaking its first stammering words; its affections and faculties opening like the petals of a flower, how does the infant grow with each successive year—infancy growing into prattling childhood; childhood into blooming youth; youth into ripened manhood, till the hand that was once pleased with a toy, yonder amid royal pageant, and the blare of trumpets, and the boom of cannon, waves the sceptre of empire over an acclaiming throng—or till the voice that was once but a feeble wail, commands on the reeling deck, or amid the roar of battle; here stirs the deepest passions, or there stills the tumults of the people.

Such is the way that we should grow—should pray, should labour, should strive to grow. Growth is slow and silent—you neither see nor hear it; yet see in these cases what steady, constant growth achieves in the natural world. Should it do less in the spiritual? Is God less omnipotent in grace than nature? By no means. "My grace," he says, "is sufficient for thee,"—sufficient for that. Would we rise every morning both to get and to do some good; to cultivate some grace and mortify some sin; to live more holily than yesterday—not to say its bad words, nor indulge its bad wishes, nor repeat its bad deeds; from the experience of the past to learn where we should watch, which is our weak side, what are our besetting sins, taking such measures against these as a man who strengthens the dyke where the last flood broke through, or doubles his sentries where the enemy last surprised him,—what progress we should make! every day we should be a stage nearer heaven. If not every day, every year at least, would present a palpable, sensible progress: it were as easy to tell how long it is since a man was born the second time, as the first; his spiritual as his natural age; the years of his new life as the years of a tree by the rings that every season adds to its circumference.

The nearer we reach the summit of a hill, the climb is harder; and the higher the eagle soars, ever mounting

into thinner air, its flight grows more arduous. Now, both in the case of the foot that stands on the snowy peak of the highest Alp, and of the wing that cleaves the sky above it, there is a point where progress ceases—this foot can climb, that wing can fly no higher. It is quite otherwise with spiritual progress. The higher a believer rises in grace, his ascent becomes the easier, and he never reaches a point where progress ceases. Begun on earth, it is continued in heaven; the field that lies before us is illimitable—stretching beyond the grave and above the stars.

Man, as to his body, grows into maturity, and then returns on his course. He goes down as he went up—the hair drops from his head; the teeth fall from his jaws; the light fades in his eye; he enters on the stage of a second childhood; and at length, naked as he came from his mother's womb, naked he returns hither. The emblem of his life is the day: first the grey dawn; then sunrise; then the sun flaming in the zenith; then sinking lower and lower, he wheels his course down the western sky; then he sets; then fading twilight; and then the depth of night. How unlike this to the progress of the spirit! Its course ever onwards, upwards, Godward, it presents a case somewhat analogous to the mathematical paradox of two bodies that are ever approaching, and yet, though moving through infinite space and for eternal ages, never meet, and never can meet. Even so, though they shall never reach the infinite height and perfection of divinity, the saints in glory, constantly ascending, shall be ever approaching it. And thus death, though in a sense we shall be made perfect then, and enter on a state of rest, shall not arrest our onward, upward progress. Our life is like a ship working its way down a river, where the water grows deeper, and the banks grow wider, and the view is more expanded as we advance, till at death, as there, where the waves roar upon the bar, we shall pass out on a great, broad, shoreless ocean, on which, with no limits bounding our progress, we shall advance evermore—growing in the knowledge, and love, and likeness of Christ with the ages of eternity, increasing yet "more and more."

3. We are to make efforts to grow.

Some men have mooted the absurd notion that that peculiar adaptation of the bodies of certain animals to their habits, in which we see the wisdom of their Maker, has resulted from the efforts which they made to adapt themselves to their circumstances—that the heron, for instance, by stretching itself to stand out of the water got its limbs lengthened into stilts, and had its neck also lengthened by its constant efforts to strike the fish at the bottom of the pool. Anything more absurd, as applied to natural objects, cannot be imagined. Yet the effort, even the very wish to be good has, with God's blessing and the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, a tendency to improve us—in the attempt to be better we grow better, even as the flapping of a nestling's wing, impotent though it be, fits its pinions for future flight, or as the creep-

ing of an infant is both a prelude and preparation for its walking. It is to efforts, not to idleness, to supineness, to sleep, that God promises the blessings—those heavenly aids, without which a giant's arm, to say nothing of an infant's, shall never snap the feeblest cord that binds us to earth and sin. God works, and we are to be fellow-workers with him, that we may "increase more and more."

Cast a sponge into water, and, the fluid filling its empty cells, it swells out before our eyes; increases more and more. There is no effort here, and could be none; for though once a living animal, the sponge is now both dead and dry. But it is not as sponges fill with water, nor, to use a Scripture figure often employed and sometimes misapplied, as Gideon's fleece was filled with dews, that God's people are replenished with his grace. More is needed than simply to bring ourselves in contact with ordinances,—to read the Bible—to repair on Sabbath to the church—to sit down in communion seasons at the Lord's table. The babe is brought in contact with a mother's breast; but is laid there only to die, unless, with slumbering instincts awakened, it fasten and suck; drawing out by efforts of its own a nourishment provided for it independent of itself; and there, drawing life from a mother's bosom, it lies in her arms, the symbol of him who hangs by faith on Christ, and fed on the sincere milk of the word is nourished up in grace and into the likeness and image of God. And after all, this picture of a babe lying in a mother's arms, and by instinctive efforts drawing nourishment from her bosom, conveys but an adequate idea of what is required of us, in order that we may increase more and more. It is by other and greater efforts we are to grow in grace and get to heaven. Christ's children, no more than ours, are not always to be babes at the breast. When the mother rocks her infant's cradle, she is looking forward to a time when her boy shall have grown a man; to stand up for a mother's cause; to defend a mother's head; to go forth to his daily labour; to win prizes in the race-course; if called on, to fight the battles of his king and country. To such occupations Christ calls the candidate for a heavenly crown,—He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,—Search the Scriptures,—Watch unto prayer,—Pray without ceasing,—Fight the good fight,—Labour for the bread that never perisheth,—Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure,—Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,—See that no man take your crown.

While all our hopes of salvation centre in the cross of Christ, and all our hopes of progress hang on the promised aids of the Holy Spirit, let us exert ourselves to the utmost, reaching forth to higher attainments, and aiming at increase in every holy and Christian habit. What was suitable to us once, should not satisfy us now. The dress of childhood does not fit the man. Down among the rocks of the sea, there are creatures that cast their shell year by year; and up among the

storm-beaten cliffs of the mountain, year by year, the moulting eagle casts her feathers—these that they may walk in larger, stronger mail—the other, that she may soar on broader pinions, and to higher flights. At such increase should we aim—to grow more busy in God's work; to spend more time and money in his service; to perform greater acts of self-denial; to increase both in the heavenliness of our temper, and in the generosity of our gifts. Not content with being only what once we were, and doing only what once we did, let us covet the best gifts; attempt the loftiest heights; say with the holy ambition of an apostle, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." From the fulness of the Godhead bodily that is in Jesus Christ, may the Holy Spirit fill us day by day with grace, till, the moorings strained that bind us to earth, we are ready, so soon as they are severed by the stroke of death, to shoot up to heaven—our Saviour's also our parting words, "I leave the world, and go to the Father." For such increase of grace, and perseverance therein unto the end, Wait on the Lord; wait, I say, on the Lord,—He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength,—The youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS.

DAMASCUS, BAALBEK, AND THE COAST OF ASIA MINOR.

DAMASCUS, Friday, July 11.

Coming from the Holy Land to Damascus is like stepping straight out of the Bible into the Arabian Nights. The heat is intense to-day, the thermometer 87° in the shade and 130° in the sun; but in our rooms we are quite cool. Our hotel is a palace built by a great man among the Turks one hundred and twenty years ago. The saloon in which I am writing is 40 or 50 feet high, with an arched roof. Through the open door I look on a court containing a large tank filled with running water, and shaded by a fine orange tree. In another corner of the court is a tall oleander in full bloom. The court is paved with inlaid marbles, and so is the saloon. In the room where I am sitting is a fountain or bath, octagonal in form, and made of rich marbles inlaid with mother-of-pearl, into which water is constantly flowing from two spouts,—water not cool merely, but cold. On each of the three sides of this marble hall a high step leads into an arched alcove, the walls and arches of which are exquisitely painted in frescoes of Moorish design. One of these alcoves, the one opposite the door, has a divan, and niches with carved marble alaba, and cupboards with doors of richly carved and gilded

wood. In this I am sitting. The other two alcoves are equally decorated, and curtained off with muslin drapery; they contain French beds.

The charm of Damascus is the abundant, fresh, cold water in contrast with the intense heat. How such streams can spring out of the dry burnt-up hills where they rise seems a mystery. Three fresh, cold, abundant rivers flow through the city. Water meets you everywhere in every form; in streams by the roadside; in conduits and drinking-basins in the streets; in tanks, and baths, and flowing fountains in the houses. No wonder Naaman thought his rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel!

On Friday we visited the bazaars and several palaces on the same model as our hotel, some of them very magnificent, with mosaics and frescoes of colours most exquisitely blended. The mosques we were not allowed to enter. It struck us that we had nowhere encountered such fierce and fanatical scowls from the Moslems as here.

On Saturday we rode to the junction of the Baradas and Baniyas—two of the rivers of Damascus—and visited some Roman ruins. The magnificence of the houses is all internal. Within, many of the palaces are the perfection of oriental beauty and luxury. Outside, they present nothing but dull windowless walls, often cased with mud, with only one narrow dark entrance.

On Sunday we had the English service in the saloon.

On Monday, July 14th, at half-past six, we left Damascus on our way across the Coele-Syrian plain and Lebanon to Beyrout. The scenery through which we rode on that and the following day was very varied and fine. At first we wound in and out among the hills by the side of the Baradas, one of the rivers of Damascus, an abounding vigorous mountain-river, like our Devonshire rivers, but as abundant in this burning Syrian July as these are after the continuance of rain. It was a most delicious sight and sound. The road, as it wound up the hillside, was constantly returning to the banks of the river as it foamed and dashed along in a series of cascades and rapids, now and then plunging over a precipice into a deep, dark pool below. By its side was a strip of the deepest green vegetation; poplars rising among rich groves of various trees, or from meadows green as alpine mountain pastures just unveiled from their winter snows. Above, in stern contrast, rose the unwatered hills, brown, bare, and lifeless. Our mid-day rest was under a tree by another stream, where we bought goat's milk from a friendly herd-boy who was watering his flocks.

In the evening, after turning aside to see a fine waterfall, we encamped at Zebdani, in a beautiful, rich, broad valley, dotted with many flourishing villages. On the height above us was perched the village of Blendan. Our tents were pitched on a green meadow, watered by two or three springs of cold pure water.

On Tuesday our path lay again by streams and fountains, until, crossing the watershed of the Anti-

Libanus, we came to another river flowing in an opposite direction, towards the Mediterranean; a pleasant sight for us westward-bound travellers. When we left this river, we and our guide lost our way among the hills, until, after wandering many weary hours (we scarcely knew in what direction), quite by surprise, across a reach of the Coele-Syrian plain, burst on our sight six enormous columns on a lofty pedestal of ruined masonry; the six characteristic columns of Baalbec. We entered the village, and were allowed to encamp within the ruins.

Palestine is not a land of ruins, but of ruinous heaps; and the extent of these magnificent remains, with their perfect preservation in parts, amazed us. In the Holy Land the most interesting and sacred places are scarcely marked by a few poor scattered stones; and here were ruined temples and dwellings worthy of the metropolis of an empire or the sanctuary of a religion. But the story was lacking! With all this grandeur no human associations are linked; no great name of man or nation is bound up with these wonderful walls. What the eye saw was grand beyond anything we had seen; but what the eye saw was all. It is useless to describe what drawing and description have made so familiar to us, and yet what neither drawing nor description can give any adequate idea of. It seemed to us more like a city of temples than one temple; and very solemn it was to sit still and see the gigantic shadows of the one almost perfect temple, and of the six grand columns remaining of another thrown across the great moonlit spaces of the courts, broken only here and there by enormous sculptured blocks, the remains of capital and fallen shaft.

On the next morning (Wednesday) we walked round the ruins, inside and outside, wondering at the size of the stones, and admiring the beauty of the proportions, and especially the broken doorway of the most perfect temple. The enormous mass of masonry on which these temples stand rises more like a hill than a building from the great Coele-Syrian plain; and the vaults which lead through it are more like tunnels excavated through a mountain than blocks laboriously piled (as they must have been) one on another by human hands. We measured some stones 50 feet long. We lingered some time longer in the courts of the temple, and particularly by that beautiful broken porch, with its deeply sculptured roof, and the staircase beside it winding up through the wall. There was so much delicate work, such an extent and number of buildings to examine, that we found it difficult to leave; and yet before nightfall we must reach those hills whose outline lay so blue and faint against the sky, across the great plain.

We started a little after mid-day, and reached the mountains by sunset, after a ride of five hours, much of it at a gallop across the level. On our way we passed the quarry out of which Baalbec was hewn, and observed one gigantic block like those we had measured in the temple. Why was it, we asked ourselves, that this

fragment of unfinished work impressed us more, and seemed to bring the past nearer than all the marvellous finished structures we had been surveying in the morning? Was it not because in such interrupted work you seem to read the past, not in the perfect but the present tense; in the active, not in the passive voice; not in its stately monumental repose, but in its actual everyday toil? How was that block brought so far? Why was it brought no further? What silenced that noisy work-place and scattered the workmen? That one stone in the quarry of Baalbec seemed to bring us more into the presence of the living men of its past generations, and stir our minds with more speculation as to their history than all its magnificent temples.

After this I remember no incident for the day, but only a swift galloping or a steady toiling across the burning plain, and noticing from time to time the lizards creep in and out under the shadow of the stones, brown as their hiding-places, taking literally (as we all do more or less, figuratively), the colour of their homes.

We encamped for the night by a stream near the Christian (Maronite) village of Zabdi. It was strangely familiar to hear once more the sound of a church bell, from the village church.

Our ride on Thursday, July the 17th, was through very fine mountain scenery, and along most perilous roads, or rather no roads. The paths seemed to us steeper, more slippery, and rougher than any we had yet traversed. Besides the fact of no roads ever being made or repaired, common to all Syria, the mountaineers of Lebanon have a perplexing custom of throwing all the large stones which they clear out of their vineyards on the pathway outside. We had become habituated to regarding the dry beds of torrents in the light of high roads; but on this part of the Lebanon, in several places, our path lay along actual flowing torrents, and up and down cascades. How the horses ascended and descended safely over those great slabs of rock, polished and actually covered by flowing water, is beyond explanation. But, if you trust them, these little Syrian horses will scramble successfully over anything; the only danger is, lest in a nervous apprehension you attempt to guide them, and so check the freedom of their movements, on which your safety depends. It is a greater wonder, still, how the heavily laden pack mules accomplish the journey; for this is the trading highway between Damascus and Beyrout, and yet, we were told, accidents are very rare.

Our rest in the hotel at Beyrout was very welcome to us, but we could not part without regret from the little patient horses which had carried us so bravely through many a toilsome mile. One consideration, however, helped to reconcile us. We were glad to have the prospect of travelling by means of machines, steamboats and trains, which the reckless carelessness and lazy indifference of Syrian muleteers could not hurt or distress. All our horses had sores, from the rubbing of saddles or packs when we started, which a little care soon healed; but

one mare—a willing, faithful creature—died at Damascus, in consequence of bad shoeing and the over-driving of the obstinate Mukris. I shall never forget the mute appealing look of that poor brown mare, as they drove her with her wounded feet over the stones towards me; nor how forcibly it brought to my heart the words, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of the body."

We had rooms in the "Hotel de Bellevue," outside Beyrout, the provisional master of which, at the time, (under its widowed mistress) was Dmitri Karas, formerly dragoman to the author of "Eothen."

Friday and Saturday were spent in rest, *keff*, bathing, and sketching. From the broad roofed corridor of the hotel, at each end, we had most exquisite views; at one end, of the sea and hills; at the other of the beautiful blue expanse of the harbour of Beyrout, with the flat-roofed white houses relieved against the great mass of the Lebanon, which rose behind them in a grand sweep, from the sea to the clouds and the eternal snows.

Below us were two cottages, half hidden among orchards and gardens, with open wooden balconies. They were inhabited, the American consul told us, by two widows, a mother-in-law, and a daughter-in-law, both bereaved not long before by the cholera, and in great poverty, which it was a pleasure to all in the hotel to contribute a little to relieve. The consul told us how terrible it was, during the time of the cholera, to hear from that corridor the dreadful hopeless death-wails bursting from house after house.

We had to wait some days in the hotel for the French steamer. The views from our corridor during that time, of the sunsets over the Mediterranean, have left a deep impression on our minds. The after-glow, when the sun had set, was so beautiful; and then we seemed to see Night like a visible Presence slowly advancing and spreading her wings over the waters.

On Tuesday, July 22d, we embarked in the French steamer, for our coasting voyage by Asia Minor to Constantinople.

We were not allowed to land anywhere until we came to Rhodes, on account of the fever then prevailing on the coast. But we had ample opportunities for observing the coast during the many hours the vessel lay off the various ports. Those little white towns on the narrow levels near the sea, at the base of the great mountain ranges, are the natural homes of fever, in such a climate.

On Wednesday, we lay some hours off Latakia, of tobacco celebrity, and Tripoli, the last place the Crusaders held on the Asiatic shores, which looked very picturesque with its white houses, and ruined towers, relieved against a background of wooded mountains.

On Friday, we spent some hours in sight of Mersina, once the port of Tarsus. Beyond that range of volcanic conical hills, with truncated summits, cleft by rugged

chasms, and broken into fantastic crags, lay the home of our own apostle, the Apostle of the Gentiles. Through that ravine which cleft the mountains, just behind the town of Mersina, he had doubtless journeyed again and again. And by these shores he had coasted, with his heart full of the infant Churches he had founded in those sea-port towns, or among the mountains.

Much of the coast, especially near Cape Khelidoni, struck us as extremely fine in outline; the forms of the hills were so bold and varied.

At Rhodes, we landed and spent some hours in exploring the fortifications and the city. It was interesting, after seeing the final seat of the Knights of St. John at Malta, and the ruinous building opposite the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem which gave them their title of the Knights Hospitallers, to visit the fertile island where they reigned so proudly as the Knights of Rhodes.

On the whole, the Turks are satisfactory keepers of ruins, when only the picturesque is regarded; because, if they have not energy to repair, neither have they enterprise to alter. Thus, in the streets of Rhodes you can recall the old inhabitants with little effort of imagination. Their dwellings and fortifications are too strongly built for time, in this pure, dry air, to have had much power over them. The city is full of relics of the knights. The street architecture strongly resembles that of Malta. Projecting balconies, roofed in with lattices, as at Valetta; beautiful carved mouldings and coats of arms, cut in imperishable stone, each line as sharp, and each edge as white and fresh, as when the sculptor's chisel left it four centuries ago. We went up the silent street of the knights, and into the houses of the different "languages," still marked by their characteristic armorial bearings—the fleur de lys, the lion, or the papal keys; and unforbidden we rambled around the ancient fortifications, saw the cannons of the knights, left there after the siege; the three moats, the three walls, the drawbridges,—medæval Christian work, all now in Moslem hands. The arches and walls were very solid, and the mouldings beautifully delicate. The favourite device seemed to be a twisted rope. We were permitted, without difficulty, to enter the old cathedral, now transformed into a mosque by the simple process of adding to the altar-steps, so as to make them front towards Mecca, in a line diagonal to the walls, and covering them with prayer-mats and Persian rugs. The fine granite columns are plastered over, and the Mohammedan's abhorrence against idolatry has been appeased by mutilating or removing the faces of the knightly effigies, which still lie headless by the walls. The Mohammedanism which is so fanatical and fierce in Damascus and other cities of the East, seems merely to lie like a dull, dead weight on Rhodes, shrouding it with that peculiar silence characteristic of Moslem cities; the silence of cities in which there are no homes and no churches, and in which the women creep about in

black or white veils, like shrouded ghosts, afraid of daylight.

The two harbours are fine, but too shallow for modern ships of war. Long after we had re-embarked, and had passed Rhodes, the white towers of the old Christian fortifications gleamed across the deep blue of the sea.

Early at break of day on the morning after leaving Rhodes, we were called on deck to see the shores of Patmos. The sun was rising behind the island, and strongly relieving against the golden sky the long, bare, hard outline of its crags, crowned by the line of the monastery, in a cave beneath which (tradition says) St. John lived during his banishment. It was most interesting to stand silently on the deck, and watch the sun rise behind the rocks on which the last vision of heavenly glory was vouchsafed to mortal eyes; where the Apocalypse was beheld, and the whole Book of Revelation solemnly closed.

Several small islands, or isolated rocks, stand near Patmos, which looked very beautiful in the morning light.

These Greek islands were a fairy-land of beauty at sunrise and sunset, reminding me of that story of our childhood, of the child's journey into the fairy country, where one palace was of topaz, another of porphyry, another of ruby, another of gold or pearl. As we passed in and out among them, one island rose behind another from the deep blue sea with the most exquisite variety of tints and forms; the warm glow of sunset on some of the peaks, and on others the loveliest delicate greys, fading into pearl in the distance. All hues were there,—glowing, blushing, golden violet, opal, grey; and all varieties of beautiful outline,—soft, curved, bold, angular,—blended as in the curves and angles of Greek carving; whilst between them glided in and out the white sails of the Greek fishing-boats, with their picturesque curves, like the spread wings of birds. We felt we were entering the home of the race to whom it was given to interpret the beauty of God's world to other men.

The shores of these islands, when you come close to them, are for the most part mere barren crags; but the forms and colours, especially at evening and morning, are most enchanting. It is as if the sea had inundated a magnificent mountain chain, the peaks of which are converted into islands, and its rich plains and valleys into a plain of blue heaving waters.

In the interior, they say, some of these islands are fertile; but the war of the Greek revolution has depopulated them sadly; and nothing can ever revive under Turkish rule. Scio has many green spots on it, and houses are visible here and there from the sea; but, we were told, the Turkish massacres had reduced the population from 110,000 to 8000.

On July the 19th our way lay still on and on among the Greek islands, and by the mountainous shores of Asia Minor, until we rounded a headland and found ourselves in the Bay of Smyrna. As we approached the bay the coasts of Asia became more green. Little villages

appeared nestling in the clefts of the rocks, their white roofs contrasting with the cypress groves in which they were embosomed, while beneath stretched green terraces and slopes.

The Bay of Smyrna is very fine in its deep, broad expanse, with the varied outline of its mountain shores here and there clothed with wood (which looked luxuriant after the craggy Greek islands), and dotted with villages either level with the shores among the cypresses, or guarding the terraced vineyards on the hills. The town of Smyrna at the head of the bay is very picturesque from the sea, with its large groves of fine cypresses, breaking the white clusters of houses which climb the hill, crowned by the old Genoese castle.

We were glad to land; and on Wednesday we rode on donkeys to the summit of the hill, where the Genoese castle commands the town and bay. Below us lay a fertile valley, watered by a river whose windings we could trace for many miles. It was twice crossed by the arches of a ruined Roman aqueduct. How characteristic the ruins left by the Greeks and Romans are! The exquisitely proportioned temple or the amphitheatre of the Greek cities; the massive aqueduct and bridge, or the imperishable road of the Romans, how expressive they are of the races whose several dominant ideas seem to have been beauty and power.

In coasting among these shores and islands one is also continually impressed with the energetic life which must have stirred in the Italian mercantile republics of the middle ages. In every good trading station on the Levant, you find the solid masonry which indicates the presence of these enterprising little communities. The ruins of Genoese or Venetian fortresses command the seaports, whilst Italian is still the commercial language of all the Mediterranean shores.

But a memory far more distant in time came nearer to our hearts—To the Church, the living, believing Church of this city of Smyrna, the Divine Epistle was addressed, not from apostle or evangelist, but direct from Him who liveth, was dead, and behold he is alive for evermore.

"And unto the angel of the Church of Smyrna write; These things saith the First and the Last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches. He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death."

And here, in the next century, Polycarp was faithful unto death, and has received (although, indeed, *not* here) the crown of life.

Smyrna was the last place we visited, which is dis-

tinctly and definitely mentioned in the Bible. On account of the unsettled state of Greece at that time we did not land at Athens or Corinth. But even in Smyrna, Athens, and Corinth the associations are interesting to us, not on account of their dissimilarity from our ordinary life, but of their resemblance to it. We are entering the region, not of visible divine manifestations, but of Church history, although of Church history written by divinely inspired men. Here, therefore, the narrative of our Wanderings over Bible Lands and Seas may naturally end.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

"THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE."

REV. III. 4.

WHAT is the exact import of this wonderful promise? It is worth our while to study it; for it is the character of God's promises, the closer they are looked at, the more they are accurately examined, by so much the more rich and the more glorious do they appear. White, I would first call you to observe, is everywhere the colour, so to speak; the livery of heaven; and more noticeably in this book than in any other; for we read here of the "white stone," the "white horses," the "white robes," the "white cloud," the "white linen," the "white throne;" Rev. ii. 17; vi. 2; xix. 14; vi. 11; xiv. 14; xix. 14; xx. 21). But not in this book alone. It is the same, though not to the same extent, everywhere else. Do angels appear to men, and are we told anything of their outward appearance, they are clothed in white: so the angel at the sepulchre, he is clothed, according to St. Mark, "in a long white garment" (xvi. 5); and in St. Matthew, his raiment is "white as snow" (xxviii. 3). And these last words lead me to observe, that the white of heaven is not that dull dead hue, rather the absence of colour than anything else, which, on this poor earth of ours, sometimes goes by this name; but the heavenly white is a shining white. The angel whom St. Matthew and St. Mark describe as clothed in *white*, is said in St. Luke to have been "in *shining garments*" (xxiv. 4), as that angel who appeared to Cornelius was clothed "in *bright clothing*" (Acts x. 30). Compare with these notices the several records of our Lord's transfiguration. Take, for instance, St. Mark's: "His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them" (ix. 3).

What shall we understand by these shining garments of Christ and of the angels, and the promise of the same to the perfected saints in glory? The language recurs too often to allow us to explain it away, or resolve it into a mere figure, while yet we cannot ascribe a literal fulfilment to such words; for, as we all must feel sure, there can be properly no garments in heaven. These pertain only to the necessities, the humiliation, the pride, of our present existence. The Scriptures which

speaking of the white raiment of the saints or of the angels may best be understood by such an utterance as that of the Psalmist, where of God he says, "Thou deckest thyself with light, as it were with a garment," (Ps. civ. 2, Pr.-B.) Light, then, is itself a garment; and the spiritual, or glorified body—that, no doubt, and nothing else—shall be the garment of light, the white raiment of the saints, to which such frequent allusion is made. Nothing outside of them, nothing now to be taken up and now laid down, but the very bodies which they wear,—bodies in which mortality shall have been for ever swallowed up in life,—shall contain in themselves the fulfilment of this promise of the Lord. They too, like him, shall then be light, and in them, as in him, there shall be then no darkness at all; and, in sign and token of this,—of sin overcome, of the very dregs of sin for ever cast out,—they, as he, shall clothe themselves, or rather shall have been clothed by him, with light as with a garment.

Friends and brethren! do these promises move us? have they any attraction for us? would we fain have these bodies of weakness and dishonour, of sin and death, which we bear about with us now, these bodies of our humiliation, transformed and transfigured into the likeness of Christ's body of glory? And if we would, how may this be, and how shall this be attained? I will endeavour to give a reply.

And, first, while those garments of light, that vesture of life, is only put on in the day of the Lord Jesus, it is not for all this something wholly disconnected from that body, that investiture of the soul, which now we wear; and we must above all things beware of regarding it so. This body rather is the germ and seed of that; and, as the butterfly from the worm, that must unfold itself from this. But these present garments of our souls, what spots, what stains, what defilements are upon them! How little is there in them which gives pledge of such an issue! how much that seems to give pledge of a very different issue from this! One thing, then, is sure—only those garments which have been *made* white in the blood of the Lamb will *show* white upon that day. If, then, we would walk with Christ in white then and for evermore, the first condition for this is, that we come with a heart-felt "Woe is me!" with the confession, "Unclean, unclean!" to that Rock which was cleft for us; to that sacred Side which was pierced for us; and in the water and the blood which flowed out from thence, in the one fountain open for uncleanness, wash away all our guilty stains. And this not once, but continually; drawing near again and again, that we may be partakers of that precious blood of sprinkling; again and again crying, as those who need an ever-repeated cleansing, "Purge me with hyssop,"—the hyssop, that is, which has been dipped in the blood (Lev. xiv. 6, 7),—"and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Know you anything, O my friends, of such a coming as this to Christ; of such a washing of your garments now in the blood of the

immaculate Lamb? Unless you do, be sure of this, you will never know what it is to have those glorious garments of which Christ speaks in my text given you, and to walk with him in his heavenly kingdom. They who have not purified themselves on the *third* day, on the *seventh* they shall not be clean; that third day being this time that now is, the seventh the eternal Sabbath that shall be (Numbers xix. 12).

But this is not all. This is the first condition, but it is by no means the only one. The garments which have been made white in the blood of the Lamb, we must subsequently keep them, to the best of our ability, from all after spots and stains; for Christ is not a minister of unrighteousness, but a minister of righteousness and of holiness; he came to bless us in turning us away from our iniquities,—to save us *from* our sins, and not to save us *in* our sins, which surpasses even his power. When I say, "to the best of our ability," you must not misunderstand me. I do not mean to the best of our natural ability; for in spiritual things, in the things of God, natural ability is no ability at all. I refer to the ability which comes directly from him, which is his immediate gift and grace; and I say that to the best of this our ability, that is, by stirring up his gift which is in us, we must endeavour to keep our garments—in other words, to keep ourselves—unspotted from the world. See what is said in the verse immediately preceding my text, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments;" and then follow the words, "and they shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy." Note who they are that shall walk with him in white. Such as "have not defiled their garments," such as have hated the garments spotted by the flesh. And why these? "For they are worthy." Scripture does not shrink from this language, "they are worthy," and therefore neither should we. There is a worthiness in God's saints, a meetness or fitness for the inheritance of the saints in light;—though that worthiness is itself of God's free giving, would never have been at all unless he had implanted it; and not merely of his giving, but also of his most gracious allowing, in that, for Christ's sake, and having respect to his perfect obedience, God allows that which of itself would not for an instant have endured his searching gaze. I am afraid we sometimes shrink from this language, from dwelling on words like these, "They shall walk with me in white, *for they are worthy*," not, as perhaps we fancy, out of any jealousy for God's honour, not out of any fear lest the entire freeness of the salvation which is by Christ Jesus should be called into question, and some other merits mingled with his; but because declarations like these imply that there must be an earnest watching against sin on our part, a striving to cleanse ourselves from all impurities of flesh and spirit, that without holiness no man shall see God. But so it is. There are some that will walk with Christ in white, and it is those who are worthy. Are you candidates for these

garments of light? You hear, not from my lips, but from the lips of the Lord, the sole conditions on which they may be yours.

And this holiness,—seek it, I would beseech you, not at its outward circumference, but in its central point, in Christ; let him dwell in your hearts; let Christ be in you, the hope of glory. What a phrase of inexhaustible wonder is that of the apostle, “Christ in you, *the hope of glory*” (Col. i. 27); and how directly does it bear on this very matter which has occupied us to-day! If these white garments indicate the future glorification of the bodies of God’s saints, how can those bodies pass through this transcendent change, how can they be transmuted and glorified, except through the mighty power of Christ, of Christ dwelling in them, subduing all things to himself, and himself effecting this marvellous transformation? Not else assuredly. Thus Christ *in us* is our “hope of glory.” He is the pledge of a glory that shall be; a glory that is hidden now, but shall be manifest hereafter; according to that other word of St. Paul in the same epistle, “When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory” (Col. iii. 4). The faith, the love, the truth, the purity, which were in God’s saints, which Christ by his Spirit had wrought in them, but which were all more or less concealed from the eyes of others, yea, and from their own, by the covering of the flesh, the earthen vessel in which this treasure was contained, shall then burst through the covering which concealed them; shall then flash forth, as Gideon’s lamps flashed forth when the pitchers which had hid them hitherto were broken (Judges vii. 19). That which was before inward shall in that day of manifestation become also outward, visible, seen of all men. “Then shall the righteous *shine forth*;—observe that “*shine forth*,” for it is exactly that which I would press upon you;—they, many of them God’s hidden ones till that day, shall “then shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father,” living epistles of Christ, shut once, but opened now, and to be read of all men. Christ in you, Christ in you *now*, he is the one hope, the one pledge, of such a glory to be revealed in you hereafter; so, and so only, will you ever walk with him in white.

And if not in white, how else? and if not with Him, with whom? Ah, brethren, there is a sadder, a sterner side of this truth of my text, and I must not, I dare not, wholly overlook or omit it. Those who have *not* overcome the world, those who *have* defiled their garments, and never sought to cleanse them again, in what shall they be clothed?

They also shall be clothed with their bodies, for there is a resurrection of condemnation no less than a resurrection of life; but those bodies, dark and not luminous, ugly and not beautiful, shameful and not glorious, food for the undying worm, and fuel for the unquenchable fire; for they are bodies which shall have stamped and written upon them, to be read of men, to be read of angels, the hideous records of all the

evil which was done *in* them, which was done *by* them. Would you willingly be clothed with such bodies as these? Would you rise, as the prophet Daniel declares to us some will rise, to shame and everlasting contempt; not one evil thing which you have ever thought, or spoken, or done, but, having left its mark, its stamp, its scar, its cicatrice behind, then visible to every eye? I know you would not. Would you be content to have the polluted garment of sinful flesh cleaving to you for evermore, making you one pollution? I know you would not. And yet I say to you (would that one might leave it unsaid, would that it were not to say!), that if you, if any of you here, is a lover of pleasures rather than a lover of God, choosing friendship with the world and enmity with God, walking after the flesh and not after the Spirit; much more, if you are allowing yourself in any open, in any secret sin, which plainly separates you from Christ and the benefits of his salvation,—you are in fact choosing all this, choosing this shame, this dishonour, this contempt, this scorn, this tribulation, this anguish; when you might have chosen glory, honour, immortality, to stand before the throne, to see his face who sits upon it, to have his name written in your forehead, to walk with Christ in those white and shining garments which saints and angels wear.—*R. C. Trench, D.D.*

MATERIALS FOR INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

MANY of our readers must be acquainted with the Memorials issued nearly twenty years ago by the late Mr. Robert Wodrow of Glasgow, with the view of engaging believers extensively throughout the world in united prayer, during a certain fixed period, for the kingdom of God. Long after the specified period had passed away, it seemed to some that the Memorials possessed much more than a passing value; and at their instance one of the papers, embracing also some portions of the other, has recently been issued under the title of “*Materials for Daily Intercessory Prayer*.”* In a preface to the little book, written by the Rev. C. J. Brown, Edinburgh (the interest taken by whom in the “Memorials” must be regarded as an ample guarantee of their high merit), we find the following:—

“The Christian world has of late become happily familiar with invitations to united prayer for a fixed and specified period, such as were those Memorials, in their original form and design. And there can be no reasonable doubt that the Hearer of prayer has condescended to own them, to acknowledge such concerts for prayer, not only by inclining very large numbers of his people, in different parts of the world, to take part in them, but by pouring his Spirit forth, and reviving his work in the midst of the years, in answer to the prayers offered. Without at all questioning this, however, or questioning the desirableness of renewing such invitations still from time to time, is it not clear that one leading, though in-

* London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson and Sons.

direct, benefit resulting from them—apart from which, indeed, it might well be doubted if they had answered any very important end at all—is the stirring up of the children of God to increased intercessory prayer from day to day, and without reference to limited periods? There would still remain ample room for invitations and agreements for more special prayer during special periods, over and above. But how desirable and how blessed, if the spirit of large-hearted intercessory prayer evoked during the more limited periods were, to some considerable extent at least, to abide, and become the spirit of the Christian's devotional exercises *every day*!

"The writer is deeply persuaded, however, that in order to so desirable an end, some such outlines, or hints, or materials of prayer, as the following pages offer, would be found of essential and manifold service, in the hand of 'the Spirit of grace and of supplications.' Without approaching anything like a form of prayer (which it is presumed that even those attached to the use of a liturgy in public worship would perceive to be quite inapplicable here), there is more than room, surely, in connection with the wide field of intercessory prayer, for such aids as would be afforded, equally to the memory and to the affections, *in the fixing of the eye daily, in the course of secret devotion*, on some judicious outline of matters, interspersed with carefully selected Scripture references.

"Of course, the measure of attention that could be bestowed on such an outline would vary much, according to different circumstances. But, in the first place, the use of it at all would secure the bringing up before the mind, day by day, of great matters of prayer too apt to be overlooked without such an aid to memory; and, further, the hints offered in connection with the different subjects, and the passages of the word of God noted under each, could scarce fail to be helpful towards some intelligent and lively earnestness of desire, in pleading with the Lord in reference to them. No doubt believers are very variously circumstanced in respect of leisure, some being able, with no less desire, to occupy much less time in secret prayer than others. It is hard to say, however, which class would profit most by availing themselves, more or less, of such materials as are offered in these pages. Those who have greater leisure would be able to make more prolonged and deliberate use of them. But they would essentially save and economize the more limited time of others, by the more speedy calling up of the various great subjects before the mind."

The "Materials" are arranged in seven sections, namely,—1. The Second Coming of Christ (*The Lord's Day*). 2. Glory of the Latter day—Conversion of Israel (*Monday*). 3. Present State of the World (*Tuesday*). 4. The Children of God everywhere (*Wednesday*). 5. The Family—The Young—Sabbath Schools (*Thursday*). 6. The Nation (*Friday*). 7. Means of Grace—The Ministry—Effusion of the Spirit—Revival (*Saturday*). A section being thus provided for every day of the week, should any desire to use it thus definitely and regularly.

It is also interleaved, with a view to private pencil jottings regarding any of the subjects of prayer embraced in the different sections. We have special pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the little book. It is "a solid ingot, small in bulk, but with valid mint mark, and precious in every grain of it." The Memorial concludes:—

"If, when the primitive Church assembled with one accord in one place at Jerusalem, the Holy Spirit was remarkably poured out in answer to their united prayers, what might we not expect if all Christians throughout the world were agreed together as concerning what they should ask, every day, and not for some specified days merely, from time to time? If, in answer to the prayers of the one hundred and twenty disciples, the Pentecostal first-fruits were given, might we not hope that the full harvest would be reaped, when myriads came in one body, daily, to the throne of grace—all guided by the same Spirit of adoption—all pleading the finished work of Immanuel—and praying that he, the adorable Redeemer, might see of the travail of his soul, and be fully satisfied.

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us: that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be glad, and sing for joy; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him" (Ps. lxvii).

THE MEANING OF THE WORD APOSTASY.

APOSTASY is a word frequent in the language and literature of the Church. It began to be used in the early days, when Roman proconsuls besought Christian confessors to "have pity on their grey hairs," and not suffer themselves to be torn by rack and fire for the sake of an unseen King. It brands the haughty intellectual forehead of that emperor, who after the Roman world had outwardly submitted itself to Christ, cast off allegiance to the Galilean, and sought to make the shadow move backwards on the world's dial-plate. But the original meaning of the word is not generally known, and it is interesting and instructive.

It seems to be derived, as so many important New Testament phrases are, from the great system of ancient slavery. A Greek slave was the absolute chattel of his master; he was, as Aristotle tells us, a "living working-tool and possession." And he was a slave for life, and his children after him. There was only one way of escape—his master might set him free. When this happened, he no longer owed service to his master; but that he owed him the highest respect and gratitude, was enforced not only by public sentiment but by the law. His former master became now his "patron,"

and he was known as his "freedman;" and the ancient mind looked with peculiar abhorrence at any failure in due attachment on his part to his emancipator. When anything of this sort happened it was technically called *apostasy*; and any flagrant instance of it (especially, we are told, the offence of choosing another patron) was punished in an action called *apostasiou diké*. By this action the freedman who had seceded from his emancipator was condemned to return to his original state, and was publicly sold into slavery.

How graphically these stern public laws of Greece illustrate the nature of apostasy! Whom the Son of God sets free are free indeed: the only yoke he imposes on them is a yoke of love. And this yoke the true-hearted freedman of Christ delights to wear; even as that apostle, who so often boasts of his liberty, delights to commence his epistle as "Paul, the slave of Jesus Christ." Our Lord, who has absolute power over us by creation, and a double title by redemption, has yet said to such as we are, "Henceforth I call you not servants (slaves), but friends;" but the response of the emancipated heart to him is, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant, thy servant and the son of thy handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds." I am thy servant, *though* thou hast loosed my bonds; thy servant, *because* thou hast loosed my bonds. So Christ's freedmen on earth, the whole *clientela* of his Church, gratefully crowd his courts here, and wait for his glory to be revealed.

"Then said Apollyon, Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after awhile to give him the slip, and return again to me." The father of lies spoke a bitter truth. John Bunyan can hardly have known the Greek law of the *Libertus*, but his conception of apostasy is as true as if he had. There are those who weary of that service which is perfect freedom,—there are those who go from the service of Christ to the service of Corruption; and the last state of those men is worse than the first. Not that our Redeemer-Lord will count every unworthy backsliding and sin of his people a reason for casting them away into deserved perdition; nor yet that he will permit those who are truly his people to fall into such backsliding and sin as would separate them from him. Apollyon makes it an argument in his warfare with them, "Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him;" and enumerates the "fainting," the "sinful sleep," the "terror at sight of the lions," the "wrong ways" to get rid of the burden, and the "inward desire of vain glory" which have deformed the pilgrim's course, as reasons why he should despair of acceptance at the hands of a holy lord. But he whom Christ loves is made wise to reply, "All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honour is merciful and ready to forgive." It is still his Prince whom he serves and honours, though he has failed to serve him as he ought. There has been no turning away, no choosing of another *patron*,

no apostasy. But there are some who do turn away. There are those who with full purpose of heart do turn away from Christ to another master, or to other masters. When this is done in the heart, it is apostasy before God; when it is evidenced by some act before men, that is apostasy among men. No change of creed, no separation from the Church, no inconsistencies of conduct, can properly be branded as apostasy, unless in the judgment of charity they amount to this—a public breaking with the Lord Jesus Christ as master and Lord, and taking up a position over against him among the ranks of darkness. But there are those who do thus even publicly break away from Christ, and become liable even among men, like those Greek freedmen, to the *indictment of apostasy*. And there are those who are in the same position whom no one accuses, except their own heart and God who is greater. No indictment is filed against them on earth, but their judgment now of a long time lingereth not. "The avenging deities," as the Greek proverb assures us, "are shod with wool." "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

And how truly does this Greek metaphor of "apostasy" represent not only the nature of the crime but the nature of the punishment! "*While they promise them liberty*," says the apostle Peter, "*they themselves are the servants of corruption*; for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought into bondage. For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them." It had been better for them:—for now, aiming at liberty from Christ's easy yoke, they become the bond-slaves of evil. In their own eyes, and in those of some around them, they may seem to be freer than before, having cut Christ's bands asunder, and cast his cords from them. But in God's eyes, and in the eyes of all spirits, good and evil, who see through the untroubled atmosphere of eternity, they have solemnly and publicly, before the gaze of the invisible universe, sold themselves into slavery, and have fallen back into the realm of corruption, and under the power of its ghastly king.

LEX.

LITTLE SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

LITTLE shoes and stockings!

What a tale ye speak,
Of the swollen eyelid,
And the tear-wet cheek!
Of the nightly vigil,
And the daily prayer;
Of the buried darling,
Present everywhere.

Brightly plaided stockings,
Of the finest wool ;
Rounded feet and dainty,
Each, a stocking full ;
Tiny shoes of crimson,
Shoes that nevermore
Will awaken echoes,
From the toy-strewn floor.

Not the wealth of Indies,
Could your worth eclipse,
Priceless little treasures,
Pressed to whitened lips ;
As the mother nurses,
From the world apart,
Leaning on the arrow
That has pierced her heart.

Head of flaxen ringlets ;
Eyes of heaven's blue,
Parted mouth—a rosebud—
Pearls, just peeping through ;
Soft arms, softly twining
Round her neck at eve,
Little shoes and stockings,
These the dreams ye weave.

Weave her yet another
Of the world of bliss,
Let the stricken mother
Turn away from this ;
Bid her dream believing
Little feet await,
Watching for her passing,
Through the pearly gate.
—*Congregational Herald.*

THE YOUNG ROMANIST.

SEVEN years ago last autumn, James Gordon and his young son left Ireland for America. They were Romanists, and the young Jamie, who was a very bright lad of fifteen years, had been intended by his mother for the priesthood. Through the exertions of her brother, who was himself a Romish priest, the boy had been kept for about four years at the Irish national school, where he had made respectable proficiency. But Jamie's father had a serious "falling out" with the priestly uncle, and, in a moment of revenge, resolved to disappoint his plans for the boy by taking him to America. In vain the mother protested against this sudden scheme. The father insisted that he had never liked the plan of giving up his only son to the Church, and appealed to the boy himself, whose secret wishes for a more active life he had long suspected, to second his resolution. Jamie cordially consented, and they sailed in the first ship which they could reach.

The vessel proved to be one of the poorest of her class. She leaked badly, and their passage across the ocean was long, uncomfortable, and perilous. To add to the hardships of the voyage, their fellow-travellers had learned the reason of their hasty adieu to old Ireland, and regarded them as renegades. Some of the more superstitious even upbraided them as the cause of their delay and danger, and hinted that these despisers of the Church and priesthood must be cast out if they were ever to reach the land in safety. It was not, then, strange when at last the miserable ship was wrecked within sight of its destination, and the boats were already overladen with struggling masses, that Gordon and his son were loudly declared to be Jonahs, and refused admission. The father could not swim, and found a watery grave. Jamie was not an expert swimmer, but he clung to a bit of board, and was picked up by a fishing-smack, which brought him into Boston.

He was in a strange country, penniless, ragged, and nearly starved. But the Father of the fatherless was watching over him. It had been the purpose of the elder Gordon to seek at the Irish Employment Office a situation for himself and Jamie. The boy tried to follow his father's plan. But his inquiry for a clerkship, though made of one of his own nation and faith, was answered by such an unmistakable look of scorn and derision, that he desisted at once from his purpose. He was leaving the office, when a kind-hearted farmer, who had been seeking help there, accosted him : "What's the matter, lad? You look as if the world went hard with you." "I am fatherless, friendless, and starving," was the boy's abrupt reply. "Well, the last trouble can be quickly cured. Come with me." Jamie followed to an eating-house, where the farmer's purse provided him with the first plentiful meal which he had eaten for many days. Then his story was kindly listened to, and he was offered a temporary refuge in the country with his new friend. "If you are a good boy, and try to do well, you shall not want a home," said farmer Brown. Tears of gratitude chased from Jamie's cheeks the look of despair they had worn ; and when that evening he knelt beside his protector at the household altar, and heard himself fervently commended to the orphan's God, he felt that there was true religion even among Protestants.

The farmer's wife was tenderly interested in the fatherless boy ; and when he frankly told her that "he had no idea Protestants would show such kindness to a Catholic," she affectionately entreated him to lay aside his prejudices, read the Bible for himself, and judge what is truth by its divine and infallible tests. He could not refuse so reasonable a request from one who had fed and clothed him as if he had been a child of her own. So when she gave him a new and handsome copy of the holy book, he applied himself diligently to its perusal. Jamie was a good reader, and Mrs. Brown frequently asked him to read aloud to her while she plied the needle in making or mending for him. He

was a boy of quick perceptions, and the shrewdness with which he often made a practical application of what he read, astonished his new friends. "Indade, ma'am," said the lad one day, after reading the Saviour's parable of the good Samaritan, "sure and this story is *like my own*. And did not my own people leave me to die, both in the water and on the land? And don't I know who it was that did bind up *my* poor bleeding heart, and gave not only the twopence from their purse, but the labour of their hands to relieve me? And doesn't the blessed Jesus say, 'Ye shall know them by their fruits?' Sure and it's myself can see which has best fulfilled the command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'" More eagerly still did Jamie treasure up the sacred word; and soon he expressed a wish to attend Protestant worship, and hear its truths explained and enforced. He was a most attentive hearer in the sanctuary; and when he became connected with the Sabbath school, his interest in the instructions of his teacher was earnest and constant. Availing himself of its excellent library, he read the history of the Reformation, and other kindred works. Diligently comparing them with the Bible, and faithfully contrasting both with what he knew of his own faith and its fruits, he was soon led intelligently, and upon full conviction, to renounce his errors, and embrace the Protestant faith.

In the fervour of his zeal he immediately commenced an earnest effort for the conversion of his mother. But his affectionate letter of explanation and entreaty was answered by a torrent of indignation, abuse, and anathemas. She called him a renegade from his Church and his home, charged him with the responsibility of having caused his father's death, and thus reduced her to widowhood and penury; and while she upbraided him for desertion and neglect, solemnly disowned him as her child, and forbade all further communication from him. This was a sore and bitter trial to Jamie, but it did not shake his convictions of truth, or move him from his trust in God; neither did it extinguish his affection for his mother, and his desire both for her temporal and spiritual welfare. For the latter, indeed, he could only pray, but to promote the former he conscientiously devoted every penny of his small earnings which his necessities would allow him to spare. Regularly he sent her thus the fruits of his toil during several successive years.

At length a malignant fever carried her off. And then the duteous son was cheered with a message from her dying lips; a message of grateful acknowledgment for his faithful and loving ministry to her wants, a retraction of all her harsh words and bitter accusations, and a hope expressed that Jamie's God was her God, and they should worship in heaven together. Jamie Gordon is not known by the name which the writer has given him. But in his earnest and useful labours as a colporteur among his own countrymen in a western city, he is greatly blessed and truly honoured.—*American Messenger*.

MISSIONARY FRAGMENTS.

I.—SACRIFICES OF HEATHEN CONVERTS.

CAVILLERS sometimes assert that the proselytes made by missionaries are influenced by hopes of social advancement or pecuniary gain. The following incident, told by one of the Orissa missionaries, will show how a convert enlightened a British officer, who had that opinion:—

I was in the tent of a British officer, who said to me, "I believe your coming to India is a regular forlorn hope."

"I should believe the same," was my reply, "only God has promised to accompany all I do in his name."

"But," he added, "the Hindoos won't make Christians; they are so cunning, they are downright liars. I would not believe a Hindoo was a Christian, if I saw him."

I told him I had some good native converts that I should like him to see.

"Well," he replied, "I should like to see them, and I would show them up to you."

Just then our missionary, Gonga, who had been a Brahmin, was coming up the walk to the tent, and I said to the officer, "Here is one of our native preachers coming; perhaps you would like to show him up."

"Well," he said, "I should like to ask him a few questions."

I said to Gonga, in the native tongue, "This gentleman don't believe in your Christianity."

"Well, I can't help that," said Gonga, the lordliness of his Brahminical character breaking out.

"He wants to ask you a few questions."

"What is it he wants to ask me questions for? Does he want to know the reason of the hope there is in me, or to find fault?" Softening, he added, "Let the gentleman ask me any questions, and I am prepared to answer them."

The first question the officer put, was, "How did you get your living before you were a Christian?"

Gonga did not quite understand this, and he said, "Sir, I was an officiating Brahmin."

"But how did you get your living? Tell me that."

Now just suppose that somebody were to stop the carriage of a gentleman with lawn sleeves, as it was passing along the streets of London, and say to him, "How do you get your living?" It might be a very awkward question for him to answer, but it would be known very well that he did have a good living. And the officer ought to have understood the case of the Brahmin in the same way. When he did understand that brother Gonga had had the temple revenues and the offerings of the people, and that he had given them up to become a Christian, he said—

"Well, I did not expect that, anyhow."

He wanted to show that this man had become a Christian, just to get a living.

Old Gonga then related the history of his conversion.

He was first impressed with the statements he had found in a religious tract, which led him to put Juggernaut to the test whether he were a god or not. First he spent a whole day and night in praying to him, and then he spent the same length of time in cursing him. "Nothing came of it," said Gonga, "and I did not believe he was a god; but to make it more certain still, I went and poked him with a spear, and my arm was not withered."

Then he told of the happy change which had come over his own feelings, and how by faith in Christ he had a good hope through grace.

The tears stood in the officer's eyes, and he seized Gonga's black hand, saying, "God bless you! I am glad to have met with you!"

Then it was Gonga's turn. "You have claimed the right," said he to the officer, "to examine me; and now, perhaps, you will allow me to examine you a little. You came from a Christian country,—you call yourself a Christian; now I want to ask if you are really a Christian?"

The officer got up and walked into an inner room. Gonga followed him, saying in a gentle voice, "I did not mean to offend you, and I would only ask you as a Christian, to pray to God that I may be found faithful unto death."

I am happy to tell you that officer dated his conversion to God from that time.

II.—THE MINE LAID.

SOME time ago, I happened to be in a slate quarry, and saw a man there suspended by a rope tied to a tree or a pole sunk at the summit of the mountain. He descended by the rope till he came to an abutting crag of the quarry, and there, with his feet upon a ledge of rock, he remained for some time, boring a hole in the rock. He spent a large portion of the day in this manner, boring a hole perhaps two inches or thereabouts, in circumference. After giving much toil and many hours of hard labour to boring this hole, I saw him afterwards fill it up with black dust. Now, if I had not known what that black dust was, I should have said, "What a simpleton this man is to spend his strength, and energy, and time, in boring a hole and then filling it up with black dust!" But I knew that that black dust was powder. And by-and-by he strikes a light and applies it to the fusee, and whilst it is burning downwards in the direction of the powder, he seizes hold of the rope and seeks safety in distance; for by the time he has reached his place of safety, the fire has burned down to the powder, and then there is a mighty blast, and tons of stone are brought down.

What was done in that quarry, the missionaries have to a great extent done in India! They have been boring at the rock of heathenism, and have deposited in the hole they have made, the powder of God's truth until the mighty rock is all underlaid with that divine powder.

We want now the fire from heaven; for when the spirit of fire descends, there will be a mighty rending of that rock, and stones will be gathered to adorn the temple of our God.—*Rev. R. Roberts.*

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

ALPHA and Omega!

Be thou my first and last:

The source whence I descend,

The joy to which I tend,

When earth is past.

Open my waking eyes,

And fill them with thy light;

For thee each plan begun,

In thee each duty done,

Close them at night.

Enfold me when asleep,

Let soft dews from above

Refresh the long day's toil,

Wash off the worldly soil,

And strengthen love.

Men speak of four last things;

Death, and the judgment hall,

Hell, and the heaven so fair:

But thou, O Lord, art there,

Beyond them all.

There is no "last" with thee,

But only our last sins,

Last sorrows, and last tears,

Last sicknesses, last fears,

Then joy begins:

Joy without bound or end,

Concentric circles bright,

Spreading from round thy throne,

Flowing from thee alone,

O Love! O Light!

Lay thy right hand of power

In blessings on my brow;

Heaven's keys are in thy hand,

Its portals open stand,

I fear not now.

Lead thou me gently in,

Thou who through death hast passed;

Then bring me to thy throne,

For thee I seek alone,

My first, and last.

—*The Name of Jesus, and other Verses
for the Sick and Lonely.**

* London: Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.

"FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST."

1. *This is the language of the highest estimate.*—When I can intelligently say, that I deliberately and steadily *live* for an object, that object is to me of the highest value; in my sober judgment, I prize it above all others. Thus Paul "determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified." In this sense he "counted all things but loss for Christ." It is also the language of

2. *Supreme affection.*—As we say of the widowed mother, whose affections are bound up in her only child, and whose thoughts, and cares, and toils are all given to it, that "she lives for that child," so does the faithful Christian "live for Christ." He is the object of his supreme affection and devoted love. To him he is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.

3. It is the language too of *earnest desire.*—The apostle desired to live for Christ, and every one who can adopt his language is animated by the same desire: that he may live *in* Christ, *for* Christ, *to* Christ, and for ever *with* Christ. It is the language also of

4. *Fixed determination and purpose.*—When we say of a man that he lives for wealth, ambition, or pleasure, we mean that he is bent on attaining his end—determined to secure it. And so for one to adopt the sentiment of Paul, is to have the fixed, determined, unwavering purpose to live for Christ. This will be the motto, the maxim of his life, ever recurring to his memory, guiding his judgment, controlling his life. It is also the language of

5. *Enlightened action.*—For one to be able to say, "I live for Christ," is not merely to *think* of living for him, but *actually to do it*. The first inquiry of such a one is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" His eye is ever on Jesus, his heart absorbed in his love, his aim directed by his will, all his energies subservient to his commands. The law of Christ is his rule, the love of Christ his motive, the service of Christ his pursuit, the honour and glory of Christ his grand absorbing object. It is the language of

6. *Habitual performance.*—*Living* is not a single act. The expression points to a *habit*. When Paul could say, "For me to live is Christ," the language implied a persevering, permanent habit of the life. His piety was not one of times and seasons—now blazing with bright but fitful flame, and now so indifferent and stupid and cold as to chill the soul with the apathy of death—but ever ardent, elevated, steady. "The calmness of an intensity kept uniform by a sort of moral necessity,—the nature of the human mind," says Foster, "forbidding it to be more, the character of the individual forbidding it to be less." All his thoughts, desires, affections, purposes, actions, found their centre in Jesus, and the fulness of their joy in him.

Christian reader, can you from the heart adopt the apostle's language? In the sincerity of your soul can you say, "For me to live is Christ?" This is the great

end of your being. For this you were redeemed. This is the highest and best object of pursuit, and the true path of usefulness and holiness. This is the way to *think* of Christ, to *enjoy* Christ, to *serve* Christ, to *leave others* to Christ, and to be yourself preparing ever to *dwell with* Christ. Let this be your constant, earnest, prayerful aim; and then as for you to "live is Christ," so for you "to die shall be gain"—*everlasting and glorious gain*.

"MY STRENGTH AND MY HEART FAILETH."

In weakness at thy feet I lie,
Thine eye each pang hath seen,
Scarce can I lift my heart on high,
Yet, Lord, on thee I lean:

Lean on thy sure, unfailing word,
Thy gentle "It is I;"
For thou, my ever-living Lord,
Know'st what it is to die.

Thou wilt be with me when I go,—
Thy life my life in death;
For, in the lowest depths, I know
Thine arms are underneath.

'Tis not the infant's feeble grasp
Which holds the mother fast;
It is the mother's gentle clasp
Around her darling cast.

Just so thy child would cling to thee,
Knowing thy pity long;
For feeble as my faith may be,
The hand I clasp is strong.

—*The Three Wakings, with Hymns and Songs.**

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM THAT LOVE GOD."

ROM. viii. 28.

Oh! what a load of struggle and distress
Falls off before the Cross! The feverish care;
The wish that we were other than we are;
The sick regrets; the yearnings numberless;
The thought, "This might have been," so apt to press
On the reluctant soul; even past despair,
Past sin itself—all—all is turned to fair,
Ay, to a scheme of ordered happiness,
So soon as we love God, or rather know
That God loves us! . . . Accepting the great pledge
Of his concern for all our wants and woe,
We cease to tremble upon danger's edge;
While varying troubles form and burst anew,
Safe in a Father's arms we smile as infants do!

—*Anon.*

* London: J. Nisbet and Co.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

"THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN."

LUKE II. 7

BY THE REV. JAMES BOLTON, KILBURN.

"A MERRY Christmas to you!" will soon be in everybody's mouth, and Christmas day ought to be a happy day to us. The more we think of the great event which it commemorates the more we should rejoice. The birth of Christ was the Son of God descending to us, and his arriving amongst us, and his uniting himself to us,—and all in order to save us! So each of us is interested in it. The news of the discovery of the gunpowder plot, or of the victory of Waterloo, was glad tidings to those who were then living; but though this was thousands of years before either of them it is glad tidings to you and to me. All our hopes for eternity spring out of what happened in the manger at Bethlehem. Let us visit it, then, with the shepherds and the Magi, and be sure we take our harps and our best offerings with us, for certainly we shall want them there.

I recollect a grand building in the country, half palace half castle. It was surrounded with walls and ramparts, and porter's lodges and dog kennels, but there was one little word cut in huge stone letters on the porch,—the word WELCOME. It faced you as you approached it, and you could read it a long way off. That little word encouraged the youngest and poorest to draw near to it. Is not this story of Jesus's nativity, as it meets our eye on the first page of the holy gospel, like that comforting little word? Does it not say, let not the youngest and the poorest be afraid of this glorious revelation?

A slave boy had offended his master, and run into the woods and hidden himself. His master got over his anger, and was anxious to have the lad back. He really felt kindly towards him; so he went out and tried to allure him to return. But in vain he coaxed him, and promised him, and held up presents, and laid food and fruit and water on the ground for him. At last he bethought him of taking in his arms his own lovely daughter, whom "Joe" was employed to carry in the garden. No sooner did he hear her prattling voice than "Joe" rushed forth from his covert, and flung himself at his master's feet! Oh that we may be drawn to believe in the Lord's "kindness" towards us, by what he shows us in this consecrated manger.

That we may judge rightly of it, let us notice—

What was *lofty* about it.

What was *lowly* about it.

What was *lofty* about it.—It was the subject of pro-

phesy ages ago. Isaiah and Micah had foretold it. Isaiah had said, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel" (Isa. vii. 14). And again, "Unto us a child is born, and the government shall be upon his shoulder" (Isa. ix. 6). And Micah had pointed to the very spot which was to be so highly favoured, "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least amongst the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel" (Micah v. 2). *It was announced by a special messenger from God.*—Gabriel himself, "who stands in the presence of God," prepared Mary for it by quite a long and tender conversation (Luke i. 26–38). *It was altogether a miraculous thing.*—He had a mother, but no father. God made him, as he made Adam and Eve, differently to the rest of us. *It was proclaimed by a multitude of the heavenly host.*—They hovered around and above the shepherds as they watched their flocks by moon night, and having told them the fact, and how they might verify it, they burst into such a rapturous song as rung in the shepherd's ears till they died! *It was celebrated by the appearance of a star in the east.*—This may have been a meteor or comet; it may still be in the sky, fixed, or flying through space. Evidently it was brilliant and wonderful. It moved; and it was doing duty at the manger! *It was honoured by the mysterious pilgrimage of the Magi.*—These learned astronomers travelled tedious miles seeking for the babe. And when, guided by God, they found him, they bowed before him, and laid gold, and frankincense, and myrrh in his lap as if he were a king. No other infant, however royal, had anything of this sort. What if he had not a velvet cradle, or a robe of purple! what if no jewels were bound upon his tiny brow! what if cannon did not thunder salutes, nor the whole nation shout hosannas! could any of these compare with his celestial heraldry?

But now, recollecting this shining halo round his head, let us notice—

What was *lowly* about it.

His parents were humble.—Joseph was a carpenter at Nazareth; his affianced bride, though she was a descendant of David, and had a monarch's blood in her veins, was of the same rank as himself, and was ready to work hard at home—in the washing, and cooking, and sewing—as he was in the shop.

He entered the world as we do,—a naked, helpless, crying babe. To mortal sight he was a common child; “she wrapped him in swaddling clothes,”—she fed him at her bosom. He was born under a strange roof, far from their house. The emperor had commanded that the inhabitants of Palestine should assemble to be taxed at their respective cities. So Joseph and Mary had to start for Bethlehem, which was theirs.

*The town was so crowded that they could not be accommodated in the inn, and had to be content with a bed in the stable amongst the mules and camels. And there he was given to them. Who has not seen the pictures of the rough walls,—the stones for a carpet,—the wooden benches for chairs,—the gentle animals munching the hay or provender,—the precious group in the midst! Ah! let us not be shocked at this; rather let us admire, and adore, and imitate. There was beauty in this plainness, there was majesty in this humility; for it was for us men, and for our salvation. He stooped to the dust to lift us to a crown; he *became poor*, that we *through his poverty* might be rich.*

Therefore always recollect—

That it was his free and deliberate choice. There was no mistake about it. It was no accident—it was arranged and settled. It was his “mind” and his will. He *could*, if he pleased, have been a queen’s son. He could have been born in unrivalled splendour and wealth. But he would taste the cup we drank of,—he would drink of it with us; and the cup was of iron, not of silver—it was filled with muddy water, not with sparkling wine.

That it was necessary for him as our representative. How could he feel for the lambs of his flock unless he had himself been a lamb? How could he sympathize with them in their feebleness, and pains, and privations, unless he had himself trodden the path which begins so narrowly, and is so strewn with flints and thorns.

That it has blossomed in blessedness to us. If it shames us that he should have had such a despised commencement, let us consider that it has answered its end for us. God was so delighted at his “obedience” for us in this, as in the rest of his mediation for us, that now for his sake he smiles upon us, and forgives us, and restores us to his family, and exalts us to everlasting life. What is it to me if I dress as a collier, and am lowered into a dismal coal-mine, if by so doing I fetch up my darling children, who had fallen into it, and were perishing! What is it to the bulb, if it is set deep in the earth, and decays there, if by so doing it adds a cluster of fragrant hyacinths or gorgeous tulips to the emperor’s parterre or green-house!

That it is now his own crown of glory. It was because he did not spare himself from this that God has now seated him at his right hand, with principalities and powers subject unto him. God marked the manger scene. It is fresh in his memory now. He never gazes at Jesus but it rises before him; and he bids saints and seraphs tune their lyres and tongues to

another and still another halleluiah. “This is he,” he says, “who did *all that* for me and for you.” Yes, there is he “of whom it is written, And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.”

But now, in conclusion,—

Whilst we praise him for this, let us attend to it that we ourselves treat him better. How will it be on Christmas day? Shall we have no room for him in our hearts? Will he have to say then, There is room there for pleasures and vanities—for everything but me? Will he have to turn from your heart to the hearts of beggars or heathens? Will you worship him outwardly, and yet not let him in to your affections? Will you be warbling Christmas carols with friends, and yet not direct a single note of them to Him whose grace and goodness is their theme.

A curious Christmas that! a Christmas without the “Christ,” which is its charm and soul.

“Nay, rather let our Christmas be
A feast, dear Christ, of nought but thee
At which thou art the *only guest*,
Whose chamber is our inmost breast.”

“IN HONOUR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER.”

LOIS VANDERBERG, with her shawl over her head, had been standing at the gate more than half an hour, in the chill evening air, looking vainly for her little brother, Pierre, when suddenly the boy appeared through the thick mist as if he had risen out of the earth.

“Ah, here you are,” cried Lois, “how slowly you must have walked! Father has been waiting an hour for his paper. But come now, do hurry in out of the rain. We’ve got a splendid roaring fire for this dreary night, and we’re going to have hot cakes for tea!”

But to this cheery intelligence little Pierre only responded, “I’m sure I don’t care if we are,” in such a dismal tone, that, as they entered the bright fire-lighted kitchen, Lois turned upon him a look of great anxiety.

“I’m afraid you’re sick, Pierre,” said she, seeing very clearly that something had gone wrong.

“No; don’t trouble me; I’m only tired.”

Nevertheless, Lois noticed that when he had hung away his damp coat and tippet, he seated himself by the window as far as possible from the bright, cheerful fire, and hid his head behind the curtain.

“Now, Pierre,” she whispered, following him, “you must tell me what has happened.”

“Don’t ask me, sister,” said Pierre, melting a little. “I’m ashamed to tell.”

But Lois persisted, and she had such kind, “taking” ways, that as Pierre would have told you, she never let down her little bucket of sympathy into Pierre’s heart without drawing up nearly all of his troubles.

"Well, Lois," said he slowly, "in the first place, you know how anxious father has been that I should be 'head boy' at school this year, and you know how I've studied early and late, and haven't missed a single lesson!"

"Yes, indeed," cried Lois.

"Then you know that Herbert Bell is the only other boy who has been studying so hard, and I'm sure I can remember at least three times *he* has missed this quarter."

"Yes, well?"

"Well, to-day, Mr. Simmons asked me to stay a few minutes after school, and when the scholars were all gone, he said—

"I've been very much pleased with some of my scholars lately, and I've been thinking I should like to give the one who has the most good marks at the end of the quarter some reward for his industry and good behaviour. Now what should you think a boy, about *your* age, would like best for a present this winter?" O Lois, you can't think how my heart beat! I thought right away, 'I'm sure he means *me*,' and I'm afraid he knew that I thought so, for it seemed to burn right through my cheeks. But in a minute I said, just as carelessly as I could, 'Why, I should think, sir, a boy couldn't like anything better than a nice little sled, with iron shoes, and painted bright red,' for you know, Lois, I've wanted one three winters, and father never could afford it, and now 'times' are harder than ever. Well, he smiled, and said he should think that would please a boy, and then he looked right in my face, and said, 'What do you think of *Herbert Bell*? Isn't he about as good a scholar as we have in the school?' I declare, Lois, if my cheeks burned before, I felt *this* time as if my whole head had tumbled off into the stove, and I was choking with the smoke besides. I couldn't speak for a moment, but just pretended I had a terrible cough, and by and by I just managed to say—

"Yes, sir, I don't believe there's a better fellow in all the world."

"That's all right," said Mr. Simmons very kindly, "and now I've one more favour to ask of you. As you and Herbert are such very good friends, your tastes must be something alike, and I should like some pleasant Saturday to take you with me to the city, to help me to pick out just the right kind of sled, for it's a good while since I was a boy, and I'm afraid I don't know so much about *some* things as I did then."

"I hardly remember what I said, sister, but pretty soon I was out on the road, thinking I knew just how that wicked old Haman felt, for you see I thought I was the boy Mr. Simmons delighted to honour, instead of that I must go to B—— and pick out a pretty sled for my Mordecai." Pierre's voice shook, and leaning his hand against the window, he stared out into the dark rainy night.

"But, Pierre," said Lois, "I'm sure you're not at all like that bad Haman. You certainly don't hate your Mordecai."

"No indeed, sister; there's all the comfort there is in the matter."

"Not at all," cried Lois; "there's something more. I think it was a very great honour for Mr. Simmons to consult you about the present. It showed that he thought you had a noble, generous heart, and were above all feelings of envy and jealousy."

"I never thought of *that*," said Pierre, brightening; "but then, sister," he added more sadly, "I'm pretty sure he saw what I was thinking about, and knew just how mean I was."

"Not so *very* mean after all," said Lois, smiling. "It was kind in you to praise Herbert—"

"Why, sister?" interrupted Pierre, with a look of surprise. "What else could I do? Didn't I have to tell the *truth*?"

"To be sure," said Lois, smiling still more; "but I do not believe Mr. Simmons has such a very poor opinion of you. He knows very well how hard it is for a boy who has studied as *you* have, to stand aside, and let some one else take the first place. Ah, yes, little Pierre, we all have to struggle very hard and pray a great deal before we can very cheerfully 'in honour prefer one another.'"

"But you can do it at last, sister?"

"Oh, yes; we can so far conquer our selfishness for Christ's sake, that at last we shall very much prefer other people's happiness to our own."

Pierre looked thoughtful, but was much comforted, and so far reconciled to life, that the call to supper and nice hot cakes was by no means disregarded.

* * * * *

One pleasant Saturday, a few weeks after, Pierre rushed in with a bright face.

"Well, sister, it's done at last. I and Mr. Simmons have bought the sled, and it's a regular beauty. Its name is 'Rocket,' and it's the brightest red. Oh, won't Herbert's eyes snap! But now, sister, do you think it was wrong for me to wish for one too? There were plenty more *beauties* in the store, but they cost money," and little Pierre sighed. "Never mind," he continued bravely, "Herbert *is* just the best fellow,—and I really do think at last, that if only one of us could have it, I would rather it should be he, and I think I'll give him my little flag, too, so everything will be complete. And oh, sister, I almost forgot,—examination will end on Wednesday, and I'm to have the honour of presenting the sled. But, do you know, I'm afraid Herbert half suspects, for he is in the greatest spirits, and says he knows something splendid that's going to happen before long. Some of the boys have got hold of it, too, I am sure, for one of them said to-day, 'There's some thing going on right under your nose, Pierre, but *Dutch* people never get their eyes open till four o'clock.' I was so happy I didn't mind it a bit, and only laughed to think how much wiser I was than any of them."

* * * * *

The great Wednesday came. Herbert and Pierre

passed very fine examinations, and at the close Pierre arose to deliver the speech which had been carefully prepared for the occasion.

"Herbert Bell," began Pierre, but (how awkward!) there was Herbert coming forward, too, and beginning,—

"Pierre Vanderberg—"

"Keep still, Herbert," whispered Pierre, "I am to make a speech and present you with a sled."

"Just exactly what I am to do for *you*," whispered back Herbert, with a merry laugh.

Poor bewildered Pierre looked imploringly at Mr. Simmons, who, rising, said,—

"I believe I shall have to decide this matter, and say that the sled belongs to *Pierre Vanderberg*, who has ten more good marks than Herbert."

"Oh, Mr. Simmons," cried poor Pierre, but entirely broke down, while Herbert shook his hand as if it were a pump-handle. Lois wiped her eyes in a corner, and the boys, who were all in the secret, made the old school-room shake with a perfect tempest of applause.—*Youth's Penny Gazette*.

DREAMING SUSY.

SOME little friends, when they read the words, "Dreaming Susy," will be sure to imagine, all in a minute, a pretty little girl—blue eyes, dimples and roses mixed in just the right proportions—who has been playing all day, and, very tired, has at last fallen asleep out in the hay-field, or under the apple tree.

But no; you are not quite right, Tom and Kitty, for the little girl I am going to tell you about used to dream with her eyes *wide open*. All day long, from sunrise to sunset, little Susy dreamed and dreamed, till you hardly knew whether to say she was ever *awake* or not.

Perhaps you will understand me better if I give an account of one of the days of Susy's life.

In the morning would come a loud call, "Susy! Susy! it is time to get up!" and Susy, rubbing her eyes, would answer, "Yes, mother," and would sit up in bed. Then she would think, "What a trouble to put on my stockings and shoes, and comb my hair. How nice it would be"—and here Susy would begin to dream—"if I had a little black slave to come in and wait on me. She would wash me with sweet perfumed soap, and curl my hair in long ringlets, and dress me in a blue silk dress, and put a little thin handkerchief, all embroidery, in my hand, and then, if I felt lazy, I would say, You may bring my breakfast upstairs this morning, Jette,—a little broiled chicken, and some toast; and—let me see—yes, some preserves and cake, and—"

"Susy, Susy!" her mother's voice would break in, "breakfast is all ready;" and Susy, with a great start, would find she had been dreaming half an hour, and the end of it all would be that she would either lose her breakfast altogether, or come down very ill-naturedly, with her hair hastily twisted in a little knot, and make

a meal of cold cakes and potatoes, in such very different plight from what she had imagined in that pleasant dream, that tears of vexation were continually coming in her eyes.

Then after breakfast her brother would say: "Susy, do you know your Arithmetic lesson? It's all fractions, and I've been up studying for more than an hour."

"O Joe, please let me take the book!" cried Susy; "I don't know one word," and sitting down in the door-way, she opens at the place. Oh dear, how could she *ever* understand it? What a regiment of figures—4-7 of 5-6 of 3½—how could she ever bring them into line, and find out just what they were worth? Susy scowled and fretted, and then staring up into the big tree before the door—a vacant, absent look came in her eyes, and in a minute she was off dreaming.

"How nice it would be," thought Susy, "if I lived in a palace, and had a fairy godmother. There was once a princess whose cruel step-mother put her in a room where there was a great heap of feathers. 'These,' said she, 'are the feathers of a hundred different birds, and you must pick them all out by night, and have each kind by itself in a hundred different heaps, or I'll kill you.' So the poor princess cried and cried."

"Susy, Susy," cried Joe, "you're away off in the clouds. You're not studying at all."

"I will in a minute," cried Susy, emphatically; and then she went on.

"So the poor princess cried, and cried, till at last her fairy godmother came, and waved her wand three times, and every little blue and red feather flew into its place in a minute." Now," thought Susy, "if a fairy could only come and wave over this lesson, and make every figure fly just where it ought, and make all the sense of it run into my brain, how splendid it would be. Then, when I recited, Miss Brown would say, 'You have an admirable lesson, Miss Susan, go to the head of the class;' and—"

Ding-dong, ding-dong. "Why, that can't be the school bell," cried Susy, jumping up hastily.

"It is, though," said Joe, "and your wits have been on a goose-chase for most three quarters of an hour. I took your arithmetic away ten minutes ago, and you never knew it at all."

Susy rose with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, and held out her hand for the book. All the way to school she studied, with the help of her good-natured brother; but all in vain. The time was too short, and at the close of her recitation, instead of hearing any praises, she caught a very sad look upon the teacher's face, and heard that "hateful Patty Porter" titter, as she was sent to take her place at the foot of the class.

But all these mortifications and privations seemed to have very little effect upon Susy. That very night, as she sat with a little piece of sewing her mother had given her, the needle fell from her fingers, and her eyes again fixed upon vacancy.

"What are you after now, Susy?" cried Joe.

"Well, I'm thinking what if I had three pairs of hands, and while one pair did the hemming, another could sew on these strings, and another could stitch down that seam, and we'd have it all done in no time at all."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Joe. "Seems to me I'd learn to use *one* pair of hands before I was fretting for more. Now I believe I'll dream a little, too. Suppose people came into the world with the ends of their arms all smooth, without any hands at all, and suppose every time they were very good, or accomplished any great thing, a finger would grow out. I suspect they'd be pretty thankful if they ever got *ten* of them. I wonder how many *you'd* have by this time! I know you'd *dream* you had two or three hundred, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you hadn't the first joint of a forefinger."

Susy coloured, and bit her lips, but had not a word to say.

But more serious consequences than these resulted from Susy's habit of dreaming. She was very fond of taking long walks, and, as she lived only a mile from the sea-shore, she would often, on a Saturday, ramble there with her work, and, sitting on the rocks, dream away hours at a time.

Now it happened one day that Susy had an examination composition to write, and taking her pencil and paper with her, she came down to the rocks, so, as she said, "that no one should interrupt her." She played awhile with the sand and shells, and then settling herself comfortably, she spread her paper upon her lap, and began to—*dream*.

"How nice it would be," began Susy in usual fashion, "if some great big hand would take hold of my pencil, and without my having to think at all, would just guide it along over the paper, writing the funniest and nicest things in the world; then how neatly I would copy it off, and have it all off my mind. And when examination came, I should read it very slowly and distinctly, and when I finished, old Mr. Mason would pat me on the head and say, 'I didn't know Miss Susan had so much talent. I shouldn't wonder if she'd write a *book* some day,' and Patty Porter would just die of envy, and almost cry when she got up to read—'Lions. The lion is a very useful animal.'" And then ran on Susy—"What *should* I wear? I wish father was rich; or, how nice it would be, if I could wake in the morning, and find by my bed a lovely pink silk, and a wreath of white roses, such as the ladies at the grand hotel wore this summer. How sweet I should look! I wouldn't be a bit proud, either, but would walk by Kitty Bell's brown de-laine, just the same as ever."

Thus ran on Susy's nimble thoughts, and she entirely forgot how late it was growing, till suddenly the sea, which had been slowly creeping nearer and nearer, sent a little dash of spray up in her face. Susy started, and looked quickly around. Oh, how careless she had been! She had been dreaming, dreaming, till the cold, cruel sea had come crawling all around the little rock

where she was sitting, and there seemed no way of escape. Poor Susy! she was wide awake now, and she remembered that at high tide her rock was perfectly covered. What should she do? She called wildly, and looked out over the rough gray water, and back on the dreary gray shore. There was no one in sight, and, dropping down again, poor Susy dreamed no more of silk dresses and rose wreaths, but sobbed till she could cry no more. But the sea came creeping up, surely, *surely*, and suddenly she felt its cold touch through the toes of her stout leather boots, and, with a little sharp cry, drew them up, with her knees close under her chin. O how dreadful to wake up from such a lovely dream to such a terrible reality! The water crept nearer. She could not draw her feet up any further, and it rose over her little round ankles. Susy covered her face with her hands, and thought of home. She knew just how pleasant the old kitchen was looking. She shouldn't wonder if mother had made gingerbread, and was cooking apples for tea, and pussy was washing herself by the fire. But oh, when they all sat down to tea, and were laughing and telling stories, she would be lying upon the cold gray sand, like that poor lady who was wrecked a year ago—lying all cold and still, with sea-weed in her hair. "Yes, I must die," thought Susy, "and I haven't been good at all; but perhaps if I get down on my *knees*, the angels will think I'm one of God's children, and carry me to heaven by mistake." But the water came higher still, and poor, sobbing Susy concluded she would rather die *standing up*. Oh, how cold it was, and how she trembled. She couldn't stand much longer, and—what then!

"Father! mother! Joe!" screamed Susy frantically, covering her eyes as she felt herself swaying dizzily forward.

"I declare, if there isn't our Susy," cried Joe's astonished voice, and his boat swept rapidly around the corner of a rock.

"My little daughter!" cried father, and Susy knew no more till she found herself, wrapped in a great coat, held safe in her father's arms.

"Well, what were you about *this* time?" cried Joe, with pretended roughness, as he wound up his fishing line. "I suppose you were *dreaming* you were a mermaid, and were going to sail off in an oyster shell."

You would have thought this adventure would cure Susy of dreaming, and that she would set diligently to work, knowing that the best kind of fairies to separate birds' feathers, or do sums, and write compositions are Patience and Industry, and they are always ready to come if any little girl or boy really wants them.

But Susy had indulged in this sad habit so long, that the very next Sunday, as she sat in the church, thinking of her narrow escape, she said to herself,—

"God was very good to me, and I ought to be a Christian. How *nice it would be* if I were just like an angel, and couldn't do wrong. Then wherever I went every one would love me, and would say, 'what a sweet

expression Miss Susan has !' and at last, when I died, I should go straight to heaven."

So she never heard what the minister said, "I love them that *love* me, and they that *seek* me early shall find me." "My son," "my daughter, give me thine heart." She only *dreamed* that *some* time she would be very good, and as, on the way home, she spoke very sharply to Joe, for daring to interrupt her thoughts, I am quite sure that none of the angels would have made such a mistake, as to think she was one of God's children.

Little children, are any of you dreaming like Susy?—*Congregationalist.*

"REACHING FORTH."

BABY sat in her basket-chair, playing with the toys which a loving little brother had piled upon the stand. She was delighted with these until she chanced to espy a stray bit of white paper lying on a chair near her. At once the charm of the playthings was gone, and baby stretched eagerly after the fancied treasure, growing red in the face in her vain efforts to obtain it! "Silly little baby!" you will all exclaim. But do we not often see older ones, who should be wiser, acting quite as foolishly? Let us think of this!

Charlie has a happy home. Kind parents and teachers are earnest in their efforts for his welfare. His every reasonable want is supplied. But one thing greatly troubles Charlie. His parents think it proper to know where he is, and what he is doing, and therefore they do not allow him to go from home without permission. Now Charlie knows some boys who can go in and out as they please, and stay half the time in the streets without being questioned. This he calls *liberty*, and for this he pines! Overlooking all the enjoyments so freely provided for him, his young heart rebels continually because God has blessed his childhood with wise and faithful guides;—because he cannot have his own way! Poor foolish Charlie!

May Waters is another discontented one. What is the matter with May? Is she poor, and deprived of the comforts of life? Is she sick and suffering? Is it that she has no friends to care for her? No, none of these. May wishes she were *beautiful*. She thinks if she were only like her cousin Sarah, whose lovely features every one admires, she would be quite happy. In wishing for this, May often renders herself miserable, forgetting that a lovely spirit within has power to make the plainest features pleasing.

And so May, as well as Charlie, is very much like our baby, losing the enjoyment of the many good things within our reach, in useless strivings and murmurings for some fancied good which has been denied her!

And there are many such grown people as well as children. Some spend their lives in eager seeking for fame and glory. Others are dissatisfied unless their houses and dress are in the height of the fashion; and there are others who give up the best and sweetest joys

of earth to pursue objects still more sinful, and pleasures more unreal than these.

In fact there are few persons in this wide world, who are not secretly reaching after, and striving for some object of desire! Does it not seem as if it were our very nature to be longing for something better? And so it is. And there is something better in store for us all!

The word of truth says of all those earthly objects of which we have been speaking, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" But the same word tells us of joys which cannot die, a treasure which shall not pass away. And those who, forgetting things behind, are reaching forth after these heavenly joys, shall be for ever blessed! Are you one of them?

A CONQUEROR.

SAID a mother of her son, "I know he will distinguish himself wherever he is, for he has already proved himself a *great conqueror*."

"So young as he is!" I exclaimed; "how?"

"He has *conquered himself*," replied the mother, "and you know what the Bible says about that."

"O yes, indeed," said I, "but I thought your Merwin was one of those who find it very easy to be good. There is a great difference in children. Some are so amiable and gentle, that when they become Christians you see but little change in their outward conduct, and some—"

"But my son was not one of those," said she, interrupting me. "He was born with a hot, fiery, temper. It used to frighten me almost, when he was nothing but a baby, and I hardly dared to think what would become of him when he grew older. I prayed a great deal about it, and talked and laboured to help him to overcome his naughty, passionate spirit. And he began very early to try to govern himself. I recollect when he was not more than four years old, he had been very much provoked about something, and I could see the fire kindling in his eye, and the colour rising in his cheek. But he kept very still until his anger had subsided, and then he came running to me, threw his arms around my neck, and bursting into tears, he cried, 'Kiss me, mamma, kiss me, *I've overcome*.'"

"That's beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"Many a time," the mother continued, "have I seen him struggle with his hasty, angry feelings, until by degrees it grew easier for him to control his temper, and now I can truly say, I believe, by the grace of God, he has conquered himself. And among the qualifications for good soldiership, that is one of the very best I think."

I thought so too, as I repeated to myself the words of the Bible, to which Merwin B——'s mother had alluded. You will find them, little reader, in Prov. xvi. 32. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

And I felt as if I wanted all the little boys to become conquerors in this same sense. No matter if you are

not called to be soldiers to march at the call of your country to the battle-field and fight. You may be called of God to conquer enemies elsewhere. You may be called to govern and direct others. Whatever may be your duty in life, the best preparation you can make is to learn to govern yourself.

An angry spirit is a terrible enemy. It comes upon you so suddenly that it takes you unawares, throws you off your guard, and has vanquished you before you have time to think. Then if you *are* on the watch, it is so strong, so furious, so unwilling to listen to the voice of reason, that if you are not well armed, and if you have not helpers close by, you are most likely to be beaten. So, dear boys, it becomes you to be on the look out all the while for it. As Jesus said, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." You must have your armour on too, always. Never venture to lay it aside for a moment. If you do, you will, I am sure, be overcome. And more than all, do not live very far away from God, who alone is able to make you conqueror over this dreadful enemy. If you live near to him, he will protect you. He will teach your hands to war, and your fingers to fight; will encourage you in the heat of the conflict with his smile and whispers of comfort and love, and will give you the victory. Better than all, he will bring you at last up to his own home, put a crown upon your head, and seat you upon a throne of glorious triumph in the heavenly kingdom of Jesus Christ; for hear what Jesus has said: "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

GOD'S SCHOLAR.

JEMMY liked a great many things, but he did not like learning to read. He wanted to read, but the trouble of learning—putting words together to make a syllable, and syllables together to make words—came hard to him; and shirk his lessons he would if he could. His sister Emma was sent to teach him, and, as you may suppose, he sometimes vexed her.

"Mother," said Jemmy one day, "I don't want to be Emma's scholar any longer."

"You want to be *God's scholar*," said his mother.

The little boy opened his eyes wide. "Does God want me to be his scholar?" asked he. "I should have to behave, should I not?"

"God *does* want you to be," answered his mother seriously; "and he has two books for you to study."

"What?" asked Jemmy in surprise.

"One is called the book of nature," said she. "It is full of lessons. It tells about trees and flowers; about animals,—lions and horses, dogs and birds; about the moon and stars; about the earth, air, and water. God made all these things. He is a great master builder, and he teaches you his wisdom, and skill, and knowledge by the study of them. Whenever, therefore, you study about any of these things, you are God's scholar."

"Then I must pay attention," said the little boy.

"The other book is the Bible—the book of mercy"—continued his mother, "and it is full of precious lessons: you know it gives us the history of God's dear Son, who came into this world to be our Saviour and friend, and to set a heavenly pattern for us to copy. It teaches us how to become holy children, loving good and hating wickedness. It tells us where good men go, and where bad men go."

"That I must mind," said Jemmy.

"Indeed you must," said his mother.

"God's scholar must be a *good scholar*," said Jemmy thoughtfully.

"Yes," said his mother; "not careless or idle."

"I do not know that a little boy like me can *always* be good," said Jemmy.

"His Teacher will help him," answered his mother.

"God helps his scholars when they ask him; carry all your little difficulties to him, and he will give you his Holy Spirit, to make you patient, and gentle, and diligent, and to comfort your little heart, and guide your feet in the way you should go."

"That's what I want," said the little boy, with a tear in his eye. "Mother," he added, after thinking a little while, "I will try to be God's scholar."

A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

"THERE is Henry," said a bright-eyed little boy of about six years of age, "there is Henry Sanders; let us go where he will not see us, for I don't want to play with him."

"Why not?" asked his playmate.

"Because he says wicked words."

"What words does he say?"

"Oh, they are very bad words, and my mother says we should not mention them after him, or even *think* them over, if we can think of something else."

I thought, surely this child has a good mother; the little boy's answer gave me this opinion of her. He honoured her, that is, he made her appear good. If you should see a person's picture, you would judge at once whether the person was handsome or not. So this child, by his conduct, showed me a *picture of his mother's character*.

"HE COULDN'T LOOK ME IN THE EYE."

"I don't want your boy, sir," said an eccentric merchant to a father who was seeking employment for his son.

"He hung his head all the time I was talking to him; and I never want to do business with anybody who can't look me in the eye."

Children, if you stand beside a singing brook when the sun shines upon it, how clearly you can see the pure little pebbles and the silver sand on the bottom; every ripple of the water looks like a string of diamonds, and all around is made glad by its freshness and purity.

But go to the frog pond. Does that look up to the sun's eye and reflect his rays like the dancing waters of the little brook? Oh no. The dull, green veil it wears is itself a part of the pollution it hides below. Let your heart be pure like the waters of the brook; then you will have nothing to hide, and may look parent, teacher, or employer straight in the eye.

Although *some* good boys may drop their heads when spoken to, through bashfulness, it is usually done from a less innocent cause. He who takes money from his mother's purse, or apples from his neighbour's tree; or smokes a cigar unknown to his friends, will not be very likely to look them honestly in the face when he comes home. This may seem a very little thing to write about; but you may depend upon it, dear children, it is not little. The eyes have been called "the windows of the soul;" keep all pure and true within, and then you may allow any one to glance through. If you should close these windows so that no man can discover the thoughts of the heart, remember there is One who knoweth what is in us. You cannot avoid the gaze of that all-seeing eye; see to it, therefore, that you keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man. Then may you look any man in the eye, nor fear detection.

WHICH WILL YOU IMITATE?

LITTLE Jennie could not take her books and run to school, nor play like other children, nor even go out of doors at all, but was obliged to sit quite still in a large chair which her kind father had bought for her comfort. It had velvet cushions, and a beautiful, soft pillow on which to rest her poor, crippled feet. Jennie also had a great number of playthings, and beautiful books, and pictures. But how could these compensate for her lameness? I think there is not one of our little readers who would not rather have the free use of their limbs than all the wealth of India.

It was a warm, pleasant day in summer, when most little girls were playing under some beautiful shade-tree, or by some singing brook. Jennie's sister Anna, and her little Cousin Clara, were going out to roll their hoops. Jennie looked down very sadly at her poor, crippled feet, and wished she too could go.

"Sister Anna," she said, "*please* stay in the house and play with me. You know I cannot go out of doors."

"Oh, no, I shan't!" said Anna impatiently. "You've got my wax-doll, and you should be contented. I can't stay in the house these lovely days, just for your whims! Come along, Clara!"

But Clara could not go when she saw Jennie's earnest face and pleading eyes.

"No, Anna," said Clara, "I will stay with Jennie, and I think you would be much happier if you would do the same. Think how hard it must be to have to stay in the house, these sweet summer days. If you—"

But Anna ran from the room, slamming the door behind her very rudely.

Little reader, whose example would you rather imitate, that of Anna or Clara? Anna would have been much astonished had any one told her that she was selfish. She always shared her sweetmeats and toys with Jennie. But it required no self-denial. When she was asked to relinquish her inclinations and wishes, it was then that her selfishness exhibited itself. Even Jesus "pleased not himself;" and who does not wish to be like him?—*Child's Paper*.

MISSIONARY CANOES.

THE children in England and the children in the United States have built missionary vessels, and children on missionary fields have purchased boats. At many of the South Sea Islands, the missionaries and teachers go from place to place by water more than by land, and so each one wants a boat or canoe. But how should all the teachers get them? The English missionaries at the Samoa Islands, where very good canoes are made, thought the young people of the islands would willingly do their best to follow the example of the children of England; and they ventured to propose that the children of each district should subscribe a canoe for the use of the native teachers at the different islands of Western Polynesia. At once, with heart and hand, the young folks set to work to do their part. When the collections had been made, a meeting was held under a grove of bread-fruit trees. "I do not know," writes Mr. Mills, "that I have enjoyed a more interesting meeting since I have been in Samoa. The children came from the furthest village of my district. Mr. Pritchard was present, and gave them an interesting address. The children of each district then came forth in succession, with their offerings. There were upwards of four hundred yards of English cloth; eight axes; twelve pairs of scissors; three razors; five knives; eighty-seven fine mats, many of them such as it would take three or four months to make; three hundred and sixty-nine pieces of native cloth; and fifty-seven dollars in money. The value of the contributions, for this one object, in the different districts, could not have been less than from £300 to £400. Twenty-nine canoes were bought with these contributions, and what remained of the property was sent down to the westward."—*Macedonian*.

FAITHFUL IN FEW THINGS.

HARRY went to his uncle's blacksmith shop. He was sorry to leave his books; but his uncle thought book-made blockheads of boys, and was not satisfied till he got Harry out of school and into his shop. "Mother," said he, "then there will be no chance of my getting an education." His mother thought the chance was small;

but the poor widow did not dare to interfere with her brother-in-law, who promised Harry's father on his deathbed to look after his son. Harry had no taste for the smithy, and that the boys knew; so one of them gave him this bit of advice:—

"Show your uncle you *don't care*. I wouldn't learn. Be as bungling and make all the mistakes you can; make believe you can't learn. Then he'll be glad to ship you off."

"Never!" cried Harry, indignantly. "I shall try to be as faithful as I can. I should dishonour God, dishonour my mother, dishonour my father's memory by such conduct."

The boy turned on his heel, and Harry went to his work. He found many a spare moment, and these he thought he might improve by reading or study. But the head workman did not like that. He did not like any boys very well, and a reading boy he heartily despised. "Pity the mare that is shod by a stickler to his books," he said. Very likely he complained to Henry's uncle, for his uncle presently made it very plain that books got into the wrong place when they got into the smithy. "You can't do two things at a time," said the old blacksmith, "no how." Harry pleaded the spare moments, but uncle did not allow there should be any spare moments in business; so poor Harry was quite cut off. It was a disappointment, a great one. But he cheerfully gave up his taste and his ardent wishes, and tried to be a first-class smith.

Harry lived at home, between two and three miles off, and he used to bring his dinner in a tin-box. The dinner-hour then was his own time, and as an algebra or Latin grammar was usually a part of the contents of the box, he used to go out under an old elm, not far from the shop, and there feed his hungry mind as well as body. His uncle observed it, and saw too how careful he was not to steal business hours.

"That's a good boy," said the old man many times to himself. He found also how intelligent and observing he was. That did not touch his heart, however. "Plenty of bright boys," he used to say to himself; "but faithfulness is a scarce article—a scarce article."

To make a long story short, in the end Harry won the day. Uncle loved Harry. "And, Harry," he said at the close of his second year at the smithy, "I've been two years weighing you, and haven't found you wanting. You may get an education, and I'll help you along. You'll do good with it, I'll be bound."

What a happy, thankful day was that. Before honour is humility. Harry went through a full course of education, and he now fills a high and responsible post. There is no stain on his integrity. Every duty he discharges he accepts as from God's hand, feeling that to him one day he must render his account. That sets all right. To honour God by a faithful and godly life is stamped upon every day he lives; and everybody who knows him, feels that him who honours God, God will honour.—*Ibid.*

THE TWO MITES.

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."—MARK xii. 41-44.

I AM glad this poor woman came in just as she did. I am glad she did not stop, look at her mites, and say, "There is no use in my giving only *these*." I am glad she did not look at her little family, and say, "I must not rob my children." I am glad she did not look at her rich neighbours, and say, "They will not expect *me* to give." Because, if she had, St. Mark could not have told us how the Lord loves little. He does not love *stingy* littles, or *careless* littles, or *grudging* littles. If we give him *such* littles, we cannot expect his favour or approval, "for God loves a cheerful giver." This poor woman gave him her *little all*; and it was the "all" that pleased the Lord, whether little or much, because God loves to be trusted, not half way, but wholly.

Did you ever hear of the poor woman who gave her tea-kettle? Perhaps not. Well, she did. She was poor and old, and lived with her son, who never gave her a farthing. She had not much comfort in anybody but God; he comforted her; and she took great delight in praising him and praying. She was never tired of saying, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And it pleased her to hear the minister tell about preaching Christ to the heathen, and getting the little black children into Jesus' fold; and she wished *she* could do something. The minister asked her one day if she had not her widow's mite to give. "Come in two weeks," said she, "and see."

Well, she thought and thought where she should get it, and quite likely wondered how the poor widow in the Bible got hers. She was past earning it, and besides, she lived on the edge of the pine woods, where money was scarce. One night as she lay praying and thinking, she thought of an old brass tea-kettle there was up in the garret, under the eaves of the house, and the next morning she went and found it among the dust and rubbish of years. It was *her* tea-kettle. She took it under her shawl to the blacksmith's shop, and there sold it for—how much do you think? Two shillings! When the minister came back she put them into the Lord's treasury, and how happy and thankful she was. It was one of those "little alls" very dear to the heart of God.

Then you know how the "two mites" gained, according to God's arithmetic. "This poor widow," said Jesus, "cast in more than they all;" for "two mites" added to love, and multiplied by faith, and that multiplied again and again by prayer, will run up very fast; I expect, faster than we can count, or *see* to count. Nor can we see the answer; but God can. It is in a rich revenue of blessing—a treasure laid up on high.

Is it not comforting, children, to think God will take our "little ails?" What are you going to do with your "two mites?" Do not spend them foolishly; do not spend them carelessly. I will tell you what to do. Put "For Christ's sake" on them, and cast them into God's treasury. Let him use them for carrying on his great and blessed kingdom, and you will never be sorry for that—never, never.

GRIEVING THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD.*

1. We grieve the Spirit when we *harbour his enemies*; by that I mean when we indulge in sinful thoughts, and words, and actions. There are certain people who hate your father very much, and do all they can to vex and annoy him,—who, if they could, would by some means or other get him out of the way altogether. Well, one day, coming home unexpectedly, he finds you with these in the house, entertaining them, giving them his own best room, making friends of them—joining them in mocking and speaking ill of him. What would he think? how would he feel? would he not be grieved? would it not pierce him to the heart? Could you do *that*? Or you have been left alone, friendless and uncared for. Some neighbour, on whom you had no claim, came in to cheer and comfort you when you were mourning your loss; promising to act the part of a father to you, to help you on in the world; telling you to come to him in every difficulty, and he would show you what to do; giving you proof that he was both able and willing. If you knew that there was something that he disliked very much, that he would not come near, that he could not bear the sight of—how do you think he would feel, if you were to take that hated thing, to carry it about with you, and put it in his way, so that he could have no dealing with you without coming in contact with it—would it not wound him and grieve him most bitterly? Could you do *that*? There is a little plant called the sensitive plant, beautiful in form, and of a pretty green colour; whenever you touch it, the leaf falls down, as if it were a living thing, shrinking back from, unable to endure your touch; hence its name. It cannot bear to be meddled with.

Now, children, when you tamper with sin, you do all I have been describing. Your thinking sin, or speaking sin, or acting sin, is like entertaining your father's hateful foes, or rewarding your friend's kindness by doing what most annoys him—pressing upon him what his very nature revolts from. You are grieving the Holy Spirit—beginning a course that may end in his leaving you.

You lost your temper, and, in the heat of the moment, said some sharp, bitter thing to a friend or companion. You saw it had "told,"—your friend's countenance fell, his mouth was shut, and you came off conqueror. When

your better feelings returned, it pained you as you thought you had grieved *him*. Ah! it did more than that,—it grieved the Holy Spirit. You spoke some unhallowed word, and just as you spoke it, your mother came in sight, and you almost fancied you saw it go like a dagger to her heart. That word, unintended for her—it was a mercy she heard it, for it told her of her boy's danger—how you wished it recalled! how you wept as you thought you had grieved *your mother*! Ah! it did more than that; though she had never heard it, it grieved the Holy Spirit, who sees and hears all. You were tempted to commit some sin, and fell before the temptation; and now that it is discovered, you can scarcely hold up your head,—it seems as if everybody were pointing his finger at you, and crying, "Shame!"—or without it being known to others, your own conscience condemns you, and you think how foolish you were to make yourself so unhappy for a moment's pleasure; it grieves *you* to have done it. Ay, but more than that, it has grieved the Holy Spirit. Of such things as these was Paul speaking when he wrote our text. Never, then, think lightly of them.

2. We grieve the Spirit when we *neglect prayer and the reading of God's word*. A son is leaving his home for the first time. His godly mother makes him promise that he will never retire to rest at night without reading a portion of God's word, which she has learned to prize above all things else. He is now lodging at some distance from town or village. It is late at night, and his candle is burnt out, and he has not read his chapter. There is not another candle in the house; there is no gas-light or lamp—none to be had without going miles for it. The night is dark; everything seems to say, "Wait for your chapter till morning—light enough then!" But that youth knows how it would grieve his mother's heart to think he had begun to neglect his Bible;—rather than that, he would do anything. The long road, and the dark night, and the late hour are disregarded; he gets his candle, and reads his Bible as perhaps never before. Ah! I wonder how many among us are as much afraid to omit their morning or evening prayer, or their morning or evening chapter, lest they should grieve the Holy Spirit. Perhaps you ask, "But how should that grieve the Spirit?"

There is a prisoner confined for some serious offence. Others would leave him to his fate, and say he richly deserved the worst he could get. But there is a kind-hearted advocate who goes down to his cell, offers to help him in drawing up a statement of his case,—leaves with him a schedule to be filled up, and a paper of instructions telling him both how to proceed now, and, in the event of his being pardoned, how to conduct himself afterwards. And as he comes down day after day, he finds things just as he left them—the schedule unfilled up, the memorial not sent off, the paper of instructions unlooked at, and the whole matter treated with neglect; the man sometimes saying he had forgot, and sometimes he had not had time, and sometimes he had

* From "THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN." By the Rev. J. H. Wilson, Fountainbridge Church, Edinburgh. T. Nelson and Sons, London and Edinburgh.

An admirable book for the young. It should be in every household.

been so tired and sleepy. What would you think of him? Might not his generous-hearted friend well be grieved? Children! you are that poor prisoner, and you need one to help you in your application for pardon—to tell you from whom you are to get it, how you are to ask for it, and how you are to live after you are pardoned; and that one is the Holy Spirit,—and prayer and the Bible are the only way in which you and God can converse with each other; and while the Spirit would help you both to speak to him and to understand what he says to you, he finds you careless about both. And, in so doing, how can you but grieve him? Oh, think of this, prayerless, Bible-neglecting children! If nothing else has any weight with you, surely this might move you.

3. We grieve the Holy Spirit when we are *careless about our souls, and about Christ*. When I was in Switzerland I saw many of the people—little children as well as men and women—suffering from a terrible disease, called goitre; great lumps growing from their neck, sometimes almost as large as their head. It is very sad, as you pass through the villages and along the roads, to see this, and nothing seems to be done to cure it. Suppose I were to make earnest inquiry everywhere, going to all quarters of the globe in search of a remedy—of some one who could effect a cure; were I to hurry back, my heart bounding with joy at having made the discovery, expecting them all to be as glad and thankful as myself, when I offered to show them the way to be cured—to guide them to one who could make them healthy and well—would it not be strange if I found them all unconcerned about it, preferring to live a miserable life, and to die a miserable death, rather than take advantage of my help? *Would it not—must it not* grieve me? and would I not come back from my thankless, fruitless task, miserably disappointed?

Beloved young people! the Holy Spirit was promised, and has been given to make you acquainted with your disease—the disease of which your soul is ill, and, unless cured of which, you must die eternally—and to make known to you the great Physician, the grand gospel remedy. He came to show us ourselves, and to show us Jesus. It is his work and his delight to commend Christ, and to guide men to him. He rejoices to hold up Christ to the view of poor sinners, as Moses did to lift up the serpent to the dying Israelites. He rejoices to bring glory to Christ in the salvation of souls. And when we have no care about all this, or think we can do better ourselves, and find out some way of our own, then we do not honour Christ, and we forsake our own mercies, and the good and loving Spirit is grieved. Dear children! let us at the outset, before the evil go any further, hear the voice that says to us, “Grieve not the Holy Spirit.”

“Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With all thy quick’ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.”

THE IRON BOOT.

“THERE’S poor Johnnie Truman with his iron boot. I think it is real cruel in his mother making him wear it when he hates it.”

An iron boot! A boot with no *give* to it must be terribly cramping. How hard to the soft flesh; how rigid to the flexible muscles! Can the joints turn on their sockets? With an iron boot on, can a boy play? Can he run? It must be dragging work even to walk. Poor Johnnie! Did his mother put it on for a punishment? Did she do it to fetter him, as Mr. Day does his horse to hinder him from running away?

“O mother,” cries Johnnie, “do take this iron boot off. It almost kills me. I don’t care if I am lame. I don’t care if my legs are crooked. I don’t care if my ankle is out of joint. I don’t care how I am when I grow up. All I want is this *off now*,” and Johnnie worried and fretted until almost the whole house was out of patience. He behaved as if his mother made him wear it on purpose to trouble him. Did she? Oh, no, no.

The bones in the little boy’s right foot and ankle were soft. The bones bent and were growing out of their proper proportions, when his mother consulted a physician, who put his foot into an iron boot. It was done to support the bones, and keep them in place, until they should grow strong and healthy as bones in general. But Johnnie had no faith. He did not believe it would do any good. He was sure, he said, it was no use; and therefore, instead of *trusting* his mother and doctor, and trying to be patient, he kept complaining. “Why don’t you pull it off, and let him take the consequences?” said a woman, quite worn out by Johnnie’s unreasonable conduct; “I would.”

His mother looked grieved; but with eyes of pitying affection she stroked her little boy’s hair, and said, “I must act for the future good of my child. Johnnie will one day thank me for it. If he would not dwell on it so, it would not be so hard to bear. Johnnie has a great deal to make him good and happy in spite of his iron boot, and that won’t last long.”

Johnnie hung down his head. He felt a little ashamed, for he well knew in how many thousand ways his mother tried to soothe and make him happy; and as for the boot it was only for his good.

This year of sorrow and discipline at length passed away, and Johnnie grew up to be a tall, handsome man, with strong limbs and a firm tread. And what do you think he oftenest said to his mother? “Mother, I can’t be too thankful that you persisted in making me wear that iron boot. I should have been a poor cripple to-day but for you, mother, who bore so patiently with my complaining.”

Have you an iron boot on, my dear child? Every little trial which you have—and children have their trials—is the iron boot which your Father in heaven puts on you. Many a time you feel it pinching, and are

ready to cry. Do you fret and worry, and try to kick it off? Such conduct grieves God. He wants you to trust him and be patient. And as in numberless other ways he tries to make you happy, he desires you to dwell on the *mercies* which crown your days. That will cause you to exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name," and make you happy, very happy in spite of trial. By-and-by you will know why he tries you, and see and acknowledge how good and gracious were his purposes in every iron boot he caused you to wear.—*Child at Home*.

"NOT THANKFUL ENOUGH."

I ENTERED the train at N—— one morning, to go to S——, and sat down beside a little fellow whom, from his appearance, I took for a boy of perhaps nine or ten years. There was something in his countenance which immediately arrested my attention. While an expression of content, and even of peace and joy rested on his pale face, I could see also the evidences of suffering; and I noticed at the same time, as additional proof that he was subject to some infirmity, a pair of crutches standing by the carriage window.

I commenced conversation with him, and found him very intelligent, and quite willing to talk with me. Thus I learned that, instead of being only nine years old, he was fourteen; that at the age of three years he had been injured by a fall, and from that time, now eleven years, he had been a hopeless, suffering cripple. I felt much interested in his case, and greatly benefited by his words, they were so full of meekness and submission; for this dear boy, cut off by his misfortune from all the sports and the out-door amusements in which boys so much delight, expressed, with beaming eyes, his happiness in the love of that Saviour who had seen fit to make his path through so much trial.

When I reminded him that he had no doubt been kept by his lameness from many temptations to wicked ways which he would have met in the street, "Oh yes!" he said, "I know that. And then I have a great many blessings,—a great many things to make me happy. I often feel that *I am not thankful enough for them*."

As I looked down upon that little form, checked in its growth by suffering, and into that white, patient face; and as I heard the expressions of trust in and love for Him who "doth not afflict willingly," my heart smote me for my own ingratitude to my heavenly Father.

Dear children, when the day appointed for "Thanksgiving" comes, do you ever find it hard to tell what you have to thank God for? Does it ever seem to you that the day may be a very good one for grown-up people—for *men* who have gathered great harvests, or done a large business, or had richly-freighted ships come in—

while you find it hard to see what little boys and girls have to do with being thankful?

Sit down a moment and think of your blessings. Remember this little lame boy. Remember the deaf and dumb, the blind, and multitudes of other children who are suffering in various ways, and see if you have not *something* to make you thankful; and it may be that you too will be ready to say, "I have many blessings, and I feel that I am not thankful enough for them."—*Ibid*.

"BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YOU HAVE."

A TEACHER once overheard the following conversation between two little girls in a female seminary. Sarah had just returned after vacation, and Sophy was looking on with eager interest as she was unpacking her trunk.

Sophy.—"Why, Sallie W——, I should not think you would be willing to wear such plain things as these. Do step into my room, and let me show you mine. The work is *so deep*, and French embroidery almost all of it."

Sarah.—"Oh, it is no matter for me to see them now. I suppose that your father is wealthy; isn't he?"

Sophy.—"Yea, indeed. He is one of the richest men in the city. Our house is *splendid*. I wish you could see it."

Little Sarah then gave this sweet answer to the proud girl: "Well, I know my clothes are plain, but my father is dead, and mother is not wealthy. She gets me such things as she can afford, and I am satisfied."

"WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A LITTLE three year old girl stood at the window one pleasant Sabbath-day, "watching for papa," who was at church. Soon she spied him coming; and as he entered the door, she raised her dark eyes to him, and said,—

"Papa, what did Mr. R—— preach about this morning?"

Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus."

"Papa, was it *our Jesus*?" she asked.

"Yea," said her father, "it was *our Jesus*."

The dark eyes brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and spoke about him to his congregation.

Do you, my dear child, claim this Jesus as yours? I hope so, for it is a most blessed thought that every little girl and boy may have him for *their own* Saviour. No matter how much he loves other children, there is room, *ever room* in his affection for you, and as many others as will ask him to care for them. "They brought young children to him, . . . and he took them up in his arms, and blessed them." (Mark x. 13, 16.)

